

INDIA IN SONG

EASTERN THEMES IN ENGLISH VERSE

BY

BRITISH AND INDIAN POETS

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

THEODORE DOUGLAS DUNN.



HUMPHREY MILFORD

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

BOMBAY AND MADRAS.

1918.

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Inspector of Schools, Presidency Division, Bengal



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TO
THE INDIAN YOUTH
OF
THE BRITISH EMPIRE

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INTRODUCTION

This anthology of verse has two special features. The first is in its subject-matter which is solely Indian ; and the second lies in the fact that no collection of English verse written in India during the last century has hitherto been published. It is not claimed for this book that it contains a fully representative body of this verse. Such would be alien to its special purpose. But here the reader will find many names, English and Indian, belonging to the literature of British India ; and much poetry that illustrates the range and quality of that literature.

In this collection young Indian readers, and for these the book has been specially prepared, will find subjects with which they are familiar. The early study of poetry is difficult. This study becomes unfairly and unnecessarily hard when alien themes, remote and uncomprehended, are added to the complexities of language, grammar, and metrical form. All the poems of this volume deal with some aspect of India : the history of the mother-land, its religion, traditions and legends, its natural beauties, and the emotions of loyalty and patriotism aroused by it. Those familiar with the wealth of this poetic material will not be afraid of any monotony of theme in this anthology ; and they will welcome this attempt to present to young Indian readers such subjects as cannot fail to arouse their enthusiasm and stimulate their loyalty. The awakening of this desirable interest will go far to overcome some of the difficulties inseparable from the study of a great literary language.

The period to which the verse of this collection belongs is roughly the century beginning about the year 1817 ; and the authors represented are both Indian and English. It is not generally

known that during this century much good English verse was produced by Indians ; and that such modern writers of distinction as Sir Rabindranath Tagore and Mrs. Sarojini Naidu had literary predecessors of so early a date as 1830. In this year Kasiprasad Ghose published a considerable volume of creditable verse; and his immediate successors were the brilliant Michael Madhusudan Dutt and the famous company of brothers who compiled *The Dutt Family Album*. The work of these writers was continued on a higher level by the talented poetess, Toru Dutt. This lady died in 1877 at the age of twenty one. She was the first Indian writer of English verse whose claim to the possession of poetic genius competent critics are prepared to admit. Her scholarship was on a level with her talent ; and her tragically early death was a heavy blow to the literature of British India. Toru Dutt was one of the first Indian authors to receive education in England ; and she may be regarded as the founder of that school of poets who, combining eastern and western culture, are seeking to interpret the life and thought of India in the language of England. All the work of these writers it is impossible to illustrate in this small volume ; but such of their poems as are specially suitable to young Indian readers of English have been included.

Of English writers who have found in India a source of poetic inspiration, the roll is long and distinguished. Most of them have lived much in India, and have learned to love and understand its people. Few of them were solely men of letters ; and their professional and official duties aided them in their study of Indian life and thought. Sir William Jones established a rich scholarly tradition. The names of Dr. John Leyden and Bishop Heber are already enrolled in the history of English literature. Captain David Lester Richardson was an inspiring teacher in the Hindu

College of Calcutta, and an accomplished writer of verse. Henry Meredith Parker was a civil servant. Sir Edwin Arnold, in his brief period of service in the Elphinstone College, drew sufficient inspiration from India to stimulate his production in later years of *The Light of Asia*, that brilliant epic interpretation of the East to the West. The list of distinguished names might be continued up to the present day, and include that of Rudyard Kipling; but space forbids. It is enough to know that the literary tradition established one hundred years ago in India is still being maintained; and that English and Indian writers are co-operating in the interpretation of Eastern life and thought through the medium of the language of England. It is reasonable that this co-operation, already a century old, should find suitable illustration in any anthology of verse for Indian Schools. It is hoped that the present volume will be welcome not only for its subject-matter, but for its presentation of many names, Indian and English, that deserve greater recognition in the land of their first poetic impulse.

The special scholastic purpose of this book is to provide suitable specimens of English verse for the two years of study preceding entrance to the University. For this reason the material has been divided into two sections the latter of which represents the standard usually demanded by Indian Universities for the Matriculation Examination. For the use of teachers a convenient body of notes has been appended; and there are adequate comments on English verse forms of which the standard types have been amply illustrated in this collection of poems. It is hoped that teachers will find in this work not only an agreeably familiar set of subjects, but an arrangement of material and commentary that will simplify the recognised difficulties of their work.

PART I

1

SONG OF THE SERPENT CHARMERS

Come forth, oh, Snake ! come forth, oh, glittering Snake
Oh shining, silent, deadly Nag ! appear,
Dance to the music that we make,

 This serpent-song, so sweet and clear,
 Blown on the beaded gourd, so clear,
 So soft and clear.

Oh, dread Lord Snake ! come forth and spread thy hood,
And drink the milk and suck the eggs ; and show
Thy tongue ; and own the tune is good :

 Hear, Maharaj, how hard we blow !
 Ah, Maharaj ! for thee we blow ;
 See how we blow !

Great Uncle Snake ! creep forth and dance to-day !
This music is the music snakes love best ;
Taste the warm white new milk, and play
 Standing erect, with fangs at rest,
 Dancing on end, sharp fangs at rest,
 Fierce fangs at rest.

Ah, wise Lord Nag ! thou comest !—Fear thou not !
We make salaam to thee, the Serpent-King,
Draw forth thy folds, knot after knot ;
 Dance, Master ! while we softly sing ;
 Dance, Serpent ! while we play and sing,
 We play and sing.

Dance, dreadful King ! whose kisses strike men dead ;
 Dance this side, mighty Snake ! the milk is here !
 Ah, *shabash* ! pin his angry head !

Thou fool ! this nautch shall cost thee dear ;
 Wrench forth his fangs ! this piping clear
 It costs thee dear !

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

2

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL

Our task is done ! on Gunga's breast
 The sun is sinking down to rest ;
 And, moored beneath the tamarind bough,
 Our bark has found its harbour now.
 With furled sail and painted side
 Behold the tiny frigate ride.
 Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
 The Moslem's savoury supper steams ;
 While all apart, beneath the wood,
 The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.

Come, walk with me the jungle through.
 If yonder hunter told us true,
 Far off, in desert dank and rude,
 The tiger holds its solitude ;
 Nor, taught by recent harm to shun
 The thunders of the English gun,
 A dreadful guest but rarely seen,
 Returns to scare the village green.
 Come boldly on ; no venom'd snake
 Can shelter in so cool a brake.

Child of the Sun, he loves to lie
'Midst Nature's embers, parch'd and dry,
Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade ;
Or round a tomb his scales to wreathe,
Fit warder in the gate of Death.
Come on ! yet pause ! Behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,
Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom
Glow the geranium's scarlet bloom,
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower ;
The ceiba's crimson pomp displayed
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly glade ;
While o'er the brake, so wild and fair
The betel waves his crest in air.
With pendent train and rushing wings
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs ;
And he the bird of hundred dyes,
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize. (1)
So rich a shade, so green a sod,
Our English fairies never trod !
Yet who in Indian bowers has stood,
But thought on England's "good green wood,"
And bless'd beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
And breath'd a prayer, (how oft in vain)
To gaze upon her oaks again ?
A truce to thought,—the jackal's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry ; (2)

And through the trees yon failing ray
Will scanty serve to guide our way.
Yet mark, as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring,
While to this cooler air confest,
The broad Dhatura bares her breast
Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night.
Still as we pass, in softened hum
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song, the horn, the drum.

Still as we pass, from bush and briar,
The shrill Cigala strikes his lyre ;
And, what is she whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane ?
I know that soul-entrancing swell,
It is—it must be—Philomel ! (3)
Enough, enough, the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze ;
The flashes of the summer sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier dye ;
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
From forth our cabin sheds its beam ;
And we must early sleep, to find
Betimes, the morning's healthy wind.

3

TARRA BAE

Soortan being deprived of Thoda by Lilla, the Afghan, occupied Bednore. His daughter Tarra Bae, or "the star of Bednore," stimulated by the reverses of her family, and by the incentives of its ancient glory, scorned the habiliments and occupations of her sex and devoted herself to manly sports and exercises. When princes made proposals for her hand, her answer was, "Redeem Thoda and my hand is thine."—*Tod's Annals of Rajasthan.*

She sat upon her palfry white,
That damsel fair and young,
And from the jewelled belt she wore,
Her trusty rapier hung ;
And chieftains bold, and warriors proud,
Around her formed a gallant crowd.

A helmet clasped her forehead fair,
A shield was by her side—
The helmet was of polished steel—
The shield of bison's hide ;
And as she spoke, the evening air
Disported with her raven hair.

' From girlhood, I have shunned the sports
In which our sex delight,
And learnt instead to use the sword,
And wield the falchion bright ;
To meet the tigress turned to bay,
And guide the war-horse in the fray.

' From girlhood, I have vowed a vow
Our honour to redeem,
And make my noble father's name
Of every song the theme ;
To rescue Thoda from the slave
Who lives to fill a coward's grave.

' And till my life-blood's purple flow
 Stand stagnant in my veins,
 That early vow to see fulfilled
 I'll spare nor strength, nor pains—
 To those who join me in the war
 I'll be a radiant beacon star !

' My hand—'tis his who foremost scales
 The ramparts of the foe,
 And to the wicked Lilla deals
 The dread avenging blow ;
 Go, warriors—these alone decide
 The man who wins me as his bride.'

H. C. DUTT

4

THE ADJUTANT AND THE CROW

Once on a time, the story goes,
 A flock of noisy idle crows,
 Of what to do, for very want,
 Got round about an Adjutant,
 And tried who most could tease this king
 Of all the birds, that ply the wing
 From muddy Hooghly's swampy shores,
 To Delhi's princely halls and doors.
 At first, the crows, at distance due,
 Around the stately giant drew,
 And hopp'd, and caw'd their very best
 To break their sovereign's noon-tide rest :
 But he, unmindful of such fry,
 With in-drawn neck, and half-closed eye,

And only one leg on the ground,
Enjoy'd the creaking hackery's sound,
Which reach'd him on the sunny bank,
Loll-diggee of thy spacious tank :
And, every now and then, he'd wake,
And just a dainty morsel take
Of a dead cat, which he had found
That morning near the burying ground.
By suff'rance, soon much bolder grown,
The crows thought all the fun their own.
One, at his tail, began the attack,
Another perch'd upon his back ;
And while a third beside him sat,
A fourth was trying to steal his cat.
Incens'd at such unlook'd-for jokes,
The bird let fly some random strokes,
Disabled two unlucky crows,
And dealt, besides, some awkward blows ;
But scarce had time to rest, before
The crows began to tease once more ;
For coming now, in greater numbers,
They fairly spoilt his kingship's slumbers.
That little imps, like these, should dare
To pass a joke, was something rare ;
But that they'd chosen him to be
Food for their mirth, was far too free ;
And thinking thus, he judg'd it best,
To put the thing at once, to rest,
That crows might, thenceforth, learn to know
How much he differed from a crow ;
So, just as one unlucky wight

Was landing from his downward flight,
 He open'd wide his ample bill,
 And soon the crow was snug and still
 Within that dark and dreary bourne,
 Whence Cats and Crows can ne'er return

* * * *

From this let every jester learn
 His proper objects to discern ;
 It is not safe to pass one's jokes
 On Kings, and Queens, and such-like folks ;
 For though the great may relish wit,
 They may not choose to furnish it,
 And jesters who have any sense,
 Will seldom jest at their expense.

JOHN DUNBAR

5

THE EXPEDITION OF NADIR SHAH
 INTO HINDOSTAN

As the host of the locusts in numbers, in might
 As the flames of the forest that redden the night,
 They approach : but the eye may not dwell on the glare
 Of standard and sabre that sparkle in air.

Like the fiends of destruction they rush on their way,
 The vulture behind them is wild for his prey ;
 And the spirits of death, and the demons of wrath,
 Wave the gloom of their wings o'er their desolate path.

Earth trembles beneath them, the dauntless, the bold ;
 Oh ! weep for thy children, thou region of gold ;
 For thy thousands are bow'd to the dust of the plain,
 And all Delhi runs red with the blood of her slain.

For thy glory is past, and thy splendour is dim,
 And the cup of thy sorrow is full to the brim ;
 And where is the chief in thy realms to abide,
 The " Monarch of Nations," the strength of his pride ?

Like a thousand dark streams from the mountain they throng,
 With the fife and the horn and the war-beating gong :
 The land like an Eden before them is fair,
 But behind them a wilderness dreary and bare.

The shrieks of the orphan, the lone widow's wail,
 The groans of the childless, are loud on the gale ;
 For the star of thy glory is blasted and wan,
 And wither'd the flower of thy fame, Hindostan !

ALFRED TENNYSON

6

THE SUPPLIANT DOVE

Chased by a hawk, there came a dove
 With worn and weary wing,
 And took her stand upon the hand
 Of Kasi's noble king. (4)
 The monarch smoothed her ruffled plumes
 And laid her on his breast ;
 And cried, " No fear shall vex thee here,
 Rest, pretty egg-born, rest !

Fair Kasi's realm is rich and wide,
 With golden harvests gay,
 But all that's mine will I resign,
 Ere I my guest betray."

But, panting for his half-won spoil,
 The hawk was close behind,
 And with wild eye and eager cry
 Came swooping down the wind :
 " This bird," he cried, " my destined prize,
 'Tis not for thee to shield :
 'Tis mine by right and toilsome flight
 O'er hill and dale and field.
 Hunger and thirst oppress me sore,
 And I am faint with toil ;
 Thou shouldst not stay a bird of prey
 Who claims his rightful spoil.
 They say thou art a glorious king,
 And justice is thy care :
 Then justly reign in thy domain,
 Nor rob the birds of air."

Then cried the king : " A cow or deer
 For thee shall straightway bleed,
 Or let a ram or tender lamb
 Be slain, for thee to feed.
 Mine oath forbids me to betray
 My little twice-born guest : (5)
 See, how she clings, with trembling wings,
 To her protector's breast."

" No flesh of lambs," the hawk replied,
 " No blood of deer for me ;
 The falcon loves to feed on doves,
 And such is Heaven's decree.

But if affection for the dove
Thy pitying heart has stirred,
Let thine own flesh my maw refresh,
Weighed down against the bird.”
He carved the flesh from off his side,
And threw it in the scale,
While women’s cries smote on the skies
With loud lament and wail.
He hacked the flesh from side and arm,
From chest and back and thigh,
But still above the little dove
The monarch’s scale stood high.
He heaped the scale with piles of flesh,
With sinews, blood, and skin,
And when alone was left him bone
He threw himself therein.
Then thundered voices through the air ;
The sky grew black as night ;
And fever took the earth that shook
To see that wondrous sight.
The blessed Gods, from every sphere,
By Indra led, came nigh ;
While drum and flute and shell and lute
Made music in the sky.
They rained immortal chaplets down,
Which hands celestial twine,
And softly shed upon his head
Pure Amrit, drink divine.
Then God and Seraph, Bard and Nymph
Their heavenly voices raised,
And a glad throng with dance and song
The glorious monarch praised.

They set him on a golden car
 That blazed with many a gem ;
 Then swiftly through the air they flew,
 And bore him home with them.
 Thus Kasi's lord, by noble deed,
 Won Heaven and deathless fame ;
 And when the weak protection seek
 From thee, do thou the same.

R. T. H. GRIFFITH

7

THE WARRIOR'S RETURN

When the Maharaja Jeswunt Sing, being defeated by Aurungzeb, fled for refuge to his own capital, his wife, with Spartan haughtiness, refused him admittance, saying " This man is an impostor, for the brave never return with dishonor. My husband sleeps on the field of battle."

Heard ye that lofty pealing sound
 Upon the balmy air,
 The exulting shout that best proclaims
 The deeds which heroes dare ?
 In triumph blow their trumpets proud,
 The clouds repeat their voice ;
 Go, greet the laurell'd victors home,
 And bid our realms rejoice.
 Let poets tune their golden harps,
 Let maidens wear their smile,
 And young and old their cares lay by,
 And cease to mourn awhile.

What ! hear'st thou not their joyous din ?
Behold, above the vale,
Their haughty plumes and ensigns red
Are flutt'ring in the gale ;

And helmets cleft, and canvas torn,
Proclaim the fighting done ;
And neighing steeds, and bloody spears,
Announce the battle won.

Alas ! the vision mocks my sight ;
I see no gallant throng,
No trophies meet my longing eyes ;
Bid cease the joyous song.

That recreant slave is not my lord ;
Ne'er thus the brave return ;
Go, bid the city-gates be barr'd,
And leave me lone to mourn.

I know him not. I never knew
A low ignoble love ;
My warrior sleeps upon the moor,
His soul hath soar'd above.

Upon the battle-field he lies,
His garments stain'd with gore ;
With sword in hand prepared he sleeps
To fight the battle o'er.

His shiver'd shield, his broken spear
Around him scatter'd lie ;
The iron-breasted Moslems shook
To see my hero die.

Where helmets rang, where sabres smote,
 He found his gory bed :
 Join, mourners, join, and loudly raise
 The requiem of the dead.

Expel yon vile impostor hence ;
 I will not trust his tale ;
 Our warriors on the crimson field
 Their chieftain's loss bewail.

The mountain torrent rushing down
 Can ne'er its course retrace,
 And souls that speed on glory's path
 Must ever onward press :

Aye, onward press—to bleed and die,
 Triumphant still in death :
 Impostor, hence ! in other lands
 Go draw thy coward breath.

S. C. DUTT

8

FIRE HUNTERS

There are no abler adepts in the art
 Of woodcraft than the gentle Gonds who dwell
 In the wild region where the mighty Sal,
 The hardy Salei, and Briarean Saj, (6)
 O'erhung with creepers of enormous bulk,
 Clothe the soft uplands, and the vales that lie
 Round the head-waters of the rapid Sone.
 Unused to agriculture, and devoid
 Of e'en such lore as is required to rear
 Cattle or sheep or poultry with success,

They look alone to what their woods supply—
Gums, berries, honey, wholesome nuts and game—
To meet their wants, and thus from youth become
Experienced trappers, wary, quick of eye,
And full of rare devices to ensnare
The game that furnishes their fires with meat.

They often start at eve in knots of four,
Equipped with a slight pole of pliant wood,
From which as from a balance-beam depend
A heap of branches, and an earthen jar
With blazing fagots piled of driest wood.
This strange machine, contrived with simple art
To cast a flaring light upon the path,
The foremost hunter on his shoulder bears ;
And while the second, as he jogs, oft shakes
A rod of iron garnished with ten rings,
That jingle lightly like a bunch of keys,
The hindmost follow with their hunting poles
Of toughened cane, six yards and more in length.

When near the covert side the jingling sound
Excites the timid hare, nay, bolder game,
To scour the precincts, and detect the cause :
It tempts the open, but the occult glare
Frustrates its purpose, and it stands agaze ;
Till a quick thwack ! delivered with just aim,
Cuts short its blank surprise and life at once.

If the sport lasts an hour or two, so rich
Are all the coverts of their woods in game,
The hunters come home with a varied bag
Of hares and porcupines and spotted deer.

THE CHIEF OF POKURNA (7)

Within the merry greenwood,
 At dawning of the day,
 Four-and-twenty armed men
 In silent ambush lay.
 They wait like couchant leopards,
 Their eager eyes they strain,
 And look towards the lonely glade,
 Towards the distant plain.
 Naught see they but the golden corn
 Slow-waving in the sun,
 Naught see they but the misty hills
 And uplands bare and dun.
 The rustle of the forest leaves,
 The trampling of the deer,
 The chirp of birds upon the boughs,
 Are all the sounds they hear.

But hark ! they catch the thrilling notes
 Of a distant bugle horn
 Come pealing through the wild ravine,
 By the morning breezes borne :
 Lower they stooped, and anxiously
 Their laboured breath they drew,
 And clutched their brands with nervous hands—
 Their quarry is in view,
 Attended by a single squire,
 Slow riding up the glen,
 Unconscious that his path's beset
 By armed and desperate men ;

A brave gerfalcon on his wrist, (8)
The bugle on his breast,
The sunlight gleaming brightly on
His nodding plume and crest.
Not clad in steel, from head to heel
In satin rich arrayed,
With his trusty sword, Pokurna's lord
Is riding through the glade.
To see his falcon proudly soar
And strike, he comes so far ;
In peaceful guise he rideth on,
Nor dreams of blood or war.
All sudden from their ambush
The treacherous foemen rose,
With vengeful eyes and glittering arms,
With spears and bended bows :
And ere the chief could draw his blade,
They hemmed him darkly round,
And plucked him from his frightened steed,
And bore him to the ground.
The king sat on a gorgeous throne,
All rough with ruddy gold,
Begirt with many a haughty peer,
And warriors stern and bold ;
With many a vassal-prince around,
For they had come from far,
To pay their homage to their lord,
The sovereign of Marwar.
With fetters on his manly hands,
Within that hostile ring,

With dauntless look the chief appeared
 Before his angry king,
For he had often vaunted thus,
 In public and alone,
'Within my dagger's sheath I hold
 This kingdom's royal throne'.

Before his angry king he stood,
 The king he had defied,
Nor quailed he 'neath that princely glance
 Nor veiled his brow of pride ;
Though bent on him were fiery eyes,
 And looks of rage and hate,
He stood as calm as if he were
 Within his castle gate.

The monarch spoke, his words rang out
 In accents stern and clear,
'Ha ! traitor, insolent and keen,
 At last we have thee here ;
Where now are all thy boastings vain,
 Amidst thy men of war ?
Say, where is now the sheath which holds
 The fortunes of Marwar ? '

Oh ! grimly turned Pokurna's lord,
 And loud and long laughed he,
Then waved his hand towards the prince
 And answered loftily :
' I left it with my gallant son,
 Within Pokurna's hall ;
Tremble, false prince, for sure he will
 Avenge his father's fall ! '

The monarch's swarthy cheeks grew pale,
The lightning filled his eye :
' And dar'st thou, rebel, even here,
Thy sovereign lord defy ?
Ho, soldiers ! drag the traitor out,
And, ere the close of day
Let his foul carcase feed the dogs
Upon the public way.'

Oh ! gaily in a golden shower
The setting sunlight falls
Upon the waste of glinting sand
Which girds Pokurna's walls.
The warder paced the battlements,
With heavy steps and slow,
And from within arose a cry,
A wail of grief and woe.
There noble dames shed heart-wrung tears,
And rent their glossy hair,
And cried aloud for him, the dead,
And beat their bosoms bare.
And cursed with bitter, bitter words
The prince, at whose command
Was foully slain their noble chief,
The bravest in the land.

Far different was the scene within
That castle's ancient hall,
Where, 'neath the glorious banners
Which graced the blackened wall,
Five hundred mailed warriors
And chiefs of high emprise

Around their youthful leader stood,
 With stern yet moistened eyes.
 They bared at once their shining blades
 And lifted them on high,
 And swore a deep and deadly oath
 To avenge their lord or die.
 Full well their solemn oath they kept
 In many a mortal fray,
 And sorely rued that haughty prince
 The deed he did that day.

O. C. DUTT

10

THE PINDAREE.

The steed paws the ground, with a snort and a neigh,
 The Pindaree has mounted, and hied him away.
 He has braced on his shield and his sword by his side,
 And forth he has gone on a foray to ride.

His turban is twisted, and wreathed round his brow,
 Its colour as red as his blood in its glow ;
 From his shoulder behind him his carbine is slung,
 And light o'er his saddle his long spear is hung.

Loose streams to the wind his white flowing garb,
 And gaily bedeck'd is his Dekhani barb ;
 To the bells at his neck, that chime as they ride,
 His charger is bounding and prancing in pride.

His comrades are joined, they are mounted alike ;
 They must drink, they must smoke, ere their tents they will strike.
 Their tents did I say ? they are spangled and high,
 Their couches the ground, and their curtains the sky.

The river is forded, the frontier is passed,
 And they reach the lone village by midnight at last :
 Would you gather its fate ? In the darkness of night
 The forests around it are red in its light.

JAMES HUTCHINSON

11

THE SONG OF THE KOIL

O youths and maidens, rise and sing !
 The Koil is come who leads the spring :
 The buds that were sleeping his voice have heard,
 And the tale is borne on by each nesting bird.

The trees of the forest have all been told ;
 They have donned their mantles of scarlet and gold ;
 To welcome him back they are bravely dressed,
 But he loves the blossoming mango best.

The Koil is come, glad news to bring !
 On the blossoming mango he rests his wing ;
 Though its hues may be dull, it is sweet, oh ! sweet,
 And its shade and its fruit the wanderer greet.

The Koil is come, and the forests ring :
 He has called aloud to awake the Spring,—
 Spring the balmy, the friend of Love,
 The bodiless god who reigns above. (9)

Oh ! sad were the hearts of the gods that day
 When the worlds all mourned the oppressor's sway ; (10)
 When the oracle promised deliverance none
 Till Shiva the wrathful should lend his son.

But Shiva the wrathful he recked not of that
 Where on Himavān's side as a hermit he sat ;
 And there was not a dweller on Meru would dare
 To break his devotion, and show him their prayer.

Yet not even the frown of Destruction could awe
 The loveliest form that Creation e'er saw ;
 Eternal in youth, he thought it foul shame
 That the Eldest of Beings dishonoured his name.

He hath mounted his parrot that flashed in the sun ;
 He hath pointed with blossoms his arrows each one ;
 Of the sweet, sweet cane he hath shapen his bow ;
 And his string is of bees in a long black row.

Soon Kāma is come to the Being he sought ; (11)
 His visage was haggard with watching and thought ;
 His body was lean, and his limbs were shrunk ;
 His colour was wan, and his eyes were sunk.

His thick black locks in a knot were tied ;
 His loins were wrapped with a tiger's hide ;
 His skin with ashes was smeared and grey ;
 And spread beneath him a deer-skin lay.

He moved not, nor spoke, save in telling his beads
 On the rosary strung of the jungle seeds ;
 Yet his head was awful, a god's to view,
 And gemmed with the moon and the Ganges' dew.

And little did Shiva the wrathful care
 For the flag which flaunted so bravely there ;
 Though the fish was flashing with jewels and gold, (12)
 He moved not his eyes, and his beads he told.

But archly does young-eyed Kāma smile
 On those who would foil him by force or by guile ;
 And his keenest shaft to the string he laid,
 As he called to that presence the mountain-maid.

The love-shaft flew from the bow-string fast,
 As the child of the snows in her beauty passed ;
 And the cream-white lotus blushed rosy red
 Where the blood of the god from his wound was shed.

Oh ! sharp is the arrowy blossom's smart,
 For the mango flower ne'er missed the heart ;
 And the work of the gods is fairly done,
 And help shall arise out of Shiva's son. (13)

But woe for that image of loveliness, woe !
 Which the worlds of creation no longer shall know ;
 In Shiva's first wrath at the breach of his vow,
 Consumed by the flame-darting eye of his brow.

But the flames could not weaken Immortal Might ;
 He is born in the heart in the spring-time bright.
 Whose is the breast where the god shall dwell ?
 O youths and maidens, you can tell.

WILLIAM WATERFIELD

12

ON THE DEITY

(*From the Persian of Ferdusi*)

All hail to his almighty name
 Who life on man bestow'd,
 And as a guide bade Reason's flame
 Illume his darken'd road.

Thou, Lord of life !—thou, Lord of space !
 From whom all light doth flow ;
 Thou, who hast deign'd from wond'rous grace
 Salvation's path to show.

Creator of the planets bright ;
 Lord of the arch divine ;
 From thy effulgence borrowing light,
 Sun, moon, and stars, do shine.

Thy name, thy shape, and thy abode,
 To man are all unknown ;
 Betwixt frail beings and their God
 A sacred veil is thrown.

For He, who to the human eye
 A circle wide has given,
 In wisdom did it power deny
 To see the ways of Heaven.

To where He sits with glory crown'd
 Not thought itself can stray ;
 Far, far beyond all earthly bound
 Dwells He whom all obey.

Wouldst thou with potent Reason's aid
 Pierce through the great design ?
 Say, can the wretch his breath has made,
 His Maker's power define ?

Weak, erring man thy duty here
 Is gratitude to shew ;
 The Eternal's wisdom to revere,
 Nor further seek to know.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM

13

THE FIRE-FLY

Now on her sable plumes the Night,
Taking her dull and silent flight,
Has o'er the world her mantle spread,
And hid, as if 'twere really dead,
That form of Nature which though late
With all that life could animate
In varied colours dress'd, unclouded,
Is now in sombre darkness shrouded.
Now zephyrs soft on downy wings
Fan weary mortals' slumberings,
And dews descend in grateful shower,
Refreshing every herb and flower.
Lured by the quiet gloom around,
The Fire-fly bright, its wings hath found,
And trusting to their balance sure
Now soars aloft, now dives secure,
Seaming the dismal face of night
With vivid streaks of flickering light ;
Now bursting forth—then quickly gone—
Like sparks struck out from brittle stone.
Around him see yon gathering crowd
Of idle youth who shout aloud—
Now tracing with a vacant stare
His passage through the ambient air—
Protesting now the gayest bird
To him was not to be preferred :
“ The bright Canary shines much less,
The Finch's gold and purple dress

Is worthless quite. The Pheasant's plumes
 Naught but the glare of day illumines—
 And where's the eye so keen to mark
 The Peacock's tail, when all is dark ? ”
 The conscious insect looks askance—
 First on them casts a haughty glance,
 And then with solemn voice aloud
 Addresses thus the silly crowd :—
 “ Think not, ye stupid dolts, that I
 Am like an ordinary fly.
 The flame you hail with clamorous din
 Is not of earthly origin,
 But came from Heaven—look there afar
 Yon brilliant speck ye call a star,
 Resembling me, shines clear and bright ;
 And all the dazzling globes in sight
 On which your eager eyes are bent
 Are Fire-flies of the firmament !
 So, all those types of power that frown
 And glitter in the Sovereign's crown—
 Those diamond wreaths his brows entwine
 Their sparkling radiance take from mine ! ”
 Thus vaunting, in his train he drew
 Throughout the night the rabble crew,
 But now a faint yet kindling ray
 Gilds all the East, and drives away
 The shades of night.—The stars retire
 Before that splendid orb of fire
 Which Phoebus from the ocean wave (I4)
 Uplifts and guides through Heaven's concave
 But where's our boaster, whither flown ?

Behold!—a loathsome insect grown,
 A grovelling beetle on the earth!
 What now is all his sparkling worth?
 Confessed he stands—as well he may,
 A wretch that shuns the light of day.
 Ye fools, whose base-born thoughts invite
 To shine with tiny spurious light—
 On pleasing kindred fools intent,
 And raising empty wonderment,
 Fitted, as well in heart as mind,
 For 'one-eyed monarchs of the blind'—
 Tremble lest the sun's bright glare
 Lay all your false pretensions bare.

COLONEL SWINEY

14

PRINCE SIDDARTHA SEES THE WORLD

(*From the Light of Asia*)

Thus on the morrow, when the noon was come,
 The Prince and Channa passed beyond the gates,
 Which opened to the signet of the King;
 Yet knew not they who rolled the great doors back
 It was the King's son in that merchant's robe,
 And in the clerkly dress his charioteer,
 Forth fared they by the common way afoot,
 Mingling with all the Sâkya citizens,
 Seeing the glad and sad things of the town:
 The painted streets alive with hum of noon.
 The traders cross-legged 'mid their spice and grain,

The buyers with their money in the cloth,
The war of words to cheapen this or that,
The shout to clear the road, the huge stone wheels,
The strong slow oxen and their rustling loads,
The singing bearers with the palanquins,
The broad-necked hamals sweating in the sun,
The housewives bearing water from the well
With balanced chatties, and athwart their hips
The black-eyed babes ; the fly-swarmed sweetmeat shops,
The weaver at his loom, the cotton-bow
Twanging, the millstones grinding meal, the dogs
Prowling for orts, the skilful armourer
With tong and hammer linking shirts of mail,
The blacksmith with a mattock and a spear
Reddening together in his coals, the school
Where round their Guru, in a grave half-moon,
The Sâkhya children sang the mantras through,
And learned the greater and the lesser gods ;
The dyers stretching waistcloths in the sun
Wet from the vats—orange, and rose, and green ;
The soldiers clanking past with swords and shields,
The camel-drivers rocking on the humps,
The Brahman proud, the martial Kshatriya,
The humble toiling Sudra ; here a throng
Gathered to watch some chattering snake-tamer
Wind round his wrist the living jewellery
Of asp and nag, or charm the hooded death
To angry dance with drone of beaded gourd ;
There a long line of drums and horns, which went,
With steeds gay painted and silk canopies,
To bring the young bride home ; and here a wife

Stealing with cakes and garlands to the god
To pray her husband's safe return from trade,
Or beg a boy next birth ; hard by the booths
Where the swart potters beat the noisy brass
For lamps and lotas ; thence, by temple walls
And gateways, to the river and the bridge
Under the city walls.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

15

THE RAINS

Who is this that driveth near,
Heralded by sounds of fear ?
Red his flag, the lightning's glare
Flashing through the murky air :
Pealing thunder for his drums,
Royally the monarch comes.
See, he rides, amid the crowd,
On his elephant of cloud,
Marshalling his kingly train :
Welcome, O thou Lord of Rain !
Gathered clouds as black as night
Hide the face of heaven from sight,
Sailing on their airy road,
Sinking with their watery load,
Pouring down a flood of tears,
Pleasant music to our ears.
Woe to him whose love's away :
He must mourn, while all are gay.

Every cooling drop that flows
Swells the torrent of his woes.
If he raise his tearful eye,
INDRA'S Bow, that spans the sky,
Strung with lightning, hurls a dart
Piercing through his lonely heart :
For the clouds, in fancy's dream,
Belted with the lightning's gleam,
Conjure up the flashing zone
Of the maid he calls his own ;
And the lines of glory there
Match the gems she loves to wear.
Earth, what dame has gems like thine,
When thy golden fire-flies shine ?
When thy buds of emerald green
Deck the bosom of their Queen ?
Look upon the woods, and see
Bursting with new life each tree.
Look upon the river side,
Where the fawns in lilies hide.
See the peacocks hail the rain,
Spreading wide their jewelled train :
They will revel, dance, and play
In their wildest joy to-day.
What delight our bosom fills,
As we gaze upon the hills,
Where those happy peacocks dance,
And the silver streamlets glance,
And the clouds, enamoured, rest,
Like a crown upon the crest
Of that hill that fainting lay

'Neath the burning summer ray,
While the freshening streams they shèd
Glorify his woody head.
Bees, that round the lily throng,
Soothe us with their drowsy song ;
Towards the lotus-bed they fly ;
But the peacock, dancing by,
Spreads abroad his train so fair,
That they cling, deluded, there.
Oh, that breeze ! his breath how cool !
He has fanned the shady pool :
He has danced with bending flowers,
And kissed them in the jasmine bowers :
Every sweetest plant has lent
All the riches of its scent,
And the cloud who loves him flings
Cooling drops upon his wings.

R. T. H. GRIFFITH

16

AURUNGZEB AT HIS FATHER'S BIER

The monarch lay upon his bier ;
Censers were burning low,
As through the lofty arches streamed
The setting sun's red glow.
Still grasped he in his hand the blade
Which well-fought fields had won,
And Aurungzeb beside him knelt,
Usurper proud and son.

Remorse had stricken his false heart
 And quenched his wonted fire ;
 With gloomy brow and look intent
 He gazed upon his sire :
 Can tyrant death make *him* afraid ?
 Hot tears burst from his eyes,
 As thus his grief found vent in words
 To the warrior-train's surprise.

“Father, thou wert the goodliest king
 That e'er the sceptre swayed ;
 How could I then lift up my arm
 Against thee undismayed ?
 How could I send thee here to pine,
 Usurp the peacock-throne ;
 Oh ! had I perished in the womb,
 That deed were left undone.

See, all is changed that was estranged,
 Awake, my sire, my king,
 See, soldiers in their war array
 Thy son in fetters bring !
 Thy rebel son who will abide .
 Thy word whate'er it be,
 And fearless meet the rack or steel,
 Rise up once more and see !

Thou wilt not hear—thou wilt not speak
 It is the last long sleep.—
 And am I not a king myself ?
 What mean these stirrings deep ?

Oh ! foolish eyes, what means this rheum ?
I will not call them tears ;
My heart which nothing e'er could daunt
Is faint with boding fears.

The past appears ! a checker'd field
Of guilt and shame and war,
What evil influence ruled my birth,
What swart malignant star ?
Why did I barter peace of mind
For royal pomp and state ?
Mad for the baleful meteor's gleam,
With worldly joys elate.

Remembered voices speak my name
And call me parricide,
The murdered Dara beckons me—
He was thy joy and pride :
And thus I fling the dear-bought crown,
But whither can I fly ?
The awful thought still follows me
That even kings will die."

H. C. DUTT

AN INDIAN TEMPLE

Beyond our city, where the ways
Parted—for Looni and Kirki—
A hill, steep-sloping you might see.
It rises from the river's bank,

And all its sides are green and rank
With spear-grass, bamboo, cactus, thorn ;
And bright with fragrant blossoms, borne
By neem and baubul ; and the air
Sighs cool across a prospect fair
Of Deccan villages and fields,
Where the dark soil rich tribute yields
Of pulse and millet. Farther back,
Sivaji's mountains, flat and black,
Fold round the plain. Upon that hill
There stood (I think it stands there still)
A little shrine, in ancient days
Built by a Sett to Siva's praise ;
Milk-white it glimmered through the green,
Save that upon its gate was seen
A blood-red hand impressed, and, near,
The three-fold mark to Siva dear.
Sacred and placid was the place,
With cool, smooth walls, and slender grace
Of domed roof, and a peepul tree,
And platform of hewn masonry,
Whereto the distant city's hum
Came soft, with broken beats of drum
Which did not mar the solitude ;
For all around that temple cooed
The creamy doves ; striped squirrels leaped
From stem to stem, the musk-rat peeped
Under the wall ; beside the porch
Flamed the red lizard like a torch
Flung on the rock ; the egrets stretched
Their snowy wings ; green parrots fetched

Fruit to their young with joyous cries ;
The monkey-peoples' mild brown eyes
Glittered from bough and coping-stone ;
And—underneath a root—alone,
Dwelt a great cobra, thick and black,
With ash-grey mottlings on his back,—
A most prodigious snake !—but he
Kept the peace, too, religiously,
With folded hood, and fangs of death
Sheathed, while he drew his slow, cold breath,
Coiled in the sun, or lapped the feast
Of warm milk poured him by the Priest.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

18

HYMN TO INDRA

God of the varied bow !
God of the thousand eyes !
From all the winds that blow
Thy praises rise ;
Forth through the world they go,
Hymning to all below
Thee, whom the blest shall know,
Lord of the skies !

Rending the guilty town,
Leading celestial hosts,
Hurling the demons down
To the drear coasts :

Still with thy lightning frown
 Winning thee wide renown,
 Till the wild waters drown
 All their proud boasts,

Whom thy dread weapon finds,
 Striking the mark afar,
 Them thy just anger binds
 In the fierce war :
 Rebels ! their frenzied minds
 Thus thine illusion blinds,—
 Seven times seven winds
 Wafting thy car.

So, by the fivefold tree,
 Where the bright waters run,
 We, who impurity
 Heedfully shun,
 In Amaravati,
 Indra, shall dwell with thee,
 From earth's pollution free,
 When life is done.

God by the gods obeyed,
 Hear thou our feeble cry !
 Lend us thy sovereign aid,
 Lord of the sky !
 Of our fierce foes afraid,
 Fainting, distressed, dismayed,
 To thy protecting shade
 Hither we fly.

WILLIAM WATERFIELD

THE MYNAH

Mynah, you have been my friend
Since I came to this world's end.
Is there story I can tell
About you? I should love it well :
Set it merrily down, and sing
To the sound of pipe or string.
For no bird is half so dear :
No bird bringeth me such cheer ;
Not the King-Crow, black and single ;
Not the Brothers Seven, who mingle (15)
All together their voices shy,
Shunning the quiet passer-by,
Or give out a chattering volley
From the leaves, as dark as holly,
Of a tree by my room's side,
Where the Brothers feed and hide ;
Not the Bulbul, that on high
Perches to be near the sky,
There to sing a cheerfuller tale
Than the mournful nightingale ;
Not the Oriole, in the wood
Whistling to its solitude ;
Not the spotted Dove that coos
In the shadows where it woos
Endlessly its mate ; not he,
Koel, is so dear to me.
The Koel cometh not to sing
Of early April and of Spring,

Of flowers that are lovely still,
The primrose and the daffodil,
But 'Kuk, Kuk, Koel, Koel,
Koel' till its brain must reel.
O sable singer, yet are you
Brother to the loved Cuckoo.
Do I love thee, Mynah bright,
For the beauty of thy flight,
When the white upon thy wing
Circles like a magic ring?
That at first did make thee dear:
Now I love thy coming near.
You are still a friend indeed,
Where no Robin comes to feed. (16)
Robin, you I left at home,
Robin-redbreast, far to roam;
Past the Red Sea's haunted coast,
Where of old the Memphian host (17)
Sank among the weeds and shells,
As an ancient story tells,
Robin, that you never heard.
There the Quail, the wandering bird,
Winged the once divided wave
For the evening when it gave
To the Chosen People meat. (18)
It was God who gave to eat
Bread of Manna, sent like dew,
Robin, and he feedeth you.
There I wandered and still on,
Where thy wings have never gone
Past Arabian Seas, which bear

Many a freighting rich and rare,
Ivory, and pearls, and gum,
There the English traders come,
Parted from the girls who give
Crumbs, that, Robin, you may live
Through the winter days, and sing
With the Mavis in the Spring.
The Arabian Seas I crossed and more,
The Indian waters, and the shore
That from Gulf to Isle they keep (19)
In the deepest of old sleep ;
And I found the Mynah then,
Who is still a friend to men.
He, as punctual as the dawn,
Cometh to the garden lawn,
There to break his fast and make
Cheerful sounds as I awake ;
And not single cometh he,
But with others, two or three,
And they chirp and feed, and fly
In the garden merrily.

J. A. CHAPMAN

20

THE OVERLAND MAIL.

In the name of the Empress of India, make way,
O Lords of the Jungle, wherever you roam !
The woods are astir at the close of the day—
We exiles are waiting for letters from Home.
Let the robber retreat—let the tiger turn tail—
In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail !

With a jingle of bells as the dusk gathers in,

He turns to the foot path that heads up the hill,
The bags on his back and a cloth round his chin,

And, tucked in his waist belt, the Post Office bill :
“ Despatched on this date, as received by the rail,
“ *Per* runner, two bags of the Overland Mail”.

Is the torrent in spate ? He must ford it or swim.

Has the rain wrecked the road ? He must climb by the cliff.
Does the tempest cry “ halt ” ? What are tempests to him ?

The Service admits not a “ but ” or an “ if ”.
While the breath’s in his mouth, he must bear without fail,
In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.

From aloe to rose-oak, from rose-oak to fir,

From level to upland, from upland to crest,
From rice-field to rock-ridge, from rock-ridge to spur,

Fly the soft-sandalled feet, strains the brawny brown chest.
From rail to ravine—to the peak from the vale—
Up, up through the night goes the Overland Mail.

There’s a speck on the hill-side, a dot on the road—

A jingle of bells on the foot-path below ;
There’s a scuffle above in the monkey’s abode—

The world is awake and the clouds are aglow.
For the great Sun himself must attend to the hail :
“ In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail ! ”

PART II

21

THE ORDER OF VALOUR (20)

Thus saith the Queen ! "For him who gave
His blood as water in the fight,
So he from Russian wrong might save
My crown, my people and my right ;
Let there be made a cross of bronze
And grave thereon my queenly crest ;
Write Valour on its haughty scroll,
And hang it on his breast."

Thus saith the Land ! "He who shall bear
Victoria's cross upon his breast,
In token that he did not fear
To die, had need been, for her rest ;
For the dear sake of her who gives,
And the high deeds of him who wears,
Shall, high or low, all honour have
From all, through all his years."

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

22

THE GANGES

Vast as a sea the Ganges flows,
And fed by Himalaya's snows,
Or rushing rains, with giant force
Unwearied runs its fated course ;
The banks that skirt its lengthened way
Boundless variety display ;

The mural height, the level green,
The dangerous rock, the dark ravine,
The barren sand, the fertile mound
With maze of flowery thicket crowned.
The cheerful lawn, or frowning glade,
Embrowned by overhanging shade :
The spacious plain, that waving corn,
Orchards, or fragrant groves adorn ;
Whilst towns and hamlets intervene
And gild with life the changing scene.

But nature's chiefest bounties fall
To thy productive fields, Bengal.
It is not that the mountains rise
Here as a pathway to the skies,
Nor desert spreads its dreary tract,
Nor foams the thundering cataract,
Nor gloomy forest stretches, where
The lion prowls or lurks the bear,
Nor angry ocean raves and roars
In tempest on the rocky shores—
Though e'en of these thy wide extent
Some awful glimpses doth present—
But thine own honours fairest show
Where Bhagirathi's waters flow (21)
In many a rich and lovely scene
Invested with unfading green,
That, as revolving seasons run,
Still bids defiance to the Sun.
Upon the margin of the river
The leafy grove is verdant ever,

Dark is the Mango's foliage spread ;
Erect the tall Palm lifts its head ;
Broad the Banana waves and bright ;
Graceful the Bambu bends and light ;
Boiling and black the billows flow
The wide-spread Indian fig below,
Whose scion branches, many and vast,
Far from the mighty parent cast,
Above the wave extend their shade
In columned arch and long arcade.
And here, by native faith revered,
The Peepul's twisted trunk is reared.
Nor want we animation—rife
Is all around, with busy life.
Upon the bosom of the tide
Vessels of every fabric ride.
The fisher's skiff, the light canoe
That from a single trunk they hew ;
The snake and peacock modelled boat
In Eastern pageant sent afloat ;
The heavy barge—the ponderous bark
Huge lumbering like another ark :
The Bujra broad, the Bholia trim,
Or Pinnaces that gallant swim
With favouring breeze—or dull and slow
Against the heady current go ;
Creeping along the bank where pace
The crew—a strange amphibious race,
From morn to eve who never tire,
Plodding through bush, and brake, and briar ;
Now wading mid-deep in the mud,

Now plunging breast-high in the flood ;
Yet as they move, the merry laugh
And frequent frolic lighten half
Their labour, till the day expires,
When gleam along the shore the fires
With which contented they prepare
Their single meal of frugal fare ;
Then to repose, at dawn again
To brave the sun, and wind, and rain.

Close to the marge the cattle browse,
Or trail the rudely fashioned ploughs
The buffalo, his sides to cool,
Stands buried in the marshy pool.
The wild duck nestles in the sedge ;
The crane stands patient on the edge,
Watching to seize its finny prey ;
Whilst high the skylark wings its way,
And in the shadow of a cloud
Warbles its song distinct and loud,
Though far removed from human eye,
The songster sails the upper sky.
Scattered across the teeming plain
In groups the peasants glean the grain,
The sickle ply, or wield the hoe,
Or seed for future harvests sow.
Some burthened with their homely ware
Journey to village *Hat* or fair,
And some suspend their toils to mark
Inquisitive the passing bark.

But most where to the river leads
The Ghat, or beaten path proceeds,
A never-ending train collects
Of every caste, and age, and sex,
Grave in the tide the Brahmin stands,
And folds his cord, or twirls his hands,
And tells his beads, and all unheard
Mutters a solemn mystic word.
With reverence the Sudra dips,
And fervently the current sips,
That to his humbler hopes conveys
A future life of happier days.
But chief do India's simple daughters
Assemble in these hallowed waters.
With vase of classic model laden,
Like Grecian girl or Tuscan maiden, (22)
Collecting thus, their urns to fill
From gushing fount or trickling rill;
And still with pious fervour they
To Gunga veneration pay,
And with pretenceless rite prefer
The wishes of their hearts to her.
The maid or matron, as she throws
Champac or lotus, Bel or rose,
Or sends the quivering light afloat
In shallow cup or paper boat,
Prays for a parent's peace and wealth,
Prays for a child's success and health,
For a fond husband breathes a prayer,
For progeny their loves to share,
For what of good on earth is given

To lowly life, or hoped in Heaven,
 Such are the scenes the Ganges shows,
 As to the sea it rapid flows ;
 And all who love the works to scan
 Of nature, or the thoughts of man,
 May here unquestionably find
 Pleasure and profit for the mind.

HORACE HAYMAN WILSON

23

BENARES

Thy Gods have wrapt thee round as with a shroud,
 Saintly Benares, where from morn till night,
 From mosque-crowned street and temple-haunted height,
 Throb out the voiceful murmurs of the crowd,
 Over thy hallowed Ganges echoing loud ;
 While in the deep nook of each flower-clasped shrine,
 Ever the speechless Shape, in calm divine,
 Broods o'er the suppliant heads before him bowed.
 But the majestic River rolls beneath,
 Serene, relentless, bearing toward the sea
 The dust of those, who, happy in their death,
 By her blest margin meet Eternity.
 Last, the clear sunset throws a golden wreath,
 And the sweet Night sinks down all silently.

C. A. KELLY

24

THE SONG OF KALINDI (23)

The fresh wind blows from northern snows ;

The nights are dank with dew ;

A mound of fire the Simal glows ; (24)

The young rice shoots anew ;

In mornings cool from reedy pool

Up springs the whistling crane ;

The wild fowl fly through sunset sky ;

The sweet juice fills the cane.

Come, Krishna, from the tyrant proud (25)

How long shall virtue flee ?

The lightning loves the evening cloud,

And I love thee.

The breeze moves slow with thick perfume

From every mango grove ;

From coral tree to parrot bloom

The black bees questing rove ;

The koil wakes the early dawn,

He calls the spring all day ;

The jasmine smiles by glade and lawn ;

The lake with buds is gay.

Come, Krishna ! leave Vaikuntha's bower ; (26)

Do thou our refuge be ;

The koil loves the mango flower,

And I love thee.

Low from the brink the waters shrink ;

The deer all sniff for rain ;

The panting cattle search for drink

Cracked glebe and dusty plain ;

The whirlwind, like a furnace blast,
 Sweeps clouds of darkening sand ;
 The forest flames ; the beasts aghast
 Plunge huddling from the land.
 Come, Krishna ! come, beloved one
 Descend and comfort me :
 The lotus loves the summer sun,
 And I love thee.

With dancing feet glad pea-fowl greet
 Bright flash and rumbling cloud ;
 Down channels steep red torrents sweep ;
 The frogs give welcome loud ;
 From branch and spray hang blossoms gay ;
 The wood has second birth ;
 No stars in skies, but lantern flies
 Seem stars that float to earth.
 Come, Krishna ! in our day of gloom
 Be thou our Kalpa tree : (27)
 The wild bee loves the Padma bloom,
 And I love thee.

The skies are bright with cloudless light
 Like silver shells that float ;
 The stars and moon loom large by night ;
 The lilies launch their boat ;
 Fair laughs the plain with ripened grain ;
 With birds resounds the brake :
 Along the sand white egrets stand ;
 The wild fowl fill the lake.
 Come, Krishna ! let thy servants soon
 Thy perfect beauty see :
 The water-lily loves the moon,
 And I love thee.

The morning mist lies close and still ;
 The hoar-frost gems the lea ;
 The dew falls chill ; the wind blows shrill ;
 The leaves have left the tree ;
 The crops are gone ; the fields are bare ;
 The deer pass grazing by ;
 And plaintive through the twilight air
 Is heard the curlew's cry. (28)
 Come, Krishna ! come, my lord, my own !
 From prison set me free :
 The chakravaki pines alone,
 As I for thee.

WILLIAM WATERFIELD

25

A SCENE ON THE GANGES

The shades of evening veil the lofty spires
 Of proud Benares' fanes. A thickening haze
 Hangs o'er the stream. The weary boatmen raise
 Along the dusky shore their crimson fires,
 That tinge the circling groups. Now hope inspires
 Yon Hindu maid, whose heart true passion sways,
 To launch on Gunga's flood the glimmering rays
 Of Love's frail lamp,—but, lo ! the light expires !
 Alas ! what sudden sorrow fills her breast !
 No charm of life remains. Her tears deplore
 An absent lover's doom, and never more
 Shall hope's sweet vision yield her spirit rest !
 The cold wave quenched the flame—an omen dread
 The maiden dares not question ;—*he is dead !*

D. L. RICHARDSON

ALEXANDER (29)

Silent I stood upon the banks
Of that far-famed Indian stream,
Where Macedonia's warlike ranks
Half realized their monarch's dream,
That his unwearied flag should fly
O'er every realm beneath the sky.

Alone, and in deep thought I stood,
Musing upon the days of old,
And as beneath that ancient flood,
Its dark and rapid waters roll'd,
Before my mental vision shone,
The scenes of twice ten centuries gone.

I hear the iron din of arms,
The whistling dart, the clanging steel,
The music of the fight, whose charms
A warrior's soul alone can feel,
And human blood is pour'd like wine
Before the God of Battles' shrine.

Where, bright with many a flashing blade,
Like thick clouds with the lightning's glare,
The war-storm casts its deepest shade,
The warrior king of Greece is there,
With glance that calmly scans the whole,
The leader's eye, the hero's soul!

The strife is o'er—the battle's won,
Not that the dusky warriors quail'd,
But strove they not with Ammon's son, (30)
And fought with one who never fail'd?
And, as it e'er had done before,
His flag in victory waves once more.

'Tis past, that bright and stirring dream,
No more I view the battling ranks,
All darkly rolls that erst red stream,
And I alone upon its banks,
Whose crumbling forms the only sound
That breaks the peaceful stillness round.

'Tis past, that high wrought vision frail!
And thus too shall the conqueror's name
Fade into subject for a tale,
Or only earn that doubtful fame,
Which bids the route he travelled, still
Be theme for learned book-worm's skill.

Oh! quell the base thought in its birth!
For though the days have long gone by
Since Alexander shook the earth,
The historic page forbids to die,
And the rapt soul of him who reads,
Shall glow and tremble at his deeds.

And liv'd he but the God of War,
Whose fame all but himself must rue,
Like to a pestilential star,
As brilliant, and as baneful too?
Go, ask of Egypt's seven mouth'd flood,
If all his deeds were deeds of blood.

She saw of old those lofty towers
 Arise upon a barren plain,
 Where learning built her thousand bowers,
 And commerce first commenc'd her reign
 Where distant nations met in peace,
 And Asia held her hand to Greece.

Half form'd he left his mighty plan,
 For as like him no warrior fought,
 The genius of no other man
 Could soar to such a height of thought :
 The bird of Jove pursues its flight,
 Unfollowed, to the fount of light.

And thou, old river, fare thee well !
 But not to thy proud stream confin'd,
 The Macedonian's fame shall dwell—
 It lives in every human mind,
 And the extended earth shall be
 The temple of his memory !

ROBERT SCOTT

27

SONNET

How fraught with music, beauty, and repose.
 This holy time, and solitude profound !
 The lingering day along the mountain glows ;
 With songs of birds the twilight woods resound.
 Through the soft gloom, yon sacred fanes around,
 The radiant fly its mimic lightning throws.

Fair Gunga's stream along the green vale flows,
 And gently breathes a thought-awakening sound.
 Such hour and scene my spirit loves to hail,
 When nature's smile is so divinely sweet ;
 When every note that trembles on the gale,
 Seems caught from realms untrod by mortal feet ;
 Where everlasting harmonies prevail—
 Where rise the purified, their God to greet.

D. L. RICHARDSON

28

A CALCUTTA MERCHANT IN THE OLDEN TIME (31)

Who did not know that Office Jaun of pale Pomona green,
 With its drab and yellow lining, and picked out black between,
 Which down the esplanade did go at the ninth hour of the day ?
 We ne'er shall see it thus again,—Alas, and well-a-day !

With its bright brass patent axles, and its little hog-maned tatts,
 And its ever jetty harness, which was always made by Watts,
 The harness black and silver, and the ponies of dark grey,
 And shall we never see it more,—Alas, and well-a-day !

With its very tidy coachman with a very old grey beard,
 And its pair of neat clad sayces, on whom no spot appeared,
 Not sitting lazily behind, but running all the way
 By Mr. Simms's little coach—Alas, and well-a-day !

And when he reached the counting house he got out at the door,
 And, entering the office, made just three bows and no more ;
 Then passing through the clerks he smiled a sweet smile, and a gay,
 And kindly spoke the younger ones—Alas, and well-a-day !

And all did love to see him with his jacket rather long,
It was the way they wore them when good Mr. Simms was young,
With his Nankeen breeches buckled by two gold buckles alway,
And his China tight silk stockings, pink and shiny, well-a-day!

With his little frill like crisped snow, his waistcoat spotless white,
His cravat very narrow and a very little tight,
And a blue brooch, where, in diamond sparks, a ship at anchor lay,
The gift of Mr. Cruttenden—Alas, and well-a-day!

Then from the press where it abode, he took the ledger stout,
And looked upon it reverently, withinside and without,
Then placed his pencils, rubber, pens and knives in due array;
And Mr. Simms was ready for the business of the day.

And ever to the junior clerks his counsel it was wise,
That they shall loop their l's, and cross their t's, and dot their i's,
And honour Messrs. Sheringham, Leith, Badgery and Hay,
Whom he had served for forty years.—Alas, and well-a-day!

And a very pleasant running hand good Mr. Simms did write,
His up-strokes were like gossamer, his down strokes black as night,
And his lines all clear and sparkling like a rivulet in May,
Meandered o'er the folios—Alas, and well-a-day!

And daily in a silver dish, as bright as bright could be,
At one o'clock his tiffin came, two sandwiches, or three,
It never came a minute soon, nor a minute did delay,
So punctual were good Mr. Simm's people—well-a-day!

And in the Mango season still a daily basket came,
With fruit as green as emeralds or ruddier than flame;
By Mr. Simms the sort had been imported from Bombay,
And sown and grown beneath his eye—Alas, and well-a-day!

And when his tiffin it was done, he took a pint precise
Of well cooled soda water, but it was not cooled with ice,
And a little ginger essence, (Oxley's) Mr. Simms did say
It comforted his rheumatiz'—Alas, and well-a-day !

Then on a Sunday after prayers, while waiting in the porch,
His talk was of the Bishop, and the vestry, and the church ;
And two or three select young men would dine with him that day
To taste his old Madeira, and his curry called Malay.

For famous was the table that good Mr. Simms did keep
With his home fed ducks, his Madras fowls, and gram fed Patna
sheep,
And the fruits from his own garden, and the dried fish from
the Bay,
Sent up by bold Branch Pilot Stout—Alas, and well-a-day !

And he was full of anecdote, and spiced his prime Pale Ale
With many a cheerful bit of talk, and many a curious tale,
How Dexter ate his buttons off, and in a one horse chay
My Lord Cornwallis drove about—Alas, and well-a-day !

And every Doorga Poojah would good Mr. Simms explore
The famous river Hoogly up as high as Barrackpore,
And visit the menagerie, and in his pleasant way,
Declare that all the bears were bores—Alas, and well-a-day !

Then, if the weather it was fine, to Chinsura he'd go,
With his nieces three in a Pinnace, and a smart young man or so,
In bright blue coats, and waistcoats, which were sparkling as
the day,
And curly hair, and white kid gloves, a lover-like array.

And at Chinsura, they walked about and then they went to tea,
 With the ancient merchant Van der Zank, and the widow Van
 der Zee,

They were old friends of Mr. Simms, and parting he would say,
 "Perchance we ne'er may meet again"—Alas, and well-a-day!

At length the hour did come for him, which surely comes for all,
 From the beggar in his hovel to the monarch in his hall,
 And when it came to Mr. Simms, he gently pass'd away,
 As falling into pleasant sleep—Alas, and well-a-day!

And on his face there lingered still a sweet smile and a bland,
 His Bible lying by his side, and some roses in his hand;
 His spectacles still marked the place where he had read that day
 The words of faith and hope which cheered his spirit on its way.

And many were the weeping friends who followed him next night,
 In many mourning coaches, by Solitude and Kyte,
 And many a circle still laments the good, the kind, the gay,
 The hospitable, Mr. Simms,—Alas, and well-a-day!

HENRY MEREDITH PARKEE

29

BOMBAY HARBOUR

White sails upon the dreamy blue—
 And Oh, the odour of the sea
 That sets the toil-bound spirit free,
 And makes my life its youth renew!

After the glare of desert plains
 That know no breath of ocean breeze,
 To throw one's heart across the seas
 And straight forget a hundred pains.

Looking towards England from Bombay :
 Peril to come like peril past :
 Hope's pennon flying at the mast :
 Thank God, this is my lot to-day.

And while the good ship waits to bear
 To health and joy beyond the wave
 The sick whom India cannot save,
 The hearts that have been full of care,

I climb the hill whence he who views
 This lovely harbour morn and noon,
 At sunset and beneath the moon,
 Suffused in beauty's myriad hues,

In opal depths of light and shade,
 In sapphire gloom or emerald sheen,
 Splendours of rose and pearl, or seen
 In black and grey by storm arrayed,

Wonders and glories. Let who may
 Behold, sad-eyed or tuned to mirth,
 Fair among sights of sea and earth,
 Art thou, O harbour of Bombay !

G. H. TREVOR

30

THE MOON IN SEPTEMBER

How like the breath of love the rustling breeze
 Is breathing through the fragrant sandal trees !
 How sad but sweet the Bulbul sings above—
 The rose plucked off its stalk—his withering love !

Like liquid silver yon soft-gliding stream
 Wanders and glistens in the lunar beam,
 Which like a modest maid, in love and fear
 Shrinks, half reluctant, from the clasp so dear
 Of frequent-heaving waves. But see ! a cloud
 Hath wrapt the Moon like Beauty in a shroud.
 But now, she issuing shines with brightest sheen,
 And tips with silver all the woodlands green.
 Region of bliss ! Irradiate gem of night !
 Soother of sorrows ! Orb of gentle light !
 Full right the bards of ancient days suppose
 Thou wert the region where the deities chose
 To hide their nectar from the demons fell,
 Destroyed or headlong hurled to deepest hell.
 For still, resplendent Moon ! whene'er we see
 Thy placid face, and fondly gaze on thee,
 Its gentleness upon the wounded soul
 Exerts a healing power and calm control.

KASIPRASAD GHOSH

31

THE QUEEN'S RIVAL

I.

Queen Gulnaar sat on her ivory bed,
 Around her countless treasures were spread ;
 Her chamber walls were richly inlaid
 With agate, porphyry, onyx and jade ;
 The tissues that veiled her delicate breast,
 Glowed with the hues of a lapwing's crest ;

But still she gazed in her mirror and sighed ;

“ O King, my heart is unsatisfied.”

King Feroz bent from his ebony seat :

“ Is thy least desire unfulfilled, O Sweet ?

“ Let thy mouth speak and my life be spent
To clear the sky of thy discontent.”

“ I tire of my beauty, I tire of this
Empty splendour and shadowless bliss ;

“ With none to envy and none gainsay,
No savour or salt hath my dream or day.”

Queen Gulnaar sighed like a murmuring rose :

“ Give me a rival, O King Feroz.”

II.

King Feroz spoke to his Chief Vizier :

“ Lo ! ere to-morrow's dawn be here,

“ Send forth my messengers over the sea,
To seek seven beautiful brides for me ;

“ Radiant of feature and regal of mien,
Seven handmaids meet for the Persian Queen.”

Seven new moon tides at the Vesper call,
King Feroz led to Queen Gulnaar's hall

A young queen eyed like the morning star :

“ I bring thee a rival, O Queen Gulnaar,”

But still she gazed in her mirror and sighed :

“ O King, my heart is unsatisfied.”

Seven queens shone round her ivory bed,
Like seven soft gems on a silken thread,

Like seven fair lamps in a royal tower,
Like seven bright petals of Beauty's flower.

Queen Gulnaar sighed like a murmuring rose :
" Where is my rival ,O King Feroz ?"

III.

When spring winds wakened the mountain floods
And kindled the flame of the tulip buds,

When bees grew loud and the days grew long,
And the peach groves thrilled to the oriole's song,

Queen Gulnaar sat on her ivory bed,
Decking with jewels her exquisite head ;

And still she gazed in her mirror and sighed :
" O King, my heart is unsatisfied."

Queen Gulnaar's daughter two spring times old,
In blue robes bordered with tassels of gold,

Ran to her knee like a wild wood fay,
And plucked from her hand the mirror away.

Quickly she set on her own light curls
Her mother's fillet with fringes of pearls ;

Quickly she turned with a child's caprice
And pressed on the mirror a swift, glad kiss.

Queen Gulnaar laughed like a tremulous rose :
" Here is my rival, O King Feroz."

THE MOSLEM'S LAMENT FOR TIPPU SULTAN

Light of my faith ! thy flame is quench'd
 In this deep night of blood ;
The sceptre from thy race is wrenched,
 And of the brave who stood
Around thy Musnud, strong and true,
 When this day's sun-rise on the brow
Of yonder mountains glanced, how few
 Are left to weep thee now !

Star of the battle ! thou art set ;
 But thou didst not sink down,
As those who could their fame forget
 Before the tempest's frown ;
As those crown'd dastards, who could crave
 The mercy of their haughty foes—
Better to perish with the brave,
 Than live and reign like those.

No ! thou hast to thy battle-bed
 Rush'd like thy native sun,
Whose fiercest, brightest rays are shed
 When his race is nearest done ;
Where sabres flash'd and vollies rang,
 And quickest sped the parting breath,
Thou from a life of empire, sprang
 To meet a soldier's death.

Thy mighty father joyfully
 Look'd from his throne on high :
 He mark'd his spirit live in thee,
 He smiled to see thee die ;
 To see thy sabre's last faint sweep
 Tinged with a foeman's gore ;
 To see thee sink to the hero's sleep,
 With thy red wounds all before.

The faithful, in their emerald bowers
 The toobah-tree beneath,
 Have twined thee of unfading flowers
 The martyr's glorious wreath ;
 And dark-eyed girls of Paradise
 Their jewell'd kerchiefs wave,
 To welcome to their crystal skies
 The Sultan of the brave.

HENRY MEREDITH PARKER

33

LITTLE *KAT-BIRAL*

LITTLE *kat-biral*,
 Running up this *sal*,
 With a cheeky frisking
 And a brown tail whisking !
 If this straight-limbed tree,
 As it well might be,
 Main or mizzen were
 Of some sea-faring sir,
 And to ship-bells' chime

If such their masts did climb
 (Muse, you drove me to that rhyme,
 When I'd no intention
 Bells or chimes to mention),
 Then in all this world
 Of flags to winds unfurled,
 Would not be than your
 Sprightly self, I'm sure,
 Little *kat-biral*,
 Worthier admiral!

EDWARD J. THOMPSON

34

A RAJPUT NURSE (32)

“ Whose tomb have they builded, Vittoo, under this tamarind tree,
 With its door of the rose-veined marble, and white dome stately
 to see,
 Was he holy Brahmin or Yogi, or Chief of the Rajput line,
 Whose urn rests here by the river, in the shade of the beautiful
 shrine? ”

“ May it please you, ” quoth Vittoo, salaaming, “ Protector of all
 the poor !

It was not for holy Brahmin they carved that delicate door ;
 Nor for Yogi nor Rajput Rana built they this gem of our land ;
 But to tell of a Rajput woman, as long as the stones should stand.

“ Her name was Môtî, the pearl-name ; 'twas far in the ancient
 times ;

But her moon-like face and her teeth of pearl are sung of still in our
 rhymes ;

And because she was young and comely, and of good repute, and
 had laid

A babe in the arms of her husband, the palace-nurse she was made :

“ For the sweet chief-queen of the Rana in Jodhpore city had died,
 Leaving a motherless infant, the heir to that race of pride ;
 The heir of the peacock-banner, of the five-coloured flag, of the
 throne
 Which traces its record of glory from days when it ruled alone ;

“ From times when, forth from the sunlight, the first of our kings
 came down,
 And had the earth for his footstool, and wore the stars for his crown,
 As all good Rajputs have told us ; so Môtî was proud and true,
 With the Prince of the land on her bosom, and her own brown
 baby too.

“ And the Rajput women will have it (I know not myself of these
 things)
 As the two babes lay on her lap there, her lord's and the Jodhpore
 King's ;
 So loyal was the blood of her body, so fast the faith of her heart,
 It passed to her new-born infant, who took of her trust its part.

“ He would not suck of the breast-milk till the Prince had drunken
 his fill ;
 He would not sleep to the cradle-song till the Prince was lulled
 and still ;
 And he lay at night with his small arms clasped round the Rana's
 child,
 As if those hands like the rose-leaf could shelter from treason wild.

“ For treason was wild in the country, and villainous men had
 sought
 The life of the heir of the gadi, to the Palace in secret brought ;
 With bribes to the base, and with knife-thrusts for the faithful,
 they made their way
 Through the line of the guards, and the gateways, to the hall where
 the women lay.

“ There Môtî, the foster-mother, sat singing the children to rest
Her baby at play on her crossed knees, and the King's son held
to her breast ;

And the dark slave-maidens round her beat low on the cymbal's
skin,

Keeping the time of her soft song, when—Sahib!—there hurried in

“ A breathless watcher, who whispered, with horror in eyes and face ;

‘ Oh ! Môtî, men come to murder my Lord the Prince in this place !
They have bought the help of the gate-guards, or slaughtered them
unawares,

Hark ! that is the noise of their tulwars, the clatter upon the stairs !,

“ For one breath she caught her baby from her lap to her heart,
and let

The King's child sink from her nipple, with lips still clinging and
wet,

Then tore from the Prince his head-cloth, and the putta of pearls
from his waist,

And bound the belt on her infant, and the cap on his brows, in haste ;

“ And laid her own dear offspring, her flesh and blood, on the floor,
With the girdle of pearls around him, and the cap that the King's
son wore ;

While close to her heart, which was breaking, she folded the Raja's
joy,

And—even as the murderers lifted the purdah—she fled with
his boy.

“ But there (so they deemed) in his jewels, lay the Chota Rana, the
Heir ;

‘ The cow with two calves has escaped us,’ cried one, ‘ it is right and
fair

She should save her own butcha ; no matter ! the edge of the dagger
ends

This spark of Lord Raghoba's sunlight ; stab thrice and four times,
O friends!,

“ And the Rajput women will have it (I know not if this can be so)
That Môtî's son in the putta and golden cap cooed low,
When the sharp blades met in his small heart, with never one moan
or wince,
But died with a babe's light laughter, because he died for his Prince.

“ Thereby did that Rajput mother preserve the line of our Kings.”
“ Oh ! Vittoo,” I said, “ but they gave her much gold and beautiful
things,
And garments, and land for her people, and a home in the Palace !
May be
She had grown to love that Princeling even more than the child
on her knee.”

“ May it please the Presence ! ” quoth Vittoo, “ it seemeth not so!
they gave
The gold and the garments and jewels, as much as the proudest
would have ;
But the same night deep in her true heart she buried a knife,
and smiled,
Saying this : ‘ I have saved my Rana ! I must go to suckle my
child.’

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

35

THE MAYO COLLEGE (33)

A. D. 1890

The history of Rajwarra reeks with war ;
But since there came the long, long reign of peace
And ordered law is growing governor,
With fruits of knowledge yielding rich increase,
A dream was born—to bring the land's chief flower
Of Youth to love the bloom of gracious arts

That have, or ought to have, a greater power
 Than swords to force a fellowship of hearts.
 So this white hall of marble, this green park,
 And these fair houses where glad school-boys dwell
 And play, arose—a light from out the dark.
 Ah, noble dream, the buds begin to swell.
 May summer crown thy spring, and autumn bright
 Thy message long proclaim, "Let there be light."

G. H. TREVOR

36

TIMOUR'S COUNCILS (34)

Emirs and Khans in long array,
 To Timour's council bent their way :
 The lordly Tartar, vaunting high,
 The Persian with dejected eye,
 The vassal Russ, and, lured from far,
 Circassia's mercenary war.
 But one there came, uncall'd and last,
 The spirit of the wintry blast !
 He mark'd while wrapt in mist he stood,
 The purpos'd track of spoil and blood ;
 He mark'd unmov'd by mortal woe,
 That old man's eye of swarthy glow,
 That restless soul, whose single pride
 Was cause enough that millions died ;
 He heard, he saw, till envy woke,
 And thus the voice of thunder spoke :
 " And hop'st thou thus, in pride unfurl'd,
 To bear those banners through the world ?

Can time nor space thy toils defy ?
 Oh ! King, thy fellow-demon I,
 Servants of Death, alike we weep
 The wasted earth, or shrinking deep.
 And on the land, and o'er the wave,
 We reap the harvest of the grave.
 But thickest then that harvest lies,
 And wildest sorrows rend the skies,
 In darker cloud the vultures sail,
 And richer carnage taints the gale,
 And few the mourners that remain
 When winter leagues with Tamerlane !
 But on, to work our lord's decree ;
 Then, tyrant, turn, and cope with me !
 And learn, though far thy trophies shine,
 How deadlier are my blasts than thine !
 Nor cities burnt, nor blood of men,
 Nor thine own pride shall warm thee then !
 Forth to thy task ! We meet again
 On wild Chabanga's frozen plain ! "

REGINALD HEBER

37

ODE TO H. H. THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD

(*Meer Mahbul Ali Khan*)

Deign, Prince, my tribute to receive,
 This lyric offering to your name,
 Who round your jewelled sceptre bind
 The lilies of a poet's fame ;
 Beneath whose sway concordant dwell
 The peoples whom your laws embrace,
 In brotherhood of diverse creeds,
 And harmony of diverse race :

The votaries of the Prophet's faith,
Of whom you are the crown and chief ;
And they, who bear on Vedic brows
Their mystic symbols of belief ;
And they, who worshipping the sun, (35)
Fled o'er the old Iranian sea ;
And they, who bow to Him who trod (36)
The midnight waves of Galilee.

Sweet, sumptuous fables of Baghdad
The splendours of your court recall,
The torches of a *Thousand Nights*
Blaze through a single festival ;
And Saki-singers down the streets,
Pour for us, in a stream divine,
From goblets of your love Ghazals
The rapture of your Sufi wine.

Prince, where your radiant cities smile,
Grim hills their sombre vigils keep,
Your ancient forests hoard and hold
The legends of their centuried sleep ;
Your birds of peace white-pinioned float
O'er ruined fort and storied plain,
Your faithful stewards sleepless guard
The harvests of your gold and grain.

God give you joy, God give you grace
To shield the truth and smite the wrong,
To honour Virtue, Valour, Worth,
To cherish faith and foster song !
So may the lustre of your days
Outshine the deeds Firdusi sung,
Your name within a nation's prayer,
Your music on a nation's tongue.

THE LOTUS

Love came to Flora asking for a flower
 That would of flowers be undisputed queen,
 The lily and the rose, long, long had been
 Rivals for that high honour. Bards of power
 Had sung their claims. "The rose can never tower
 Like the pale lily with her Juno mien"—
 "But is the lily lovelier?" Thus between
 Flower-factions rang the strife in Psyche's bower. (37)
 "Give me a flower delicious as the rose
 And stately as the lily in her pride"—
 "But of what colour?"—"Rose-red," Love first chose,
 Then prayed,—"No, lily-white,—or, both provide;"
 And Flora gave the lotus, "rose-red" dyed,
 And "lily-white,"—the queenliest flower that blows.

TORU DUTT

THE GUIDES AT CABUL,

1879

Sons of the Island Race, wherever ye dwell,
 Who speak of your fathers' battles with lips that burn,
 The deed of an alien legion hear me tell,
 And think not shame from the hearts ye tamed to learn,
 When succour shall fail and the tide for a season turn,
 To fight with a joyful courage, a passionate pride,
 To die at the last as the Guides at Cabul died.

For a handful of seventy men in a barrack of mud,
 Foodless, waterless, dwindling one by one,
 Answered a thousand yelling for English blood,
 With stormy volleys that swept them gunner from gun,
 And charge on charge in the glare of the Afghan sun,
 Till the walls were shattered wherein they crouched at bay,
 And dead or dying half of the seventy lay.

Twice they had taken the cannon that wrecked their hold,
 Twice toiled in vain to drag it back,
 Thrice they toiled, and alone, wary and bold,
 Whirling a hurricane sword to scatter the rack,
 Hamilton, last of the English, covered their track.

“Never give in!” he cried, and he heard them shout,
 And grappled with death as a man that knows not doubt.

And the Guides looked down from their smouldering barrack
 again,

And behold, a banner of truce, and a voice that spoke :

“Come, for we know that the English all are slain,

We keep no feud with men of a kindred folk ;

Rejoice with us to be free of the conqueror’s yoke.”

Silence fell for a moment, then was heard

A sound of laughter and scorn, and an answering word.

“Is it we or the lords we serve who have earned this wrong,

That ye call us to flinch from the battle they bade us fight ?

We that live—do ye doubt that our hands are strong ?

They that have fallen—ye know that their blood was
 bright !

Think ye the Guides will barter for lust of the light
 The pride of an ancient people in warfare bred,

Honour of comrades living, and faith to the dead ? ”

Then the joy that spurs the warrior's heart
 To the last thundering gallop and sheer leap
 Came on the men of the Guides ; they flung apart
 The doors not all their valour could longer keep ;
 They dressed their slender line ; they breathed deep,
 And with never a foot lagging or head bent,
 To the clash and clamour and dust of death they went.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

40

LOYALTY

Home of my youth, O England, thou to me
 Didst give the soul's best gifts, for which I stand
 Thy liegeman unto death. But this weak hand
 Doth shame, alas ! my proud heart's fealty.
 Ah ! would it could in this thy jeopardy
 Strike at thy haughty foe, at love's demand.
 Ah ! would 'twere mine to wield the warrior's brand,
 To dare and die, like thine own sons for thee.
 Vain thoughts, vain words ! These feeble limbs no more
 Can move with youth's high hope in battle-line,
 As once they might have moved in days of yore,
 When youth and health, and youth's high hopes were mine.
 Though vain the wish, and vain words' idle store,
 Beyond all thoughts and words my heart is thine !

NAWAB NIZAMAT JUNG BAHADUR

PRINCE SIDDARTHA'S DWELLING PLACE

From the Light of Asia

Southward a growth of tamarind trees and sal,
Thick set with pale sky-coloured ganthi flowers,
Shut out the world, save if the city's hum
Came on the wind no harsher than when bees
Buzz out of sight in thickets. Northwards soared
The stainless ramps of huge Himala's wall,
Ranged in white ranks against the blue—untrod,
Infinite, wonderful—whose uplands vast,
And lifted universe of crest and crag,
Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,
Riven ravine, and splintered precipice
Led climbing thought higher and higher, until
It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with gods,
Beneath the snows dark forests spread, sharp-laced
With leaping cataracts and veiled with clouds :
Lower grew rose-oaks and the great fir groves
Where echoed pheasant's call and panther's cry,
Clatter of wild sheep on the stones, and scream
Of circling eagles : under these the plain
Gleamed like a praying-carpet at the foot
Of those divinest altars. Fronting this
The builders set the bright pavilion up,
Fair-planted on the terraced hill, with towers
On either flank and pillared cloisters round.
Its beams were carved with stories of old time—
Radha and Krishna and the sylvan girls,
Sita and Hanuman and Draupadi ;

And on the middle porch God Ganesha,
With disc and hook—to bring wisdom and wealth—
Propitious sate, wreathing his sidelong trunk,
By winding ways of garden and of court
The inner gate was reached, of marble wrought,
White, with pink veins ; the lintel lazuli,
The threshold alabaster, and the doors
Sandal-wood, cut in pictured panelling ;
Whereby to lofty halls and shadowy bowers
Passed the delighted foot, on stately stairs,
Through latticed galleries, 'neath painted roofs
And clustering columns, where cool fountains—fringed
With lotus and nelumbo—danced, and fish
Gleamed through their crystal, scarlet, god, and blue.
Great-eyed gazelles in sunny alcoves browsed
The blown red roses ; birds of rainbow wing
Fluttered among the palms ; doves, green and grey,
Built their safe nests on gilded cornices ;
Over the shining pavements peacocks drew
The splendours of their trains, sedately watched
By milk-white herons and the small house-owls.
The plum-necked parrots swung from fruit to fruit ;
The yellow sunbirds whirred from bloom to bloom,
The timid lizards on the lattice basked
Fearless, the squirrels ran to feed from hand,
For all was peace : the shy black snake that gives
Fortune to households, sunned his sleepy coils
Under the moon-flowers, where the musk-deer played,
And brown-eyed monkeys chattered to the crows.

42

PERTAB SINGH (38)

1914

The loyalty of a Briton to his King
 We praise, and to his country ; yet how more
 Than mean the soul, bred at the very core
 Of English thought and feeling, if this thing,
 This battle of all battles, did not bring
 The warm blood to his heart, and if the sore
 Danger of England fired him not ! So more
 We praise thy noble spirit, Pertab Singh.

This is the finer, this—that one not bred
 In England should have watched her sons, and thought :
 “These, spite of weakness, spite of all, have caught
 A hint of Heaven’s direction. Be their dead
 Our dead ; ours too their battle : where they fought,
 There India flashed her sabres—be that said ! ”

J. A. CHAPMAN

43

OUR CASUARINA TREE

LIKE a huge Python, winding round and round
 The rugged trunk, indented deep with scars
 Up to its very summit near the stars,
 A creeper climbs, in whose embraces bound
 No other tree could live. But gallantly
 The giant wears the scarf, and flowers are hung
 In crimson clusters all the boughs among,
 Whereon all day are gathered bird and bee ;
 And oft at nights the garden overflows
 With one sweet song that seems to have no close,
 Sung darkling from our Tree, while men repose.

When first my casement is wide open thrown
 At dawn, my eyes delighted on it rest ;
 Sometimes, and most in winter,—on its crest
 A gray baboon sits statue-like alone
 Watching the sunrise ; while on lower boughs
 The puny offspring leap about and play ;
 And far and near kokilas hail the day ;
 And to their pastures wend our sleepy cows ;
 And in the shadow on the broad tank cast
 By that hoar Tree, so beautiful and vast,
 The water-lilies spring, like snow enmassed.

 But not because of its magnificence
 Dear is the Casuarina to my soul :
 Beneath it we have played ; though years may roll,
 O sweet companions, loved with love intense,
 For your sakes shall the Tree be ever dear !
 Blent with your images, it shall arise
 In memory, till the hot tears blind mine eyes !
 What is that dirge-like murmur that I hear
 Like the sea breaking on a shingle-beach ?
 It is the Tree's lament, an eerie speech,
 That haply to the unknown land may reach.

 Unknown, yet well-known to the eye of faith !
 Ah, I have heard that wail far, far away
 In distant lands, by many a sheltered bay,
 When slumbered in his cave the water-wraith
 And the waves gently kissed the classic shore
 Of France or Italy, beneath the moon,
 When earth lay tranced in a dreamless swoon ;
 And every time the music rose,—before
 Mine inner vision rose a form sublime,
 Thy form, O Tree, as in my happy prime
 I saw thee, in my own loved native clime.

Therefore I fain would consecrate a lay
 Unto thy honour, Tree beloved of those
 Who now in blessed sleep, for aye, repose,
 Dearer than life to me, alas ! were they !

Mayst thou be numbered when my days are done
 With deathless trees—like those in Borrowdale, (39)
 Under whose awful branches lingered pale

‘ Fear, trembling Hope, and Death, the skeleton,
 And Time, the shadow ’ ; and though weak the verse
 That would thy beauty fain, oh fain rehearse,
 May Love defend thee from Oblivion’s curse.

TORU DUTT

44

HALDI PAKHI

Golden bird ! golden bird !
 Shouting in the jack-boughs,
 All the glossy leaves are stirred,
 Light is on the black boughs.
 Golden bird ! golden bird !
 When your voice is calling,
 Deep within my heart are heard
 Mountain waters falling.
 Scatter rains and yellow drift,
 Fades the stormy weather ;
 Harebells shake, and champions lift (40)
 White hoods o’er the heather ;
 Frail and sweet a music floats
 Through the winds that whistle
 Round a score of piping throats
 Poised upon the thistle.

EDWARD J. THOMPSON

INDIA TO ENGLAND

O England ! in thine hour of need,
When Faith's reward and Valour's meed
Is death or glory ;

When Fate indites, with biting brand,
Clasped in each warrior's stiff'ning hand,
A nation's story ;

Though weak our hands, which fain would clasp
The warrior's sword with warrior's grasp,
On Victory's field ;

Yet turn, O mighty Mother ! turn
Unto the million hearts that burn
To be thy shield !

Thine equal justice, mercy, grace,
Have made a distant alien race
A part of thee !

'Twas thine to bid their souls rejoice,
When first they heard the living voice
Of Liberty !

Unmindful of their ancient name,
And lost to honour, glory, fame,
And sunk in strife,

Thou found'st them, whom thy touch hath made
Men, and to whom thy breath conveyed
A nobler life !

They, whom thy love hath guarded long,
They, whom thy care hath rendered strong
In love and faith ;

Their heart-strings round thy heart entwine ;
They are, they ever will be thine
In life—in death !

NAWAB NIZAMAT JUNG BAHADUR

ON THE USE OF THIS BOOK

In the study of English poetry in Indian schools teachers should remember two things : the first is that the vocabulary of poetry differs from the vocabulary of prose ; and the second is that the rhythm of verse is regulated by certain metrical laws.

One of the chief objects of the Indian student is to learn to read, write and speak the English language. For this reason the study of English poetry must become an aid to his mastery over the language of prose. Here everything depends upon the patience and skill of the teacher. Some theorists argue (and not without good reason) that poetry should be abolished from the school-room : but so far this utilitarian suggestion has not been adopted by our Indian Universities ; and in the reading of English verse, the problem of the teacher is to secure for his pupils the maximum amount of utility with culture. The difficulty of the vocabulary of poetry is best illustrated by quotation. When Sir Edwin Arnold writes in "The Order of Valour" (page 49.)

For the dear sake of her who gives,
And the **high** deeds of him who wears,
Shall, **high** or low, all honour have
From all, through all his years.

he is using the word "high" in two different senses. In the first case the word qualifying "deeds" means brave or noble or generous or heroic or some such adjective. Here it is used purely in a poetic sense, as in prose the word means none of these things. But in the phrase "high or low" the word is employed in one of its ordinary prose meanings. This distinction between the uses of words in prose and in poetry must be realised by the teacher and turned to the advantage of his pupils. This will demand special and careful treatment of each poem. A detailed study of single words or phrases should be preceded by the reading of the whole poem. Some such method as the following would be useful :—

- (a) **the reading of the whole in order to grasp the general meaning.** This may be done in class or at home ; and each pupil should be able to explain briefly, **and in his own words**, the theme of any of the poems in this volume. Certain pieces lend themselves to this method better than others. For this purpose the teacher will find such simple narrative poems as "The Warrior's Return" (p 20) or "The Chief of Pokurna" (p 24) specially useful.

(b) **the exhaustive study of phrases or single words used in a poetic sense.** Here much difficulty will arise at the outset, but each pupil must learn to rely upon himself and upon his own powers of expression, the teacher acting merely as a guide to the correct interpretation. Let the following phrases and words be considered :—

- (1) Write valour on its **haughty** scroll (Page 49).
- (2) Sweet, **sumptuous** fables of Baghdad (Page 77).
- (3) To the **clash** and **clamour** and **dust of death** they went (Page 80.)
- (4) The Indian Water and the shore

That from Gulf to Isle they keep

In the **deepest of old sleep** (Page 47)

There is no single equivalent in prose for the words underlined above ; and each of these quotations taken in its context, demands much paraphrase before the meaning of the poet may be realised. It is the teacher's business to see that his pupils in attempting to express their ideas of the poet's meaning, use their own words and **that these words are part of our modern prose vocabulary.** In this way the exercise of paraphrase has distinct value from a purely linguistic point of view.

By constantly keeping in mind the tendency of poetry to depart from the prose uses of words, it is possible to secure in the reading of verse in school much valuable practice in the art of expression.

No detailed study of prosody is possible or desirable in the Indian school ; but it is necessary for pupils to grasp the main principles of metre, and so learn to read English verse with due attention to its rhythm, and the proper accentuation of individual words. There is no need to commit to memory long lists of prosodic names borrowed from Greek and Latin ; but pupils should learn to analyse at sight the metre of any poem they may be reading. Let us take a few lines from Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia* :—

Over the shining pavements peacocks drew
The splendour of their trains, sedately watched
By milk-white herons and the small house-owls.
The plum-necked parrots swung from fruit to fruit ;
The yellow sun birds whirred from bloom to bloom.

These lines, if carefully and repeatedly read, will show in each certain accented syllables falling in this way :—

The plum-necked parrots swung from fruit to fruit

These accented syllables are five in number, and the lines are five-measure lines. In this metre there is one unaccented followed by one accented syllable ; but this tends to monotony, and certain variations are permitted as in the first line. Here the first accent falls on the first syllable and the analysis of the line is as follows:—

Over the |shin|ing pave|ments pea|cocks drew

The time taken to pronounce the three syllables of the first foot is equal to that needed for the single syllable of the second foot. The same variation is apparent in the third foot of the third line. This foot is **common** in English poetry. It is known technically as an **iambus**, from the Greek word **to strike**, and **iambic** five measure lines are the most popular in English poetry. Nearly all the poems of this volume have some variation of this measure : but in the 5th and 10th poems a different foot appears in which there is one accented syllable preceded by two unaccented. This foot is known technically as an **anapaest**.

In the lines quoted from "The Light of Asia" there is no rhyme, and the verse is described as blank verse. It is not easy for young students to realise the rhythm or the metre of blank verse, and to distinguish it from prose. Nothing but constant practice in the correct accentuation of English words, and in the reading of poetry, will enable them to understand the beauty of a metre that has been used extensively by Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth. A common and useful device is to write out a passage of blank-verse as if it were ordinary prose, and to ask students to rewrite it with the lines correctly arranged. Such an exercise might be usefully given from the 8th poem where the language used by the poet differs scarcely at all from that of prose.

Having learned how to analyse a line of verse, it is easy to understand what variations are possible by reducing the number of feet and by adding rhyme. In the third poem of this book there are the following lines :—

She sat upon her palfry white
That Damsel fair and young,
And **from** the jewelled belt she wore,
Her trusty rapier hung ;
And chieftains bold, and warriors proud
Around her formed a gallant crowd.

In the first four lines there are four and three measures alternately, and the last two lines have four measures. The second and fourth lines rhyme ; and the last two lines rhyme. This grouping of lines is called a stanza. Different stanzas may be seen in Nos. 7, 9, 16, 39 and 43. A special arrangement of rhymes may be studied in the sonnet, a poem of 14 lines rhyming on a certain scheme. The sonnets of this volume are 23, 25, 27, 35, 38, 40 and 42.

A knowledge of metre is a guide to correct reading and accentuation. The committing of verse to memory and the reciting of it, make a valuable school exercise : but in reading and reciting the utmost care must be taken to secure accuracy of articulation and accentuation ; and this will mean that the progress of the student is at first very slow.

The study of poetry need not be of an exclusively linguistic kind. The poems of this volume have been selected in order to provide subjects familiar to Indian readers and likely to arouse their interest in the history, the legends and the landscape of their native country. In this way the teacher has been given an opportunity to enlarge the outlook of his pupils and to stimulate their appreciation of a beauty that lies, as it were, at their very doors. Each poem would make in itself an admirable text for a lesson in "general intelligence" ; and would lend itself the more suitably to this treatment in so far as its subject is Indian and not English. It is well for the educationalist to remember Dr. Samuel Johnson's famous definition of poetry—"the art of uniting pleasure with truth by calling imagination to the help of reason".

NOTES.

PART I.

11.—(1) Ava was the ancient capital of Burma.

(2) Sylvan revelry means the joyous noise made by the dogs when hunting in the woods.

12.—(3) Philomel is the nightingale. Philomela was the daughter of King Pandion of Athens and she was changed into a nightingale.

17.—(4) The reference is to King Sibi of Benares.

18.—(5) In Sanskrit the teeth, the Brahmins and the birds are called *dwija*, or twice-born.

22.—(6) Briarean means many handed or strong. Briareus was a giant with one hundred hands.

24.—(7) This story is taken from Tod's Annals of Rajasthan.

25.—(8) The gerfalcon is a large falcon used in hunting. These birds were chained to the wrists of the hunter and loosed against their prey.

29.—(9) The bodiless god refers to the god of love who was burnt to ashes by the fire issuing from the forehead of Mahadeva.

29.—(10) The reference is to the acts of the demon, Toroka. Shiva had to marry and provide a son as protector of the gods.

30.—(11) Mahadeva.

30.—(12) The love god's banner is said to contain a fish.

- 31.—(13) Kartikeya, who killed the demon Toroka.
- 34.—(14) Phoebus, the sun-god.
- 45.—(15) The Brothers Seven, well known Indian birds that go about in small groups.
- 46.—(16) The robin is a small bird with a red breast much beloved by the English household.
- 46.—(17) The reference is to the story in the Bible that tells of the overthrow of the Egyptian or Memphian armies when they pursued the Israelites across the bed of the Red Sea.
- 46.—(18) The Bible story relates how the Jews, the chosen people, were fed in the Arabian desert by Quails and by bread, or Manna, sent miraculously from Heaven.
- 47.—(19) The reference is to the West Indian coast line guarded by the Indian-ocean from the Persian Gulf to the island of Ceylon.

PART II.

- 49.—(20) The Victoria Cross, a military decoration, was instituted by Queen Victoria for services in the Crimean War of 1856. It is the most coveted of all honours; and, in the present war, has been frequently won by Indian soldiers.
- 50.—(21) Bhagirathi, the classic and sacred name of the river Hooghly.
- 53.—(22) Grecian and Italian (Tuscan) models are renowned for their simple beauty.
- 55.—(23) Kalindi, the name of the river Jamuna, as it flows from the mount Kalinda.
- 55.—(24) Simal, the cotton tree covered with red blossoms.
- 55.—(25) The demon, Kansa.
- 55.—(26) Vishnu's paradise.
- 56.—(27) The heavenly tree that supplies every need.
- 57.—(28) The female bird doomed to be separated at night from its mate.
- 58.—(29) Alexander, the son of Philip of Macedon, attempted the conquest of India and reached the river Indus. His troops refused to penetrate farther: 327-25 B. C.
- 59.—(30) Ammon's son, the descendant of Jupiter, one of the titles of Alexander.

The reference in the 9th and 10th verses of the poem is to the founding of Alexandria in Egypt by the Greek Conqueror.

- 61.—(31) This interesting poem gives an imaginary picture of the life of an English merchant in Calcutta. The names are partly fictitious and do not require annotation. The reference to Lord Cornwallis who died in 1805 gives the approximate date of the period described.
- 71.—(32) This popular story belongs to Rajasthan. The usual name of the nurse of the prince is Panna.
- 74.—(33) The Mayo College was founded in 1875 at Ajmere. Its motto is composed of the four last words of this poem.
- 75.—(34) Timour or Tamerlaine was the Tartar soldier who invaded India in 1398. He was one of the most terrible of the many invaders who came from the north.
- 77.—(35) The reference is to the Parsees, followers of Zoroaster, who came to India to escape religious persecution.
- 77.—(36) "Him who trod the midnight waves of Galilee", Jesus Christ the founder of the Christian faith who came to his disciples walking upon the sea of Galilee, the inland lake of Palestine.
- 78.—(37) Psyche, a Greek goddess, the personification of the soul or mind.
- 83.—(38) Pertab Singh, the Rajput Prince, whose example of loyal devotion to the Empire in the present war has been greatly admired.
- 85.—(39) Borrowdale, a valley in the English Lake district where the poet Wordsworth lived. From this poet the words in the 8th and 9th lines are quoted.
- 85.—(40) The poet's meaning is that the music of the Indian bird recalls the beauty of his own land, England. Harebells and Campions are English wild flowers.

AUTHORS AND SELECTIONS

Arnold, Sir Edwin (1832-1904):—A famous journalist and poet. For five years (1856-61) he was principal of the Government Deccan College, Poona ; and after he had settled as a journalist in London, he wrote his best known poem, *The Light of Asia*, a record of Buddha's life and teaching. He was one of the most distinguished oriental scholars of his time, and was recognized as an authority on all Indian questions.

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Chapman, John Alexander (1875-):—Imperial Librarian, Calcutta ; author of "Poems by J. A. C.," 1905.

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- Scott, Robert:**—A contributor to "The Bengal Annual", a journal edited by Captain Richardson in Calcutta. It appeared each year from 1830 to 1836.
Alexander 58
- Swiney, Colonel:**—A military officer and a writer of miscellaneous verse. He contributed to the "Bengal Annual."
The Fire-Fly 33
- Trevor, George Herbert (1840-):**—A soldier and political officer who has much knowledge of Rajputana. He has put into verse many of the stirring tales of Rajasthan.
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The Mayo College 74
- Thompson, Edward J.:**—Professor of English in the Wesleyan College, Bankura, and the author of several volumes of verse.
Kat-Biral 70
Haldi Pakhi 85
- Tennyson, Alfred (1809-1892):**—The most celebrated poet of the reign of Queen Victoria. This brief poem, *The Expedition of Nadir Shah into Persia*, appeared in the publication "Poems by Two Brothers," and there is some doubt as to the authorship of the individual pieces in this volume. For this reason no one of these poems appears in the later editions of Lord Tennyson's works.
The Expedition of Nadir Shah into Persia 16
- Waterfield, William:**—A Bengal civil servant and a student and translator of Sanskrit. His poems appeared about 1860.
The Song of the Koil 29
Hymn to Indra 43
The Song of Kalindi 55
- Wilson, Horace Hayman (1786-1860):**—This distinguished orientalist came to India as a surgeon in the service of the East India Company. He left India in 1832 and became Boden professor of Sanskrit in Oxford. From this date his life was spent in the study of Indian languages and history.
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