

THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE.*

BALAKLAVA, OCT. 25, 1854.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

THE charge of the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade!
Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen drew to the valley—and stayed.
For Scarlett and Scarlett's Three Hundred were riding by
When the points of the Russian lances broke in on the sky;
And he called "Left wheel into line!" and they wheeled and obeyed.
Then he looked at the host that had halted, he knew not why,
And he turned half round, and he bade his trumpeter sound
"To the charge!" and he rode on ahead, as he waved his blade
To the gallant Three Hundred, whose glory will never die,
"Follow and up the hill!"
Up the hill, up the hill followed the Heavy Brigade.

II.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight!
Down the hill, slowly, thousands of Russians
Drew to the valley, and halted at last on the height
With a wing pushed out to the left, and a wing to the right.
But Scarlett was far on ahead, and he dashed up alone
Through the great gray slope of men;
And he whirled his sabre, he held his own
Like an Englishman there and then.
And the three that were nearest him followed with force,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made,
Four amid thousands; and up the hill, up the hill
Galloped the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

III.

Fell, like a cannon-shot,
Burst, like a thunderbolt,
Crushed, like a hurricane,
Broke through the mass from below,
Drove through the midst of the foe
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillings and Greys,
Whirling their sabres in circles of light,
And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for awhile from the fight
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right
And rolled them around like a cloud—
Oh! mad for the charge and the battle were we
When our own good red coats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark gray sea;
And we turned to each other, muttering all dismayed:
"Lost are the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade!"

IV.

But they rode, like victors and lords,
Through the forests of lances and swords;
In the heart of the Russian hordes
They rode, or they stood at bay;
Struck with the sword-hand and slew;
Down with the bridle-hand drew
The foe from the saddle, and threw
Under foot there in the fray;
Ranged like a storm, or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day;

* The three hundred of the Heavy Brigade who made this famous charge were the Goots Greys and the second squadron of the Inniskillings, the remainder of the Heavy Brigade subsequently dashing up to their support. The three were Elliott, Scarlett's Aide de Camp, who had been riding by his side, and the trumpeter, and Sbegog, the orderly, who had been close behind him.

Till suddenly, shock upon shock,
Staggered the mass from without;
For our men galloped up with a cheer
and a shout,
And the Russians surged, and wavered,
and reeled
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out
of the field,
Over the brow and away.

V.

Glory to each and to all, and the charge
that they made!
Glory to all the Three Hundred, the
Heavy Brigade!

THE MISSISSAGA INDIANS OF ALNWICK.

BY HERBERT G. PAULL.

THE readers of the PLEASANT HOURS know but little of the Indians of Ontario. Most of them never saw an Indian except at a lacrosse match, or at the Exhibition, where the squaws squat on the ground surrounded with their bead work of pincushions, slipper cases, moccasins, and such like. How funny they look with their crimson shawls over their heads, with their dark red skins, and their black hair, and solemn faces. I should not like to be an Indian, would you? No! Neither would the Indians like to be any one else than themselves. God made us all, and loves us all and no one more than another. The Indians are kind, and gentle, and quiet, and love their homes, just as you and I do, and, perhaps, more. Oh, how they love their homes!

You will be surprised to know that there is a deserted Indian village, 13 miles from Toronto, between Port Credit and Cooksville.

I drove out there the other day and saw the old log houses, and the ruined church, and council hall, and the river Credit, with its rapids where the Indians used to fish; but the birds had flown, the place was deserted, lonely, silent, and sorrowful.

Years ago the Indian children played around these houses, they sang their songs in the little Indian church; here they learned to reverence the name of Jesus, and here they prayed before His throne.

Here the men tilled the ground, and here they gathered their corn and caught their fish. Here they were born and married, and here some of them died; * but they had to leave the homes they loved, like the Oka Indians have had to leave theirs, and the Government found them another reserve more than a hundred miles away.

Did I say the place was deserted? Well, so it was, except for one old woman and her two grandchildren, who had come back all the dreary way from their new home to see the old place again. The poor old woman looked very sorrowful indeed as she gathered a few sticks to make a fire, and the children who were playing in the dirt appeared to have forgotten the way to laugh.

I called one of them to me, a little boy about seven years old, and said:—
"What is your name, my little man?"

He looked up into my face with a wooden stare and made no reply.

"Where do you live?" I said.

Still no answer.

* Here the late Rev. Dr. Ryerson, as an Indian missionary, preached to them fifty years ago.—Ed.

"Is that your grandma?" I began to be, warm, still no answer.

"Is that little girl your sister?"

He turned his head to where his little sister was standing, and plainly signifying that he understood me, called in a sharp clear voice, "hi! hi!"

The little girl came running to him, and stood up beside him, a pair of little comical bronzo figures, staring at me with their great dark eyes, but without any other expression on their features, except a look of solemn indifference.

I thought I would try them collectively and without looking at either of them particularly, I began.

"Do you go to school?"

They nodded, and thus encouraged, I proceeded.

"Do you go to the Sabbath-school?"

Again they nodded, and I thought I detected a smile on the girl's face.

"Where? at Port Credit?"

They shook their heads.

"Do you like to go?"

Both of them smiled and kept nodding their heads as if they would never stop.

"Do you love Jesus?"

Then a smile spread over each of their faces, and they nodded and looked at each other and smiled again, until the smile increased to a laugh of great enjoyment, and shouting to each other in their own language, they ran swiftly away, but turned around as they ran, the smile had gone from their faces, and they looked as though all the sunshine had left them long ago, so long that they had forgotten how to smile.

I turned away sorrowfully, pitying the poor children and the wretched squaw, and wishing from the bottom of my heart that I could do something for them, when I felt some hard substance strike me on the shoulder and another upon my hat with sufficient force to knock it off into the ditch, then a boisterous shout of childish laughter mingled with the more mature mirth of a woman, and turning round I saw the three laughing as though they would never stop, the woman holding her sides while the tears trickled down her face from pure enjoyment, and the children danced round the squaw in joyful merriment. But when they saw me turn, the laugh ceased, and the children immediately stood still, and stared at me with their great dark eyes while a gravity that was truly astounding spread over their features like a flash of lightning; then while I stood astonished at the whole proceeding, the squaw gave the boy a cuff on the ear that made his ears tingle again, who not to be outdone boxed his sister's ears good-naturedly until she cried aloud, and the mother giving each a slap sent them into the hut.

But I want to tell you about the Mississaga Indians of Alnwick, and first of all I must tell you that the Indian Chief, Mr. Chubb, called to see me a few days ago to inquire after the white man's health, and to shake hands. He told me a great many things I never knew before, and we chatted for two or three hours, and indeed, we had a very excellent time.

Let me try to mention a few things we talked about, and please do not forget that Mr. Chubb is a god-fearing man, a good chief, and a pious Christian.

"How many Indians are there at Alnwick reserve, Mr. Chubb?" I inquired.

"About two hundred I guess, may be a few more, not many more though."

"Only two hundred, eh? I am told, Mr. Chubb, that your people are rapidly thinning out and that soon the Mississaga Indians, like a great many other tribes, will become extinct."

Mr. Chubb smiled sadly and yet confidently as he answered: "It is true in part, may be, that my tribe may have been thinning out; but we are creeping up, sir; we are creeping up again, no mistake, I guess."

"But," said I, "I am given to understand your tribe is composed almost exclusively of half-breeds; is that true?"

"There may be one third in all half-breeds, no more I guess."

And then Mr. Chubb told me what his people did to employ their time, how attentive they were to the duties of worship, how they loved God's house and revered His name, how much the children loved to go to Sabbath-school, how they loved to read the children's paper, PLEASANT HOURS, and how they loved to hear the Rev. Mr. Jackes, the missionary, preach, and what a good time they all had at the Wednesday night prayer-meeting, and how the Indian Council was opened by prayer, always with prayer and song, and how they loved to sing God's praises. Oh, children, I am sure you would love to hear the Indian's sing, it would do you good! I am sure if you are trying to love Jesus it would help to make you better Christians.

I meant to have said a great deal more than I have, but I will tell you in a future number of the PLEASANT HOURS.

Toronto, 15th February, 1882.

FARADAY'S LOST CUP.

MR. PENTECOST, the evangelist, replying to the charge of folly made against those who believe that God will raise the dead, gave this beautiful illustration: "There is a story told of a workman of the great chemist Faraday. One day he knocked into a jar of acid a little silver cup. It disappeared, was eaten up by the acid, and could not be found. The question came up whether it could ever be found. One said he could find it, another said it was held in solution and there was no possibility of finding it. The great chemist came in, and put some chemical into the jar, and in a moment every particle of the silver was precipitated to the bottom. He lifted it out a shapeless mass, sent it to the silversmith, and the cup was restored. If Faraday could precipitate that silver and restore that cup, I believe God can restore my sleeping and scattered dust.

In a railroad car the seats were all full except one, which was occupied by a pleasant-looking Irishman, and at one of the stations a couple of evidently well-bred and intelligent young ladies came in to procure seats. Seeing none vacant, they were about to go into the next car, when Patrick arose hastily and offered them his seat, with evident pleasure. "But you will have no seat for yourself," responded one of the young ladies, with a smile, hesitating, with true politeness, to accept it. "Niver moind that," said the gallant Hibernian. "I'd ride upon a cow-catcher to New York any-time for a smile from such jentlemanly ladies."

If sinners entice thee consent thou not.