

### REVELRY OF DEATH.

The following lines, relating to the early service of English officers in India, when the ranks of that army were greatly thinned by pestilence, which appeared in the *Journal*, for November 7, 1804, we republish now in answer to a request;

We meet beneath the sounding rattle  
And the walls around are bare;  
As they shout to our peals of laughter  
It seems that the dead are there;  
But stand to your glasses steady,  
We drink to our comrades eyes;  
Quaff a cup to the dead already,  
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,  
Not here is the vintage sweet—  
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,  
And dark as the doom we meet;  
But stand to your glasses steady,  
And soon shall our pulses rise—  
A cup to the dead already,  
And one to the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,  
Not a tear for the friend that sink,  
We'll fall midst the wine cup sparkles  
As mute as the wine we drink;  
So stand to your glasses steady,  
'Tis this that the respite buys;  
One cup to the dead already,  
Hurrah for the next that dies.

There's many a hand that's shaking,  
There's many a cheek that's sunk,  
And soon though our hearts are breaking,  
They burn with the wine we've drunk;  
So stand to your glasses steady,  
The Thoughtless are here—the wise;  
A cup to the dead already,  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time when we frowned at others,  
We thought we were wiser then;  
Ha! ha! let them think of their mother,  
Who hope to see them again;  
Ho! stand to your glasses steady,  
'Tis here the revivallies;  
A cup to the dead already,  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing,  
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath;  
And thus doth the warmth of feeling  
Turn ice in the grasp of death,  
Ho! stand to your glasses steady,  
For a moment the vapour flies;  
A cup to the dead already,  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?  
Who shrinks from the sable shore  
Where the high and hearty yearning  
Of the soul shall sting no more?  
Ho! stand to your glasses steady,  
The world is a world of lies;  
A cup to the dead already,  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,  
Betrayed by the land we find,  
Whom the brightest have gone before us  
And the dullest remain behind;  
Stand, stand to your glasses steady,  
'Tis all we have left to prize;  
A cup to the dead already,  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

### A FOUR DAYS' REVOLUTION.

(From the U.S. Army and Navy Journal).

The Navy Department on Monday last received the following official report of Commodore R. N. Stembel, commanding the United States naval forces of the South Pacific Squadron, giving an account of the recent troubles in Peru. As our Minister to Peru was unable to communicate with the State Department, the report was sent there for their information:

South Squadron, Pacific Station, United States Flagship Pensacola, Bay of Callao, Peru, July 27, 1872.

Hon. Geo. M. Robinson,  
Secretary of the Navy.

Sir,—In my previous "General Reports" I have informed you that a serious political disturbance, if not an actual revolution, was expected to take place in Peru some time

about the 28th of this month, owing to the fact that there were three claimants for the office of President, each of whom considered himself the legally elected candidate; that Congress would determine on or about the 28th inst. the legality of the elections, and that the two disappointed candidates, whoever they might be, would probably endeavor to arouse insurrection and dissatisfaction. I have now to report that the insurrection has actually taken place, but in a different form and headed entirely by different people than any one had anticipated or even surmised. The contest for the presidency had resolved itself into two parties—the administration party, whose candidate was Dr. Arnos and the popular party whose candidate was Don Manuel Par Pardo. Both Houses of Congress held their preliminary meetings on the 13th of this month, and although all their sessions were held in secret from that time up to the hour of their forced dissolution, it was quite apparent that Pardo would be the choice of the legislative branch. So well founded were these impressions that a general understanding seemed to exist that the President, Don Jose Balta, would quietly turn over the insignia of his office to his successor, Pardo. On the 2nd of August this seemed not only to be the probable issue, but at the same time the one which gave the greatest satisfaction at large. Fears of a revolution were to a great extent subsiding, and everything seemed to be progressing calmly and quietly, when on the 22nd inst. about 2 o'clock, p.m., General Thomas Gutierrez, Minister of War of President Balta's Cabinet, appeared on the principal plaza in Lima, directly in front of the government palace, at the head of a force of infantry and artillery. He arrested and imprisoned Balta, declared himself dictator under the title of "Supreme Chief of the Republic," dissolved both Houses of Congress by driving the Senators and Deputies from their halls at the point of the bayonet; despatched a force of soldiers to arrest Pardo, in which, however, he was not successful, and by scouring the streets of the capital with armed soldiers created a panic of fear and alarm that left him for the time completely master of the situation. So sudden was all this, so entirely unexpected and so intimidated were the public by this lawless and forced assumption of power that no resistance could at once be made. It was found that Gutierrez controlled the mass of the army, numbering about seven thousand men, three of his brothers being colonels of the three regiments. Stores were immediately closed, groups forbidden to congregate in the streets, the press placed under surveillance and, with the exception of one paper, prevented from issuing their usual editions. All office holders were removed, tools of Gutierrez placed in the controlling positions, and a reign of terror established.

During that afternoon and the following morning several pronouncements were issued by the "Supreme Chief," in which he declared that he had saved the country from the abyss into which it was to be plunged; that he had been called upon by the Army, Navy and prominent civilians to take control of the republic; that "to day, the 22nd, would be a bright page in Peru's history," etc. Congress was in session at the time that demonstration took place in front of the Government Palace, and instantly on reception of the news, Congress held a joint session, passed a protest, in which Gutierrez and all who might aid him were declared to be out of the pale of the law, and were in the act of affixing their individual signatures when they were dispersed by an armed force of

the dictator. A protest was signed by more than one hundred Senators and Deputies at the time of the dispersion. Many prominent and many junior officers of the Army at once resigned their commissions, and their places were filled by men from the ranks and others known to be partisans of the dictator. The garrisons in: the fort of Lima and Callao were officered by persons who, it was supposed could influence the mass of the troops, and every precaution taken by Gutierrez to insure himself supreme in authority and power. The brother of Gutierrez, Silvestre by name, to whom had fallen the lot of arresting President Balta—a mission that, according to all accounts was most brutally fulfilled—was sent to Callao as military prefect. The night of the 22nd four vessels of the Peruvian fleet, the *Independencia*, *Huascar*, *Apuimac* and *Chalaca*, all of which have been in a disarmed state for months past, as I have informed you in my previous despatches, quietly made their preparations, and early the following morning steamed out to sea under the command of Captain Grau and in the interest of Prado. The latter personage was removed as being on board the *Huascar*, but nothing certain was known on that point. These vessels hovered about the mouth of the harbour all of that day, the 23rd, and at night disappeared from the scene. At this time it was uncertain as to how long Gutierrez would be able to usurp the power, or as to how far through the Republic the insurrection might extend. It might all be over in a few days, and it might last a month or more. In this emergency I deemed it my duty to increase my force and be prepared to have a vessel at some other point of the coast of Peru for the protection of the lives and interests of the United States citizens should the insurrection spread at other points, and accordingly telegraphed to Payta a message, to be sent by the steamer leaving there on the 25th instant for Panama, for the *Saranac* to be sent immediately to this port should there be no orders to the contrary. On the 24th instant, the second day of the troubles, desertion from the different forts and *cuarteles* of the "Supreme Chief" were of frequent occurrence, and more than one half of the soldiers left him during the thirty-six hours that succeeded that time. Street-firing became frequent; soldiers deserting threw away their Winchester rifles, leaving them to be picked up by the lower and worst classes of the people; and the few remaining forces of the Gutierrez faction in Callao became thoroughly demoralized, and were fighting and shooting among themselves. On the 25th, while Lima was quiet and under control of the dictator the demoralization in Callao became complete. Forts were deserted, the soldiers throwing away their arms and uniforms. The railroads connecting with Lima were torn up; the telegraph cut; the mob in possession of the town firing at anybody and everybody—firing into business offices and private dwellings, and no authority or head to control them.

The morning of the 25th I wrote to the Hon. Francis Thomas, the United States Minister at Lima, and to Mr. W. J. Williamson, our Consul at Callao, offering my flagship as an asylum to any and all of our countrymen who might be pleased to avail themselves of the protection of our flag during the disturbances which were agitating the country. Several American families of that city saw fit to accept the invitation, feeling that their lives were in danger from the lawless mob that were shooting at random through the streets. Col. Silvestre Gutierrez, Minister of War to his brother, the "Su-