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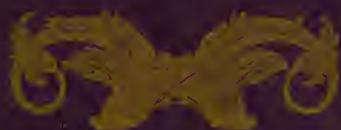
# *Jupiter Tonans*

1830

JOHN ARMSTRONG CHALONER

ATTORNEY AT LAW

**"SCORPIO"**  
**"Pieces of Eight"**  
**Etc.**



PALMETTO PRESS.

WYANDOTE BARRIS, NORTH CAROLINA.

1916



*Resp. Ex. A-4*

# JUPITER TONANS

A SEQUENCE OF SEVEN SONNETS

BY

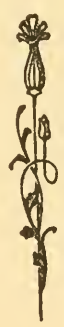
JOHN ARMSTRONG CHALONER

AUTHOR OF

U. S. BOARD OF TAX APPEALS	
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RESPONDENT'S	

“Scorpio,” “Pieces of Eight,” Etc.

“More in sorrow than in anger.”—Hamlet.  
“I must be cruel only to be kind.”—Hamlet.



PALMETTO PRESS:  
ROANOKE RAPIDS, NORTH CAROLINA  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN

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1916

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1917



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no. 1.

## PROLOGUE.

The Muse doth now assume a frowning brow  
And on Her Albion doth darkly frown  
For chastisement most stern's the order now  
The fierce fires of Her wrath have been called down.  
As our ancestor's home she loveth her—  
She loveth Britain with a perfect love—  
But Her wrath burns when Britons boldly err  
When Her—t' ope vials of Her wrath—they move.  
And when she frowns the sky around is black  
Black as a cloud with light'ning in her womb  
Which when it strikes is second to the crack  
And second *only* to the *crack o' Doom*.  
Prepare bold Britons for a dreadful time  
When ye do turn the page and read our rhyme.

JOHN ARMSTRONG CHALONER,

“The Merry Mills,”  
Cobham, Albemarle County,  
Virginia.

June 7, 1916.



## A SEQUENCE OF SEVEN SONNETS

ENTITLED

# “JUPITER TONANS”

---

### I.

Perfidious Ponsonby! Thy Judas words †  
Have brought the judgment of the Skagerrack!  
In that ensanguined day the Lord accords  
The proof that He would lash Great Britain's back.  
We'd hoped the term: "Perfidious Albion"  
Was now gone out of date for e'er and aye  
Sunk in the waters of Oblivion  
To lie forgotten till the Judgment Day.  
But you—vile Judas—have revamped that term  
Shown Britain treacherous as e'er of yore  
Shown treachery with her's a *deathless* germ  
An ever running and an open sore.  
The blood of Jutland's fight on Jutland's surge  
Proves Albion Jehovah sore would scourge.

J. A. C.  
June 5, 1916.





## II.

If Britain had resented perfidy  
As Russia, France or Belgium would have done  
The "House" would have howled down vile Ponsonby  
Contempt had burst from every Mother's son!  
Instead of which phlegmatic as gross kine  
Ye sat as mute as Bashan's full-fed bulls  
Showing yourselves akin to German swine—  
*Enough!* For shame the writer th' curtain pulls.  
Repent in ashes and in sackcloth dire  
Beware the vengeance of Almighty God!  
Beware lest ye arouse the deadly ire  
That *shrivelled* Sodom 'neath the fiery rod!  
Ye muddy mettaled rascals *have a care!*  
The sword of Damocles hangs by a hair.

J. A. C.  
June 5, 1916.



## III.

British conceit is stuff too thick for words  
It is opaque and dense as London's fogs  
*One* parallel *alone* the world affords  
The grossly "swelled head" of vile German hogs!  
A byword in the world ye two do stand  
For crude conceit and self-sufficiency  
For self-complacency celestial bland  
For self-assurance *ludicrous* to see.  
But we have hopes this war'll reduce thine "head"—  
Its only blunders have been made by you—  
On thy lack of gen'ralship bright light's been shed—  
And on thy slogan: "Britain *muddles* through!"  
The Lord lets that because of Shakspeare's tongue  
But sees to it thy withers are well wrung!

J. A. C.  
June 5, 1916.



## IV.

"There must be no revenge against Germany after the war."—David Lloyd-George.

Now with Lloyd-George have we a word to say.

Thou canny Welsh attorney lend thine ear.

Apply the "muffler" to thine ass-like bray

That o'er the ocean's wastes comes ringing clear.

We credit thee as Britain's leading man

The brains of Britain lie 'neath thy shag hair

But have a care or thou wilt botch thy plan

Lest that thou "gum the game" take canny care!

*The flames of vengeance must be kept alive*

*After the war against d—d Germany*

*Or else that bloody harlot will contrive*

*To Britain beat i'th'race for trade—pardie!*

Th'allies must boycott Germany-the-d—d

Or th'allies marts with her counterfeits be crammed.

J. A. C.  
June 5, 1916.



## V.

Trade for Great Britain is the breath of life  
Material salvation that way lies  
And trade is—next to war—a deadly strife  
Who denies this or fools, *is* fooled or lies.  
The hope of Britain's in aggressive trade—  
There's in aggressive warfare safety lies—  
To talk of ought else is a fool's tirade  
To fill the air with a d—n fool, his cries.  
The flame of vengeance is a *sacred* fire!  
A vestal flame that from the altar shines  
As pledge of Britain's deathless and high ire  
At German rapes—at *all* the German crimes.  
*Beware* Lloyd-George! Beware the Pit of Hell!  
That *yawns* for thee *such* buncombe for to tell.

J. A. C.  
June 5, 1916.





## VI.

Ye cannot treat her as a noble foe—  
As France or Russia in the days of yore—  
For *all the world* foul Germany doth know  
To be a lustful, savage, cruel wh-re.  
Hatred of Vice should make all *hate* that hag!  
That Hell-hag treacherous as murderous—  
Who robs and cuts throats and then “leaves the bag  
To be held” by the least adventurous!  
Two masters in this world no man may serve—  
Christ said that and Christ knew what He did say—  
If to frown down rape and murder ye’ve the nerve  
*Hatred of Germany must burn for aye!*  
Germania entire supporteth what was done.  
When maidens by the score were raped in Belgium!

J. A. C.  
June 7, 1916.



## VII.

"And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life."—St. Matthew xix:29.

This shows that relatives should be "turned down"  
When they offend against the Word of God.  
That on the Germans Britons e'er should frown  
Cut dead and pass them by without a nod.  
"Pray for your enemies" means their reform—  
A change of heart and change of filthy life—  
*Not* their *success* in crimes that pass the norm  
Not murder, rapine, and barbaric strife.  
"Love your enemies" *but* give them a wide berth—  
"Evil communications"—*all* know the rest—  
Give Germany the width of all the earth  
*Or with a moral syph'lis thou'lt be blest!*  
That Germans *are* thy kin is thy dark shame  
Try to outlive it and be free from blame.

J. A. C.  
June 8, 1916.



## EPILOGUE.

And now farewell forever and a day!  
No more advice to Britain do we give.  
We did mean well in all that we did say  
If we have chafed thy feelings—pray forgive.  
We now retire forever from the world  
And all our time devote unto the Muse  
In Whose sweet service is our incense curled  
Who aids us when our rights our foes abuse.  
These sweet Virginia woodlands are our home  
We love the people and we love the clime  
No more through the broad world shall we bold roam  
But worshipping the Muses pass our time.  
Farewell bold Britons! We be of one blood.  
So help me G—d, I've writ but for thy good!

J. A. C.  
June 8, 1916.



*Richmond Times-Dispatch*, May 25, 1916, Richmond, Virginia. †

**"TIME IS NOT RIPE TO TALK OF PEACE."**

**Sir Edward Grey Plainly Reiterates That Position Of Allies Is In  
No Way Changed.**

**Agree To Act Together.**

**Discusses Propriety Of Employing "American Press As A Platform."**

London, May 24.—Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Secretary, in a speech in the House of Commons to-day, set aside all ideas that peace negotiations were probable at the present stage, and plainly reiterated that the position of the entente allies was in no way changed.

Sir Edward's impromptu address was on the question of peace and the propriety of employing the "American press as a platform," subjects raised by Arthur Ponsonby, Liberal member for Stirling, Scotland, in a strong address attacking the government for allowing diplomatic etiquette to stand in the way of possible peace pourparlers.

Sir Edward declared that it was impossible to consider terms of peace without a previous agreement between the allies. Further he expressed the decided opinion that the hostilities had not yet reached a stage where it was possible to talk peace, especially as the German public was continually being "fed with lies" by their ministers.

Mr. Ponsonby's reference to the use of the American press as a platform was the outgrowth of a recent interview with Sir Edward Grey. Sir Edward, in replying to this attack, while admitting that important disclosures of policy ought first to be made to Parliament argued that a crisis might arise during the war when considerations of etiquette should not be allowed to stand in the way.

He contended that, since German statesmen constantly were giving interviews and statements to the American press, it would be mere pedantry which would hinder British statesmen from countering these statements in the interests of their own country.

*Ponsonby Argues Against Obligations To Allies.*

Mr. Ponsonby argued in favor of countenancing peace possibilities and against prolonging the war, merely for the sake of obligations to Great Britain's allies.

Sir Edward Grey, in replying, said *the allies were bound by common obligations not to put forward any terms of peace except by mutual agreement; and that the entente allies were under obligations not to act separately on peace terms.* He added if any of the allies had a right to speak with regard to peace at the present moment, it was France, on whom the furious attacks of Germany had been concentrated.

*France Has First Right To Speak About Peace.*

Sir Edward Grey further said:

"Through the long battle of Verdun, France is saving, not only herself, but her allies as well. If any one has a right to speak about peace, it is France, and President Poincaré has spoken. I believe it is the duty of diplomacy to maintain the solidarity of the allies and to give the utmost support to the national and military measures which are being taken by the allies in common to bring the war to a stage it has not yet reached, in which the prospect of maintaining an enduring peace will be with the allies.

*Mr. Ponsonby has hardly seemed to realize that we were at war."*



## BOOK REVIEWS

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New York *Tribune*, December 24, 1914.

MOVED TO WRATH BY KAISER, CHALONER BREAKS INTO  
VERSE.

---

His Sonnet in "Pieces of Eight" Liken Germans to Gadarene Swine  
and are Framed in French After Exhausting Vituperation  
in Anglo-Saxon.

In twenty-four sonnets, perpetrated in Virginia, John Armstrong Chaloner—who once asked his brother Robert, the famous question, "Who's looney now?"—bombards the Teutons with rare and awe-inspiring virulence. So great is his ire that a little of it spills over onto William R. Hearst and the pacifists.

"Pieces of Eight" is the name of the book, and Chaloner gets the range on the very first shot. Listen:

The swine o' th' Gadarenes are here once more  
That demon-haunted herd now scour the earth  
Led by Bill William Two, their great wild boar  
Their antics, 'pon my soul, give cause for mirth!  
In massed formation do they charge pell mell!  
Showing less judgment than a herd of swine  
In massed formation are they sent to Hell—  
That's where dead Germans go I dare opine.

The third sonnet begins so violently that the poetic fervor flags after the fourth line, though enough rage remains to make a tolerable ending:

Thy private murdering ruffian officers  
Show to what depths a learned race can sink.  
The calling grand of arms their action slurs,  
'Mongst soldiers make the name of German stink!

Again, in the seventh, the bard fairly bellows his confidence:

One Briton bold two Germans equal be  
One Frenchman's equal to two Sourkraut  
The truth of this full easy is to see  
Fro' th' way the allies put the Teutons out!  
These gross Sausage-Eaters surely have no show—  
Less chance than snowball in fell hottest Hell!

In Sonnet Twenty, Chaloner unlimbers against "all members and supporters of premature societies," whom he apostrophizes thus:

Ye piffing little squirts that drape the earth—  
Limp's macaroni or spaghetti slim—  
Your antics make a man of humor grin \* \* \*

He closes with the quite unanswerable question, "What should I do were there not fools to shoot and lying fakers who the tin horn toot?" To Professor "Monsterburg," whom he terms a "vile Hessian," he pays the compliment of an entire sonnet, wrathful as though aimed at William II himself. The Hearst papers, "who palpably for selfish ends, yell for premature peace in Europe," are thundered at as

Pimps and panders of the daily press,  
Pimping your vicious wares e'en day by day.

So mighty is the poet's indignation, that the rest of it might be called "pieces of hate."

Now and again, after exhausting his stock of English epithets, the singer dips into French, pitching out three or four sonnets on Liege and the Belgians, but in this language he seems less at home, and the bulk of the book is good old Anglo-Saxon vituperation.

---

New York *World*, January 4, 1915.

CHALONER'S WAR SONNETS THERE WITH THE "PUNCH."

---

Famous Author of Query "Who's looney now?" Takes Pen in Hand to Flay and Skin the Kaiser.

---

Lauds "Przemysl," But Doesn't Try to Rhyme It.

---

Takes Fall Out of Prof. "Monsterberg" and "W. R. Hearse" in "Pieces of Eight."

---

John Armstrong Chaloner has presented himself to the public once more as an author. Nothing that he will ever write, probably, will make as great a popular hit as the single line he sent to his brother, "Sheriff Bob" Chanler, of this city, when Lina Cavalieri, the opera singer, after a short period of married life with "Bob," left him.

"Who's looney now?" he wired, when "Bob's" bride departed— a tiny piece of literature that gripped the country and was twisted into innumerable songs and verses.

The European war has inspired Mr. Chaloner, who is living in "Merry Mills," Va., to a series of sonnets entitled "Pieces of Eight." Although in his preface he says that he has German blood in his veins, as well as British, French and other varieties, his efforts are bent entirely toward skinning the Kaiser alive with his pen.

#### The First Sonnet.

His first sonnet is called "The Swine of the Gadarenes" (the swine into which Christ cast the evil spirits in His miracle). It runs thus:

The swine o' th' Gadarenes are here once more  
 That demon-haunted herd now scour the earth  
 Led by Bill William Two, their great wild boar  
 Their antics, 'pon my soul, give cause for mirth!  
 In massed formation do they charge pell mell!  
 Showing less judgment than a herd of swine  
 In massed formation are they sent to Hell—  
 That's where dead Germans go I dare opine.  
 How many wild boars will there soon be left  
 To meet the Cossacks crowding on their rear,  
 While French and English harry right and left  
 With skill and coolness plying wild boar spear?  
 The German Empire now doth hurry on  
 To perish i' th' waters of oblivion!

"Light Touch; Original Wording."

Another poem bears a much less stilted title. This is named "Get Off, Said General Joffre," and despite its dire predictions shows a much lighter touch, to say nothing of some original wording. Thus:

One Briton bold two Germans equal be  
 One Frenchman's equal to two Sourkraut  
 The truth of this full easy is to see  
 Fro' th' way the allies put the Teutons out!  
 These gross Sausage-Eaters surely have no show—  
 Less chance than snowball in fell hottest Hell!  
 So off of France' fair soil they swift must go  
 Or black disaster shall their sojourn spell!

## The Poet's "Gathering-Cry."

Then again there is a rallying hymn, in which Mr. Chaloner praises the British Empire. He describes this as a "gathering-cry" and says it was inspired by one of his employees, the son of a British Colonel. This runs:

Thy stalwart sons do gather to thy call  
 All quarters of the globe give up their toll  
 And on the brutal foe like bull-dogs fall  
 Fiery as race-horse charging for the goal!  
 Proud am I that my veins do course thy blood  
 Proud am I that my home's beyond the sea—  
 Home o' my Fathers—be it understood—  
 For Columbia's the home that shelters me.  
 Hurrah! For th' Anglo-Saxon and the Celt!  
 Hurrah! For Scotch—for Irish—and for Welsh!  
 Ruin to th' foe is by that "Hurrah" spelt!  
 Hell, Death and brimstone doth that shrapnel belch  
 The English-speaking race for aye is one  
 And all who brave it to defeat go down!

The line about "hell, death and brimstone" needn't be used, Mr. Chaloner points out, by those with what he calls "non-conformist consciences." There is a substitute line "Death and destruction doth that shrapnel belch!"

## Przemysl As A Shibboleth.

The author partially abandons his vitriol bottle for a time when he deals with Przemysl, as follows:

Przemysl is a word to conjure with,  
 A hoodoo potent lurketh in said word.  
 That word doth reek with African voodoo pith;  
 For th' Austrian Empire, 'tis Th' Avenger's sword.  
 He draws that word and fierce battalions fall!  
 He waves that word and army corps go down!  
 Its merest whisper doth the world appall—  
 Of Austro-Hungary spells dying groan.  
 A very shibboleth said word stands forth!  
 An open sesame to fiercest hell!  
 The slogan of the legions of the north,  
 A slogan that the Czar's troops answer well!  
 Przemysl, what the Dyvvy! thou dost mean,  
 Calls on Omniscience to solve out, I ween!

## Calls For The Police.

"The Great Quadrilateral; or, The Police of the World," contains Mr. Chaloner's prediction of what will come at the end of the war. For instance:

The Allies will suppress Teuton and Hun  
 And hold them suppressed till the crack o' doom.  
 This is as sure as though by Fate 'twere spun  
 Or had been uttered in a Runic rune.  
 Th' armies and navies of the allies then  
 Will with Columbia's hold conference.  
 And at The Hague will then—by stroke of pen—  
 Be signed what's needed for the world's defense,  
 Defense from what? From Teuton-Hun revolt  
 Or villain Turk—that blot on Nature's face!  
 Thus Peace policed is, by War's thunderbolt—  
 Thus only surely lifts her smiling face.  
 Unto this quadrilateral supreme  
 Must peace disturbers bow their crests, I ween.

## Strictly Personal Verse.

To the Kaiser personally are dedicated several of Mr. Chaloner's scorching verses, which, through fear of the police and respect for the family circle of World readers, and because of this paper's neutrality, are not here reproduced. The ending of one may perhaps be given:

My German blood doth curse thee to deep hell!  
 A curse as black as rhyme and reason spell.

But not only to war did the agile pen of the Virginia Chaloner confine itself. He takes a wallop at Prof. Hugo "Monsterburg," as he dubs the Harvard Psychologist, and later on, referring to their proprietor as "Mr. W. R. Hearse," used the New York American and Evening Journal as the title for one of his verses, and tells what he thinks of those papers.

The first part of this cannot be printed, unless on asbestos paper and for private circulation.

There are a couple of score "hells" scattered through the book, to say nothing of other words not commonly in use by Sunday School classes. Whatever its literary quality, it must be admitted that "Pieces of Eight" is there with the punch.

*Aberdeen Free Press*, 30 Union St., Aberdeen, March 12, 1916.

"Pieces of Eight," by J. A. Chaloner. (North Carolina: Palmetto Press. 25 cents.)

Mr. Chaloner who is an American and strongly pro-Ally, denounces the Germans in a series of sonnets, entitled "The Swine of the Gadarenes." Aiming deliberately at the fierceness of Swift, he does not mince his words in so good a cause. Here are the opening lines of his first sonnet:

The swine o' th' Gadarenes are here once more,  
That demon-haunted herd now scour the earth,  
Led by Bill William Two, their great wild boar;  
Their antics, 'pon my soul, give cause for mirth!  
In massed formation as they charge pell-mell,  
Showing less judgment than a heard of swine;  
In massed formation are they sent to Hell—  
That's where dead Germans go I dare opine.

Mr. Chaloner tells us that the first eight sonnets were offered free to several American newspapers but were refused. This could not, he thinks, have been owing to their lack of quality, for "anyone can see that they are correct iambic pentameters." We wonder what more those American editors could want than correct iambic pentameters!

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*Outlook*, 167, Strand, W. C., London, February 19, 1916.

Pieces of Eight, by John Armstrong Chaloner. (North Carolina: Palmetto Press. 25 cents.)

A sequence of twenty-four war sonnets, the first eight of which were offered to various American newspapers and refused. The sonnets are all condemnatory of Germany, and the author suggests that he "aimed at the fierceness of Swift" in his denunciation.

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*Huddersfield Weekly Examiner*, London, February 19, 1916.

#### ON THE BAT'S BACK.

"Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry,  
On the bat's back do I fly  
After summer merrily."

—*The Tempest*.

## "PIECES OF EIGHT."

The Americans are a wonderful people. They have given to the world the Declaration of Independence, cocktails, and the poems of Ella Wheeler Willcox. They have also produced Mr. John Armstrong Chaloner, of "The Merry Mills," Cobham, Albemarle county, Virginia. Lest, in your benighted ignorance, you should be unaware of the antecedents and achievements of that gentleman, let me inform you in his own words, that he is "an Anglo-Saxon who has also the following strains in his veins—namely, Welsh, Scotch, Scotch-Irish, French, Dutch, and German, and whose progenitors sailed from Tenby, Wales, in 1710, and landed at Charleston, South Carolina—a veritable olla porrida of ancestors, as you will observe. Mr. Chaloner has already made the world of letters richer by a treatise on "The Lunacy Laws of the World" and a metrical nosegay under the title of "Scorpio." He now seeks, under the further influence of the divine afflatus, to "unbosom himself upon the European situation," and does so in a slim volume of twenty-nine sonnets, entitled "Pieces of Eight." The dominating strain in our sonneteer is evidently British—

Proud am I that my veins do course thy blood,  
 Proud am I that my home's beyond the sea—  
 Home o' my fathers—be it understood—  
 For Columbia 's the home that shelters me—

and he is vehemently—indeed almost apoplectically—pro-Ally. His sonnets are grouped together under the engaging title, "Swine of the Gadarenes," and he is out (in vulgar parlance) to let our enemies "have it in the neck."

## POEMS OF PUGNACITY.

When "Scorpio" claimed the attention of the Press in 1908, Lord Alfred Douglas hailed its author, in the columns of the "Academy" as a "metrical bruiser." The appellation is apt. Mr. Chaloner goes for his spiritual foes bald-headed, and neither gives nor asks for quarter. "How far" he writes, "we fall below the standard of fierceness set forever and in all tongues—bar, possibly, only Juvenal, Voltaire, and Lord Byron—by the mighty Dean of St. Patrick's—is for others to judge." As a humble member of these others I CONFESS THAT FOR FRANKNESS OF EXPRESSION OUR POET APPEARS TO ME TO OUT-SWIFT SWIFT. He writes beneath the American flag, but his enthusiasm could not be bettered in London, Paris, or Petrograd. If he lays on the stripes, he makes his opponents see

stars. Had Mrs. Willcox mothered these sonnets, I doubt not that she would have labelled them "poems of Pugnacity." They certainly deserve the title. Our metrical prize-fighter commences his series with an engaging little trifle entitled "Pig-Sticking," the introductory lines of which run as follows:

The swine o' th' Gadarenes are here once more,  
That demon-haunted herd now scour the earth,  
Led by Bill William Two, their great wild boar;  
Their antics, 'pon my soul, give cause for mirth!

"Bill William Two" is left under no possible misapprehension as to the opinion which our author holds of him. Elsewhere he is hailed as

Thou treaty-breaking, perjured potentate,

and

Scrofulous leper, with a wither'd arm.

While Mr. Chaloner puts into the innocent mouth of Mr. St. Loe Strachey, the delicate warning:—

Watch out for that bloody Dutchman, Windy Bill,  
That smug, moustacho'd lanz-knecht, William Two.

Shades of "my Grandmother"! What would the regular readers of *The Spectator* say, were their editor, indeed, to address them in this fashion? As for the "psychology" of Professor Hugo Munsterberg, of Harvard, OUR MODERN SWIFT describes it thus:

Back number'd dry-as-dust rot-gut it be  
Enough to make Emanuel Kant blank stare.

And as for the enemy, in gross, Mr. Chaloner encouragingly assures us that

These gross Sausage-eaters surely have no show—  
Less chance than snowball in fell hottest hell.

A forceful, though not original simile, which I should never have thought of myself.

#### METRICAL BRUISING.

Our sonneteer has nothing but contempt for "Jews and Gentiles, Bond and free, and All other members and Supporters of Premature



Peace Societies." His feelings, I dare say, are shared by most of us, but we would hardly have the temerity to express them as he does. As thus:—

Ye piffling little squirts that drape the earth,

or

Lying fakirs who the tin horn toot.

Mr. W. R. Hearst, the American press magnate who "for palpably selfish ends yells for premature peace in Europe," comes in for a similar lash of the whip—"and id hoc genus omne," as our poet puts it.

Ye pimps and panderers of the daily press  
 Pimping your vicious wares e'en day by day,  
 Ye make me smile—e'en laugh—I must confess,  
 The way ye do your blooming public "play".  
 Flim-flam and buncombe are your stock-in-trade  
 "Hot-air" is Socrisy your longest suit.

To this friendly greeting is appended a foot-note, which concludes: "Mr. W. R. Hearse (we spell it this way intentionally, since his character acts as funeral casket for his vaulting political hopes) we are informed, owns rather a large tract of land in Mexico. Eh! What! And also prints a German edition of the *Evening Journal*. Eh! What!" I myself feel pretty strongly about some of our British newspaper magnates, but I should not venture to castigate them with quite such vehemence as that. But Mr. Chaloner has no such qualms. He sees what he calls elsewhere "the cold, hard, undogable, non-lie-outable fact" that Premature Peace people whether here, or in the United States, are playing Germany's game, and, having seen it, he has no hesitation in expressing his opinion in fitting language. Nor has he any doubts as to the issue of the war. He speaks confidently of a time "when Germany shall have been crushed between the upper and nether millstone—between the Colossus of the North and France—and her undaunted but tottering ally, Austria—a house divided into three warring sections against itself—Teuton—Magyar—and Slav—shall have been actually dismembered" — — — — —! I wonder how the printer keeps up with the demand for dashes!

#### AMERICA AND THE ALLIES.

I hope that in the improbable event that these lines reach Mr. Chaloner's eye, he will forgive me for chaffing him so freely. For I appreciate, as any Englishman must, the deep and sincere sympathy

for the Allied cause which has dictated these sonnets, and the passionate hatred of the Prussian military machine which breathes through every line of them. And I believe that, for all President Wilson's silence, our sonneteer expresses the feelings of the majority of his fellow-countrymen. America is with us in this struggle. Whether she assures us of her sympathy in the SHATTERING DENUNCIATIONS of Mr. Chaloner, or in the gentler cadences of less strenuous voices, we accept and value all that is involved in her support. We understand her problems no better than she understands ours, and perhaps if we were in the place of Mr. Wilson, we should have played no more dramatic part. But it is an immense asset to the cause of the Allies—not only now, but for the future—that the citizens of the United States should have passed judgment upon our enemies as unmistakably as they have done, and that after full discussion and consideration. America has her quarrel with us over the blockade—a quarrel which foolish folk would have us exacerbate—but it is a quarrel of legal nicety rather than of moral responsibility. With Germany her quarrel—as is abundantly evident in these sonnets—is that of civilization, outraged and ravished by Prussian "necessity." Many Americans, as we know, are fretted by their President's impassivity. Mr. Chaloner is one of them. He strains at the leash and fumes to be off on the trail. But I think we are justified in assuring him and all who think with him, that we in this country appreciate the sympathy which we know to be ours, and realize the great services which American men and women have already rendered to the cause of humanity in the war. If we wish for something more, that is only natural. But for what we have already received, we are grateful.

ARIEL.

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*Hampshire Independent*, England, February 10, 1916.

"Pieces of Eight" is a long pamphlet, by Mr. John Armstrong Chaloner, the author of "Scorpio," a copy of which is sent us by the publishers, the Palmetto Press, of Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, U. S. A. It embodies a sequence of twenty-four war sonnets by Mr. Chaloner, who is "an Anglo-Saxon, who has also the following strains in his veins, namely, Welsh, Scotch, Scotch-Irish, French, Dutch, and German, and whose progenitors sailed from Tenby, in Wales, in 1710, and landed at Charleston, South Carolina," and the writer desires through its pages to unbosom himself upon the present European situation. He is no pro-German. Listen to what he writes about "The Kaiser":—

"Thou treaty-breaking, perjured potentate!  
 Blaspheming with thy lips the God of Truth  
 Each time that thou dost dare asseverate  
 That 'God is on thy side'—thou great uncouth!  
 The fate of Ananias hangs o'er thee  
 That sword of Damocles o'er thee suspends  
 And in the end thou shalt flat ruined be  
 When in the 'rechnung' thou dost pay amends,  
 Thy mighty ancestor Frederick the Great  
 Turns in his grave at sight of thy foul deed  
 Which makes all true men the name of German hate  
 As synonym for bloodshed and for greed.  
 My German blood doth curse thee to deep Hell  
 A curse as black as rhyme and reason spell".

This is dated September First, 1914, so that Mr. Chaloner soon formed his opinion of the Master Hun. His other sonnets—several are in French—are in much the same view, all in denunciation of German treachery and murderous intent, and of praise of the bravery of the heroes of Belgium and of the Allies generally.

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*The Enfield Observer*, England, February 19, 1916.

#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

##### An American Champions The Entente.

There is no beating about the bush in the war sonnets by an American, John Armstrong Chaloner, and published under the singular title "Pieces of Eight." Cosmopolitan in blood, he has brought together, within the compass of some fifty pages, scathing condemnation of German war methods, addressing the Kaiser as "Thou treaty-breaking perjured potentate"; tells supporters of Premature Peace Societies that "Your antics shew what cowards can be found in big America"; and, singing of the British Empire, declares that "The English-speaking race for aye is one, And all who brave it to defeat go down." Appendix notes which elaborate the themes of the sonnets should leave the reader in no doubt as to which side the writer's sympathies incline, and amongst various reprints contributed to American journals is a forecast, written August, 1914, that the war will last more like three years than three months; that France will reverse 1870. . . and that France, Russia and Great Britain will become the police

force of Europe. This interesting little publication comes from the Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, and is priced at 25 cents.

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*Dorset County Chronicle*, England, February 17, 1916.

"Pieces of Eight" is the title of a sequence of twenty-four war sonnets by John Armstrong Chaloner (author of "Scorpio"), in which an "Anglo-Saxon with Welsh, Scotch, Irish, French, Dutch, and German blood, and whose progenitors sailed from Tenby, in 1710," unbosoms himself upon the European situation. Mr. Chaloner is a well-known American, and in these full-blooded verses he utters scathing contempt for the Hun and all his works. The "pieces" were apparently too much for the New York papers, for they refused publication, and so Mr. Chaloner sends them over here in this form (price: 25 cents). It is a fierce judgment which he passes on the Kaiser: "Scrofulous leper with a withered arm," "crippled German clown," are phrases in one of the sonnets, though the poet is careful to say that he means moral and not Asiatic leprosy. Mr. Chaloner evidently hates the German thoroughly, and he fairly lets himself go. They are clever sonnets, too, and because they are so highly finished they are the more deadly. The book issues from the Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina.

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*Monmouthshire Evening Post*. England Wednesday, March 1, 1916.

"PIECES OF EIGHT."

"Pieces of Eight" is a sequence of twenty-four war songs, by John Armstrong Chaloner, author of "Scorpio," published at 25 cents by the Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina. The author, who describes himself as "an Anglo-Saxon who has also the following strains in his veins, namely, Welsh, Scotch, Scotch-Irish, French, Dutch, and German, and whose progenitors sailed from Tenby, Wales, in 1710, and landed at Charleston, South Carolina," is a very emphatic sympathiser with the Allies, and in these sonnets he does not mince his words. He apostrophises the Germans in the very strongest terms, and there is an inclination at times to sacrifice poetry for denunciation. There can be no mistaking the virility of these sonnets, however.

*The Bridport News, and Dorset, Devon and Somerset Advertiser.*

Bridport England, February 18, 1916.

REVIEWS.

Pieces of Eight.—One would naturally conclude that a book bearing this title had something to tell us of the Spanish Main and the prizes of the cruel and haughty buccaneers of the 16th and 17th centuries, but it has a far different purpose. As a matter of fact, it is a small volume of twenty-four war sonnets, entitled "The Swine of the Gadarenes," by Mr. John Armstrong Chaloner, and published by the Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina. The title "Pieces of Eight" refers to the first eight sonnets in this sequence, which was refused publication, although offered free, by the New York *Herald*, the New York *American*, and the Boston *Advertiser*. They are cleverly written sonnets in praise of the Allies and in condemnation of the murdering Huns. Sonnet Five which we reproduce, will give an idea of the intensity of feeling against the German outrages on the part of the author, who in this respect, represents the feeling of the civilized world. It is addressed:

TO THE GERMAN ARMY OFFICERS:

Who were your Mothers? The foul hags of Hell?  
 And who your Fathers? Who? Fiends incarnate?  
 And do your sisters, prithe, harlot spell?  
 The premise to this sonnet thus I state.  
 How otherwise could ye foul do a thing  
 That's left to negroes wild, and savages?  
 Outrage so ghastly that the world doth ring  
 With your most Hellish Belgian ravages!  
 Were justice to be done your Kaiser's fall,  
 He and his Hellish brood would be cut off,  
 And your flayed hides would form their funeral pall.  
 In coldest frame I write—not lightsome scoff.  
 Ye act like a band of drunken Malays  
 Who as acts of God rape and arson appraise.

*The Devon and Exeter Gazette, Exeter, England, February 22, 1916.*

"Pieces of Eight" is a somewhat strange title to a book of verse, published by The Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina. It is a sequence of twenty-four war sonnets by John Armstrong Chal-

oner. Originally the sequence consisted of eight—hence the title. But others were added without the name being changed. We only can say the poetry is of a strong order—in fact, the author says “nothing but the dire—the awful cataclysm—now unfolding itself on the field of Europe, and our desire to stand by civilization, truth, and honour—as shown by regard for a nation’s pledged word in a treaty—could have induced us to brave the possible storm of protest at the strength of our denunciations in ‘Pieces of Eight’ and accompanying sonnets—or sullen silence of cold disapproval. . . . We aim at the fierceness of Swift when we denounce. How far we fall below the standard of fierceness set forever and in all tongues—bar, possibly, only Juvenal, Voltaire, and Lord Byron—by the mighty Dean of St. Patrick’s—is for others to judge.” Here is a sample of the poet’s aroused feelings. Addressing the Kaiser, he says:—

“Thou treaty-breaking, perjured potentate!  
 Blaspheming with thy lips the God of Truth  
 Each time that thou dost dare asseverate  
 That ‘God is on thy side’—thou great uncouth!  
 The fate of Ananias hangs o’er thee.”

But while the pen is dipped in gall to word-paint our enemies, Mr. Chaloner is full of eulogies for the brave Belgians—

“Nation of heroes! men proud, superb, and strong—  
 Who for Liberty like water pour your blood!  
 ‘Strong as Death for Liberty’ is your war song.  
 ‘Strong as our faith in Jesus Christ His rood’ ”.

He has some sarcastic lines for England in his sonnet on Lord Roberts—the “stark old warrior and soldier fine,” who “foretold Britain’s peril line by line.” Mr. Chaloner is right—the voice of “Bobs” did cry in the wilderness alone, the people slept the sleep of Laish the lost.

“Now for their folly do they dear atone  
 Now do they train armed millions—ah! the cost.  
 Old hero! Thy wise words are writ in blood!  
 Hereafter armed will be British manhood.”

We wish we could subscribe to the latter sentiment. To-day there is still too much of the policy of “Wait and See” to be at all certain that Britain will ever be armed as she should be. The book is one which will arouse one’s feelings to, at least, a vigorous denunciation of our enemies and a kindly appreciation of the great acts of heroism on the part of our Allies. One feels decidedly better after reading the sonnets.

*John O'Groat's Journal*, Friday, March 10, 1916. And *Weekly Advertiser* for the counties of Caithness, Sutherland, Ross, Cromarty, Orkney, and Zetland.

## LITERATURE.

## SMASHING SONNETS.

"Piecess of Eight" is the somewhat striking title of a large pamphlet by John Armstrong Chaloner, author of "Scorpio," and issued by the Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, price 25 cents, or 1s. The "Pieces of Eight" are war sonnets, and there are many others, all characterized by extremely vigorous expression, the emphasis of independent thought being more evident even than the poetical quality of the lines. We like Mr. Chaloner's straight hitting, and should like to meet him and say "shake!" In what he calls his prologue he gives the Breakers of Treaties a bit of his mind, and it's to be hoped they'll profit by it. The sonnets and prose letters are even more direct in their sledge-hammer style than the prologue, and if the author aims at the fierceness of Swift when he denounces, he certainly does not fall far below the standard set by "the mighty Dean of St. Patrick's." The general heading of the sonnets is "The Swine of the Gadarenes," and thus he opens:—

The swine o' th' Gadarenes are here once more,  
That demon-haunted herd now scour the earth,  
Led by Bill William Two, their great wild boar"—

Enough said.

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*Athenaeum*, London, March, 1916.

Chaloner (John Armstrong). *Pieces Of Eight*: a sequence of 24 war-sonnets. Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, Palmetto Press, 1914. 9 in. 65 pp. pamphlet, 25 cents.

A collection of thirty-two violent journalistic sonnets, twenty-nine of which are grouped under the title "The Swine of the Gadarenes." In this invective against the Germans the author takes Swift as his model, and the sledge-hammer as his weapon, but is likely to confuse the reader by filling up so much space (32 pp.) with notes, comments, extracts from newspaper reports, and reviews of his previous work.





### ERRATA.

- Sonnet I. "Revamped" should be "vamped up."  
Sonnet IV. "Lloyd George" is unhyphenated.  
Page 11, eighth line top, "ideas" should be "idea."  
Page 13, fourth line top, "sonnet" should be "sonnets."  
Page 13, eleventh line foot, "private-murdering" is correct.  
Page 14, second line top, insert "peace" between "premature"  
and "societies."  
Page 17, third line top, "prediction" should be spelled properly.  
Page 18, thirteenth line top, "as" should be "do."  
Page 18, eighth line foot, "Huddersfield" should be spelled  
properly.  
Page 18, eighth line foot, "London" should be "England."  
Page 19, eleventh line top, the quotation marks close at "South  
Carolina."  
Page 19, twelfth line top, "olla podrida" should be spelled  
properly.  
Page 21, the following words should be spelled properly,  
"squirts," "fakers," "panders," "undodgeable."  
Page 25, eleventh line top, "was" should be "were."  
Page 25, tenth line foot, "Kaiser's" should be "Kaiser'd."





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