

Canadian regiment to their native land, ho, whom the young champions of our country were so proud to call their 'brother in arms,' sang:—

"And should a foe again our shores profane,  
We, who of war have learned the horrid trade  
Will march unconquered to the field again  
The firm red line that never was afraid.  
And when our flag is to the breeze display'd  
E'en as our fathers fought we too will fight,  
And never will invading foe degrade  
That symbol of our glory and our right!"  
For we are men who know our duty and our  
might?"

And when lawless invasion dared pollute our land, the notes of one loyal lyre were heard rising deep and clear above the tumult:—

"What know we of their foreign wrongs,  
We've done to them no ill,  
And what by right to us belongs  
We'll hold defiant still!  
And if unto our happy shore  
Should come those sons of shame,  
We'll meet them as we did before  
With battle, death and flame!"

In the same enthusiastic spirit did Charles Sangster compose his "Song for Canada." It is with difficulty that we refrain from quoting the whole of this exquisitely beautiful little lyric, which is emphatically not only a song for Canada but also a song for the Canadian people. The refrain is particularly musical and felicitous in expression:

"But let the rash intruder dare  
To touch our darling strand,  
The martial fires  
That thrilled our sties  
Would light him from the land."

The meed of the traitor is also forcibly depicted in these lines:—

"And if in future years  
One wretch should turn and fly,  
Let weeping Fame  
Blot out his name  
From Freedom's hallowed sky."

In the Ode upon "Brock" we seem to hear the stately march of martial multitudes. Thus it commences:—

One voice, one people, one in heart  
And soul, and feeling and desire,  
Rejoice the smouldering martial fire,  
Sound the mute trumpet, strike the lyre,  
The hero-dead cannot expire,  
The dead still play their part.

Although the last line is not faultless in taste, yet it does not altogether detract from the merit of the composition as an effusion of genuine patriotism.

"The Plains of Abraham" is so utterly deficient in the energy and rhythm which characterise the two preceding poems, that we can scarcely conceive it to have come from one whose poetic power has been very generally acknowledged.

From among Mr. McGee's numerous patriotic effusions we shall single one as illustrative of all. "Along the Line" is so well known and appreciated that we need not repeat it here. The true, poetical feeling evinced in this poem, caused it to be printed in many of our newspapers, at a time not long distant when Canadian patriotism was put to a severe test, and passed through it unscathed. Then was it that those magnetic words, albeit uttered long before from the lips of Canada's most eloquent statesman, thrilled the hearts of thousands, and awakened by the influence of a powerful sympathy a corresponding emotion in the breasts of the young and gallant defenders of our country. And now that effu-

sion of fire and force shall be ever associated with the events which gave to it a new significance.

While treating of this subject we must not be unmindful of those poets who have striven, and in some instances not unsuccessfully, to show their devotion to our country. Foremost among these we find William Pitman Lett, whose poems are worthy of warm eulogiums. There is this peculiarity about Mr. Lett's writings, with which we are struck even when perusing his best productions, that the feeling is far beyond the expression. He writes but rarely; therefore it is that we perforce must wait, often for a very long time before we hear some stray strain of his come floating to us, to which we listen eagerly, conscious of the songless interval that will inevitably follow. From among his patriotic poems we select "Pro aris et focis certare" and "In Memory of the 'Queen's Own' Dead," as the two in which he has most happily treated his favourite theme. There is one verse in the former which is peculiarly applicable to the present time:—

"The hour of peace  
Which we seek not to mar  
Is the time to prepare  
For the chances of war."

In the latter poem it is thus he calls us to the graves of the fallen heroes:—

"Come stand around the honor'd graves  
Where slumber now our fallen braves,  
Who battled with the miscreant knaves  
Whose touched, doiled our land:  
Give first one hearty British cheer,  
And then draw closer, fondly near,  
And drop a brother's farewell tear  
O'er that devoted band."

There are a few others who have occasionally produced pieces of real patriotic merit, but these efforts have been of so very occasional a character, that they form but isolated, scattered, and in some instances, unpolished fragments which may or may not find a place in some part of the Temple of National Song. To these authors we would say: "Since you will not be builders, let the blocks which you bring to the builders be smooth and shapely, that they may fit in as perfect parts of a harmonious whole."

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#### HOW BRITISH INFANTRY MEET ATTACK.

The following account of the mode in which British Infantry receive an attack is taken from General Trochu's pamphlet, entitled "*L'Armee Francaise en 1867*":—

"I have served seven years in the Peninsula, said Marshal Bugeaud. There I have sometimes beaten the English in isolated encounters and surprises, of which as commanding officer of a detachment, I had the direction and arrangement. But, during this long period of war, I was grieved to see how very few were the general engagements in which the English army did not establish a superiority over ours. The reason was apparent. Our troops almost invariably attacked the enemy, without profiting by former experience, in a manner which, although it almost always succeeded against the Spaniards, as often failed against the English. They generally occupied well chosen defensive positions, possessing a certain command,

and where they showed only part of their force. The usual fire from the artillery took place. Immediately afterwards, hurriedly, without studying the position, and without taking time to ascertain ways by which flank attacks might be made, we marched direct upon the enemy, taking, as the saying is, the bull by the horns. As soon as they had reached about a thousand yards from the English line, our soldiers became excited, talked to one another, and hurried their march, which already showed a commencement of disorder. The English stood silent, their arms at the order, presenting, in their impassive immobility, the appearance of a long red wall an imposing sight which did not fail to produce an effect upon the novices in war. As the distance diminished, repeated cries of "Vive l'Empereur! forward! charge!" broke out among us, shakos were hoisted on bayonets, the march became a race, ranks were mingled, excitement led to confusion, many fired in advancing. The English, still silent and motionless, and still with their arms at the order, even when we were within three hundred yards, seemed not to perceive the storm which was about to burst upon them. The contrast was overwhelming. More than one among us thought over the slowness of the enemy in firing, and calculated that a fire, so long kept back, would be directly uncomfortable when it did take place. Our ardour insensibly cooled the calm steadiness which seems immovable (even when it is not really so) upon the disorder and tumult, weighed upon our minds. In this moment of anxious waiting the English wall made a quarter face, and brought their arms to the ready. An indistinguishable feeling stopped many of our soldiers, who began an uncertain fire. The fire of the enemy, full of order and precision, mowed us down. Decimated; we turned upon ourselves, striving to regain our steadiness, when our enemy at last broke silence with three formidable cheers. With the third cheer, they were upon us, pressing on our disorderly retreat. But, to our great astonishment, they did not follow up their advantage beyond a hundred yards, but quickly reformed in line to await a second attack, which, with fresh supports, we seldom failed to attempt in the same manner, and too often with the same discomfiture.

#### RIFLE MATCHES.

The match between No. 1 Company 49th Batt, Capt. Hamby, and No. 7 Company, 3d Batt., G. T. R. B., Capt. Nunn came off on the 1st inst at the Rifle Range, on Coloman's Commons. The weather was most unfavorable, a severe snow storm continuing during nearly the whole of the time, in fact at 200 and 300 yards the target was all but invisible. The scoring is given below. It will be seen that No. 1 of the 49th, better known as the Belleville Rifles, was victorious by 85 points. The prize was a magnificent candelabra, value \$30, to be held by the winning Company. The following is a synopsis of the scoring:

Fifteen men of each Company. Three rounds each, at 100, 200, 300 and 400 yards.

No. 7, 3d Batt, G.T.R.B.		No. 1, 49th Batt.,	
Yards	Points.	Yards.	Points
100	131	100	147
200	82	200	121
300	31	300	58
400	60	400	61
	307		387

Majority for No. 1 Co., 49th Batt,

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