

Many a great and ancient river, crowned with city, tower, and shrine,
 Little streamlet, knows no magic, has no potency like thine;
 Cannot shed the light thou sheddest around many a living head,
 Cannot lend the light thou lendest to the memories of the dead;
 Yea, nor, all unsoothed their sorrow, who can, proudly mourning, say,—
 When the first strong burst of anguish shall have wept itself away,—
 "He hath pass'd from us, the loved one; but he sleeps with them that died
 "By the Alma, at the winning of that terrible hill-side."

Yes, and in the days far onward, when we all are cold as those
 Who beneath thy vines and willows on their hero-beds repose,
 Thou, on England's banners blazoned with the famous fields of old,
 Shalt, where other fields are winning, wave above the brave and bold;
 And our sons unborn shall nerve them for some great deed to be done
 By that twentieth of September, when Alma's heights were won.
 Oh! thou river, dear forever to the gallant, to the free,
 Alma, roll thy waters proudly, roll them proudly to the sea!

IN ALMA FLUVIUM

VICTORIA CRUENTIA A. D. XII. CAL. OCTOB. A. S. MDCCCLIV. NOBILITATEM.

Mater es, Alma, necis; parte sed sanguine nostro,
 Pacis tu nutrix, Almaque Mater eris.

II. THE EAST INDIAN MASSACRES.

The fearful scenes now being enacted in the East Indies by the cowardly and mutinous Sepoys forcibly recal the tragic events connected with the conquest of the Punjab. The following touching and beautiful poem by the Very Rev. Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., on the murder at Mooltan of two British officers, Anderson and Agnew, is singularly and painfully appropriate at the present time.

The gallant Major Edwardes' narrative of the tragedy states that, "having been reduced to extremity, Sirdar Khan Sing begged Mr. Agnew to be allowed to wave a sheet and sue for mercy. Though weak from loss of blood, Agnew's heart failed him not. He replied: 'The time for mercy is gone; let none be asked for; we are not the last of the English—thousands of them will yet come down here when we are gone, and annihilate Moolraj, his soldiers, and his fort!' The crowd rushed in, seized Khan Sing and surrounded the two officers who were talking together in English, doubtless bidding each other farewell for all time. They were soon despatched, and their dead bodies thrown out and insulted by the crowd. . . . The English indeed soon came and reduced the fortress; but they did not depart without performing the last sad rites over the gallant slain. The bodies of the two officers were carefully, even affectionately, removed and wrapped in cashmere shawls, to obliterate all traces of neglect. They were borne by the soldiers in triumph through the breach in the walls, and placed in an honoured resting place on the summit of Moolraj's citadel!"—Ed.

Bear them gently, bear them duly, up the broad and sloping breach
 Of this torn and shattered city, till their resting-place they reach.
 In the costly cashmeres folded, on the stronghold's topmost crown,
 In the place of foremost honor, lay these noble relics down.
 Here repose, for this is meetest, ye who here breathed out your life,
 Ah! in no triumphant battle, but beneath the assassin's knife.