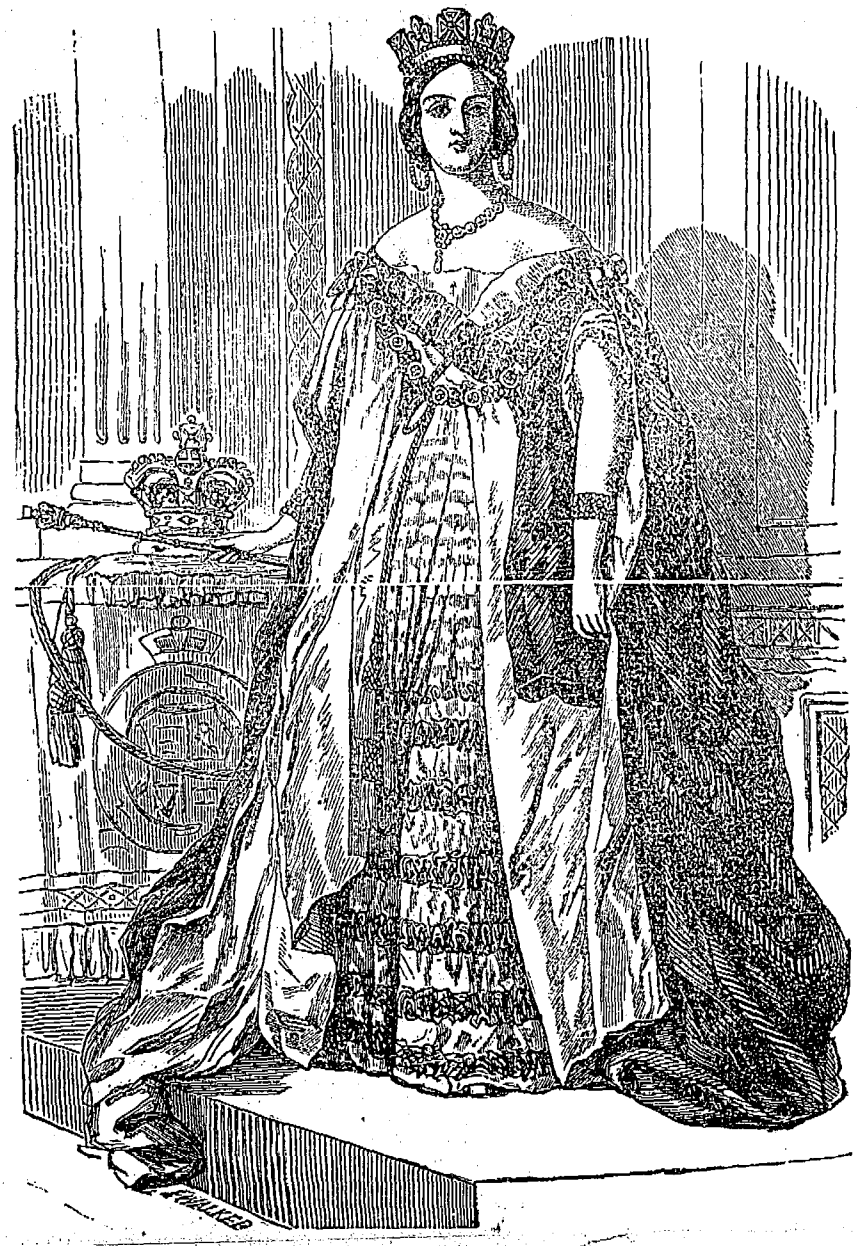


Geo Payne

THE ALTAR AND THE THRONE.

Vol. I. MONTREAL, MARCH 1, 1871. No. 2



THE UNEMPLOYED ARTIZAN'S PATER NOSTER.

In te, Domine, speravi.

By J. P. LITCHFIELD, M.D.

Give us this day our daily bread,
Oh Father! hear our prayer!
All hope of earthly aid has fled,
We sink into despair.

Our little ones scream out with pain,
And clamour to be fed,
Father their cries to us are vain,
"Give us our daily bread."

O'er the poor infant at the breast,
The mother bows her head,
The fount is dry, in vain 'tis pressed,
"Give us our daily bread."

Our eldest born, with hollow eye
And eager stealthy tread,
Would take the food we cannot buy!
"Give us our daily bread."

ORANGE SONG.

Air:—Bonnie Blue Flag.

We are a band of brothers, admirers of true coin,
Loving our Queen and country, and William of the Boyne,
For when our rights were threatened by a hellish Fenian crew,
We raised on high the Union Jack, with the Orange and the Blue.

Chorus.—Hurrah, hurrah, to Victoria we'll be true,
Hurrah for the Union Jack, the Orange and the Blue.

Repeat.—Hurrah, hurrah, loyal we are and true,
Hurrah for the dear old flag, the Orange and the Blue.

As long as the Papists are faithful to their trust,
Like friends and like brothers, kind are we and just,
But if their Fenian treachery attempt our rights to mar,
We'll raise on high the Union Jack, prepared for deadly war.

Chorus.—Hurrah, hurrah, to Victoria we'll be true, &c.

Ye men of valor gather round the banner of the right,
The Orangemen of Ireland will aid you in the fight,
And BOWEN, our Grand Master, and SMITH so brave and true,
Will rally round the Union Jack, the Orange and the Blue.

Chorus.—Hurrah, hurrah, to Victoria will be true,
Hurrah for the Union Jack, the Scarlet, Purple, Blue.

Repeat.—Hurrah, hurrah, loyal are we and true,
Hurrah for that dear old flag, with Scarlet, Purple, Blue.

"Lewis," said a father, the other day to his delinquent son "I'm busy now, but as soon as I can get time I mean to give you a flogging."
"Don't hurry yourself, pa," replied the son, "I can wait."
—A young man at La Crosse, Wis., looked through the key-hole of a girl's bedroom, and ever since the doctors have been trying to get a knitting needle out of the place where his eye used to be.

THE ENTHUSIAST, OR THE MARTYR OF AFGHANISTAN

(Written expressly for "The Altar and the Throne.")

By WILLIAM SHANNON.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER V.

CONTENTS:—ASSASSINATION OF THE BRITISH ENVOY—TREACHERY—THE MASSACRE OF CABOOL.

"The organs of eternity were mute,
And there was silence in the heaven of heavens."

Think ye were the heavens enveloped in sable clouds of funeral sublimity, and did the angelic choirs cease to strike their harps of gold, as they bent from their joyful employ to gaze in awe and wonder on the awful tragedy about to be enacted? Could it be that all that was vocal and animate so lately was mute as death now; and that the wrapt seraph who was wont to wing his way through the celestial dominions on errands of love and mercy, stood suddenly still as if chained by an irresistible decree? Through all the hosts of heaven did a distinct, deep silence reign? Oh! was there no bright angel of all that ever-blissful throng sent from on high to bid the British Envoy beware of treachery? None!

A flag of truce having been sent by the Affghans to the British camp requesting a deputation to accompany them to the presence of their chiefs to make arrangements for entering into a treaty of peace, Sir William Hay MacNaughton and a few of his chief Officers went on the fatal embassy. Trusting to the character of the flag which they carried and the peaceful mission on which they were bent, they entered the enemies' lines without having taken any precaution for the safety or preservation of their lives. The usages of civilized warfare, and the honor of the enemy were deemed sufficient; but was it? Let the result answer. An event occurred, second only in importance—and precursor of—the celebrated Indian Mutiny. While yet the flag of truce was waving over either camp, the Affghans were notified by a secret signal to advance and surround the entire camp of the British. Meanwhile a treaty every term of which was couched in the most dishonorable language, was read to the Envoy, and half in earnest, half in mockery, he was asked to sign it. A question of this importance required some time for deliberation, but none was granted. On refusing to sign the compact, Sir William was taken to a place whence he could see the imminent peril of his army; and the foul scheme which had been laid to draw him into this dilemma, was revealed for the first time. He was then informed that if he did not comply with the tenor of the proffered treaty, every man, woman and child in it should perish!

The view that met the keen glance of the Envoy almost chilled his blood, as it showed him the utter hopelessness of being saved by any effort of his troops. He then lifted up his eyes towards the heavens for a moment as if seeking the aid which is successful when all others fail. For a moment he hesitated. It was a dreadful struggle, but valour conquered.

In the valley below lay the camp with its worn out soldiers, their wives and children unsuspecting of the doom that awaited them. Above and around them, but hidden from view by rocks and precipitous cliffs, was concealed their numerous and revengeful foe. Demoniçal in heart as in appearance, these cowardly hordes awaited but a signal to commence the work of blood. Sir William, perchance, looked into the valley, as though by faith he could see the wife of his bosom preparing to share his fate; and then his thoughts reverted to the scenes of his boyhood, to his grey haired father, and his affectionate mother, and he believed that they would rather receive his dead body returning on his shield than be told that he had compromised the honor of his country. In that dark hour of his sufferings, his enthusiasm remained, and he thus addressed the savage chief who stood before him:—

"Ruthless and treacherous chief, you have played your part well, but think you not, that for this vile and wicked deceit you will one day, here or elsewhere, give a fearful account. I fear ye not. Yonder brilliant ensign has flaunted in glory over the brave and free, upwards of a thousand years untarnished by dishonor, nor shall its pure folds receive a stain by my conduct here. Wherever it has gone, slavery has been abolished, and the downtrodden and oppressed have felt that there is one power under heaven to which they can look for sympathy and assistance. You may annihilate me and the force with which I serve my sovereign, but remember, that though not one be left to carry the tidings of our fate to England, ye shall one day pay dearly for your violation of a sacred treaty, and your presumption towards the representative of the most benignant monarch under heaven. As regards myself, notwithstanding the natural ties that bind me to existence, I will die as I have lived, preferring death to dishonor. In the name of England, and of England's God, I defy you!"

Ere the latter sentence had well escaped his lips, an assassin from behind struck off his head at a blow, and the enthusiastic and gallant Sir William Hay MacNaughton was numbered with the dead. This cowardly proceeding was followed up by a scene, until then unparalleled in the annals of crime and brutal ferocity. The Envoy's dead body was treated with the most shocking indignity, and savagely exposed to public observation and outrage. Those who thought that the destruction of the Envoy would appease the blood-thirsty Sikhs soon found out their mistake. His death was in reality the signal for a general massacre. The troops unexpectedly attacked by such overwhelming odds as now made their appearance, and cut off from the only pass by which they could retire from their position, were unable to sustain anything like a regular line of battle. The cowardly Sikhs protected themselves by the cliffs and barriers behind which they were posted, while missiles and projectiles of every murderous description were hurled down upon the British, and they were cut to pieces. The pass of Cabool was one human slaughter-house, for of the whole British Army that had entered it, only a few, a very few lived to relate the disastrous occurrence, and they were taken captive with the women and children belonging to the camp.

Lady Sale, whose name ever since has been connected with this horrible period, was one of the chief personages connected with