

BRITAIN INVADED, A.D. 1900.

Sound the alarm! ring out the bells of church,
and tower!
Call out the "Army of Defence"—lose not an
hour!
Our shores are threatened—the hostile fleets in
view,
And British hearts with British valor must be
true
If they would keep their homes inviolate from
the hand
Of those who seek to desolate their land,
Each son who has the strength to bear an arm
Must face the foe and strive to free from harm
His own loved Isle, the land that gave him birth
The home of freedom—the "diamond of the
earth!"

The foe has landed—but the conquest was not
won.
From the first streak of daylight till the setting
sun
The bellowing cannon scattered death around
Till dead and dying strewed the glory ground.
Amid the dread confusion of the fight,
Just as the day resigned itself to night,
The foe launched forth their boats upon the wave,
Filled with armed men prepared to brave
A nation up in arms for freedom's cause,
Their king, their country's liberty and laws
"Men are not stones!" Our soldiers stood their
ground—
Till dead and wounded lay as thick around
"As cattle in a well-stocked pasture field"—
Prepared to die, but not prepared to yield.
Away—fall back—but keep your faces to the foe!
Our enemies have known that British maxims
long ago,
The battle's lost—the invaders muster on the
shore—
Retire and gather strength! There yet is more
To do ere Britain owns the sway of foreign yoke—
Her spirit may be bent, but never broke.

Muster the squadrons in the busy street!
The "Army of Defence" must now prepare to
meet
No phantom foe upon the rocky height.
The sham is past, now is the real fight,
Forth from their peaceful homes the civil sol-
diers come
At war's alarm, to follow life and drum
The father leaves his wife and children dear,
And from his eye there starts the trembling
tear:
The mother bids her only son goodbye,
With many a fond embrace and stifled sigh;
The lover from his mistress tears himself away,
And speaks of happiness some future day,
Duty calls. Drive back the foe from off our shore,
And leave our flag unsullied as it was before.

'Tis midnight hour, but yet no rest is there,
Illumined by the flickering torches' glare,
Which sheds a glimmering sleety light,
Glancing on swords and sparkling bayonets
bright—
The "Army of Defence," at Duty's call,
Resolve to win what they have lost, or else to fall
As martyrs to their country's common weal—
No traitor hearts were there, but all were true as
steel
Then march—and with your hearts, so brave and
true,
Resolved to win, there is not much to do,
Before your minds your fathers' victories keep—
Their sons have greater glories yet to reap.
Ere yon crescent moon shall cease to show its light,
Ere yon some day shall chase away the night,
If Britain from the invader be not free,
And still their arms retain the victory,
Eternal ignomy will rest upon our name,
And future ages blush to our own shame.
But march—march on to glory and renown—
Hearts so determined victory must crown.
Your country lies behind, the foe before—
What lacks the British patriot more?
On, then, and let your watchword in the fight
Be Britain's freedom, liberty and right.
Maintain your country's ever honored name,
And add fresh laurels to her brilliant fame.
If in your hands Great Britain's might decays,
Then not for us the poet's halloved praise,
No more shall Britain's martial tales be told,
With pride and honour as in days of old.
Charge, then, and let each heart be true,
Remember Balaclava, Waterloo!

'Tis done, our country's free once more—
Free and unfettered as she was of yore.
Shout, then, with joy triumphant! Bring
The lyre and touch its comelike string;
And in the magic power of fervent song
Sound forth the praises of the brave and strong,
Whom fell beneath the foiled invaders' stroke,
To save their country from the foreign yoke.
O, land of liberty! land of the free and brave!
Thy flag remains triumphant still on land and
wave;
Thy fleet has still its ancient prestige on the deep
And still thy fame to arms thy warriors keep.
Thy name is revered as it was before—
No foe again shall plant an hostile foot upon your
shore.
J. M.
—*Volunteer News*, 18th March.

COL. EL CHESNEY'S ARMY OF
KNIGHTS.

The author of "The Battle of Dorking" owed the British public some compensation for the fright he caused them when that celebrated pamphlet appeared, and he has well quitted himself of the debt by his lecture of last Friday at the United Service Institution. It is a positive moral gain to be assured by such an authority that we are at present "well and fully prepared" for a purely defensive war. But Colonel George Chesney goes much further than this, and points out the way by which we may, if we please, and at no very distant period, be equally well prepared to sustain our ancient renown on the battle fields of Europe. To be sure, the system he proposes to adopt is a revolutionary, and therefore, to some extent, a risky one. But its great merit is that the risk is not too great to be taken by a first-class Power like England, if we are once convinced that Colonel Chesney's suggestions are not likely to be bettered by other teachers.

Premising that England is not less high-spirited now than in the days of old, though she would not fight in a great, nay, the greatest, cause, Colonel Chesney asked what a nation with such high principles would say "if she saw her Army nothing but a weak contingent hanging on the flank of some foreign Power, or, if compelled to fight single handed, cooped up in some remote corner of Europe, while the issue was fought out on a distant battlefield." The question was, if in these days of colossal armies such a result could be avoided at any price short of a total abandonment of our position in the councils of Europe? It is not long since that Prince Bismark, in mapping out Eastern Europe afresh, was of opinion that England need not be considered,—and it is certain that many more besides the great German Chancellor have thought that England has obliterated herself as a military power on the Continent. But not so, in effect, says Colonel Chesney. England has always led the way in the practical application of new ideas. Witness our aptitude for colonization and commerce—our railways, telegraphs, and manufactures. In maritime and naval affairs it has always been the same. In military affairs alone we have been content with the role of imitators. Let us be bold enough to strike out a new line for ourselves in this as in other important matters, and let it be such a one as the peculiarities of our position—our natural advantages and disadvantages—suggest; and there is no reason why we should be less successful in military invention and enterprise than in any other direction. Such is the gist of Colonel Chesney's preliminary argument.

The fact is indubitable, that we cannot at present put an Army in the field that would be capable of competing with one of the vast continental forces, which are not simply composed of battalions and divisions, but of armies within armies. Let us, then, invent an Army of another kind, in which a special quality and not quantity, should be the winning colour. In Colonel Chesney's opinion this may be done by organizing an Army of horsemen, not merely cavalry, nor merely mounted riflemen, but both in the highest degree of perfection combined—an Army that should be able to ride down any cavalry brought against it, and at the same time be able to operate with rapidity and in any direction against infantry. Such a force landed on the continent under an able leader, might, he declared his conviction,

ride from one end of Europe to the other. Suppose that it met the enemy even 100,000 strong, part dismounting would be directed to drive the flank back, while the reserve coming up would join in the pursuit, driving back the rest of the enemy across and upon their own line. This idea has been formed from what occurred in the American war, where a small body of mounted infantry had produced an effect far beyond their numerical strength. The general idea was not that mounted men should act as auxiliaries to the rest of the Army; but, in fact, that the rest of the Army should act as auxiliaries to the first line of these horsemen. As to the cost, there would necessarily be a revolution in the mode of pay, and of recruiting, if such a plan as this was carried into effect, but, after all, the mere amount of pay was but a slight item in the Army Estimates. Of course, if we succeeded in the application of the idea, foreign nations would become our imitators, though for the present they were too much wedded to their own conscription and vast organized armaments, and would still, if war should once again unhappily arise, give us the opportunity of trying what has so often and so successfully tried in India, and now but lately in the woods and jungles of Africa—the chances of skill against numbers. Even when they had adopted our plans we should be more on an equality with them than at present, and with anything like equality, what Englishman would fear for the result?

What Col. Chesney proposes, then, is the substitution of an Army of accomplished knights in place of the "thin red line" in any future continental warfare in which it may be our fortune to take a part. In the discussion of this project by the daily press, the special aptitudes of the proposed new cavalry have been generally overlooked, and the proposal is criticised as if nothing were meant but an augmentation of the numbers of our present horse troops. If this were not so we should have heard less about a trench across the road or a garden wall stopping the march of such a body. The leading journal speaks of the proposed Army of horse as likely to prove "an important adjunct" to an army in the field, and makes some other weak remarks on the subject, which convince us that the idea had not been grasped in all its breadth and depth by the writer. The most distinguished of our evening contemporaries is much happier in its remarks on the subject. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:

"There is so much to be said for the lecturer's view, that it is hard to tell how far such a revolution in war as he proposed might not be successful from its very daring and novelty. The example he referred to of Frederick 'rolling up' the Austrians at Leuthen is singularly striking. Frederick had but 20,000 against 80,000 of his enemy; yet he routed the latter with perfect ease and completeness, simply because he had discovered a process of gaining ground to a flank rapidly with infantry which the other side did not know how to imitate or meet. It seems possible, therefore, in theory at least, that the instance might be repeated were the bulk of an attacking force able to move with the speed of horsemen when brought against a line of battle composed even of the best infantry. There is, indeed, already one example in modern history of the thing proposed being done; for Lee's lines of defence before Richmond in 1865 were actually broken, and the long contest he had maintained brought to a finish at one blow by the sudden transporting of