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THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Tread lightly—'tis a soldier's grave,
A lonely, mossy mound—
And yet, to hearts like mine and thine,
It should be holy ground.

Speak softly—let no careless laugh,
No idle, thoughtless jest
Escape your lips, where sweetly sleeps
The hero in his rest.

For him no reveille shall beat
When morning bright shall come;
For him at night no tat-too roll
Its thunder from the drum.

No costly marble marks the place,
Recording deeds of fame;
But rudely on that bending tree
Is carved the soldier's name

A name—not dear to us—but ah!
There may be lips that breathe
That name as sacredly and low
As prayers at eve.

There may be brows that wear for him
The mourning cypress vine,
And hearts that make his lonely grave
A holy pilgrim shrine.

There may be eyes that joyed to gaze
With love into his own,
Now keeping midnight visits long
With silent grief alone.

There may be hands now clasped in prayer,
This soldier's hand has pressed,
And cheeks washed pale by sorrow's tears,
His own cold cheek caressed.

Tread lightly, for a man bequeathed.
Ere laid beneath this sod,
His ashes to his native land,
His gallant soul to God.

ON THE MARCH.

It is one o'clock in the morning; and after panting and tossing through four hours of restlessness, we are about to sink into a state as nearly resembling sleep as can be arrived at in a July's night in Bengal, when our rest is broken by the shrill sounds of the first bugle. There is a melancholy pleasure in putting off evil till the last moment, in the illusion that, by so doing, we may avert the scourge—perhaps for ever. The condemned felon, as he ascends the scaffold, lingers on the threshold of his fate, and the hope of the coming reprieve stays his step

as he marches to indubitable doom. It is thus with us whose rest is disturbed by the voice of that shrill monitor, and we still linger abed with a half wakeful feeling that we ought not to be there, and yet with an overpowering sense of somnolence and recklessness: but just as slumber is stealing over us again—like a cloak, as Sancho says—hark! the second bugle; and up we jump with a painful consciousness of being too late; hurry on our clothes with the rapidity of lightning; and after gulping down a cup of abomination, composed of equal proportions of cold water and hot milk, ignite a cheroot, and emerge into open air. It would be quite dark if it was not for the starlight, brilliant enough to make darkness visible, and no more. If there had been sufficient light to distinguish objects, the scene would have been singular in the extreme; but as it is, the hum of voices, and the active stir of preparation, alone makes us conscious of the busy life without. As the sense of vision becomes more accustomed to the gloom, we are enabled to discern objects, though dimly and imperfectly. Indistinct forms of soldiers hurry to and fro, seeking, in the dark, for their arms and accoutrements, and addressing each other by the euphonious appellations of Dick and Bill: horses neigh vigorously, and salute each other with their heels, to the imminent risk of the bystander. The oblong forms of khitmutgars and bearers glance through the nebulous gloom, their white turbans and snowy drapery standing out sharply in relief. Camp followers, like swarms of locusts, muster thickly around, busily engaged in packing up traps, loading camels, and exchanging compliments with each other in language more copious than select. Suddenly, the moon, struggling through a cloud, shows her cold pale face upon the scene, which, in a moment, undergoes a sudden change, quick as a dissolving view. The tents are in a state of collapse; down they come; and the camp, but lately studded with white canvas, regularly laid out, disappears as completely as if it had been engulfed into the bowels of the earth. Standing amid the debris of our prostrate dwellings, we note the scene around, where confusion worse confounded meets the eye at every turn. Camels are to be descried sprawling on the ground, uttering piteous groans, as rolls of canvas, camel trunks, pitarahs (tin-boxes), tent-poles, are thrown upon their backs: stretching their long necks

from their misshapen bodies—like turtles looking out of their shells—and rolling their small lustreless eyes with a mournful expression of appealing sympathy. Elephants with their Brobdignagian forms, huge unwieldy heads, weak watery eyes, and ample feet, are trumpeting to each other, and throwing their long trunks into the air in fantastic curls. Further from the camp are the horses of the sowas (native troopers), picketed in parallel lines to each other, stamping the ground with their hoofs, and filling the air with their shrill outcries. Of every colour of the rainbow, the brutes present a motley spectacle to the eye—

White, gray, and chestnut, yellow, black, and blue.

But, hark! what sound is that, making night hideous, and striking the ear as if all the fiends of lower air were engaged in one discordant jubilee? Is it discord herself come to strike up a tintamarre? If you cast your eye to the left, you will perceive the cause. The hackaries (native carts) are beginning to leave camp, and as these vehicles are unprovided with springs—their wooden wheels revolving upon wooden axles—hence the shrieking and groaning of these lugubrious machines. One by one, with the tardy pace of a funeral carriage, they drop out of camp, the gariwan (cart-driver) accelerating the pace of his inert bullock by the ingenious method of twisting the tail of that sluggish animal. And now all is ready, and the troops muster for the march. You mount your horse, and, supposing you are attached to the advance-guard, ride slowly out of camp, followed by a swarm of dusky sowas, their horses plunging, and rearing, and neighing, standing erect on their hind legs, and using other playful gambols in the endeavor to unseat their riders. Your first essay is to thread the most questionable ground in search of the main road, before reaching which you will most probably find yourself landed at the bottom of a mullah, or will have to run the gauntlet of a network of land-cracks, which form one of the attractions of this detestable land. Once fairly on the march, the column winds its tardy and snake-like course through a country flat as a pancake, dotted here and there with clumps of trees, now silvered by the moonbeams, now cast into shade with the alterations of light and shadow. The light and graceful tamarind; the banyan, with its pendulous branches and expanding shade; the mango, with its green and luxuriant foliage; the fragilo palm, and the waving plantain, add a pleasing diversity to the landscape. Villages of irregular shape, with their long narrow streets, dingy houses, yelping curs, squalling brats, mean shops,