

## WILLIAM AND SUSAN.

A VERY MOURNFUL TEXAS BALLAD.

*(From the Louisville Courier)*

Susan Brown and William Brady,  
Lovers in the Lone Star State,  
One calm night, all snug and shady,  
Side by side in converse sat.  
'Twas an old man Brown's pizaz;  
Stars were brightening all the skies,  
And the moon upon the plaza  
Was just upon the rise.

'Twas the hour for love or liquor—  
Calm, sweet hour in early June;  
Love and wine will ever dicker  
On such a night with such a moon.  
Susan was as fair as Hebe  
Dressed to all her Sunday clothes—  
Fatter than your cousin Phoebe,  
Who is fatter than the rose.

As for William—never willwood  
Succumbed youth more stout or hale  
He was from his very childhood  
What the Texans called a whale.  
There they sat for long hours talking  
Of their hopes and joys and fears;  
Talking of their loves and chalking  
Out their plans for coming years.

Speculating on their marriage,  
What dress she'd wear that day;  
Talked they also of a little crib and carriage  
Which might perchance come into play.  
Thus they sat, her hand in his,—  
Not a prisoner, harsh or stern,—  
For 'twas merely locked in his'n,  
As his lips were pressed to her'n

But alas! the course of true love  
Smoothly runs, oh never! never!  
Hearts enlured in old or new love  
Soon or late must sigh and sever.  
O that in the sea of rap ure  
Where the heart most sweetly floats,  
Fate pirate's sure to capture  
Halt our joys and cut our throats!

Hark!—the smell of shot and powder  
Rises like the funeral knell!  
Loud, r, louder, and still louder  
Rambles that heart-rending smell!  
Susan's sybil soul prophetic  
Knew that rattle meant but ill—  
Knew that old man Brown erratic  
Was upon the hunt for Bill!

Bill, the lode star, whom she follows,  
Whither—asking, caring not;  
Now she feels that fifty dollars  
Were poor pay to see him shot.  
Oh, the earnest love of woman!  
Little for itself it seeks;  
It is not a taking uncommon  
For its flames to last six weeks!

All alone a door is bursted  
Close to where the lovers sit,  
William had got up and dived,  
But it was too late to get.  
Ere he dreamed of flight or fear once,  
Or had time to cut or run,  
Old man Brown in all his appearance  
With his double barreled gun.

Susan's knees shook fast and faster,  
William's at a shock, 'tis said,  
Till they tumbled down the plaster  
From the ceiling over head.  
Susan screamed, her dark hair flying  
Like a meteor streaming far;  
Springing to her feet and crying  
"Please don't shoot, O cruel par!"

But that was so cold and cruel,  
Swore he'd send Bill to that cell  
Where there's too much fire and tact  
For to have a pleasant time.  
Then he raises his shooting iron,  
Riveting much and swearing more,  
Till the air got blue with fire on,  
To hear how dreadfully he swore.

What, oh what was William doing?  
While thus raved the old gabool?  
Seeing plainly what was a'frowling,  
He was likewise on the shoot.  
"Hold, rash par!" cried the daughter,  
All unheeded were her cries,  
As also the sweet salt water  
Streaming from her lovely eyes.

Standing there in all his rigour,  
O! man Brown now aimed his gun,  
Pausing ere he pulled the trigger,  
The King may be but wou'd I run  
But, though, was he of the cattle  
Watch who neither dare nor do;  
But, once shaved into a battle,  
He was sure to see B through.

Never since the age of fiam  
Was suspense left more profane;  
For one moment more and William  
Had been made to bite the ground.

Quietly drawing his repeater,  
Which he carried two or three;  
Cocking it at shortest meter,  
Drew a bead on O. M. B.

Few things swift as lightning are there!  
Swift thus came the pistol's roar,  
And poor Susan's hapless father  
Lay there weltering in his gore.  
William's sure unerring bullet—  
An infernal slug, no doubt—  
Took O. M. B. in the gullet,  
And he waltzed right up the spout.

And the coroner, flying nigh him,  
Came; but William didn't run,  
Feeling sure they'd justify him  
In the deed that he had done.  
Which they did; for pava's fury,  
Susan, weeping, told it o'er,  
And to William said the jury:  
"Go, my son, and shoot no more."

Here my muse must stop and tarry;  
All she knows is in this lay;  
Whether Sue and Bill will marry,  
She is not prepared to say.  
But as Bill—who is no joker  
With stocked cards, you understand—  
In that game of laden poker  
Played a square and honest hand.

Should he, when there are no traces  
Left of his unerring shot,  
Meet Sue's hand with but four aces,  
He will no doubt take the pot;  
For Sue knows her pu wasable  
And had done it with a rush,  
With his fall to sweep the table,  
Had not William held a flush.

## LECTURE.

(Royal United Service Institution.)

Thursday Evening, February 27th, 1873.

Major General WILLIAM NAPIER, Director of  
Military Education, in the Chair.CHANGES OF TACTICS CONSEQUENT ON THE IM-  
PROVEMENT OF WEAPONS AND OTHER  
CIRCUMSTANCES.By Lieutenant Colonel F. MIDDLETON, Sup-  
erintendent of Garrison Instruction -  
Aldershot.*(Continued from Page 251.)*

Let us now see what was the system of tactics at this period, such as was used by Marlborough among others. The infantry was formed in two lines three or four deep on as open ground as could be found. No skirmishers. The flanks covered with cavalry, massed. The artillery in front, almost immovable. The positions were mostly taken up beforehand by both sides exactly opposite and parallel to each other, or nearly to each other, or nearly so, and often fortified. In fact, before the fighting commenced the field of battle must have looked like the picture of one which we see drawn on the lid of one of those toy boxes of soldiers for children. The troops all moved slowly and deliberately. Sometimes the infantry remained stationary while the cavalry tried to drive each other away. No attempt was made to combine the three arms for the purposes of attack.

The great skill of a General in those days were evinced in his choice of a position to fight in—none that was suitable to the numbers and composition of his army. Marlborough's *specialité* was discovering a weak point in his adversary's disposition, and making his attack on that point.

We will now turn to Frederick the Great of Prussia, who was the first real reformer of tactics in modern times. At his father's death, he found ready made to his hand an army in the most perfect state of drill and discipline—in fact a perfect machine. This army consisted of 72,000 men, and beside the army, Frederick found a million and a half pounds in the treasury to keep it up with.

The first reform he undertook after his father's funeral, was to break up the celebrated Potsdam regiment of Grenadiers, which had cost his father so much time and money to get together, but who were perfectly useless except for show.

He soon had an opportunity of testing his army, as he engaged in the war in Silesia in 1741. This war, luckily for him, lasted only two years, and was a successful one. But, though successful, he was not satisfied. He saw that, small as his army was compared to those of his neighbours, if he would hold his own, he must make up for his deficiency in numbers by increase of mobility and the adoption of a new system of tactics. Accordingly, taking advantage of its perfection in drill, he accustomed his army to march in long open columns with the utmost precision, so as to enable him by rapidly wheeling them into line to place them obliquely across the flank of an enemy. He always fought his army in two lines three deep, with cavalry on the wings. When moving to a flank, each line preserved its distance from the other. The one nearest the enemy could form line and either attack or contain him, the other line moving round his flank.

He took away the clumsy fire arm from the cavalry and gave them the sabre, making them charge at speed. He made his field artillery capable of moving with his infantry, and organized horse artillery to accompany his cavalry, and, in fact, used the three arms in combination for attack. He taught his army to adapt itself to the ground, instead of trying to adapt the ground to itself, thus enabling him to force his enemy to engage when and where he chose. The long peace which followed after the war in Silesia enabled him to perfect all these reforms, so that when he found himself at war with the three great military powers in Europe, he proved himself more than a match for them. This gift of seeing their military errors and short comings, and steadily amending them, seems to be peculiarly a Prussian one; one the Prussians of the present day having done very much what Frederick did. In both cases the wars in which they gained their experience were successful, and they were allowed by Europe to make their reforms and improvements without any one perceiving them until brought forcibly to notice by wonderful victories. Another coincidence may be found in the two cases, and that is, that in Frederick's first campaign the Prussian infantry fire-arm had nearly as great a superiority over that of the enemy as was the case with the Prussian infantry arm in the Danish and Austrian wars of our own time. This was owing to the introduction of steel or iron ramrods in the Prussian army, invented in 1741 by the Prince of Dessau. The infantry up to this time used wooden ramrods, which very soon broke in the heat and excitement of loading quickly. Sometimes the men carried an extra one in their belts, but that could have only been a temporary relief, and must have impeded the man's movements. The Austrian and Prussian armies had, I believe, a practice of issuing so many iron ramrods in two pieces to a few non-commissioned officers, but even this would not be of much avail. The result of this was altogether, that it was usual for infantry to cease firing after a few hour's engagement, so you may fancy the startling advantage the iron ramrods in possession of one side only, must have given that side. This but the was a remarkable one for other reasons. It was Frederick's first battle, and it was