

**THE MADRAS WEEKLY MAIL**  
**MADRAS, TAMIL NADU, INDIA**  
**3 AUGUST 1905**  
(page 129)

**An Appeal to the Viceroy.**

**In this Supreme Hour of England's Peril.**

Mr. Aleister Crowley, the famous mountaineer, who is about to attempt the ascent of Kinchinjunga, is the author of the following amusing verses which he has sent to the *Englishman*:—

Eager and strong for savage war,  
The unconquered legions of the Czar  
Mass in their millions, every man  
On fire to seize Afghanistan.  
O good Lord Curzon, deign to hear  
The poet's patriotic fear!

Through smiling vales by easy roads  
Their swift advance to India bodes  
Murder and rapine, storm and pillage.  
For man and beast, for town and village.  
O good Lord Curzon, deign to hear  
The poet's very natural fear!

See how the hordes of Cossacks chase  
The timid Afghan from his place,  
Hunt from his beautiful maidan [sic]  
The pale effeminate Pathan!  
O good Lord Curzon, deign to hear  
The poet's justly founded fear!

Fresh from their triumphs in Japan  
They spare not either beast or man.  
Their battleships with murderous lust  
Lay low Calcutta in the dust.  
O good Lord Curzon, deign to hear  
The poet's very proper fear!

Hurry each horse and gun and man  
To try and guard Afghanistan,  
While we civilians try, for sure,  
To sneak away through Manipur!  
    O good Lord Curzon, deign to hear  
    The poet's pardonable fear!

Cable for twenty million troops  
To England's noble nincompoops  
Before the Russian hordes devour  
That fenceless Capua, Peshawar!  
    O good Lord Curzon, deign to hear  
    The poet's pitiable fear!

Are twenty million troops enough?  
Nay! but it makes a decent bluff.  
Our backs are hard against the wall:  
Pray heaven Russia may not "call!"  
    O good Lord Curzon, deign to hear  
    The poet's very manly fear!

O ryot and O artisan!  
The awful fate of crushed Japan  
May soon be yours; may yet be worse:—  
Pull the last anna from your purse!  
    O good Lord Curzon, deign to hear  
    The poet's inexpensive fear!

Our toiling myriads ill at ease:—  
How ill their force compares with these,  
The happy peasants, Jews, and Poles,  
Finns with contentment in their souls:—  
    O good Lord Curzon, deign to hear  
    The poet's well-instructed fear!

All we can do man nought avail—  
(The poet turns extremely pale.)  
Alas! our Empire's end is nigh.  
We cannot win, but we can die.\*  
    O good Lord Curzon, deign to hear  
    The poet's patriotic fear!