

**THE
CHOSEN NATION**

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The chosen nation by Irwin St. John Tucker

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IRWIN ST. JOHN TUCKER

**THE
CHOSEN NATION**

THE CHOSEN NATION

BY

IRWIN ST. JOHN TUCKER

TO

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

A SCHOLAR UNAFRAID

Published by
THE AUTHOR
1541 Unity Building, Chicago



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FOREWORD

This poem was completed in Judge Landis' courtroom in Chicago, during the trial for "conspiracy to obstruct the draft" which resulted in a verdict of "guilty" against myself and four other Socialists; the others being Adolph Germer, national executive secretary of the Socialist Party; J. Louis Engdahl, editor of *The American Socialist*; William F. Kruse, national secretary of the Young People's Socialist League; and Victor L. Berger, congressman-elect from Milwaukee.

The poem contains in condensed form all that I know of history, and likewise my view of the present and hope of the future. Historical references contained in it are amplified in my historical lectures, most of which have been published, under the titles following, and may be obtained from this office:

INTERNATIONALISM: The Problem of the Hour.

Five Lectures.

1. **The German Idea; Deutschland Ueber Alles.**
2. **The British Idea; Britannia Rules the Waves.**
3. **The American Idea; Phrases versus Facts.**
4. **The Russian Idea; the Proletarian Revolution.**
5. **The Labor Idea; History and Future of the International.**

THE MARTYR PEOPLES. Six Lectures.

1. Israel; the Crucible of God.
2. Serbia; the Valley of Division.
3. Armenia; a Splendid Sepulchre.
4. Poland; a Divided Soul.
5. Belgium; the Storm Center.
6. Ireland; the Sorrowful Mother.

IMPERIALISM: The Curse of the World.**I. Founders of Imperialism.**

1. Egypt; the United States of the Nile.
2. Chaldaea; the Strife of the Cities.
3. Persia; the Spirit of the Mountains.
4. Greece; the Empire of the Mind.
5. Rome; the Mistress of the World.

II. Modern Imperialism.

1. France; the Daughter of the Empire.
2. Islam; the Spirit of the Desert.
3. Spain; the Shadow of the Moor.
4. Austria; the House of Hapsburg.
5. Great Britain; the Empire of Finance.

By the verdict of "Guilty," delivered on January 8, 1919, I ceased to be a citizen of the United States, until such time as the farce of a trial, with its perjuries, coercion and bribery of witnesses, and jury carefully handpicked by the prosecution, is declared null and void, and the verdict is reversed.

But I am still, and shall forever remain, a citizen of the International Commonwealth.

IRWIN ST. JOHN TUCKER.

Done on my Thirty-third Birthday, January 10, 1919.

THE CHOSEN NATION

I. THE ASSEMBLY.

1

**The Council
of Nations**

War had dragged out his fourth and bloodiest year;
While still on us that fouling horror dwelt
Like poisonous clinging mist in hollows drear,
White towering peaks the golden sunlight felt
And THEY who dwell thereon saw dawn appear;
As, long before, they saw wild lightnings glow
With coming storm though yet our sky seemed
clear.

And while blood-toll was paid of death and woe,
I saw the nations' souls to consultation go.

2

A peak stands midmost of the rocky sea
That rims the world, from white Alaskan floes
Begirt with death and frozen mystery
To Tierra del Fuego's firelit snows.
Its age-enduring stone, ice-foaming high,
Auroras gild without, and gold within.
Far mid the six months' night its tides begin
Where flames Arcturus from the middle sky;
Where they at last are stilled, the Southern cross
hangs nigh.

3

Thereon great glory gathered far appeared
 Against the joy of sky-suffusing light;
 Thence, as my mortal wavering vision cleared
 THEY shone, as dawns the moon upon midnight
 Through cloudy tempest-wrack in hurtling flight.
 Across their ranks quick-changing colors play
 As when the sunbeams through gray shadows
 smite
 Upon the Veil across Yosemite,
 And shimmering rainbows crown the glory of its
 spray.

4

And gazing long on those who seemed the chief,
 A dawning recognition broke on me;
 I knew them all—O knowledge past belief,
 For I beyond myself exalt and free
 Remembered what I knew not, and could see
 Things future heaving hugely to the sky
 As tempest-blue horizons distant rear
 Above close-ringing summits to the eye
 Of strong-winged eagles who on soaring currents
 fly.

5

The Young Nations

Familiar to my sight their faces shone
 Through this high vision seen; and I could mark
 Storm-bred Britannia, her great trident gone,
 Her sea-blue eyes with ruffling tempest dark;
 And France, with woeful visage wild and stark,
 With tears of blood bedewed; and lo! beside
 Germania sat aghast, like them who hark
 To echoes of past madness that hath died;
 But greatness seemed to dawn through death of
 bloody pride.

6

Russia was there, with bloodmarks on her brow,
 The halo of new wonder round her still;
 White glory of young freedom struggling now
 With mazes of the treachery that can kill
 By friendly smile that cloaks a murderous will;
 There China sat, a giant childlike power,
 Fast wakening to portentous good or ill;
 Japan close by, a watchful fiery flower,
 Waiting and guardful still for some predestined
 hour.

7

The Elder Nations

But mid the majesty of that array
 Were some who struck my soul with deeper awe.
 For nations that long since have passed away
 From company of those who make earth's law,
 As visitants from other orbs I saw.
 There purified from taint of earth they come
 From earth's new struggles strength renewed to
 draw.
 Like elder children gathering to their home,
 Dark mystic Egypt sat, and proud imperial Rome.

8

There immemorial India, dreaming on,
 Dusk-eyed with legend, the exalted face
 Beheld of tower-fronted Babylon.
 The mountain-loving soul of Persia's race
 Communed of timeless truth with warrior Greece.
 Amid them now the stricken shape appears
 Of Israel, as one whose hope can trace,—
 Steadfast in sorrow through long tortured years,—
 Her triumph ripe at last, the harvest of her tears.