

We buried him darkly at dead of night
The soles with our bayonets turning—
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
No shroud or in shroud we bound him,
But no lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
As we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lowly pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In a grave where a Britain has laid him!

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock told the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory—
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But left him alone with his glory."

"A word or two about the Navy. The old wooden walls of England with their long list of unfading and triumphant glories, for ages the floating and impregnable ramparts of our Island Empire, are rapidly giving place to the monster iron clads of modern times with their terrible armaments of rifled cannon; capable, at almost incredible distances, of smashing into atoms the strongest proof-iron plating that the genius of science can invent, or the hand of man manufacture. Manned by the valiant Sea Dogs, of the Isles, they have had their day of glory, and renowned, and now occupy their places of distinguished honor in the history of the nation and the world. Our modern navy with its improved appliances and appointments, its steam line of battle ships, its destructive armaments, and its gallant tars, is no ignoble representative of the fleet which sailed to victory with Rodney, Exmouth and with Blake, and careered before a breeze of glory with the immortal Nelson! If our old navy was truly called "the dread and envy of the world"—if the blaze of triumph which arose from the Nile and Trafalgar streamed in splendor down the tide of time and still lights up the firmament of Britain's Naval glory, the brave mariners of England of to-day can light their torch of victory at its flame, and there is no danger that the ancient fire will lose any of its pristine lustre in their hands. I must now return to the army, the branch of the service in which I was born, and consequently the arm that is nearest my heart. If any evidence is necessary to prove that our army of the present day is not behind in the spirit of chivalric devotion the history of modern warfare will furnish us with ample testimony.

The "thin red line" of Sir Colin Campbell drawn up in such unflinching steadiness in the valley of Balaklava—that glorious thin red line of heroes, whose cool and gallant bearing astounded, and whose destructive fire hurled dismay and discomfiture into the multitudinous hosts of Russia, unfolds a speaking page. The heights of Inkermann bears bloody evidence of British heroism—that fearful valley, down which a mighty force of Russians, mad with military fanaticism, and intoxicated with strong draughts of brandy and gunpowder, stole cautiously through the mists of a November morning, vainly imagining they would find an easy prey in the slumbering Britons at its base. But the sentinels were on the alert, the bugle sounded, the drum beat to arms—that drum which a distinguished American orator has said sends its morning

revelations around the globe—our gallant fellows sprang from slumber at the summons, with their rifles in hand, and nobly withstood the desperate onset of the overwhelming foe. So determined and obstinate was their resistance that, after hours of heroic fighting had already turned the tide of battle to the gate, and the foe was in full retreat, when the Chasseurs d'Afrique of France, the mounted chivalry of our gallant allies, came to their assistance, with the impetuous rush of a whirlwind, and aided in making the route of the enemy complete. The Malakoff, the Mamelon, the Redan, the Rifle pits, and the trenches, have each their true tale of heroic suffering and of glory, and last not least, the charge of the Light Brigade, at Balaklava, military error though it was, stands out alone, in bold relief the crowning glory of the campaign! Since the day that the brave Leonidas and his three hundred intrepid Spartans buried themselves patriotically beneath mighty mounds of Persian slain at Thermopylae, to block the pathway to their native land, nothing upon the page of military history can be found, surpassing in devotion, dash and daring the gallant charge of the Light Brigade! Let us look at them for a moment. There they stand, proudly drawn up in battle array, the fire of heroic daring burns in each dauntless eye. See the prancing, high mettled chargers champing their bits with distended nostrils through which "rolls the breath of their pride," snorting eagerly for the onset. The word to prepare is given, and as each sabre springs from its scabbard the lines become luminous with the flash of steel—the command to charge rings out, and like some mighty piece of machinery set in motion by the touch of a single spring with simultaneous rush down the bloody slope they ride. Their sabres flash like forked lightning in the eye of the foe. At each bound scores of saddles are emptied, until the earth beneath the feet of their horses becomes encumbered with the bodies of the fallen brave. Still on they plunge, heedless of the devastating tempest of lead and iron which sweeps across their path. At length they reach the height—they sabre the Russian artillerists at their guns—they accomplish their desperate task, they wipe the battery—to pause there is annihilation, to return is death. They wheel, and once more plough their bloody passage through the barricades of slain. Again they reach the starting point, but ah! how small is the stricken remnant of that dashing squadron which returns. Well did a distinguished French officer exclaim while gazing on the scene of matchless heroism, "this is magnificent, but it is not war." I cannot close without a passing glance at the latest evidence furnished to the world in support of my position. The Abyssinian campaign commenced, carried on and brought to such a successful and triumphant termination by the gallant Sir Robert Napier and his brave army gives us a brilliant exemplification of the modern efficiency of British troops! The cause of the fitting out of that gigantic expedition—the outraged liberty of a few British subjects is a matter for the proud contemplation of every patriot in the land. The jackall of the desert had dared to lay his rapacious and sacrilegious paw upon the whelps of the British Lion, when he discovered them, as he imagined, straying beyond the sheltering sweep of their protectors' talons. He scarcely dreamed that the arm of Britain was long enough to reach him in his desert home, and her hand strong enough to crush him in its vengeful grasp. But, he was undeceived when the Armstrong guns began to knock the granite of

his mountain fastness about his ears, and the rapidly repeating discharges of the exterminating Snider strewed the earth with the dead bodies of his barbarian troops, as if they had been smitten with the midwife of death from the passing wing of the destroying angel. He was undeceived when the brave battalions who had marched four hundred miles across trackless deserts through gloomy gorges and over precipitous mountains, thundered at his gate; he was fearfully undeceived when his expiring eye beheld the ensign of his barbaric splendor lowered to the dust, and in its stead proudly streaming to the blast—

"The flag that braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze."

INSPECTION OF THE 35TH BRANT BATTALION.—On Monday evening, the 28th of December, 1868, the three Companies in connection with the Brant Battalion were inspected in the Drill Shed of this town, by Lieut. Col. Patton. We should have liked to see a larger turn out of the men connected with some of the Companies. No 2, which is a very fine Company, made a very poor show, but No. 3 did much better. No 5 Company, commanded by Captain Lemon, turned out largely, there being 41 men present. Captain L. handed his roll to the Colonel, containing 51 names who had re-enrolled and taken the necessary oath. The other companies in the County are doing well, with the exception of the Mount Pleasant Company, which latter we hope to see all right in a few days.—*Brantford Courier.*

HONORS TO A CANADIAN.—A few months ago Mr. Fred Benson, of St. Catharines, left this country for England, and entered Sandhurst College with the intention of preparing himself for the army. He passed a most successful examination before the Commander-in-Chief a few weeks ago; and has obtained his commission without purchase; also, his choice of service. At the examination he was called upon to put a regiment through battalion drill, and the manner in which he performed his work was so pleasing to the Commander-in-Chief that he presented him with a dress sword and belt. Mr. Benson is a young Canadian, having been born in St. Catharines, and educated at Upper Canada College.

New Year's Day having turned out unfavourable for rifle shooting, the Volunteers were compelled, after the first match had been gone through with, to postpone the two remaining matches till Saturday, the 9th inst. After the shooting was over, the company repaired to Mr. Dinsley's Royal Hotel where they enjoyed an excellent dinner. The matches to come off are—one for Volunteers only, nine prizes; and one for all comers, with an equal number of prizes. The firing to begin at 11 a. m., on Capt Murray's range.—*Clinton Ner Era.*

PRESENTATION AT LENNOXVILLE, QUEBEC.—On Friday, December 18th, just before breaking up for the holidays, the Bishop's College Rifle Company was paraded, and when on the point of being dismissed, Lieutenant MacDonald stepped to the front and presented the Captain with a heavy, hand some gold watch chain of neat and elegant design, and read an address signed with the names (in all 57) of subalterns, non-commissioned officers and men.

The new Volunteer Company at Barrie, Ont., has made the following selection of officers:—Captain, Mr. J. K. Macaulay; Lieutenant, Mr. Wm. Baillie; Ensign, Mr. Jas. Bryne.