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Ballads of Brave Deeds

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G. & Matis

BALLADS
OF
BRAVE DEEDS

BY
H. D. Rawnsley, M.A.

Hon. Can. of Carlisle

With a
FRONTISPIECE AND PREFACE BY
G. F. WATTS, R.A.



LONDON J. M. DENT & Co.

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Dedicated

TO

MY DEAR FRIENDS

G. F. WATTS AND MRS WATTS

WHOSE SYMPATHY ENCOURAGED ME TO PUT ON RECORD
IN VERSE THESE DEEDS OF HEROISM

937624

The writer desires to thank Messrs Macmillan & Co. for right to republish "The Wreck of the 'Ocean Queen'"; the Editor of the Pall Mall Magazine for leave to reprint "The Heroes of Rhondda Vale"; and the Editor of Atalanta for permission to reprint "A Ballad of Port Blair," and "Well done, 'Calliope' !"

Notes will be found at the end of the Volume which will explain any local allusions in the Ballads.

Prefatory Note

THESE poems were inspired by deep and reverential admiration for affecting and splendid self-sacrifice, even unto death, and for brave endeavours to save the lives of others, often unknown, and in no way connected save by the brotherhood of need. This sublime sympathy, in the highest degree and beyond all else human, receives only the transient record afforded by a paragraph in the daily papers, and is forgotten!

We pay the tribute due to those who distinguish themselves so nobly when duty calls, in the field and in the dangers that beset active life, and who receive the just reward of their devotion and service, in honours and dignities and permanent record in the annals of the nation, but our admiration is especially called for, when life is risked and given, not exacted by duty in the ordinary sense, not amid the tumultuous

rush of comrades, not even in the forgetfulness of momentary excitement, but with the calm deliberateness of what may without exaggeration be called divine sympathy, undaunted by certain peril and often in the face of repeated failure that might justify abandonment of effort. The known history of the world affords nothing more worthy of profound admiration. These deeds, happily far from uncommon, will more than anything else constitute in the far future our claim to be considered a noble people. When our material successes may be more than rivalled by peoples and states now undreamed of; inspired by the highest human impulse, by the secret of these deeds, the beating of the great heart of the nation will vibrate through all time.

G. F. WATTS.

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Michael Hardy

BEFORE THE REDAN—*June* 18, 1854

STARLESS and dark ! cold mist upon the ground !
No first faint glimmer on Careenage Bay !
We heard the surly Russian pace his round,
As cramped beside our ladders still we lay.

Then Mamelon thundered, Malakoff made boom,
We knew the gallant Frenchmen faced the foe ;
With light of hell the cannon's cry of doom
Rolled thro' our hearts a sound of coming woe.

But from the Eight-gun Battery sudden broke
The swift flag-signal ; each man like a ghost
Stole from the trench, and never a voice that spoke,
And every foot pressed forward to his post.

Thick on the ground, with noise of tropic hail,
The foemen's bullets swept the way before,
Death's murd'rous battle-hand ne'er wielded flail
With deadlier might upon a deathlier floor.

Ladders and men shot-shattered, on they passed
From gloom to gloom, swift falling, man by man ;
Shall any reach the "Abatis" at last
Or dare the Ditch that guards the grim Redan.

Yes, tho' the Russians from their earthen tower
Mock at our melting lines and cry, "Come on!"
One heart through fiery sleet and furious shower
Has heard the louder cry, "Well done! Well done!"

Alone he crossed the fence; "Retire! Retire!"
The bugle rang;—he heeded not the call,
For Michael Hardy with his soul afire,
Will die or scale the flaming Russian wall.

Thro' treacherous grasses pitted with the storm
Of nine months' battle, on and up he pressed,
The Russian gunners swore they saw a form
Of one not man, if man, by fiend possessed.

Down to the deep-hewn Ditch he leapt apace,
He saw a hundred rifles overhead,
Clenched fist and shook it in the fortress face,
Put hand to climb, reeled backward, and was dead.

“Well to the front!” let proud “Leander” say ;
“Well to the front!” All wounds in front and well ;
They found the leader of the desperate way
Close to the fierce embrasure where he fell.

We may forget the sorrow of that height,
The storm-swept trenches filled with blood and mire,
The hope forlorn, the wild unequal fight,
The bitter bugle-note that bade retire.

Forget this other Eighteenth day of June,
When Russia mocked us from her high Redan
And swept us out of being ; but ah ! not soon
Will Britain’s heart forget her bravest man.

In a Battery

CAPTAIN PEEL

DID you know our Captain Peel ?
Such a face to give command,
Full of thought, clear-chiselled, fair !
Such a wealth of wavy hair
O'er a forehead high and square !
Such broad shoulders ! but a hand
Like a woman's, and soft eyes
Bluest-grey as English skies,
Though they flamed and flashed like steel
When he made his swift replies ;
Such a brow to feel the rush
Of the heart's blood, with the blush
Of a girl ! but mouth firm-set ;
Peel, we never can forget,

Kind to man and kind to beast,
Loving greatest in the least,
Iron-willed, but tender-sweet,
Gentle-hearted to the core ;
Peel, the darling of the fleet !
Peel, the hero of the shore !

Have you heard how Captain Peel,
Of the "Excellent," excelled
All excelling, for his grace ;
How his gallantry upheld
The dear honour of our fleet,
Made the name of Captain sweet
For all sailor souls that feel ?
Have your hearts not beat to learn
How at sea in dirty weather,
In his cabin at the stern,
He heard the fateful cry
"Lower boat, man overboard,"
Saw a man go flashing by,
Smite the waters, disappear,
And, well knowing the ship's pace
By the furrow foaming free,
Never stayed to loose his sword,
Knew his duty plain and clear,

From the port-hole on the lee
Sprang right out into the sea,
Caught the drowning man, and cried,
"Hold on fast! whate'er betide
We will sink or swim together,
Man and captain side by side?"
And the crew were unaware,
Thought their captain sitting there
In his cabin; came to tell
How the "main-top" seaman fell;
But they little knew his care
For the drowner at his need,
Till the boat alongside came,
Then they felt their hearts aflame
For the daring and the deed!

Have they told you, how he fought
On the bitter upland height,
Where the Russian gunners wrought
Hurt and havoc, day and night:
Where death mined and countermined
With the subtlety of hell,
And the wit of devil-kind,
And fierce sickness, more than shell,
Was the slayer in the fight?

Have you heard how Peel was then
Hope and heart for all our men?
How, a hero to the core
Through the nine long months he bore
Head erect, and never blenched,
While the sailors sapped and trenched,
And the bullets hailed around,
And the red shot ploughed the ground;
How, where fiercest death-shower burst,
With his gabion ever first,
Eyes to see and mind to feel
For all round, was gallant Peel,
Swift to succour, sure to plan,
Heart and soul of every man,
Full in front of the Redan.

Have you heard how on a day,
When our battery blazed away
From its twenty-one gun-throats,
And the "Diamond" sent her boats
With fresh powder for the fray,
Through our parapet there came
A live shell with fuse aflame,
While our powder-boxes round
Lay all open on the ground;

And we knew our end had come,
And we flung ourselves in fear
To the dust we soon should be,
Thought of God, and thought of home,
—England far across the sea,
Almost glad that death was near,
On our faces as we fell,
Seeing death should set us free
From the Russian shot and shell?

But our gallant Captain Peel
Caught the monster in his hand,
Cool of head, and nerved like steel,
Heaved the bomb upon his chest,
Rolled it o'er the rampart crest,
And we heard his clear command
“To your guns, and do the rest,
They have given us of their worst
Let us pay them with our best!”
And beyond the earthwork's breast
Lo, the forty pounder burst!

On the uplands grim and grey,
Full in front of the Redan,

Where our English life-blood ran
Into purple Russian clay,
Now the war-mounds melt away,
And the walls are in decay,
And the trenches on the hill,
Once so loud, are hushed and still,
And the blood in battle spilt
Blooms to poppy, grows to wheat ;
But the battery we built
And we called the " Koh-i-nor "
For the " Diamond's " Captain, meet,
Shall be honoured more and more,
There the name of Peel is sweet
As it was in days of yore—
Peel, the darling of the fleet !
Peel, the hero of the shore !

Alice Ayres

ALICE AYRES,

On the stairs,

Do you hear the horses come?

God grant that we may see

Your mantle falling free,

When your soul is caught up home.

Aye, she hears,

Has no fears,

Tho' the flames are round her feet,

She has set the window wide,

To the crowd below has cried,

Casts the mattress to the street.

One by one—

Nobly done—

Seeks the children through the smoke,
Though the red flames break the door,
Though the white fumes through the floor
Curl, to stifle and to choke.

Seeks and brings
On the wings
Of her love so strong and brave
All the children of her care,
Drops them gently thro' the air
To the hands outstretched to save.

“ Alice! leap!
We will keep
Safe from harm!” the great crowd calls;
Half in swoon, faint for breath,
From a fiery doom, to death
Shattered fearfully, she falls.

Alice Ayres,
On the stairs,
When the golden horses came,
Your mantle fell so free,
All the world was there to see
Heaven's chariot-wheels of flame.

Somewhere still

Work and will,

 Tried by fire can stand the test,

Still we think in Red-Cross Hall,

Of "our Alice," hear her call,

 "Die for others, do your best."

The Warriors' Death-Song

WILSON'S LAST STAND

LIONS from darkest lair,
Vultures from bluest air,
Horribly come,
Here, where in Lion-land,
Lions in heart, the band
Made their undaunted stand—
Fell, far from home.

Tho' closer and more close
Crept the three thousand foes,
And, in dismay,
Each trooper saw his horse
Roll at his feet a corse,
Still the heroic force
Held all at bay.

There on the piteous bank,
—Bleeding haunch, heaving flank—
 Too fierce for sorrow,
Each man his rifle laid,
Each for swift dying prayed,
But till death came obeyed
 Wilson and Borrow.

Then while the bullets sang
Shrill, and the war-cry rang,
 Cheering each other,
Grimly they kept their ground ;
Foes fell like grass around,
And, every man, his wound
 Hid from his brother.

For full three hours they fight
With Lion-children's might—
 None dare draw near :
Still, as their comrades fall,
Building apace the wall,
Proof against bullet-ball,
 Fence against spear.

So the fierce battle wore
On, till of guns but four
 Smoked o'er the screen :
Brave Wilson cried out then—
“ Here in the Lions' den,
Friends, we are Englishmen !
 ‘ God save the Queen ! ’ ”

“ Give the last shot, and cheer !
England may chance to hear,
 Hear and rejoice.
Hear, how with power to sue
Life, the red white and blue
Flag kept us tried and true ;
 Death was our choice ! ”

Then wounded sore they rose
In sight of all their foes—
 Could deed be bolder ?
Heads bared, and drenched with blood,
Facing the warrior flood,
Fearless of fate, they stood,
 Shoulder to shoulder.

Sang the old country's song
That keeps the nation strong
In loyal pride.

“Send Her victorious,
Happy, and glorious,
Long to reign over us.—”
And singing, died.

Sons!—you who fought and fell
So bravely and so well,
Ye served a queen—
Fame—who with gracious hand,
Gives a wide world command,
And bids your native land
Keep your names green.

Brave Beresford

AN INCIDENT OF THE ZULU WAR, 1879

IT was Beresford's charger who led us that day,
When we ventured a view of the King and his
horde,

It was Beresford's charger bore two men away
From the braves of Ulundi, in ambush who lay ;
To the praise of its rider, our gallant young lord.

Ah ! little we knew as we followed their flight,
And the snowy-flecked chestnut went proud in the
van,

That the foe were all round us to left and to right,
That a thousand would spring in a moment to
sight,

And every grass-tuft prove a spear and a man.

But we saw on a sudden a mighty Zulu,
 With the ring on his head and the shield on his
 arm,
Up-gather himself for the deed he would do,
But our Beresford's blade turned the lightning that
 flew,
 And flashed back the flame through the heart that
 would harm.

Then forth from the grasses each side of us showed
 Brindled shields and spears hungry for lying in
 wait,
"Back, back!" shouted Buller, and backward we
 rode,
While swift from the deep-hidden watercourse flowed
 The foemen by thousands in torrent of hate.

Then the bullet-hail hissed, and we answered it
 back,
 Two saddles are emptied, a third man is down,
And his horse, at a gallop, has followed our track—
Shall Beresford leave him, a prey to the pack,
 Or dare for Old England a deed of renown?

No moment to ponder ! but back at full speed,
With his hand at his holster, and rowels red-rose,
He has dashed to his comrade-in-arms, at his need,
Has lifted the man, wounded sore, to his steed,
Has mounted behind him in face of the foes.

With hands woman-tender but stronger than steel
He held the faint trooper, nigh drenched with his
blood ;
Cheered the steed, who, half human to know and to
feel,
Stretched out, double-weighted, and showed a clean
heel,
Till safe at the Laager in glory she stood.

Oh ! sound of the Impis that gather from far,
When, with shield for their drum-head, the warriors
come,
Oh ! sound of the yelp of those death-dogs of war,
Could you drown the long note of the English hurrah
Which welcomed the chestnut and Beresford
home ?

Heroes of Chitral

BAIRD! is he wounded? up there on the height?

A mile? Ay a mile and a half away!
What of the sunset, what of the night,
What of the tribesmen flushed with the fight,
And the line of our Gurkhas melting away!

But forth on the hope forlorn they went—

The Doctor and twelve of his fighting men.
From in face of the foeman a cheer we sent:
We counted their rifles; we knew what it meant—
They would few of them reach the fort again.

The ravines might smoke, and the rock spit fire,
But there on the heights was a wounded man!
If a hundred bugles had bade retire,
Would Whitchurch be baulked of his soul's desire
To save from the clutches of Umra Khan?

They have climbed to the ridge, they have tenderly
cared

For him who had led his Gurkhas well,
For love of their wounded Captain Baird.
As back with the dooly swift they fared

There was never a groan when a Sepoy fell.

But forward ever—each brave brown face

Set for the Fort in the plain beneath—
For him they loved of the white man's race,
With a sturdy hand and a steady pace,
They dared the gauntlet of doom and death.

Volley to left of them, volley to right,

“Nullahs” and “Sangars” tongued with flame,
Bullets singing from hollow and height,
And the foemen following hard on their flight,
The furious Hillmen sure of their game.

They heard the yelp of the Pathan pack,—

Tribesmen in triumph a thousand strong,
But never of hope did their true hearts slack,
With bullet for bullet they answered back,
And bleeding and breathless hurried along.

But the fire was fierce, and the bearers fell.

God have mercy and mend their case!
Tho' the foe be close, by their fiendish yell,
Shall love not end what began so well?
And courage not win the desperate race?

Then the Surgeon stooped and he lifted Baird
Gently and strong as a Doctor will,
And on thro' the dark with his burden fared
To the Fort in the plain, where the torches flared
To guide the gallant back from the hill.

He charged the trenches, he rushed the walls,
Swept from the hollows and over the mounds,
Brave, tho' many a comrade falls,
To cheer a way thro' the whistling balls,
And to staunch as he went the mortal wounds.

The Fort is won! they are safe inside!
Safe from the clutches of Umra Khan!
In the arms of his fellows the Captain died;
But the Doctor's daring—a nation's pride—
Shall live as long as we honour a man.

Captain Baird

IN MEMORIAM

WITH resolute smile, as only warriors may,
He met the stubborn conqueror men call Death,
Died, but would plan, the while in pain he lay,
How best we still might hold the foe at bay,
And wished us victory with his latest breath.

Baird whom we honoured, Baird we held so dear,
Baird whom the Gurkhas followed with such will,
First to the front, when danger hovered near,
Strongest to counsel, rally and to cheer,
Baird whose bright presence we could spare so ill.

How doubly dark that night we laid him dead,
Beyond the gate, our loved one and our brave ;

We had no need of volleys o'er his head,
The fierce foe sent us bitter hail of lead,
Loud were the guns above his silent grave.

The Fort may crumble back into the sand,
His warrior dust to all the winds be blown;
Still in our hearts his monument shall stand,
And on it, writ in gold by memory's hand,
"This man for others laid a true life down!"

A Crosthwaite Hero

IN MATABELE LAND

TROOPER ABBOTT, when the Matabele faces
Crept up closer in their anger, your despair ;
Did old Crosthwaite and its happy fellside places,
Did the Walla woods and Derwentwater fair,
Come with comfort to your prayer ?

Could you see again, in flashes swift as lightning,
All the days you went so peacefully to school ?
Could you feel again our April meadows brightening,
Bathe again beyond the alders in the pool,
Hear once more the bells of Yule ?

When, with louder cries and ever fiercer rushes,
You knew the ring of doom was drawing near,

When the fire-tongues flickered death from all the
bushes,
And every tuft of grass became a spear,
Did a mother's face shine clear ?

Did a father's voice, from where in sorrow coiling
Beside his cot the river waters run,*
Bid you still, with lips made solemn by hard toiling
In all weathers from the dawn to set of sun,
Bravely end what brave begun ?

Trooper Abbott, when the last ball cartridge
sputtered,
And a broken arm beside you helpless fell,
Clear above the words your dying comrades
muttered,
Loud above the Matabele's furious yell,
You could hear an " All is well ! "

* Trooper Abbott's father—a roadman in the employ of the County Council of Cumberland—lives in a cottage at High Hill, Keswick, beside the river Greta (the mourner), just where it coils round towards the town ere it enters the Derwent.

All is well for those who fearlessly press onward,
Face the foe, whate'er the issue of the fight ;
Those who, dying, lift a darkened people sunward
Prove the heart that helped our England into
light :
Fall, but never turn to flight.

Loss of H.M.S. Victoria

OFF TRIPOLI, JUNE 22ND, 1893

WHAT Fate, foreknowing thine,
Great daughter of the Tyne,
Made stars of evil shine,

 When they laid the keelson down ?
What Fury, working shame,
Bade mortals change the name
Of the hull that seaward came,
 “ Victoria ” not “ Renown ” ?

That scarce escaped away
From Dragomesti Bay
Unharm'd, for future fray

 And the fortune of the wave,
With a harbour on the lee,
When the Syrian sun shone free,

Thou hast sunk down thro' the sea
To an eighty-fathom grave.

Right clear the signals flew ;
Not a man among the crew,
But had earned the honour due
To the sure and ready hand ;
Not a heart or eye that feared,
When the docile monsters neared
To their cables' length, and veered
As the helmsman heard command.

Oh, the glow and power and pride
Of the vessels side by side !
How the cheery boatswains cried !
How the sailors swore and laughed !
Oh, the humming and the stir,
And the engines pant and whirr !
" Port and starboard, steady, sir !"
How the words went fore and aft !

With their fourteen hundred horses,
Chained to speed the huge keel-courses,
Can we marvel if the forces
Of dark Fate were laughed to scorn ?

That it seemed beyond all wonder
How the iron walls built under
Those citadels of thunder,
 Could by any chance be torn ?

Blue sea beneath was glancing
To the glory of their prancing,
As the huge hulls in their dancing,
 Moved and shifted side to side.
Blue sky above was burning,
All the foam-bells of their churning
Into wreaths of blossom turning,
 That floated far and wide.

When flew the fatal sign,
"Inward curve upon your line
Sixteen points and follow mine,
 Keep six cable lengths away."
God ! what captain in the fleet
Would have ventured such a feat ?
Error there ! for all to see it
 Orders there ! let all obey.

And thus in open sight,
As if sudden jealous spite,

Or some Fury mad for fight
In the Camperdown awoke,
Tho' a thousand seamen cried,
Tho' the steam-horns all were plied,
She fell upon our side
With her fiercest battle-stroke.

With a crackle ; with a roar,
On thro' bulk-head, water-door,
Its way the prow-axe tore
Just beneath our belt of mail,
Came amidships with a dash,
The thunder of its crash
Crumpling plates of steel to ash,
While the splinters flew like hail.

Then out cried our gallant Tryon—
“ We have stouter walls than iron,
We have true hearts to rely on ;
To your quarters, men, like men.
It's clear broadside breach ! no chink !
If we swim or if we sink,
Let the land we love so ! think
Of us proudly now and then.

“ Loose the prisoners ! bring the sick
From below on deck, and quick !
At my post I mean to stick,
 While the ship can float a man.
And if shore we may not reach,
For the water thro' the breach,
There's at least another beach
 Where we end what we began.”

And the sailors went below
For a tussle with the foe,
But their fate they well might know,
 For the wound was deep and great ;
All the water-doors shut tight
Stood to order, silent quite,
As men sailing into fight,
 Who the last dread summons wait.

And the holds were full of steam,
And we heard the stokers scream,
For we felt her pitch a-beam
 Pause, heel over on the tide ;
Then the great ship gave a groan,
And, with whirlpool hiss and moan,

The Victoria sank like stone,
Nigh three hundred men inside.

Too much air with them to drown—
Eighty fathoms they went down—
Thinking each one of his own,
And the happy days gone past.
Standing calm and face to face
With their God a moment's space,
Asking mercy, praying grace
For safe harbour at the last.

Like the death-plunge of a whale,
Our Leviathan of mail
With its whirring iron flail
Thrashed the waters into blood ;
And we heard the peals of thunder,
As the boilers burst asunder,
And the sea-spouts sent from under
Human jetsam of the flood.

Where they foundered let them sleep
In the sapphire Syrian deep,
Never wind nor tide can sweep
To the breaking of their rest.

There they lie till day of doom,
Hid within the darkened womb
Of their iron-girdled tomb—
 They, our bravest and our best!

But when Lebanon is kissed
By the sun to amethyst,
Or the long sands shine like mist
 Silver-white beneath the moon;
On the shore I see One stand—
He who gave His strong right hand
When our men sailed safe for land,
 On the decks of silent Swoon.

And I hear a clear voice say
“They who hearken and obey—
Tho’ the flesh forbid the way,
 And their doom before them lies—
Find His Spirit fear controls,
As the death-wave o’er them rolls,
With the Captain of their souls
 Steer right on to Paradise.”

The Greater Love

THE HEROES OF EAST HAM—*July 1, 1895*

WHEN to the horrible pit of mire and clay
To save their fellows, brother men went down,
I saw a glorious angel of the day
Set on each head a crown.

For these were kings who venturous would invade
The borders of the Death-pale Tyrant's land ;
In his own stifling gloom were unafraid
To wrestle hand to hand.

Not like the Roman 'mid a town's applause,
Who leapt with dazzling arms and gallant steed ;
Our country's "treasure" owned a nobler cause,
Help for a brother's need.

One after one! No time to say farewell,
No time to count the loss or know the gain,
Their bodies went down quick into the hell,
Their souls came back again.

And still above the pit of dreadful doom,
While the dark flood of sorrow rolls below,
As long as fair forget-me-nots may bloom,
Self-sacrifice shall grow.

A Pearl for our Sea-king's Crown

GARNET! one of the jewels we wear in our sea-king's
crown,

Fairer you shine for the jewel of English courage
to-day—

You, who rode to the storm, when the glass went
suddenly down,

And the waves rose up and roared right into
Victoria Bay!

Man overboard! like a leaf blown clean from his
clasp of the boom—

Man overboard! how it shrilled through quarters,
cabin and hold!

But the boatswain's pipe blew shriller to save a soul
from its doom,

And we sprang to "lower away," more swift than
the telling is told.

But swifter still was the eye, and surer the dauntless
will

Of the bold young midshipmite, and he cried—
“Can he swim? Can he swim?”

And over the side he went like a flash, for good or
for ill,

Lost to our sight in the surges that leaped to
swallow him.

Then fell a silence on all, for the stoutest heart was
afeared,

But the tightest lip ever set, to a Father in Heaven
can pray;

For we loved that midshipmite, and we knew the
course he steered

Was Death, in the hurricane hollow of dark seas
there in the bay!

Our cutter she dashed to the helping—a true hand
cast the line—

And drew not one—but twain from the jaws of
the ravenging wave;

A Pearl for our Sea-king's Crown 39

And we cheered that midshipmite who had made
our "Garnet" shine,
And set in our Sea-king's crown the pearl of a
deed that is brave.

The Falling Star

BRAVE JOHN WAYE, THE OVERMAN

THE daun is dark at Penycraig,
And grime of coal is on the ground,
The grass is smitten as with plague,
The pit-head wheel goes moaning round,
And moan it will for many a day—
We've lost our overman, John Waye.

So like the rest, we hardly knew
He held for friends his life so cheap—
One of the ordinary crew
Who, toiling in earth's central deep,
Strike still a deeper lode, and find
In work done well the heavenly mind.

We stepped into the cage—John Wayne,
Three mates, and Isaacs, "Ive," and I ;
We knew not as we left the day
That four of us were doomed to die.
Away we went ; with cheer and shout
They paid the new-spliced cable out.

Down, down we dropped from grey to blue,
From blue to black ; our lamps outshone ;
Beside us still the rope ran true
And changed from hiss to humming tone
Till, where the iron serpent swung,
We touched—and bitterly it stung.

The trembling cage wherein we swayed,
Tilted, and sudden from below,
Its fellow swept with shock and stayed,
We heard a cry, and well might know
That three of us were cast to death
Abysmal, and we gasped for breath.

Then, when the rush of life-blood leapt
Back to the heart from startled brain,

Death-pale, we saw John's face had kept
Its colour—heard his voice speak plain :
“ Mates, for your sake, whate'er betide
I'll dare the pit-shaft by ' the guide ! ’ ”

Our teeth they chattered as he spoke,
His mouth was set for weal or woe ;
We cried, and crying seemed to choke,
“ God help us ! Nay, if one must go,
Our road from earth to heaven is small,
We fall together if we fall ! ”

But never a word John Waye he said,
He doffed the coat from off his back,
He swathed his hands in woollen braid—
Poor hands we found so charred and black !
Hung at his girth the lamp of hope,
And clutched the grey steel guiding-rope.

We saw his lamp—a falling star—
Flash out and pale as on he sped.
“ He goes to where the dead men are ! ”
We prayed “ God keep him from the dead.”
Then the light faded, all was still,
The trembling guide-rope ceased to thrill.

But they, five hundred feet below—

Those hauliers in the landing seam,
Will never quite forget the glow

Of that star's heart ; they caught the gleam,
They heard a cry from out the star
Call " Mates, is bottom near or far ? "

They told how after came a voice—

A prayer as of a warrior soul,
That felt he had no longer choice,
But needs must face the final goal.
They saw his saviour arms extend,
They heard a crash—they knew the end.



Oh ! days are dark at Penycraig,

And grime of coal is on the ground,
The grass is smitten as with plague,
But one bright flower may there be found—
The flower of love, to bloom for aye
Above thy resting, brave John Waye !

A Ballad of Port Blair

STEEL for fetters and iron for gyves,
 But a stronger chain can be ;
The cord of pity, and love that is brave
To cast itself to the teeth of the wave,
 The cord of hands, that a moment free
 Will weave of them strands to drag from the
 sea,
And succour shipmen's lives.

We heard all night the breakers' boom,
 Awake each one in her cell ;
We felt the hurricane shake the bars,
 The doors flung wide ; no moon ! no stars !
Then forth we hied from our narrow room,
For the warder cried thro' the tempest's gloom,
 And the prison rocked and fell.

Then down to the shore we went—our gang,
The air was thick with foam,
We were free once more as the wind, and knew
That its voice we heard and its breath we drew
Would crash the canes at the dawn, and come
With a roar thro' the palms of our long-left
home,
And our hearts with the wild wind sang.

For the wind it had burst our prison in,
And set our bruised feet free ;
And our thoughts were as fast as the free-foot
wind
To follow far over the waves, and find
Our father's house, and our people's kin,
And the young we had left when we came for our sin
To this sorrowful isle of the sea.

And on to the South Point Reef we passed,
And a ship came plunging by
Mad as the storm—we heard the shock
As it leapt back, pierced to the heart by the rock,
Then stayed,—and we saw the rockets fly,
And knew, by the shipmen's terrible cry,
The coral held it fast.

But what could we do for their dark dismay,
 Though our hands were strong and brave ?
The wild winds caught the waves from under,
 Hurled at the hull with the rattle of thunder,
And there, at the first fierce glare of day,
We saw the mariners fall away
 Like leaves, to their foaming grave.

Dashed on the teeth of the rocks they fell,
 Spat from the waves in scorn ;
Long time had our limbs been numbed by the
 steel
Of the chain that galled, but our souls could feel—
 Ah! how our woman's heart was torn
 For the poor bruised bodies cast forth forlorn
To the havoc of hurt and hell !

Then we saw in the wrath of the waves a band
 Of men who still had breath ;
And into the rollers we rushed to the waist—
 To the chin ! what matter if doom be faced !
So long as we weave of our bodies' strand
A cord of help with an outstretched hand,
 To drag from the jaws of Death !

Sucked down the horrible surges thro'
 Stoned and stung by the swell,
Our battle it seemed a whole life long,
But our hands were free and our hope was strong
 And here, as I sit in my convict cell
 I know six mariners live to tell
What woman's love can do.

M'Dermott's Deed

WITH nostril keen, and eager eye,
The white shark hunts the deep;
Far off his quarry doth espy
And never sinks to sleep.

His teeth are cruel as a saw,
His throat as hell is wide,
Yea, cavernous as Death his maw,
As Death, unsatisfied.

He well foreknows what hurt or pain
Shall hap to sailor-men,
What ship shall strike, what life be slain
Are clear unto his ken ;

And like a ghoulish sail his fin
Moves after thro' the sea,
Wherever Doom the day shall win,
Or sick men dying be.

God wot the air with spice was sweet,
The ocean mile on mile
Lay trembling sapphire in the heat
Round Uzi's coral isle.

The "Swallow's" flight at last was o'er,
She rested in the sun ;
Our Bo'sun piped all hands ashore
For frolic and for fun.

M'Dermott—so his name we hailed—
A rough and ready tar ;
No better Bo'sun ever sailed
From port for Zanzibar.

For piping early, piping late,
We came to his command ;
We lost the Master in the Mate ;
We found a comrade's hand.

"Now go," he cried—"till sunset's rim
Be red o'er yonder bay ;
While some may race, and some may swim,
Beside the boat I stay."

Like merry lads let loose from school,
The sailors dashed to land ;
They sought the palms for shade and cool,
They vanished from the strand.

They little thought, there in the heat,
The Bo'sun left behind,
Would make the world's heart faster beat
For honour of his kind.

But in the stern M'Dermott kept
His guardian watches good ;
While overboard his comrades leapt
For revel in the flood.

White English limbs they moved and flashed
Like ivory thro' the blue,
White English hands to silver plashed
The water's sapphire hue.

Glad English hearts, in joy forgot
The terror of the bay ;
Or knowing death, they heeded not
The death so far away.

But murder watched from out the dark,
With eyes that never sleep,
And swift and silent lo ! a shark
Came upward thro' the deep.

The ocean-hound athirst for blood
Sped straight toward the shore,
A fin was seen above the flood,
Where was no fin before !

The fierce fin sank from out of sight ;
And e'er M'Dermott cried,
The murderous shadow turned to white,
The shark was on its side.

No time had he to doff his coat,
Who scarce had time for dread ;
The Bo'sun sprang from out the boat
Full at the monster's head.

He knew the need—his heart was brave
To meet the treacherous foe ;
From forth the jaws of death to save,
To death he dared to go.

Ballads of Brave Deeds

He chanced the stroke of furious fin,
He met the mouth of greed ;
That so his men their boat might win,
M'Dermott did this deed.

He dared to die ; but in the light
Of day, still lives the man,
Who leaped unarmed to face and fight
The fierce leviathan.

Fly "Swallow" fly ! sail "Swallow" sail !
And bring him home to land !
Our voices would the hero hail,
Our hands would hold his hand.

The Harvest of Courage

A BALLAD OF THE BOSTON DEEPS—*August* 1895

ON Boston Deeps by the Lincoln Fen,
Has courage scattered a golden seed,
Her harvests there are the hearts of men
That are swift to succour in time of need.

Wild was the wind ; on the wrinkled sand
The waves had written their fiercest name,
The mills were whirling up on the land
And the sea-mews over the cornfields came.

But across the marsh where the reeds were loud
And the plovers flashed, and the rooks flew low,
Mad and merrily came the crowd,
For the Sea-god's breath and the Wind-god's blow.

Oh, the strange sea-murmur, the sweet sea-smell,
The white wave-horses following free,
Let the child mound castles and gather the shell,
But the men will away to the wondrous sea.

The foam-bells flew, and the sands were a-smoke
The thunder-bastions piled o'erhead ;
But the " Princess " Skipper he nothing spoke,
Blow fair or foul he must needs eat bread.

He has sailed the " Deeps " for many a day,
Swift with the sail, and strong with the oar ;
His boat is filled, with a " heave and away,"
He has set his prow for the Lincoln shore.

Away goes the yawl with a close-reefed sail,
The boat like a cockle-shell dances after,
They are bound for a frolic, that shall not fail,
Till the dreadful drench of the sea stop laughter.

Ah! well may the laughers leaving the shore
Cry " Well ; farewell ! " to their friends on land,
For five of the crew shall return no more,
Till they lie dumb drift on the silent sand.

But the laughter dies, and the cheek grows pale,
And the Skipper's face is a face of pain,
For, threshing the breakers flat with its flail,
There bursts with a roar the hurricane.

The sheets fly out, and the helm is plied,
Man, he may strive, but the winds decree,
And ere ever a single voice has cried
There are sixteen sinking down thro' the sea.

Then into the Skipper's soul there came
The sudden strength of an angel's mind,
With a heart of hope no hurricanes tame,
Tho' he sink, tho' he swim, he will succour his
kind.

He kicked off his sea-boots heavy as lead,
He rose thro' the water, knife in hand,
Caught the "dingy" there by the head,
Grasped the "painter" and severed the strand.

Hoisted the ship-boy into the boat,
Swam to the midst of the drowning throng,
Fought the wild fear that would clutch at his throat,
Calmed men and cheered them and oared them
along.

Trod the waters, outfaced the wind,
Hero of heroes, wherever they be,
The love of God in a man's heart shrined!
The Hope of Life in a hungry sea.

So from the terrible wrath of the wave
The lives of eleven were kept that day,
Men call him "Riches;" with hearts as brave,
Our Island treasure shall never decay.

The Downs are flushed with the rose of morn,
The Huns'ton cliffs they are burnished gold,
The Norfolk fields are ablaze with corn,
The red wheat gleams on the Lincoln wold,

But a new light shines on the shore by the Fen,
Where Courage has scattered her golden seed;
And the Harvest-joy of the Norfolk men
Is praise for the "Princess" Skipper's deed.

“Well done, ‘Calliope’ !”

16th March 1889

COME, listen to my story
And tell it far and free,
How Englishmen won glory
That shall never cease to be,
When the gallant ship “Calliope”
Stood stoutly out to sea !

Fair, fair are the Samoan isles
Beneath an azure sky,
Where careless for a thousand miles
The land birds sea-ward fly,
And emerald shore and sapphire deep
In sun and slumber lie.

But fierce Samoan islands seem,
When winds begin to blow,

When pale as ash the waters gleam
And where the palm trees grow,
About the coral rocks are flung
Storm-woven wreaths of snow.

Black Friday! down the glass did run
The birds came hurrying back;
To angry seas an angry sun
Went down behind the wrack;
And pale for swoon the full March moon
Fled frightened thro' the pack.

The wind blew west, the wind blew east,
We dropped our heaviest chain,
The sea was churned and flew like yeast
Before the thrashing rain;
And through the night of roar and spite
We fought the hurricane.

Steam up, with head to wind, we lay,
And bitter broke the morn;
Three ships cast hopelessly away
Three, doomed to fate forlorn—

Like steeds that strain against the rein—
Still battled, tempest-torn.

Hemmed round by reefs whose ragged teeth
Beset the harbour ways,
While wind-sucked surges from beneath
Were flung in blinding haze,
What hand could steer, what eye see clear
To thread the cruel maze ?

Our cables snapped, our ropes were bent,
Our starboard “ bower ” was sound ;
Chained, but in agony we went,
Like a mad bull, round and round ;
Ahead, astern, at every turn, we feared
To touch the ground.

With fierce ungovernable prow
The “ Olga ” smote and passed ;
And soon her hulk across our bow
The wild “ Vandalia ” cast ;
With bowsprit jammed and quarter rammed
Still, still, we fought the blast.

Now close beneath our counter ran
The reef-mad furious wave ;
The crew looked silent man to man ;
Then cried our captain brave—
“Slip cables all ! whate'er befall, let ocean
Be our grave.”

For better far it is to dare
The fiercest winds that be,
Than beach and break a craft so fair
As our 'Calliope.'
“ Full steam ahead ! ” the captain said,
And so we stood to sea.

Full steam ahead ! no fiercer breath
Did ever piston fill,
The engines seemed to race with Death,
The stokers worked with will ;
Our seven fires burned, our great screw turned,
But we were standing still.

Nor long our iron-hearted ship
Irresolute would stay,

’Twixt rolling hull and reef we slip ;
We steer toward the bay,
And make the strait and stormy gate
Where “ Trenton ” bars the way.

Now God have mercy ! save us all,
From iron heel and boom !
We rose up o’er the water wall,
We scarce had passage-room,
Starboard or port a yard too short,
It would have sealed our doom.

Then to the “ Trenton’s ” rigging sprang
The sailors with a cry ;
Above the storm their voices rang
Bravo ! good-bye !—good-bye !
When men,—so near to dying,—cheer,
It is not hard to die.

Scathed by the dragon’s teeth we passed
From out the jaws of hell,
We faced all day the howling blast,
Rose mountains high and fell,

And still far forth toward the north
 We steered, and all was well.

Within our plunging coffin pent
 We heard the tempest roar,
We knew the fate from which we went
 Nor recked the death before ;
Some loved their lives, some loved their wives,
 But all loved honour more.

Now climbing up the whelming wave
 Nor left nor right we veered ;
Now poised, now falling to our grave,
 Again the prow upreared.
No hand, no heart but played its part,
 And not a soul that feared.

O'erswept by seas from stem to stern,
 Our ship was true as steel ;
Still bravely did the furnace burn,
 And steady went the wheel,
And taut and tight we trod the might
 Of the storm beneath our keel.

And when the second dawn had come

And sullen sank the sea,

“ Bout ship ” we went, and stood for home,

The home where we would be ;

And heard the cheer ring loud and clear,

“ Well done, ‘ Calliope ’ ! ”

A River Tragedy

BARMOUTH

To the memory of the brave men Paton and Gray, who lost their lives in attempting to rescue others from drowning in the river Mawddach, 1st August 1894.

OLD Caerdeon's brow is heather-bright ;
From Dyfws far to Idris' purple chair
The heavens are cloudless blue, the noon is fair,
And every bay is filled with sapphire light.
Clouds fleck the heaven, and Cader fades from sight ;
Dull grows the heather, sunless is the air ;
The wind moans loud o'er shallows blank and bare,
And mournfully on Mawddach sinks the night.

Now Sorrow on from cape to headland wails ;
And childless mothers weep along the shore
For those dear dead so silent on the sands ;

But two bright stars have risen to set no more,
And Christ, the Saviour cries with wounded
hands—

“Love that will lose its life alone avails.”

A Brave Bishop

ZULULAND

WE trekked, and ere the sunset we out-spanned,
Drove the tired oxen to the hollow square ;
Built, round the laager, fence of thorns with care,
And swift each waggon manned ;
For still from veldt to veldt, from knoll to knoll,
The foe like phantoms close beside us stole.

But with the morn our scouts went left and right,
Now scurrying forth, now swift returning home ;
Till, with the cry, " The Matabele come !
Up-laager for the fight !"—
Night fell ; we heard the rush of feet draw near,
And all the moving dusk seemed man and spear.

Then did each rifle fiercely break to flame,
The "Maxim" showered its death-rain through the
wood ;
We wist not if the foemen fled or stood,
We only knew they came ;
Till in a hush the far hyena cried,
Somewhere, we knew, a man in pain had died.

The grim dawn broke above dark heaps of slain,
—Torn bodies, splintered spear, and shattered
shield :
Pale Victory there upon the bloodiest field
Sat counting up her gain,
In her own awful silence, save where one
Waved a faint hand to bid black Death begone.

And I might know how sudden as if stung
By agony to life, a dead man rose
And tossed his arms, and cried to friend or
foes
In his own native tongue,
Yea, called for "Mother" in his heart's distress—
A child once more for pain and helplessness.

Then forth from out the laager, God-possessed,
Strode a true-hearted soldier of the Cross ;
Armed well with peace, and careless of all
loss

Of what men hold the best,
He dared to face dark-flying shot and spear
To loose the wounded foeman from his fear.

He heard the bullets hiss, he felt their wind ;
Stepped o'er the dead, his feet were wet with
blood ;

Then where the wounded warrior crying stood,
Showed love was all his mind ;
Yea, as a mother, soothed his wild alarms
And bare the helpless back in Mercy's arms.

But we who saw, forgat the foeman's kin,
And, fain our brave knight-errant's task to
share,

Prayed with rough lips too little used to prayer,
" God bring them safely in ;"
And when they reached the laager, took his hand
And gave those cheers we English understand,

Oh! hearts that leap to name the name of Bruce,
And souls made strong by tale of knightly deed,
This Knight, this Bruce, shall surely have his meed
Of praise, till praise bring truce,
And nations learn it is the nobler way
To heal than hurt—to succour than to slay.

The Loss of the "Serpent"

Two hundred hands, well found,
We sailed from Plymouth Sound
For the South and sunshine bound ;
But sunless was the English sky, and surly was the
 sea ;
And we wondered at the will
That could wish our craft such ill,
While the west was piping shrill,
And the sea-mews making landward on our lee.

But our storm-glass fell and fell
Down to "hurricane," and well
Did the wind-wise pillar tell
Of the gale that swept to meet us as we cleared the
 Eddystone ;

The Loss of the "Serpent" 71

Head to wind a time we lay,
Then we plunged on thro' the "Bay,"
Shipping seas and drenched with spray,
While the vessel like "a murdered man" made moan.

That night was grim and black ;
But the sun it came not back,
And we steamed a sightless track
Whilst the captain very grave, to the chart-room came
and went ;
"Land ho there above that crest !"
Little welcome ! name unguessed,
"South by west, three quarters west,
Keep her steady !" so we sheered off, ill-content.

And a murkier night came down,
With the storm but half o'er-blown,
And we saw the captain frown,
"Where's the lighthouse of Villano, and the star of
Finisterre ?"
How could rough men understand
That an iron-hearted band
Would out-reach a magic hand,
And forbid the compass tell us where we were ?

How should helmsman ne'er so bold
To his bearings hope to hold,
When no sun nor star was told,
With the whole Atlantic's fury flung upon his weather-
beam ?

When the ship beneath the wrack,
Like a drunkard reeling back,
Tossed bewildered in the track
And the torrent of the ocean's tidal stream ?

But the fog-horns from the steep
Vainly sounded, for the deep
Blew such trumpets, while asleep
Some were lying worn and weary with the battle of
the day ;
And the bells went ten o'clock
As we struck with sudden shock—
Stopped full dead upon the rock
Of the cruel reef in Camarinas Bay.

Then we men who knew the coast
Felt our "Serpent" sure was lost,
But we went each to his post ;
Slammed the water-doors, heard captain—"Clear
away boats ! steady boys !"

When a huge sea wrought despair,
Came aboard us unaware,
Stove our life-boat swung in air
All to splinters, washed her crew away like toys.

And we cast out grapnels blind
But no holding could we find,
Oh! the roaring of the wind,
And the thunder of the reef, and the crackling of
the wreck!
Oh! the prayers our breath beneath
For a swift and certain death,
Ere we touched the dragon's teeth,
As, one by one, men vanished from the deck!

Then our captain cried at last—
"Hope of saving ship is past!
Save yourselves!" but all stood fast.
"With our captain, mates, and vessel we will perish
side by side."
So the crew were cast away
On that reef, the Punta Buey;
And let Camarinas say
If braver men beneath her waves have died.

Murphy the Fireman

SONS of the Prophet, you who say
They only can be saved, who dare
To cross on Allah's judgment day
The great bridge of the single hair,
Above the fiery gulf that lies
Between this earth and Paradise—

We have our bridge's awful span
Set up for judgment here and now,
Whereby the God that moves in man
His Son's salvation can avow,
By which, who passes, wins the shore
Of Heaven's acclaim for evermore.

“Fire in the street!” that fearful cry
That scares the city, stops the mart,

“Fire in the street!” and Thames went by
 With horror in its beating heart ;
“Fire!” and our London’s bravest came
To fight the fierce insurgent flame.

The engines hummed, the hoses played,
 The fountains crackled as they flew,
And still, to mock all human aid,
 The great smoke-banner belched and blew,
With serpent hiss and sulphurous breath
The flames roared upward from beneath.

What hope, tho’ life for succour call !
 To ashes fall the floor, the stairs,
No fire-escape can touch the wall
 Whose heart within so hotly glares ;
When hark ! O’erhead, through flame and cloud
Of smoke, comes cry of anguish loud !

Then sudden, high above the glow,
 Men saw upon the girder span
A saviour form, and down below
 A hush through all the thousands ran.

God help the fireman now whose feet
Will bridge that gulf of stifling heat!

He gropes his way from room to room,
Again the dizzy bridge he dares,
And safe, from out her fiery doom,
A woman in his grasp he bears,
Though down beneath him writhe and hiss
The firedrakes of the dread abyss.

But he whose feet are well-nigh charred,
Whose eyes with smoke and fire are blind,
Has learned upon the mizzen-yard
Foot-hold in rolling seas to find,
And even in battle-smoke to dare
Adventurous duty high in air.

Then, with unfaltering step and slow,
He treads the steaming girder's span.
And moves above the awful glow—
Heroic angel, more than man—
And while the roar of flame is drowned
In cheers, the gallant wins the ground.

He died on duty by the Tyne,

When fire and fume to heaven were rolled,
First of the fierce flame-fighter's line.

Still Murphy's deed with praise is told,
Who dared, while thousands held their breath,
The fiery bridge 'twixt life and death.

A Cumberland Miner's Story

WHERE Criffel looks across the flood
And Solway flows and shines,
The iron earth is red as blood,
Men toil at Eskett mines ;
But the earth henceforth is black for me
Who labour by the Solway Sea.

You know my boy—the best at school,
First wrestler of the green,
No better ever handled tool
Earth's iron walls between ;
None swifter could a " heading " drive—
Would God my son were still alive !

He kissed his mother on the cheek,
He shouldered pick and spade,

A Cumberland Miner's Story 79

We closed the door, we did not speak,
Ours is a solemn trade,—
For none who pass at dawn from home
Know if at eve they back will come.

The raven croaked above our head,
We saw a black cat run,
We felt some lad will sure be dead
Before the set of sun ;
But to " the cage " we stepped, and brave
Went down, into our living grave.

We then were four—My son and I,
And with us each a friend ;
Thro' wet and dry the pick to ply
And ore up-bank to send ;
To-day, we men are only three
Who labour by the Solway Sea.

For sudden, thundering thro' the dark,
The red earth came with doom,
" Lights out ! Life out ! " I shouted,—hark !—
Faint voices in the gloom.
" My son ! " I cried. He did not speak—
Dead ! and my heart grew big to break.

But in that momentary pain,
 Beyond all pains that be,
I heard God's voice in accent plain
 Say—"Leave thy son to me.
Brothers there are thou still shalt save ;
Give them back breath, unseal their grave."

And at that word came wondrous aid ;
 I rose in wrath with Death,
And toiling made with pick and spade,
 A way for life and breath.
My arm was stronger now than ten,
To loose those prisoned fellow-men.

There where the iron torrent rushed
 And fell in fiercest load,
I smote a human body crushed,
 I cast it from my road,
And still with might I laboured on,
Tho' that dead body was my son.

And now the voice within mine ear
 Spake almost in his tone,
"Work, father, work, their end is near ;
 Think of my mates alone ;

They still may see how Solway shines,
And win their bread in Eskett mines.

“ Work on, for very sweet is life ;
Set thou those prisoners free,
For one but late has taken wife,
And one has children three ;
I cannot work, but I can will ;
My soul can love my brothers still.”

I laboured on with lion-heart,
Their limbs were set so fast ;
They took my hand, the bitter smart
Of Death from me had past,
For in the darkness at my side
Methought my son his pickaxe plied.

But when those comrades, bruised and sore,
Whom we had freed from doom,
Sought carefully in earth, and bore
His body from the gloom,
And kissed, with lips that could not speak
The red, red earth from off his cheek,

And when we felt once more the sun
Look down on his cold face,

And heard the mother cry and run
Her dead boy to embrace,
I knew His agony who gave
A son, so others He might save.

And now whene'er I toil for food
In Eskett's iron mines,
Or walk the fields as red as blood
Where Solway sobs and shines—
I think of that dread Tomb, whose spice
Still breathes of pure self-sacrifice.

A Hero of Walhalla

QUEENSLAND

MEN say that in the Twilight of the Gods
Great Odin, dreaming of a dream, saw plain
How Heaven was opened, sudden cleft in twain,
And while the dwarfs before their stony doors
Made moan in Jötenheim, across the floors
That shuddered as they passed, swart Surtur came
Leading the sons of Fire with swords of flame
To Helheim's drear abodes.

We have no Odin, tho' like dwarfs we stand
Before earth's stony doors, and strive and strive,
With tiny Thor-strokes hammering, to rive
Our way to Asgard, struggling still to find
Those shining tablets, lost and out of mind,
Given to the Father of the Gods, but hurled

To darkness at the breaking of the world,
The gold to bless mankind.

But in our "Hall of Chosen Ones"* are still
Men who, tho' all the sons of Muspell come,
Led by swart Surtur, ravaging their home,
Fearless to face the flaming tyrant, run,
And strike with swords that can outface the sun
For brightness—swords of courage, that can dare,
And in Walhalla for their girdles wear
Indomitable will.

Twice in the week
From Stringer's Creek
The jingling horses go ;
Last time they came
With news of flame
Of homelessness and woe,
And sitting by his waggon's bale
The sun-burnt teamster told this tale.

One day in seven
Is miner's heaven,

* Walhalla.

Walhalla, great and small,
Went forth to play
And keep the day,
A well-earned festival ;
How glad for weary men to lie
And watch the sun go down the sky !

The fire-bell rang
And up they sprang
The town ! the town 's on fire !
Roof-ridge to ridge
The fierce flames bridge,
They leap from high to higher,
The whole Creek's torrent would not stay
The fury of their fleet-foot way.

Red glares the sun
As down they run,
The townsmen thro' the smoke ;
This woman wild
To seek her child,
That man whose heart is broke,—
His aged mother in her bed
Burnt into ash, his father dead.

Then to the sky
Went up a cry
Above the roar of fate,
"To flight! To flight!
The dynamite!
The flame is at the gate!
Behind the powder barrels stored,
The dynamite! Oh save us Lord!

"A thousand pound
Lies underground,
Within a rocky hold,
To aid the skill
Of pick and drill
That seek 'Long Tunnel's' gold,
For gold—Walhalla's bread and pride—
Hides deep in yonder mountain side."

To far-off height
They sped their flight
As men who race with doom,
The air was stirred,
And fancy heard
Long Tunnel's galleries boom.

Saw home in ashes, mines a cloud
Of sulphurous dust and thunder loud.

But strong and weak
At Stringer's Creek
Have left one lad behind,
A boy scarce known
About the town
Of ordinary kind,
And yet the angels on him look,
His name is written in God's book.

In fire-land bred
He has no dread,
And oft has watched with glee
The flames, beneath
Their flag of death,
Leap on from tree to tree.
Has heard them marching from afar
With noise of drums that roll for war.

From childhood's prime
He, many a time,

Has faced the fiery rush,
And bold has planned
With lighted brand
To save by flame the Bush.
Though all the townsmen take to flight
He'll stay to guard the dynamite.

And well he loves
The ferny groves
That wave o'er Stringer's Creek :
In grass-tree shade
That stream has made
A joy he scarce can speak,
Now not a bird or beast but calls
To save Long Tunnel's mountain walls.

He runs to save,
And in the wave
He dips his hempen flail,
Wet sack in hand
He takes his stand,
Sparks fly like golden hail ;
There, at the powder-cavern's door
The dry wood kindles on the floor.

Death in his ears
Shouts "fool!", he hears,
But nearer hears the flame;
Wood-creatures cry!
The wild birds fly
And mock him by his name!
But still before doom's awful porch,
From fate he keeps death's lightning torch.

No time for prayer,
But time to dare;
Alone he fought the fight.
He kept at bay
The flames all day,
Close by the dynamite.
His name like gold shall ever shine,
For Rawson saved Long Tunnel Mine.

Norsemen I cried,
Across the tide
Where'er your dark ships roam,
Your sons still stand

With sword in hand
To fight for hearth and home,
Bright swords of "courage against odds"
Fit for Walhalla, and the gods.

A Modern Viking

NEWCASTLE, WESTERN AUSTRALIA

THE blood that helped to make us great

When wild Norse-rovers came from over sea,
And raised the How and cleared the Thwaite,
And hewed the forest down, and plowed the lea,

Flows on from sire to son, a tide

Full breathed, and vigorous with the Sea-king's air ;
Its quintessential powers abide,
Its dauntless strength, to battle, and to dare.

Though tides 'twixt east and west are set,

And Vikings claim a Newer Southern Wales,
We have our Herewards with us yet,
Whose heart, whose hand of courage never fails.

The bathers, weary of the day,
Went to the deeps for sweet refreshing cool,
What time Leviathan, for prey,
Came prowling coastward, hunting reef and pool.

None marked the stealthy shadow nigh,
None saw the cruel fin had crossed the bar,
Till at the shout of "Shark" they fly,
And every swimmer felt the land was far.

All turned for flight, yet not all fled,
One heard a louder call to stay, and knew
His own loved brother, sore bested,
And to his help from the devourer flew.

Unarmed and naked, lion-brave,
He rushed to join the fierce, unequal fight ;
Flashed back the water's crimson wave,
And robbed the ravening sea-hound of his right.

Swam ever 'twixt the shore and death,
A fence of life against Leviathan,
Felt at his back the monster's breath,
But only thought him of the wounded man.

Then, while the waves for joy broke loud,
He pushed his fainting brother safe ashore,
Nor knew a whole wide world was proud
Of him who dared, as Sea-kings dared of yore.

The Mate of the "Norham Castle"

"SLOW her down, and stand to sea,"
From his bridge the Captain cried,
Shore is somewhere on the lea!
When the "Norham Castle" slows,
There is danger close beside,
Every man aboard her knows.

And our stokers worked with will
As we turned her head to wind,
But the vessel nigh stood still;
And with dawn-light thro' the wrack,
God be praised, there, close behind,
Stared the stark reefs grim and black.

Yea, and bitterer far to view,
On the cruel jagged rock
Lay a ship with all her crew,
Swept of bulwark, shorn of mast,
And we heard the breakers shock,
And we knew she could not last.

But her flag above the roar
Cried for succour thro' the gale,
And we stood toward the shore ;
Yet we durst not venture near,
Tho' the good ship "Fascadale"
Sent us English cheer for cheer.

"Who will go?" the Captain cried,
"For I may not give command,"
And the mate, who stood beside,
With a quiver in his throat
For the girl he loved on land,
Said, "I'll dare it with the boat."

So the brave men lowered away,
And the "Norham Castle" stood,
Half in wonder, half dismay,

Making shift a wall to be
 Against wind and water-flood,
As the life-boat took the sea.

And we watched the coxswain steer
 Very cunningly and well,
But they could not come too near ;
Cast out anchors, lion-bold,
 In the hurly and the swell,
And we prayed the hemp might hold.

Then we saw how from the ship
 One with rope about his waist
To the surges dared to slip,
But the rope was short of strand,
 God ! how terrible to taste
Life, and fail for reach of hand !

Then the mate rose up and said,
 “ Friends, I'll venture with a line,
Draw me back alive or dead ; ”
And the ship-wrecked raised a shout,
 For his deed they could divine
As we paid his log-line out.

The Mate of the "Norham Castle" 97

So the swimmers rose and fell
 Straining ever with one mind,
Till they met, and all was well ;
Never such a deed was done
 As they did, who spliced and twined,
In such sea-way, lines to one.

Very carefully they drew
 All the drowning men along,
Tho' the wind a tempest blew,
And the life-boat, anchored, lay
 In the breakers, firm and strong,
Till the last was safe away.

Then for home the life-boat turned—
 How we wondered, how we hoped !
How the hearts within us burned !
For the doomed ship brake in twain
 Where the dark reef seawards sloped,
And went under in the main.

But the "Norham Castle" stood
 Like a wall against the tide,
To her purpose true and good,

Never ship gave prouder hand,
As the crew came back beside,
To her gallant sailor band.

And we praised the "Norham's" mate
For a hero to the core,
Since he faced such odds of fate ;
But he smiled, and answer sent—
"I've a girl I love ashore ;
She commanded, and I went !"

Tried in the Fire

THE STEWARDESS OF THE IONA

GAZE on them tenderly, these who lie
Just heaps of ash on the burning floor ;
They were caught by the flames as they fled for the
door,
The fire has left of them nothing human ;
So shrivelled and charred you may scarce descry
Which was the little child—which the woman.

But the beast that roared in that cabin's cage,
With blood-red tongue and with golden hair,
Though it maimed the bodies that once were fair,
Has left us a sign we may understand ;
See here are the bones that are safe from its rage,
They are locked together, are hand in hand.

The people were singing their evening psalm
As we cleared Leith Harbour for London town,
The sun of the Sabbath went restfully down,
And the stars looked out of a quiet heaven
On seas as silent and silver calm
As ever to mariner's feet were given.

Slumber in Heaven and sleep on the sea,
And our engines humming a drowsy tone ;
The sleepers below into dreamland gone,
With their "hails" and their "farewells" mingling
 close,
When, out of a room where the deck-lamps be,
Flame broke, and the cry "Ship's afire!" arose.

But swift at our need the girl-stewardess came,
"Rouse ye and run ye ! God help us, and save !"
There was fear in her heart, but her words were
 brave,
She dashed through the smoke, waked the women
 from sleeping,
Heedless of hurricane breath of flame,
And called, "Where's the child that was left in my
 keeping?"

Then back to the horrible fiery den
The heroine sprang. How the forkéd tongues
Of the fierce flame-serpents leapt and stung,
Struck at her bosom and blinded her eye!
But One went with her whose word to men
Is, "Life for the least, though the strongest die."

She has taken the little one safe in her hand,
Angel of help, she has turned for the door—
This eloquent heap of ash on the floor
Is seal of her will and is sign of her doom,
But her feet so swift for the purpose planned
Are set, God knows, in a larger room.

She was sailing from Leith for London town,
Her last last voyage of earthly care,
She has touched the haven of hearts that dare ;
And, over the sea that is mingled with fire,
The harpers bring her the palm and the crown
For life through death and for love's desire.

Think of her gratefully, girls of the Tyne
Whose blood is salt with the Northern sea !

The salt that shall keep our England free
From the savour of Death, is a salt of flame,
Salt of self-sacrifice, salt divine,
That is sprinkled on all, as we name her name.

The Wreck of the "Ocean Queen"

TO THE HEROES OF COLWYN BAY—*Nov. 7, 1890*

MEN of Cornwall! men of Devon!

Listen well!

For if ever wind of Heaven

Blew a hurricane from Hell,

It was when November's night

Broke with Colwyn Bay in sight,

And we saw Llandula's Head above the swell.

"Sheer away, boys, sheer away!"

The captain roared—

"God preserve us from the Bay!"

As he spoke, the tempest's sword

Smote our topsail into shreds,

Brought the gear about our heads,

And our foremast went like tinder by the board.

Then the skipper girt a rope
Round his waist.
“While there’s life!” he cried, “there’s hope!
Lash me fast ;—I have outfaced
Fifty storms, but run aground,
With a keel and cargo sound?
Never, men! for death were better to my taste!”

And we three, who through the wrack
Saw the land,
With the quarry yawning black,
Turned our faces from the strand,
Gave up thought of home again,
Though the grey fields glimmered plain,
And cruel seemed our captain’s stern command.

But the tide was with the wind,
And the waves
Swept us shoreward, reeling blind,
Dashed our one boat into staves,
As we went round, in a ring,
Like a bird, with broken wing—
Well we knew Llandula’s shore should be our
 graves.

The Wreck of the "Ocean Queen" 105

Then we struck, and leapt, and struck,

"Hands aloft!"

So we scrambled to the truck,

Dazed; but never half so soft

Seemed we, dying men, to hear

Our wives' welcome, and the cheer

Of the children's voices calling from the craft.

How the water's fury flew

O'er the mast!

How the wind benumbing blew!

But our girdles held us fast;

How the hail cut like a knife,

As we swung and clung for life,

Almost praying that our time to feel were past!

In a lull we heard the clock

Tolling ten;

And we watched the people flock

From the quarry and the glen,

Like a torrent to the beach

Cheering, calling each to each,

Racing forward to our rescue, gallant men!

Where's the boat? A mile away,
Beached and dry!
Thro' the sea-smoke of the bay
Runners bring it shoulder-high;
Dare they launch that cockle-shell
On the hurly of the swell,
Through this hurricane of hell? Let them try!

Off with clogs! and on with coat!
Fearless four!
See they leap into the boat,
Little trained to use of oar,
But accustomed long to death,
Strong of sinew, full of breath,
Trained to nerve in that dark quarry by the shore.

Then we heard a ringing cheer,
Well we knew
Love had triumphed over fear!
And a boat rose full in view,—
But a billow roaring under
Hurled it high ashore with thunder,
While the oars from out their hands like feathers
flew.

The Wreck of the "Ocean Queen" 107

Again, and once again,

Driven back!

Then they signalled, but in vain,

"Loose a life-buoy, let the slack

Whirl a line ashore, or snatch

Help we send you by this match,"

And a rocket screamed out seaward through the
wrack,

Soared, and fell far short and sank.

Try the boat!

So they ran it down the bank,

And our captain waved a coat,

Left his perch upon the mast,

Overboard a ladder cast—

And we watched which way our chance of life would
float.

But the malice of the sea

Worked our doom;

For he paid his line out free

But it tangled in a boom,

Then we knew and felt His hand,

That would bring us safe to land,

And we heard a voice not mortal thro' the gloom.

It was easy now to die,
Soon or late,
Sooner best—but hark ! a cry !
For the seventh time they wait
Till the huge sea backward coil,
Then with courage nought can foil,
Forth the landmen push to rescue us from fate.

And the boat rode forward brave,
Rose and sank ;
Till an overwhelming wave
Dashed it back with gride of plank
On a rock—God help the lost !
Half the awful passage crossed !
And our eyes met one another's — hopeless —
blank.

But from out the cloud of foam
Straight the four,
Never looking once for home,
Lifted keel, and bent the oar ;
Clomb up wearily the crest,
Swept down cheerily the breast,
Dropped alongside—and I scarce remember more.

The Wreck of the "Ocean Queen" 109

But I know I left the mast,
Felt a hand ;
Heard a hoarse voice bid them cast
Wreckage clear, then give command—
" Home, boys, home !"—and then the rush
Of a breaker, and the crush,
And the cheer of hearts that welcomed us to land.

Wake again, the harp of Wales,
As of yore !
Long as storm shall rend the sails,
And Atlantic billows roar,—
Long as wrecks ashore are rolled,
Shall your dauntless deed be told,
Gallant heroes of the quarry by the shore.

Dodd The Hero of Audley Mine

SHOUTS of "Water has broken through!
From Rookery Pit, or the Diglake Mine!"
By the flap of the air you may well divine
There is work for the stoutest of hearts to do.

Then Dodd cried, "Make for the Boyle's Hall shaft!"
And into the torrent, waist-high, he went,
Though the Devil himself the flood had sent
He would save his friends by his miner's craft.

In the "Ten-feet Dip" the double tide,
With rush of havoc and roar of hate,
Met like a whirlpool;—met too late.
For Dodd has fought to the other side.

Dodd, the Hero of Audley Mine 111

Then down to the "Eight-foot Working," bold—
As only they who are led by love—
The miner went, with the flood above
And the water below him cruel and cold.

The hollow fills, and the lamp burns blue,
The boys call back to his cheering cry—
"Leap, I will grasp as the stream goes by!"
And the boys have leapt, and the hand is true.

Then swift he dropped to the "Under Seam,"
For the walls crashed in, and the lights were out,
Sent through the wildering dark his shout,
Swept on like a straw by the torrent stream.

Hurled along on the ruining wave,
He caught at a pit-stay, clutched a rope,
Faced the flood in his fearless hope;
God had need, there were others to save.

Up through the "Staple Shaft" he pressed,
Felt the waters, heavy as lead,
Battering down on his breast and head;
Swooned at the top, but knew no rest :—

Woke in a moment—woke and cried :

“ Brothers and men, will ye volunteer ?

When we meet in Heaven is time for fear !

There are prisoners still at the Boundary side ! ”

They trimmed their lamps, and they clenched their
teeth,

They thought of their homes, and breathed a
prayer,

And Courage and Life went down Death’s stair,
To the hurly of waters and hell beneath.

Through flood knee-deep, or flood to the chin,

Stubborn of heart, the miners strode,

Swam where the torrent deeply flowed,

In hope for the living, and love for their kin.

They smote at the “ Stoppings,” they hammered the
walls,

The voice of their warning went like a flame ;

Then far lamps answered, and hurrying came

Their friends in affright to the saving calls.

“ Make for the ‘ Staple Pit,’ nor stay

Till Boyle’s Hall hold you, safe and sound ! ”

Dodd, the Hero of Audley Mine 113

So thirty went up from underground,
But Dodd and his comrades held their way.

They challenged each "gallery," hasted along,
Till they won where the pit-boys cowering stood,
Thrust them from hand to hand through the
flood ;

They cheered the aged, they led the strong,

Knew no weariness, heart nor brain,
Till the pit-roofs fell, and the flood had risen,
And death was alone with the doomed in prison,
And hands were powerless, help was vain.

It is darker than night o'er the deep dark grave—
Grave of the living who fain would die—
Hope's sun has set, there are stars in the sky,
There are stars upon earth—Dodd's work was brave.

The Brothers

A BALLAD OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN

IN the marshes by the sea,
Whence our English fathers came,
Very slow the rivers run ;
Skies are wide and stars are free ;
From the rise to set of sun
Men may feel its heart of flame.

But a wider Heaven is ours,
And the sun is brighter far,
And life's rivers swiffler move,
When the will with hero powers
Dares a brother's deed of love,
And true courage is the star.

It was wild November's night
When the Schleswig people knew,

By the rockets leaping clear,
That a ship in sorry plight
To the bitter coast drew near,
With her storm-bewildered crew.

But with wild dawn, o'er the wave,
Through the rollers mountain high,
Gallant fishers launched away,
Sworn to perish or to save ;
For through thunder and through spray
They could hear the seamen cry.

Bravely battling up and down,
In the valleys—on the crest,
Shot to Heaven—tossed to Hell—
Still the oarsmen held their own,
Still the life-boat rose and fell,
Mercy-manned and God-possessed.

Came alongside on the lea,
Filled its bosom with such store
As may fall, more dead than live,
From the battered crossyard tree,
When but six poor souls survive
From a crew of twenty-four.

Turned for home—but left behind
One too lifeless far to fall,
Lashed beyond his fellows' reach,
Good as dead, stark out of mind—
Turned and struggled for the beach,
Safely landed one and all.

How they cheered, and how they ran
Through the breakers with a will,
Hauled the life-boat safe ashore!
“We have left behind a man,
Will ye venture, mates, once more?”
Cried young Jansen, breathless still.

There was silence, “God ne'er gave
Men such chances twice a day,
Will ye tempt Him still to give?
Let the ocean be his grave.
He had scarce five minutes to live
When for home we turned away.”

But that moment on the mast,
Far out seaward, Jansen saw
How the dead man waved an arm;
Through the crowd a great thrill passed.

Quoth he, "God can keep from harm ;
Life for life is Heaven's one law."

If ye will not make a crew
Yea, alone I'll dare the deed ;
For the love of God I'll face
Fiercest wind that ever blew,
For the man in yonder case
Is a Brother and in need."

Then a grey-haired woman spake,
"Son, thou knowest how thy brother
Went to sea nor e'er returned ;
Venture not, Son, for his sake."
Jansen's word with fierceness burned—
"Yonder man, too, has a mother."

So they went toward the shore,
And they wondered at his word,
Called him "Fool," but launched his boat,
Gave him tenderly each oar,
Prayed with choking in the throat
"Lord have mercy! Save him, Lord!"

And they watched him toil and toil,
Board the vessel, climb the mast,

Reach the seaman hanging there ;
Saw him swift the ropes uncoil,
Bring the body down with care,
In the boat his burden cast.

Women prayed and rough men swore,
As they watched the hero come ;
But the man who for his brother
Risked his own life, stepped ashore,
And said he—" Go, tell our Mother
I have brought her lost boy home."

In the marshes by the sea,
Whence our English fathers came,
Slowly still the rivers run.
And where'er their children be,
From the rise to set of sun,
Flows their courage still the same.

The Heroes of Rhondda Vale

SING me an ode, shout a song, chant a hymn on
The deed of undying renown in the dark Rhondda
Vale,

Sons of grey Snowdon and hoary Plinlimmon !
Children of Cader so purple ! for song cannot fail,
If the deed that is sung be of worth ;
And this deed was of Heaven, not of Earth.

So far let its glory go free,
Bid the streams from the Usk to the Dee
Bear it down to the wandering sea ;
Let the tides roll it back to the strand,
And the winds bring it up to the land ;
For a deed has been done in the deep
Of the earth that shall never sleep ;

A thought has been born underneath,
In the horrible womb
Of the pit, that shall break from its tomb,
And shall rise up above,
On wings of sweet savour like breath
Of a rich sacrifice.
A glorious deed has been done,
To make the heart leap,
And to lighten the eyes
Of the old men who sit in the sun,
Of the young men who toil in the mine,
Of the maidens who follow the kine :
A deed of pure love—
Of love that is careless of death,
Of life that most lives when it dies.

Fire in the pit ! and the fury of flame and the stifle
of smoke ;
Men in the workings beyond ! the gates barred fast
by the smother !
Who shall bear message of cheer, or bring through
the terrible choke
Word of a chance of escape, hope against hope for a
brother ?

The Heroes of Rhondda Vale 121

Then underground ran a groan, and the face of the
bravest grew pale ;

“ Fire? Heaven help us! and flame between us and
the far-away shaft ?

See how the brattice-cloth hangs! God save us! the
air-currents fail,

Stopped by a fall of the roof, sucked the wrong road
by the draught ! ”

Hark to the crash of the coal, hiss, and the crackle
of flame !

Sulphurous cloud of the fume rolling its poison along,
Serpent of ill, coiling on from the cradle of doom
whence it came,

Fed by the death that it flies—Fury, relentless and
strong !

Belched from the three-foot, it leapt to the four-foot
seam—paused undecided ;

Gathered its folds, turned to yellow and lead, like a
cobra that springs,

Swept to the gallery, crept to the drift ; at the cross-
ways divided,

Pouring its horrible breath forward on pestilent wings.

Down the dark passages, filled with the smother and
reek, came a cry ;

Pickaxes flung ! and lamps out ! waggons left half-
filled with their load !

Desperate haste to escape from the doom that men
felt they must die,

Heart-hopeless hurry of feet that would race bitter
Death on his road.

Lights and faint glimmer at last, and a cheer far
away in the gloom ;

Help for the five of them yet : now God be thanked
for His grace !

Help—but never for five ; for *one* of the five is there
room ;

The cage is crammed head over head, and only for
one is there place.

Then was a terrible moment, for four of them thought
of their wives,

Back to their home in the valley their hearts in a
trice seemed to run ;

Men who had lived long enough to be fond of their
labour and lives,

Glad for the green, and the break of the leaf, and the
laughter of sun.

The Heroes of Rhondda Vale 123

Out spake one of the four: "My head is greyer than
thine,
Leap to the cage, lad, leap, and say, if we fall in the
smother,
'Life had learned to forego love's best in the
Rhondda mine,
Was stronger to give than to get, was willing to die
for a brother.'" "

Up speeds the cage into light, with a shout, "There
are four left behind!"

Round roars the drum, and the sparks fly, as the
cables outrun.

Slow, may the cables coil back, and the drum with a
groan may rewind!

There are four brought back to the day who shall
never behold the sun!

The Drummer Boy of the Malakand Pass

HE who made with His marvellous hand
Our hearts, these vases that throb and brim,
Made them of fair or of darkest earth,
Gave them love of their native land,
From the mountain crest to the far sea's brim,
Bade them be true to the home of their birth.

Sons of the ranges that shoulder the skies,
Of the deep vales cleft by the earthquake sword,
Of the dread ravines where the rock roars
down,
You where the torrents fall and rise
As the frost forbids or the sun sends word,
Did ye not dare to die for your own ?

It was April noon when the bugle blew
And we faced the Hillmen fierce for the fight,
Climbed while the rifles cracked o'erhead.
It was April eve when our good flag flew
On the last grim ridge of the Malakand height,
And we counted the living and gazed on the
dead.

Gazed on the face of that grey old man,
Who, bearing his banner of white and rose,
Charged our "Borderers" there on the hill ;
Fell shot-shattered, but up and ran
Alone with a shout in the teeth of his foes,
And died at our feet in his desperate will.

But of all the five hundred who died that day
In front of the gate of their mountain land,
No braver heart did a bullet pierce thro'
Than his at the foot of the cliff who lay,
With drum round his neck, and with sticks in
hand,
Still playing, stark dead, his loud tattoo.

By the gorge, on the roof of a hut he stood,
Clear seen, jet black, in the deep blue sky ;
Tho' the marksman's bullet went angrily past,

Tho' the drum he was drumming was wet with his
 blood,

 He would beat to the charge as his friends went by,
 For love of the Prophet while life should last.

We saw how he dropped like a cat from the wall,
 Dropped to the dressing of wounds that stung ;
 How back to his post and his task would he
 come

Till the death-shot struck ; but the headlong fall
 Sheer over the precipice, never unslung
 The drum he was beating for Allah and home.

And there at the close of the battle we found
 The brave boy drummer who drummed to the
 death,

 The hero heart of the Pathan crew ;
It was God gave him love of his mountain ground,
 It was Love he would serve with his latest breath :
 We shall hear his Drum at the Great Review.

Harley's Eight

A BALLAD OF CHITRAL—*April 16, 1895*

HERE'S luck to the sixty Kashmir men,
And the forty Sikhs so tried and true,
Who smote the Chitralis there in their den,
Who fired the mine and saved us then
From Umra Khan and his warrior crew,
By the deed they wrought for the Red White and
Blue.

One moon had waned slowly, another was full,
And, shut in the hornets' nest of harm,
We knew no rest and we felt no lull
In the passionate storming of Sher Afzul,
But we trusted that courage, with good right arm,
Could keep us still from the Pathan swarm.

Bullets from "Sangars" high on the hill
 Bullets from tree tops close in the grounds,
 Bullets that plagued for all our skill
 The road to the river we went to fill
 Our buckets, red with the bearers' wounds,
 And still the Sikh sentry paced his rounds.

But fire might win where the musket would fail,
 And the mole creep thro' where assault was vain,
 They would fling their fagot and trust to the gale,
 Where bullets were harmless the reek might prevail,
 But we drenched the tall tower with might and with
 main,
 And quenched their flame-fury with earthen rain.

And the mole in his burrow nearer came
 While louder the tom-tom beat all day,
 And fiercer they cursed by their hill-god's name,
 And ever their loop-holes brake to flame,
 But the Sikh's keen ear it can never stray,
 And we heard the picks at their muffled play.

Twelve feet from the Tower! no moment to
 lose!
 No time for a counter with spade to spade,

But time to resolve on the death they would choose,
As the heroes slung round their powder and fuse
And sware they would face all the host's fusilade,
But would blow into sunlight the mine that was
made.

Then the gate of the fortress, eastwards set,
Silently opened, and forth they ran ;
No shot was fired, but foes ne'er met
More fierce a thrust home from the bayonet
Than those who were dead ere the fight began,
The moles who were mining for Umra Khan.

For out of the tunnel's mouth they poured,
No time to draw, and no time to cower
Ere death fell with dark ; but the Pathan horde
Drew round in a ring ; when suddenly roared
The ground into gaping, and veiled in a shower
Of dust and in smoke, our men rushed for the
Tower.

Back from the water-way, back by the wall,
Back to the garden-house hurried the foe,
Sang the swift bullet, and hissed the ball,
And the fortress sent answer and cheer above all,

By the rift in the earth down beneath, we might
 know

They had dealt the besieger the deadliest blow.

Then the door with swift welcome wide open was
 flung,

But not for the hundred who saved us from fate :

There were those who should ne'er hear their praises
 sung,

Who felt not the shake of the earth that upsprung ;

And still the beleaguered must think of the eight

Who came not with Harley back under the gate.

Fletcher's Fight

A BALLAD OF NYASA LAND

WE were eighteen men all told that day
 Inside a half-built wooden pen,
When the king Kawinga came our way,
 With his fifteen hundred fighting men.

But eight were Sikhs as tried as good,
 And nine we had taught to handle a gun ;
And the fury of battle was in my blood,
 For I was an arrow-maker's son.

Long years ago in the green-wood land
 With little to eat and many to fight,
My father's fathers were deft of hand
 To shape the bolt, and to feather its flight.

And here we were in the rough stockade,
 Undyked, unmounded, a handful pent,
With none to succour or send for aid,
 And a King's whole tribe on our murder bent.

Their bugles sounded, their tom-toms beat,
 Spears flashed and banners were waved on high,
There was crackle of forest and trample of feet,
 And "Loot! Loot! Loot!" was the warrior cry.

Each black-heart serpent crawled in the grass
 With his pouches of poison and fiery tongue,
And bullets in thousands seemed to pass
 As the spite of their death-shower over us sung.

Never before in that warrior world
 Had a few in the face of such hundreds stood,
Never before had such hail been hurled,
 And spears so thirsted to drink of blood.

Never since Africans hammered a blade,
 Or bows were fashioned, or javelins thrown,
Was heard in the forest such fusillade
 As scared the wild dogs of Malemya's town.

But our triggers were true and our eyes saw well,
As prone on the ground we eighteen lay,
And all in a ring the black men fell,
And the fifteen hundred were held at bay.

But the sun came over the Baobab trees,
For we fought from the morn till the height of noon ;
Not once did we dare to rise to our knees,
But we knew our powder must fail us soon.

"Now fix your bayonets," loud I cried,
"Let us give them a cheer, and charge, my men,
It is better by far to fall outside
Than die like beasts in a cattle pen."

So we leapt to our feet and nine by nine
Straight forth of the shelter dared to go,
With bayonets fixed, and in double line
We fired a volley and rushed on the foe.

And the cheer we gave as beneath the smoke
Of our own fierce volley we charged like flame,
It bred such panic, the foemen broke,
For they deemed that devils to fight with them
came.

By the Yaos, Walolos and Coast-men slain,
By the spear and the matchlock cast away,
Eight miles thro' the forest the road was plain
To the fort we had held for our Queen that day.

Ah! give me a handful of Sikhs to shoot,
To cheer and to charge from their lions' den,
And the King Kawinga may come for loot
With his fifteen hundred fighting men!

A Lincolnshire Hero

LAND of the Lindiswaras of old,
Land of Hingvar and Hubba the Dane,
Land of the grey and the golden wold,
Land of the glimmering seaward plain :

Not in vain has your seed brought forth
Hughs and Langtons fearless and strong,
Bred us a Franklin—Star of the North,
Reared us a Tennyson—Lord of Song :

Made sheep-masters and lords of the soil
Tamers of marshland, victors of fen,
Conquerors they by the rights of toil
God's fellow-labourers—husbandmen.

Not in vain, ere the Norman came,
Did your fruit in the furrows of freedom wave ;

The Trent may have reddened but not with shame,
For he found in Lincolnshire never a slave.*

Now in the end of the days has it proved
Seed as good as in time of yore ;
Still by your sons is the free life loved,
Life, free to be given, is loved the more.

There at Gainsborough's market-town,
While the bells of Christmas echo in Heaven,
Shall a brave man venture his life laid down,
That life for another may so be given.

We were gaily gossiping holiday folk,
The train was due, there was much to say,
The signal fell, and we saw the smoke
And heard a murmuring far away.

And the faint far murmur became a roar,
When a great cry rose and our hearts aghast
Hushed the babble so loud before,
" There's a lad on the rails and his foot is fast ! "

* When, at William the Conqueror's bidding, the Doomsday Book was compiled, Nottingham and Lincolnshire were the only two counties wherein it was found that there were no slaves.

Let women faint, and the little ones scream,
And strong men hopelessly gasp for breath,
Let the old men stand stock-still as in dream,
But one will succour or die the death.

With sinews strong for his hammer's stroke,
And eye sure-trained by his striker's trade,
Young Whitehouse leaps from the fear-dazed folk,
Of the rush of the "Fire-Drake" unafraid.

He has clutched the lad—must he vainly strive ?
He will lever his body with good head-thrust ;
The train roars in !—are they dead or alive ?
They are safe in the six-foot's smother and dust !

Oh ! Land of the Lindiswaras of old,
Land of Hingvar and Hubba the Dane,
There are heroes still in the fen and the wold,
The seed of their sowing was not in vain.

Jacob's Well

AN INCIDENT IN THE SKIRMISH OF DOORNKOP,
TRANSVAAL

HE knew the risk he ran,
As by the wounded man
The hero Burgher knelt,
To proffer drink from his cool water-can ;
Taught in the lonely veldt,
To dare the thing he felt :
Most right, not safest, was the Bible plan.

And " Love your enemies "
Shone clear before his eyes ;
Tho' round him bullets hissed,
He still would bring, to poor parched lips' surprise,
His water-cup—nor wist
He gave it unto Christ,
So soon to be with Him in Paradise.

“ Remember by this sign
My sacrifice divine,
This is My Blood,” Christ said,
“ Brothers be fruitful branches of the Vine : ”
And still that cup is red,
Where the brave Boer fell dead,
Who, with his heart's blood, turned the water wine.

Children of Israel !
Your Holy Scriptures tell
Of how three warriors won
Drink for their king thro' foemen fierce and fell.
This man for David's Son,
Has dared the deed, alone,
To bring Life's cup from Love's eternal well.

Hosan the Faithful

IN the dust of the desert young Hosan lay dead,
Through a welter of blood the sun sank in the west,
The wings of the vultures were dark overhead,
And the earth where he fell with the wound in his
breast

Was redder than sunset, but still in his hand
Was the bridle he held when he swooned on the sand.

God the Lord was against us that day when we met
The musk-scented Mahdi on Worogat plain ;
No quarter to give and no quarter to get,
We fought till the bravest were captive or slain ;
But Hosan, to dash through his captors would dare,
For his colonel's grey Arab was left in his care.

He leapt to the saddle, he whispered the word,
But the men of Ababdeh are swifter than sight,

Though fast sped Mubarak, the faster they spurred,
Like lightning they came on the left, on the right,
Then a spear-head shone silver, and flushed into rose,
And Hosan fell pierced to the shout of his foes.

But he springs to his feet, he has hold of the rein,
The spear-man who smote, to the saddle may leap,
But Hosan, the faithful, through blood and through
pain,
His master's last charge till death free him, will
keep,
By the angels of judgment who question the just
None shall say that young Hosan was false to his
trust.

Then Mubarak flew on, for the fierce rowel stung,
But a hand on the bridle will not slack its hold,
Till a sword cleave the rein where the clenched fingers
clung,
And a-swoon in the dust the brave Hosan has rolled,
While the rose of God's wrath blossomed large in the
west,
And the earth sobbed to red from the rose of his
breast.

I found him at eve, in the dust where he lay,
 His lips parched for thirst and his eyes growing dim,
But he smiled,—“ Bear Salaams to my master and say,
 Though my life play me false I was faithful to him,
Strove to break through the fence of the spear and
 the sword,
To bring back his horse and be true to my word.

“ Say my heart was no coward's, take this from my hand,
 This rein, he will know it, the sword cleft it through—”
Then he ceased,—backward fell the proud head on
 the sand.

Ah! master, thy Hosan was faithful and true :
Lo! the sign of his service and faith to the last,
Scarce loosed from his fingers—death shut them so
 fast.

Brave Plate-laying

STAND back ! the fire-devourer comes !
The signal dips ! the line is clear !
He scatters dust upon the way,
Too proud to ask if mortal clay
Be cast therewith, while darkened homes
Are fruitage of his mad career.

Stand back ! but men, their brothers, saw
That Jamieson's eyes were filled with light,
That Jamieson leapt upon the rail,
There in the six-foot drove the nail,
To mend the "sleeper's" deadly flaw,
And bade the younger clinch it tight.

Then, safe on its triumphant way
The fiery-footed monster fared

High o'er the ringing arch of stone,
And left a mother's heart to moan,
And left a widow, well-a-day !
To weep for those who died but dared.

Green grows the corn, the sun shines fair
From Paisley on to Glasgow town,
But all the way I see a grave
And think of those plate-layers brave
Who fixed the "sleeper" and the "chair,"
And gave for other lives their own.

In Honour of E. A. Hatton,

Seaman of the "Dunbar Castle"

WHEN England calls with pride her hero roll,
Or graves in gold the memorable deed,
Then let a grateful generation read
Of that strong sailor soul

To whom our praise is given.

The man who when his shipmate fell
Into the perilous surges hissing past,
What tho' Leviathan with mouth of hell
Watched if his prey should overboard be cast,
What tho' his ship thro' darkness to her goal
Stood on with ever undiminished speed,
Leapt to the rescue, felt a brother's need
Could claim life's offering whole,

And plunged for God and Heaven.

The Aidar's Master

WE had passed Messina's Straits
And the whirlpool at the gates,
 When suddenly in Adria we saw the rockets leap ;
And we heard our Captain say
As we lowered boats away,
 " She cannot last much longer for her hull is
 lying deep."

And we toiled through all that night,
And by grey of morning light,
 Though the Master still stood by her, we had
 rescued twenty-nine.
But he cried from off the wreck,
" With a wounded man on deck,
 What master would forsake a man? His fate
 shall sure be mine."

And our hearts were sorely tried
As we pulled off from her side,
 For his courage seemed to shame us, as from
 death and doom we fled.

Then the Aidar rolled in pain,
Foundered head-first in the main,
 And we felt the whirlpool surges, as we plied
 our oars in dread.

Oh the glory of that grave !
Oh the wild unfeeling wave !
 Never better heart of Englishman had sunk be-
 neath the sea.

What a death to show man great !
What a deed outfacing fate !
 Britain's sons by such self-conquest shall a wide
 world's conquerors be.

But we saw a dark thing float,
God be praised ! The Aidar's boat—
 Bottom up ! with men upon her !—fireman !
 master ! how we cheered !

How we rowed across the swirl !
Heedless all of water-whirl !
 How the sea-foam sprang right over, as or
 rescue straight we steered !

But the Master bravely cried
When the coxswain came beside
 "Save the fireman! he is helpless! I am sound
 of lung and bone!
He who brought me from the deep
Twenty fathoms, sure can keep,
 Life or death it little matters, if there's duty
 to be done."

So with skill of hand and oar—
Very gently then we bore
 The fireman, nigh to swooning for the bitter cold
 and pain.
But no word of praise would come
As full-hearted we went home,
 With the truest master mariner that ever sailed
 the main.

Notes

MICHAEL HARDY

PAGE I

THOSE who have read Sir Evelyn's Wood's volume, "The Crimea in 1854 and 1894," will remember his account of an able-seaman, Michael Hardy, of H.M.S. "Leander," and the record of this Irishman's bravery.

On the morning fixed for the assault of the Redan, the 18th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, young Evelyn Wood, who was ill, writes :—

"Thinking I would secure, at all events, one physically strong man at my side, I observed to Hardy, who was holding me on to my saddle, 'When we go out, I shall stick to Captain Peel, mind you stick to me.' Hardy replied somewhat evasively ; 'Yes, I'll stick to him, if he goes well to the front.' This indomitable blue-jacket fully carried out his somewhat insubordinately expressed intention of not permitting anyone to surpass him in the assault."

That evening, young Wood, who had been wounded, whilst lying in the operating tent, enquired anxiously for his friend Michael Hardy, of whom he could learn nothing then ; but he continues :—"At the flag of truce next day, his body was

found under an embrasure of the Redan, the only man as far as I know, who crossed the 'Abatis' and Ditch that day."— (Cf. "The Crimea in 1854 and 1894," chap. xv., p. 246. Chap. xix., p. 318.)

IN A BATTERY

PAGE 4

AT the time of the Crimean War, William Peel, the third son of the great minister, was Captain of H.M.S. "Diamond." Evelyn Wood writes :—

"We had heard of him, that when in command of his first ship, H.M.S. "Excellent," he was reading in the stern cabin, and hearing the shout, 'man overboard,' rushed to the window in time to see a blue-jacket pass underneath him. With one spring Peel was in the water, and supported the man till both were picked up; and when the officer of the watch ran down to report 'man overboard—boat lowered,' the cabin was empty—it was not known what had happened until both were brought on board."

Though all our officers were brave, it was Captain Peel who inspired his followers with a part of his own nature.

He exemplified the American poet's hero :—

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

In 1851, when crossing the Nubian Desert from Korosko to Abu Hamed (where Colonel Stewart and his companions, sent down by Colonel Gordon, were treacherously slain in 1884),

Peel dismounted from his camel to give water from his store to a small dying bird !

One day, he to my knowledge, although I did not see it, gave us a grand example. A shell weighing 42 pounds came through the parapet, and rolled into the centre of a small group of men who threw themselves flat on the ground, which would not, however, have saved those nearest, for there were several boxes of powder on the ground then being passed into the magazine.

Peel, stooping down, lifted the shell, and resting it on his chest, carried it back to the parapet, and stepping on to the "banquette," rolled the shell over the superior crest, on which it immediately burst.

(Extract from "The Crimea in 1854 and 1894," by General Sir Evelyn Wood, G.C.B., V.C.).—*Fortnightly Review*, October, 1894.

ALICE AYRES

PAGE 10

ON the night of April 25, 1886, a fire broke out in an oil and colourman's shop, at the corner of Gravel Lane in Union Street, Borough.

The fire cut off all chance of escape by the stairs, and was too fierce to admit of the use of the fire-escape.

Alice Ayres who was the nurse-maid in the household, was seen at a window in the second floor with a child in her arms and the crowd called to her to save herself. She refused to do this ; after pushing a mattress through the narrow window, she

waited till the people below held it ready, and then dropped the child down upon it. She disappeared into the burning house and reappeared with a second child whom she likewise dropped through the window to safety ; again heedless of the cries to save herself she went back for the third time and effected the rescue of the last of her charges. Then and not till then she herself attempted to jump, but owing probably to her being faint from the fumes, she could not jump clear of the house, struck one of the dummy jars above the shop front, and fell thence to the pavement with a broken back. She lingered a little while in Grey's hospital saying only to those who came to see her on her death-bed that she "had tried to do her best."

There is a fine fresco in the Red Cross Hall, by Walter Crane, which illustrates this heroic incident. The people there speak of her proudly as "Our Alice."

A full account of her is given by Miss Lane in her "Heroes of Every-day Life," pp. 60-64.

THE WARRIOR'S DEATH-SONG

WILSON'S LAST STAND—SHANGANI RIVER—*Dec.* 4, 1893

PAGE 13

LORD GIFFORD, V.C., has communicated the following to Reuter's Agency :—

"The Hon. Maurice Gifford writes by this mail a graphic account of how Major Wilson and his party met their fate in

their plucky attempt to capture Lobengula. Mr Gifford obtained the information from an Induna of the Insuka Regiment, who was present at the engagement. The account is briefly as follows :—

““ On Major Wilson and his party returning with Captain Borrow’s reinforcements to the King’s scherm in the morning, they were received by a volley from part of the Inguba and Imbisu regiments, who had orders to take up their position on the road by which Major Wilson and his party would return. On receiving the volley, Major Wilson retired into the bush towards the river, but he found his party surrounded on all sides by natives numbering from 2,500 to 3,000 at the very least. The orders from the Indunas to their men were that on reaching Major Wilson’s party they were to shoot the horses first. This order the Matabele proceeded to carry into effect, Major Wilson’s party keeping up a heavy fire all the time. The horses which Major Wilson had tied together in a ring were soon all shot. The Englishmen then lay down behind them, and kept up a steady fire, with such good effect that they succeeded in driving off the Matabele for a short time ; but reinforcements arriving from across the river, the attack was again renewed, and, as far as Mr Gifford could gather from the Induna, the fight must have lasted some three hours. A number of our men were seen to be wounded, and their ammunition began to run short. Then the natives gradually crept up closer, shooting any one they could. The Induna describes Major Wilson most accurately by his dress and the hat he wore, and states that he was wounded in several places

and covered with blood, whilst another wounded man stood by his side loading rifles and handing them to him. Major Wilson and his men fought desperately to the very last. The Induna said, that as the supreme moment came, the Englishmen, who were still able to rise, stood shoulder to shoulder, took off their hats, and joined in a song, the kind of song that he (the Induna) had heard missionaries sing to the natives. The Matabele then rushed up, and whilst the men were singing what we suppose to have been 'God Save the Queen,' they were overwhelmed by the natives and assegaied. The Induna estimated that the Matabele lost eight to every one of the 34 white men killed, and said that Lobengula's warriors lay round the dead white men like grass."—*Cf. The Times, March 13th, 1893.*

BRAVE BERESFORD

PAGE 17

THE incident here described took place on 2nd June 1879, during the Zulu war, when Sir Redvers Buller, with Lord Beresford acting as his staff officer, undertook a reconnaissance in force across the Umvaloosi River towards the Kraal of King Cetewayo at Ulundi. The gallant deed, which attracted much notice at the time, won for Lord William Beresford the Victoria Cross. It is very fully described by the war-correspondent, Archibald Forbes, in a paper entitled, "The Bravest Deed I ever saw," in the first number of *Pearson's Magazine for Jan. 1896.*

HEROES OF CHITRAL

PAGE 20

“THE Queen has been graciously pleased to signify her intention to confer the decoration of the Victoria Cross upon the under-mentioned Officer, whose claim has been submitted for her Majesty’s approval, for his conspicuous bravery during the sortie from Chitral Fort, on the 3rd March last, as recorded against his name :—

Department.—Indian Medical Service.

Name.—Surgeon Captain Harry Frederick Whitchurch.

Act of Courage for which recommended.—During the sortie from Chitral Fort of the 3rd March last, at the commencement of the siege, Surgeon Captain Whitchurch went to the assistance of Captain Baird, 24th Bengal Infantry, who was mortally wounded, and brought him back to the fort under a heavy fire from the enemy. Captain Baird was on the right of the fighting line, and had only a small party of Gurkhas and men of the 4th Kashmir Rifles. He was wounded on the heights at a distance of a mile and a half from the fort. When Surgeon Captain Whitchurch proceeded to his rescue, the enemy, in great strength, had broken through the fighting line ; darkness had set in, and Captain Baird, Surgeon Captain Whitchurch, and the sepoy were completely isolated from assistance. Captain Baird was placed in a dooly by Surgeon Captain Whitchurch, and the party then attempted to return to the fort. The Gurkhas bravely clung to the dooly until three were killed and a fourth was severely wounded. Surgeon Captain Whitchurch then put Captain Baird upon his back and carried him some distance

with heroic courage and resolution. The little party kept diminishing in numbers, being fired at the whole way. On one or two occasions Surgeon Captain Whitchurch was obliged to charge walls, from behind which the enemy kept up an incessant fire. At one place particularly the whole party was in imminent danger of being cut up, having been surrounded by the enemy. Surgeon Captain Whitchurch gallantly rushed the position, and eventually succeeded in getting Captain Baird and the sepoy into the fort. Nearly all the party were wounded, Captain Baird receiving two additional wounds before reaching the fort.”—*Cf. The Standard, July 17, 1895.*

“It is difficult to write temperately about Whitchurch,” said Mr Robertson in reporting this action to the Government, and men who have themselves gained the Victoria Cross have said that never was it more gallantly earned than on this occasion by the Surgeon Major.

BAIRD—IN MEMORIAM

PAGE 23

“ON the arrival of our relief party” write the Captains Younghusband in their “Relief of Chitral,” “One of the first subjects on which they spoke to us was about poor Baird. Few officers have ever attached their comrades more sincerely to them than did this brave officer, and he was one of the best and keenest soldiers in the service. He was noted for his tact and for the amiability of his character, and he studied his profession with the spirit of an enthusiast. His coolness was as remarkable as his zeal, and suffering though he was and knowing that

he must die, he remained cheerful and collected to the last. He said that he would not have wished to die any other death than the soldier's death which he was now to meet ; he had done his duty and led his men as a soldier should do, and he never regretted his fate. He gave a few last messages to those at home and then, with a smile on his face, and thinking of his profession to the very end, wished his comrades success in their plans and bade them good-bye.

“ He died on the morning of March 4th, and was buried in the dead of night outside the main gate of the fort while the enemy were firing all round.”

A CROSTHWAITE HERO

PAGE 25

TROOPER ABBOTT, of Crosthwaite, Keswick, fell with Major Wilson, Captain Borrow, and thirty-five comrades near the Shangani river, Matabeleland, 4th December, 1893, when in pursuit of Lobengula.

THE GREATER LOVE

THE HEROES OF EAST HAM—*July 1, 1895*

PAGE 35

“ YESTERDAY morning a shocking occurrence happened at the East Ham sewage pumping station in which four men lost their lives, and another lies in the West Ham Hospital in a precarious condition ; in fact, little hopes are entertained of his recovery. It appears that between six and seven o'clock

a man named Arthur Rutter went down a well for the purpose of cleaning the screen in front of the sewer pipes leading to the pumping station. It was noticed that Rutter suddenly disappeared in the water, which was five feet deep at the time. Digby at once descended the well to rescue his companion, when he also disappeared. Mr F. Mills, the chief engineer in charge of the works, was informed of what had occurred, and immediately descended the ladder, and, hearing groans, asked what was the matter. These were the last words he is supposed to have uttered, as he almost immediately disappeared. Durrant was the next to go to the rescue, and he met with a similar fate, and was followed by a man named Jones. The latter, however, feeling the effects of the gas, nearly met with a similar fate as the other men. The test of placing a bucket of fire down the shaft was then resorted to, and it was found that this would burn. A man named Herbert Worman volunteered to go down, and succeeded in bringing the body of Jones to the top, and he was taken on the police ambulance to West Ham Hospital. With great determination Worman descended no less than four times, and was driven back by the foul gases. At last, however, after a lapse of three hours he brought the first body to the surface, and afterwards brought two more to the top. A man named George Wheal brought the fourth man out. All four were dead. Mr Mills was very popular amongst his men."—*The Daily Chronicle, July 2nd, 1895.*

A PEARL FOR OUR SEA-KING'S CROWN

PAGE 37

THE news of this heroic deed comes from Victoria in British Columbia. A storm raged so furiously on Wednesday, 24th January 1894, in the harbour there, where Her Majesty's Ship "Garnet" was lying, that a sailor was blown clean overboard. It is easy to understand from this fact the force of the wind, and what the waves would have been like. On the disappearance of the sailor, orders to lower the cutter were immediately given. It was seen, however, that the man was drowning, and his death would have been certain, had not Midshipman Addison, the very youngest officer of the ship, jumped overboard, and supported the man until help arrived. Captain Hughes-Hallett of the "Garnet" reports that the action was one of uncommon bravery, as a full gale was blowing, and he will recommend the young officer for the Royal Humane Society's medal.

THE FALLING STAR, or
BRAVE JOHN WAYE, THE OVERMAN

PAGE 40

A SHAFT accident which happened at the Naval Colliery, Penycraig, on Thursday night, December 14, 1893, will long be remembered for the heroism displayed by a collier who lost his life in the attempt to save his comrades. Six men had descended in the cage to put in position a rope which had just been lowered after having been brought to bank and

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spliced. As they were going down, the rope, which was hanging in the shaft, struck against the side of the cage and slightly tilted it over. Almost immediately the ascending cage struck it, and three men were jerked out, and falling to the pit's bottom, were instantly killed. There still remained in the now blocked cage the overman (John Waye), the rope inspector (Thomas Isaacs), and a lad named Ivor Foster, aged 16. Seeing their perilous position, Waye said he would go down by the guide rope, get through the pit to the upcast shaft, and so obtain help. Isaacs and his mate could see Waye descend safely for about 150 yards. Then he called out to some hauliers on the four-foot landing, "How far am I from the bottom?" They replied, "Not far." Thereupon he was heard to mumble something, and then to cry out, "O dear, I am done for now." The friction had probably become too great for him to hold on longer. He let go, and was hurled like a flash past the hauliers in the landing, dashed against the pit's bottom, and instantly killed.—*Daily Paper.*

A BALLAD OF PORT BLAIR

PAGE 44

ON November 1st, 1891, a cyclone swept over Port Blair, the Indian Penal settlement in the Andaman islands.

The "Enterprise," which was lying at her moorings, was caught by the tornado, and at 2 o'clock in the morning of the 2nd broke adrift, and was dashed upon the South Point Reef, where she soon went to pieces.

There were eighty-three souls on board ; out of this total only

six Lascar seamen were saved. And these were rescued by an admirable act of courage.

Close to the spot where the steamer was driven upon the rocks is a small settlement of female convicts. As the cyclone threatened to destroy the buildings, these women were allowed to go down to the shore.

When the "Enterprise" broke up and the crew were seen struggling in the waves, these brave women formed themselves into a line holding one another by the hand, and so while the one end of this living chain remained on shore, the other reached out far into the surf, ready to seize and help the exhausted survivors.

It is solely to the gallant conduct of these female prisoners that the six survivors owe their lives.

M'DERMOTT'S DEED

PAGE 48

ON the evening of September 9th, 1892, the sailing cutter of H.M. "Swallow," while cruising off the south end of the Zanzibar Islands, anchored off Uzi Island, when half the men landed, leaving the chief boatswain M'Dermott, John Sadler, H. Payne, Charles Lawford, and W. Rundle, A.B. seamen, in the boat. Lawford and Payne jumped overboard and were bathing, when a large shark was seen making towards Lawford. The shark was only four or five feet off when, without any hesitation, and without waiting to divest himself of any of his clothes, M'Dermott plunged into the sea "right on top of the shark,"

and with the splash he made frightened it away for a short time, while the men were quickly drawn into the boat. This extraordinary act of heroism, the particulars of which have just been forwarded to the Royal Humane Society by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, has been investigated by the committee of the former body, which has unanimously conferred its silver medal upon Thomas M'Dermott.

THE HARVEST OF COURAGE

PAGE 53

THE following is an extract from a letter which appeared in the *Daily Chronicle of 30th Aug.* 1895 from the Sec. of the Hunstanton Branch of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

“Sir,—May I call the attention of your readers to the disaster which befell the “Princess,” one of our pleasure-boats, through a whirlwind squall off Skegness at the beginning of this week, an account of which they will have seen in your columns ?

“In this accident five lives were lost, and it was only through the splendid heroism of the skipper, A. Riches, that the remainder, numbering eleven, were saved.

“Immediately upon the boat foundering, when all were thrown into the water, he, with rare presence of mind, helped a boy into the small boat attached to the yawl, and gave him his open knife to cut the line connecting it, and swimming in a rough sea he saved in all by his own individual exertions nine of the party, of whom not one was able to swim. He had at one time no less than five persons clinging to him at once, all of whom he ultimately rescued.”

"WELL DONE 'CALLIOPE'!"

PAGE 57

I AM indebted to one of the ship's company for the narrative upon which this ballad is based.

A BRAVE BISHOP

PAGE 66

"ONE incident of heroism is worth recording ; as the daylight was breaking we heard, about one hundred yards off, yells of pain, and on looking in the direction saw a wounded nigger standing up, crying 'Miaw' ('Mother,' an exclamation always used by Zulus in time of distress). Immediately every rifle ceased firing, and cries of 'Run in' were raised. He seemed undetermined for a long while, till the Bishop of Mashonaland, Dr Knight-Bruce, went out to him, and helped him in to camp, amid constant shot from the enemy. A cheer went up, and business was resumed."—Extract from J. Bolder's account of the battle of Shangani River.—*The Standard*, 4th Jan. 1894.

THE LOSS OF THE "SERPENT"

PAGE 70

H.M.S. "Serpent," Commander H. L. Ross, sailed on *Saturday, Nov. 8th*, 1890, from Plymouth for the West African Station, and after encountering heavy gales was cast upon a reef called the Punta Buey, near Camarinas, on the N.E. coast of Spain, and her crew numbering nearly two hundred hands, with three exceptions, perished.

It is believed that in consequence of the heavy weather lights and bearings were unobtainable ; that owing to some atmospheric disturbance, or to the presence of large quantities of iron ore in the geological formation of the coast, the ship's compass had been temporarily put out of gear, and that the set of the Atlantic current, accelerated by the westerly gale, drove the ship out of her course ; while the officer of the watch, failing to make the light of Cape Finisterre, got into Camarinas Bay, wherefrom, as he missed the light on Cape Villano, escape was impossible.

One of the survivors stated that they struck at 10 p.m., when it was black as pitch ; everybody kept cool, notwithstanding that the sea broke furiously over the deck and continually washed men away.

An hour after the ship struck, the Commander, seeing that all was lost, gave the men leave to save themselves as best they could, but only one man sprang into the water.

Another survivor said, " as soon as we struck there was a rush on deck, but order was immediately obtained. Captain Ross was most cool and collected. He at once gave the order ' Close all water-tight doors and clear away the boats,' and the orders were instantly obeyed.

" The whaler from the port quarter with nine or ten men in her was lowered away, but she had barely touched the water before she was dashed against the ship's side and crushed to pieces.

" There was never any panic. I wish this to be known in fairness to those that are gone."

MURPHY, THE FIREMAN

PAGE 74

AFTER the great fire that destroyed Messrs Mawson & Swan's chemical warehouses at Newcastle-on-Tyne, a fireman, named Murphy, died from the effects of the fumes.

Formerly a man-of-warsman, Murphy had been instrumental from first to last in saving thirty lives as member of the various fire brigades he had joined. One of the most heroic rescues he effected is the subject of the accompanying ballad.

A fire had broken out in London in a tenanted house of four or five stories, and working its way upward had entirely gutted the lower floors, when suddenly the face of a woman appeared at a top window. All attempts at rescue seemed out of the question. Between the top of the side wall of the house where the fire had originated, and the adjoining building which had also now caught fire, there was an iron girder or stay many yards in length, and about a foot wide. The girder was almost red hot, but suddenly a fireman appeared upon it, and amid the absolute silence of the crowd beneath, he slowly and steadily stepped across upon it and disappeared into the burning building. He soon reappeared, carrying a woman in his arms, and again deliberately crossed by the girder, and was quickly in the street with his burden safe and sound. His face was scorched, and his boots had been burned off his feet by the hot girder. This was Murphy, the Fire Brigade-man.

A CUMBERLAND MINER'S STORY

PAGE 78

WILLIAM WALKER, his son, and two other men, were working in Postlethwaite's Eskett mines on the Cumberland seaboard.

A sudden rush of red hematite iron ore took place, crushed and buried Walker's son, and overwhelmed his companions. William Walker felt that his boy was beyond human help, but heard faint cries from the others, and knew that not a moment was to be lost.

He set to work in the terrible darkness with desperate will to dig them out; in so doing, his spade actually came in contact with his own son's dead body, but he kept his presence of mind, stuck to his purpose, and though his heart was nigh to breaking, toiled on till he had effected the rescue of his comrades.—1891.

A HERO OF WALHALLA

PAGE 83

MY informant, in a diary written on the spot, at Walhalla, Stringer's Creek, Gippsland, Victoria, says:—

“Two or three years ago the whole town, or nearly the whole, was burned down. The fire started on a Saturday afternoon in the Hotel. Almost all the folk were on the hills above the town, for it was hot weather. They made for their homes, and began getting their goods out; but someone raised a cry, ‘The dynamite.’

“Everything was abandoned at once. The dynamite was

stored in great quantity—enough to blow the whole town to pieces—in a cave under the hill (the hill was lovely, covered with grass-trees), beside the Long Tunnel Gold Mine Yard to the left hand of Stringer's Creek. In front of the dynamite was the gunpowder, and in front of that, just outside the cave, a quantity of dry wood.

“Had an explosion taken place the quartz battery and most of the workings must have been destroyed, and Walhalla would have ceased to exist.

“One lad, young Rawson—I believe his Christian name was George—about seventeen years old, thought of that, and made straight for the cave, taking with him an armful of old sacks which he dipped in the Creek as he went. The wood was just kindling as he reached it, and he stood there beating the flames out until the risk was over.”

“My informant adds:—“Australians often have to fight fire, but not with the added danger which young Rawson faced. His mother told me the story, which was confirmed by others, whom I questioned. He met with no special recognition of his courage; was given a good ‘billet’ in the mines, that was all.”

A MODERN VIKING

PAGE 91

“THE Queen has been pleased to confer the decoration of the Albert Medal of the second class on Mr Hereward Hewison, of Newcastle, New South Wales. The following is an account of the services in respect of which the decoration has been

conferred. While a number of men were bathing on the sea beach at Newcastle, New South Wales, on the morning of November 28th, 1894, the cry of "shark" was suddenly raised. Everyone at once made for the shore, with the exception of Mr Horace Hewison, who cried out that the shark had seized him, and immediately afterwards disappeared under the water. Mr Hewison, realising the danger of his elder brother, promptly turned, and, swimming to the spot, found that the shark had seized his brother's right arm. He at once grasped his brother round the body, and the two fought the shark as well as they were able, until the complete severance of the arm just above the elbow joint released Mr Horace Hewison, and afforded them an opportunity to escape to the shore, which they succeeded in reaching without further accident. Mr Hereward Hewison assisted his brother by keeping behind him and pushing him forward."—*Cf. The Standard, July 18, 1895.*

Hereward Hewison thus writes to me :—

"The accident occurred on the 28th November 1894; we were in the habit of going for a swim every morning, and on this particular morning the sea was so very calm that we did not think it safe to venture out as far as usual, fearing that sharks might be prompted to come in by the smoothness of the sea, and consequently stopped within fifteen yards of the shore.

There were about fifty people in bathing at the time and about one hundred on shore.

"We were all swimming about when the cry "shark" was raised by my brother. A general rush for the shore ensued, no

one imagining that the shark had seized him, but when on looking round as I swam I was horrified to see the shark with its head right out of water clutching my brother's arm. I turned and swam back to him, but just as I got close to them, it dragged him under water, he all the time struggling and trying to hit it with his left hand; I dived and caught him under the left arm and pulled, and just then the other arm was completely severed above the elbow, we then swam in to shore, I supporting him by the left arm, neither of us thinking that his right arm was off, for, as he said afterwards, he thought the shark was still hanging on to his arm, but when we reached the shore the sight was awful, the muscles were hanging in shreds from the stump of his arm and the bone scraped bare; the doctors had to amputate the arm close up to the shoulder, but in thirteen days my brother (thanks to a good constitution) was able to go back to his office."

THE MATE OF THE "NORHAM CASTLE"

PAGE 94

THE incident on which this ballad is founded was related to me by a passenger, who was on board the "Norham Castle" during the same voyage on which the rescue had been effected off the Natal Coast.

Early in the morning, February 6th, 1895, the wreck of the "Fascadale" was sighted off the Impengali River, on a reef surrounded by a terrible surf, and Captain Duncan of the "Norham Castle" stood in towards her and called for volunteers to man the lifeboat, and try to effect a rescue. Mr Whitehead,

chief officer, volunteered his services. It was found impossible to venture near, and swimming seemed out of the question. But, signalling to those on the wreck to do likewise, Mr Whitehead waited for the rebound of a wave, and with a life-buoy and cord attached, or as another account says, with a log-line round his body, he leapt from the boat into the water, and was carried towards the wreck. A boy on board the "Fascadale," Ferris by name, with a line and a lifebuoy leapt at the same time into the surge, and meeting Mr Whitehead on the top of a wave they tied the lines together and effected a communication by means of which 18 lives were saved.

All this time the "Norham Castle" stood off, broadside on, to break the seas and give what shelter she could to the boat's crew. The men had barely left the wreck when a heavy sea broke it in two, and the "Fascadale" disappeared.

The heroism of Whitehead, who had again leapt into the surf to save the life of the captain of the "Fascadale," was accentuated by the fact, which was learned afterwards by my friend, that just before he sailed from home he had become engaged to be married.

TRIED IN THE FIRE

PAGE 99

EARLY in the morning of Monday, 16th September 1895, when the passenger steam-ship "Iona," Captain G. Thomson, was on her voyage from Leith to London and was just off Clackton on Sea, a fire broke out on board, it is believed in the lamp room, which swiftly communicated itself to the ladies' cabin.

Edith Mary Ledingham, a native of Gateshead, who had been a lover of the sea from her girlhood, had joined the ship as stewardess in June, and was making one of her first few voyages to London. She had won all hearts, we are told, by her kindness and capability.

She was awaked from sleep, and after rousing the ladies in her cabin and warning them to escape at once to a place of safety she was seen to run up on deck. Then remembering that a little child—Lily Mowall Stewart, who had been put in her charge—was still in the cabin, she was heard to say, “Oh ! how terrible !” and without a moment’s hesitation she rushed back into the very jaws of a fiery doom to rescue the child.

When the fire was got under and the cabin was sufficiently cooled to allow of exploration, the sailors found seven bodies on the floor, reduced to ashes. One of them, though charred beyond recognition at first sight, was the body of the brave stewardess, still holding the little child by the hand.

Her mother writes me as follows :—

“She and her brothers, who are both of them stewards, have always had a great liking for the sea, since I brought them up to London from Newcastle by steamer nine years ago.

“My daughter’s character was of the noblest. Always ready to run in a case of emergency. Twice to my knowledge she ran for a doctor in the middle of the night, half clad. And when her father was dying, it was she I telegraphed for to come and help me. I may well say I have lost my right-hand supporter in the home. She had been a great reader, and was very much touched by the history of Grace Darling, her prize from school.”

THE WRECK OF THE "OCEAN QUEEN"

PAGE 103

DURING the great gale of November 7th, 1890, the "Ocean-Queen," a schooner bound from Padstow to Runcorn, with a crew of four, struck on a rock one hundred and fifty yards from the shore opposite Llandulas Quarry. Their boat was stove in by the sea, and the Llandulas life-boat had been so damaged by recent service as to be unfit for use. But a small cobble was launched from the beach by the quarrymen, and after being beaten back six times succeeded at the seventh in making its way alongside and bringing the crew safe to land. The names of these gallant fellows were John Jones, John Roberts, and William Williams, quarrymen, and William Williams, shop-keeper.

DODD, THE HERO OF AUDLEY MINE

PAGE 110

FROM William Dodd, the under-manager at the Diglake Mine, come these particulars of the disaster: Shortly before noon, on Monday, January 21st, a boy ran into the office, saying, "There is water rushing down the 10ft. dip." Dodd hurried out and saw 3ft. to 4ft. of water rushing right through the pit bottom, and making along the roadway. He shouted at the top of his voice, "Make off for Boyle's Hall." By this time the large volume of water was joined by another torrent from a different direction. With considerable difficulty Dodd fought his way through it to the Staple Pit, about 100 yards off. Descending,

he found three men. He told the two oldest to make their way to Boyle's Hall, and the third to go with him. Further down were four lads who were beyond a pool of water which was only nine or twelve inches from the roof. He shouted to them to plunge into the stream and he would catch them as they came by. They followed his instructions, and were landed in safety. Dodd then shouted to some others, but got no answer, the walls at that moment collapsing and filling the place from top to bottom. After this he made an effort to go down the dip with the full current, and dropped through a trap-door, and here he met the fireman, Thomas Longshaw, and got him to come along with him. In the main dip he was washed along by the current like a straw, and had it not been for a post that he was knocked against he must have been drowned. The stream he found too deep for any living man to get down, and he gave up the attempt. With Longshaw he then made his way to the Staple Pit Shaft, but found the water pouring down in a roaring torrent. Longshaw tried to go up, but failed. The water subsided a little, and they went to look at the main dip but found it no shallower. With the water pouring down on them, the two men then made their way desperately up the ladders at the Staple Pit. At the top Dodd felt someone lay hold of him, and overcome with exhaustion, sunk into unconsciousness. When he came round, kind friends offered to escort him home, but he was determined to help the men in the "boundary side," and called for volunteers to go with him. Three men offered themselves, and sixteen men were found in the boundary, and six lower down. These were all saved. Dodd and the three men then went to the over-

cast, where they found the water had subsided a little. One man stayed here to help the men through the stream, while Dodd and another made their way further upwards into the workings, and knocked at the brick stoppings, and men rushed down in answer to the alarm. Dodd shouted, "Where are you lads?" and they answered, "We are here William, and we are glad to see you." He told them to follow his light, and they made their way up the stream, keeping themselves up by the bell-wire. After these were in safety two of the volunteers came and said they had found six more men and wanted assistance. Three men went with them, and the six, greatly exhausted, were rescued. All were now out of the top workings. Dodd and another then made their way towards No. 2 pit, and found water up to the armpits. Dodd asked his companion if he could face it, and he said, "Yes, I can swim." He swam away, while the under-manager followed for a distance of sixty or seventy yards. Four lads were found perched on the top of an engine, and these were handed from one to the other along the roadway, as the water was too deep for them to walk in. These were the last to be saved. There were twelve in the 8ft. seam, but probably they could not face the torrent, as they were warned. One man, Beech, Dodd thinks, lost his life in trying to save others. William Dodd has since been summoned to Windsor Castle, and has received, from the hand of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, the gold Albert Medal for conspicuous gallantry.

THE BROTHERS

PAGE 114

THE account of this heroic rescue with its dramatic ending appeared in the daily press in the autumn of 1894.

Readers will remember that it was from the swamps of Schleswig-Holstein that our English forefathers hailed. It would appear that courage has never left its native ground.

THE HEROES OF THE RHONDDA VALE

PAGE 119

IN the terrible disaster at the Great Western Pit at Pontypridd, in the Rhondda Vale, at the first alarm of danger a group of four or five men hurried from their working-place to the bottom of the shaft, a mile distant. They found, to their dismay, that it was only possible to squeeze one more into the cage. Amongst the breathless colliers was one young man—the rest were old ones. The old men decided that the young collier should have the preference, and away the cage swept up the shaft, to hurry down again to the brave fellows who were waiting its return. The interval, although short, had however, been too long for those below, and they were found to have been suffocated.

THE DRUMMER BOY OF THE MALAKAND PASS

PAGE 124

THE Battle of the Malakand Pass was fought on April 3rd, 1895. The first obstacle which lay in the path of the Southern Column of the Chitral Relief force was an exceptionally strong

position ; and was not carried till after five hours hard fighting. The enemy fought desperately and lost 500 men, while nearly 1000 were wounded. The British lost 70 killed and wounded.

“Of the enemy’s bravery,” write the Captains Younghusband in their ‘Relief of Chitral,’ Chap. iv., p. 69, “it is impossible to speak too highly, and individual courage was conspicuous. One leader, carrying a large red and white banner, called on his men to charge the Scottish Borderers when they were half-way up the hill. The charge was made, but all his followers gradually fell till the leader alone was left. Nothing daunted, he held steadily on, now and again falling, heavily hit, but up and on again without a moment’s delay, till at last he was shot dead, close to the line. More desperate courage than this is difficult to imagine.

“Again, one of the enemy’s drummers, not content with taking his fair share of risks, persisted in mounting on to the roof of a hut, where he showed up clear and conspicuous against the sky line, and thence cheered on his comrades. Every now and again a bullet would find him out, and he would drop to dress his wounds, and then, again mounting, recommence beating his drum. At last a bullet got him through the heart, and he fell headlong a hundred yards down the cliff, and there lay stark dead, but with his drum round his neck, and his arms ready raised to strike it.”

HARLEY'S EIGHT

PAGE 127

THE account of the daring sortie by which, on the eve of their being relieved by Colonel Kelly, the gallant defenders of the Chitral Fort blew up the enemy's mine, which would otherwise have been their ruin, will be found in "The Relief of Chitral," by the Captains Younghusband, Chap. vi. p. 126.

FLETCHER'S FIGHT

PAGE 131

A FULL account of the gallant way in which Mr William Fletcher, uncommissioned officer of Royal Engineers, on February 7th, 1895, with a mere handful of men, held a half-finished stockade at Malemya's Town against the chief Kawinga and 1500 warriors, and after fighting for four hours, finding that his ammunition was failing, charged and put them to flight,—was given in the *British Central Africa Gazette*, 11th March 1895.

Mr Alfred Sharpe, British Consul for the territories under British influence to the North of the Zambesi, who came to the relief of the garrison after the attack, corroborated the account, and gave me further details of one of the most daring sorties in the face of overwhelming numbers that was probably ever made.

The name Fletcher may imply that the hero's ancestors were arrow-makers.

A LINCOLNSHIRE HERO

PAGE 135

THE following incident occurred at the Gainsborough Station on 26th December 1895;—a striker named Thomas Whitehouse, twenty years of age, saving the life of one of Messrs Smith & Son's newsboys at the risk of his own. The lad, named Furniss, about fifteen years of age, was crossing the metals when his foot became wedged in the points on the up line. The train was in sight, and the lad shrieked for help, and was told by some of the people to lie down. Whitehouse threw down some parcels he was carrying and jumped on to the metals, but could not dislodge the lad's foot. Furniss threw his arms round him, and shrieked again for help. Whitehouse then put his head between the lad's legs, and bodily lifted him out of his precarious position, and they both fell into the six-foot just as the train rushed in.

Thomas Whitehouse sends me the following account :—

“On Boxing Day I was going to Rotherham, to see some friends, and whilst I was standing on the platform of the M. S. & L. Railway Station, the bell rang for the ten minutes to eight train, and when it was about 90 or 100 yards from the station, the news-boy, William Furniss, came running across the metals and stepped on to the points to get on to the platform and his foot slipped in between. The poor lad looked around and saw the train coming towards him and on the same metals and cried for help. I saw the danger, dropped my parcels and jumped down to try and get him out, but his foot was too fast the first try ; he then cried bitterly for help ;

I put my head between his legs and lifted all I could, and his boot-sole gave way, and we both fell into the six-foot. I then got up, lifted him up, and carried him to the other side of the platform."

JACOB'S WELL

AN INCIDENT IN THE BATTLE OF DOORNKOP, TRANSVAAL

PAGE 138

IN a lull in the fighting at Doornkop, a young Boer, named Jacobz, took pity on one of Jameson's wounded troopers, and carried him some water. Whilst performing this act of mercy he was shot down and killed by another wounded trooper, who had probably mistaken his intentions.—*The Daily Telegraph*, January 13th, "Incidents on the Battlefield," by Central News Agency, Capetown, January 9th, 1896.

HOSAN, THE FAITHFUL

PAGE 140

AFTER the battle of Om Worogat in which Slatin Bey's forces were decimated, whilst he was attending the wounded Isa, it occurred to him that he had not seen his other boy, Morgan Hosan, who was leading one of his horses. "He was," says Slatin Bey, "a fine, intelligent young fellow, scarcely sixteen years old, honest, quiet, and brave. 'Isa,' said I, to the boy carrying the satchel, 'where is Morgan, who was leading my horse Mubarak; he is an active fellow, and perhaps mounted the horse, and has managed to escape?' Sad and broken-

hearted, poor Isa shook his head, and, his eyes filling with tears, he handed me a bit of my horse's bridle. 'What is this?' I asked. 'Master,' said he, 'I did not want to make you more sorry than you are. I found him not far from here, lying on the ground, with a spear-wound in his chest. When he saw me he smiled, and whispered, "I knew you would come and look for me. Say good-bye to my master, and tell him I was not a coward. I did not let go his horse, and it was only when I fell down stabbed in the chest that they cut the bridle to which I clung, and took him; show my master the bit of the bridle that is still in my hand, and tell him that Morgan was faithful. Take the knife out of my pocket,—it belongs to my master; give it to him, and say many salaams to him from me."' Isa, his voice choked with sobbing, handed me the knife, and I, too, now quite broke down. Poor Morgan, so young and so true! Poor master, to have lost so faithful a servant and so true a friend! 'Tell me, Isa, what was the end?' I said. 'He was thirsty,' he replied, 'and I took his head in my hands, and in a few seconds he was dead. I then got up and left him; I had other things to do, and there was no time to cry.'

Extract from "Fire and Sword in the Soudan, 1879-1895,"
by Rudolf Slatin Pacha, C.B.

BRAVE PLATE-LAYING

PAGE 143

IN an old Paisley churchyard that slopes down to the railway were laid to rest in the same grave, during the

summer of 1874, the remains of two plate-layers, uncle and nephew, Jamieson by name.

They were working with other navvies on the railway between Glasgow and Paisley, and stood back at the approach of an express train, which, after passing them, would have to cross a lofty viaduct. The engine was in sight, when it was seen that a "sleeper" had started, and unless replaced, would wreck the train. Jamieson made a sign to his nephew; the two rushed forward; they fixed the sleeper, saved the train, and were left dead in the six-foot.

An account, by Miss F. Martin, of this heroic deed, appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* at the time, and Walter Crane has made it the subject of one of his cartoons in the Red Cross Hall.—*Cf. The English Illustrated Magazine, June 1893.*

E. A. HATTON

PAGE 145

THE Stanhope Gold Medal, the chief prize of the Royal Humane Society for the year 1895, was awarded to seaman E. A. Hatton of the "Dunbar Castle."

When nearly dark, and with a high sea running, he jumped overboard and rescued the carpenter who had been swept from the deck.

The steamer was running ten knots an hour, and the sea was full of sharks.—*Cf. The Spectator, April 11th, 1896.*

THE "AIDAR'S" MASTER

PAGE 146

"THE Queen has been pleased to confer the decoration of the Albert Medal of the first class on Mr William John Nutman, late master of the steamship 'Aidar,' of Liverpool. The following is an account of the services in respect of which the decoration has been conferred:—At two A.M. on the 19th January 1896, while the steamship 'Staffordshire,' of Liverpool, was on a voyage from Marseilles to Port Said, signals of distress were observed to be proceeding from the steamship 'Aidar,' also of Liverpool, and the 'Staffordshire' immediately proceeded to her assistance. As the 'Aidar' was found to be sinking fast, three of the 'Staffordshire's' life-boats were at once launched, and with great difficulty, owing to the darkness and the heavy sea, succeeded in rescuing her passengers and crew, twenty-nine in number. At 6.10 A.M. the only persons left on the 'Aidar' were Mr Nutman (the master), and an injured and helpless fireman, whom he was endeavouring to save, and whom he absolutely refused to abandon. The steamer was now rapidly settling down, and as it was no longer safe to remain near her, the officer in charge of the rescuing boat asked Mr Nutman for a final answer. He still persisted in remaining with the injured man, choosing rather to face almost certain death than to leave him to his fate. The men in the boat were obliged to pull away, and immediately afterwards, at 6.17 A.M., the 'Aidar' gave one or two lurches, and foundered. After she disappeared, Mr Nutman was seen on the bottom of an upturned

boat, still holding the fireman. Half-an-hour elapsed before the rescuing boat could approach, but eventually Mr Nutman and the fireman were picked up and taken on board the 'Staffordshire,' where the injured man was with difficulty restored by the ship's surgeon."—*Cf. The Standard, April 9th, 1896.*

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