

DEATH OF BROCK.

On the still, balmy air of the beautiful morning,
There peals out the sound of the summoning drum,
And near and afar its wild echoes of warning
Proclaim to the camp that the enemy's come.

Through field and through forest in vast force advancing
The Stars and the Stripes flaunting high overhead,
Come with flashing of bayonets and mettled steeds
prancing.
The ranks of the blue 'gainst the ranks of the red.

Then suddenly rings out the musketry's rattle,
And thunders the tone of the cannon's deep boom,
As fiercely they join in the tumult of battle,
And many brave soldiers are sent to their doom.

Aloft on the breeze is the Union Jack flying,
And round it the death-misives whistle and sing
A dirge for the soldiers, who proudly are dying,
Are dying for country, for country and King.

There are veterans there, who have fought the world
over,
Disdainful of danger, disdainful of death,
And grimly they fall on the sere-faded clover,
And cheer for their King with their fast-failing breath.

And there in the carnage and tumult beside them,
Are those who came forth at their country's first call,
And though torment and danger and death may beside
them,
They'll fight on to victory or fight till they fall.

They had answered the bugle's sharp summons of warn-
ing,
Those stalwart young heroes, the York Volunteers,
And forth in the dusky, gray dawn of the morning
Had marched to the conflict, unburdened by fears.

And now they are fighting for all they hold dearest,
Their sweethearts, and wives, and the country they love,
While they think of the ones that their hearts hold the
nearest,
And breathe out a prayer to their Father above.

Oh! wilder and fiercer the conflict is growing,
And sorely the ranks of the red are oppressed,
And fast is the flood of the crimson tide flowing,
That's draining the lives of the bravest and best.

Can nothing be done to save from disaster,
The resolute men of that brave little band?
Ah! who is this coming up faster and faster,
Erect in his saddle, his sword in his hand!

List, list to the cheer that rings high through the forest,
And list to the tidings that run down the line:
"It is Brock, who has come when our need is the sorest!
With the flash of his sword victory ever will shine."

With a shout on his lip he goes into the battle,
Regardless of dangers, unconscious of fears,
And his voice rings aloud o'er the musketry's rattle:
"Push on to the front the brave York Volunteers!"

He wavers, he staggers, his life-blood is flowing—
Pale, pale grow his features—he's gasping for breath!
And, worked up to madness, his soldiers are throwing
Themselves on the foe, avenging his death.

They chase the invaders, they hurl them before them,
They sweep o'er the field with victorious tread,
Then they lower the flag that sadly droops o'er them,
And wrap it with reverence over the dead.

Sad, sad are the breasts of the men gathered round him,
The triumphs of victory are not thought upon,
For bravest and noblest of men had they found him,
He led them to glory, but now he is gone.

He is gone, but forever the fame of his story
Will shine through the ages, untainted by time,
And ever will glitter the star of his glory,
Who fell at his post in his bright golden prime.

Stayer, Ont. C. E. JAKWAY, M.D.

CZAR AND SKEPIC.

It was in 1829. Government despatches af-
firmed that Diebitsch's army had achieved a great
success, and that Silistria was in their hands.

But official news is not always implicitly
believed when and where unofficial news-mon-
gers are gagged.

"Holy Russia forever! the troops are in Sil-
istria."

"Before it, Batushka, you mean to say."

"Before it! inside it; I say what I mean."

"Inside it! outside it; under correction
still."

"Correction you may well say; I repeat it,
inside."

"And I repeat it, out."

"I have seen the despatch."

"What, the Government version?"

"The Government, to be sure."

"Nothing less sure, I assure you."

"What! Less sure than the Government
story?"

"All stories may be told two ways."

"But one way is true, the other false."

"Precisely, and I mistrust the latter."

"But the real truth is, the troops are in."

"The real truth is, the troops are out."

"In, I say."

"Out, I say."

And so on, *ad infinitum*.

In private saloons, in clubs, in cafés, at *table
d'hôte*, on 'Change and on the Perspective-
Nevskoi might such wranglings have been heard.
In the Gastinnoi-Dvor, and in the vodka shops,
there was more unanimity; the "black people's"
wish was less doubtfully father to their thought.
With their unquestioning, as well as unquestion-
able patriotic prejudice, Holy Russia must have
won, and Diebitsch must, for certain, be hold-
ing Silistria for the Gossudor, for our Lord, the
Czar.

There was a French gentleman, Monsieur De
la Jobardiere, shall I call him? whose mistrust
of official bulletins had, perhaps not unreason-
ably, grown with his growth. *Russian Inval-
ide*, *Northern Bee*, or whatever may have been,
in 1829, the accredited organs of the Imperial
Government, were, to his mind, so many miser-
able imitations of his native *Moniteur*, the
feebleness of whose inventions, however, as
compared with those of that great Gallic organ
of mendacity, consisted not in the absence of

mendaciousness. Monsieur De la Jobardiere was,
himself, very much split, "*tres repandu*," in
certain social circles in St. Petersburg, to bor-
row an image from his own vernacular; and thus
it came to pass that, being gifted, as is not un-
usual amongst his fellow-countrymen, with a
considerable flow of words, he was able to spill
the ink of denegation far and wide upon the
spotless page of these same disputed Govern-
ment despatches.

"Hold it to yourself for said, my good
friends," he would insist, "your Government
wishes to throw you the powder in the eyes. It
is one canard, one duck: how you say? this
great news of Silistria. That poor sir of a Die-
bitsch, he kicks his heel, what! outside still;
and the Turk be safe and snug inside, as one rat
in a cheese, eh?"

Now, De la Jobardiere had his entrées in
"salons diplomatiques," as he would himself have
said; and was altogether a man who, chatter-
box as he was, might yet be supposed to have
access to certain channels of authentic informa-
tion, at which the vulgar of St. Petersburg
might not easily slake their thirst for informa-
tion. His constant and confident affirmations
of the falsehood of the victorious intelligence
were not without a certain effect within the ra-
dius of his own social "effusion," and perhaps
beyond it.

Monsieur De la Jobardiere was a precise and
somewhat ornate dresser; he was a chilly per-
sonage in spite of or because of his longish residence
in the Northern Capital; he was also somewhat
of a gastronome, particular as to the quantity
and regularity of his meals; he was, moreover,
a sound sleeper.

So sound, indeed, that the heavy boot-tread of
a feldjager, that hybrid between a police officer
and a Government courier, failed to break his
slumbers on a certain night; nor was he roused
from them until that rude functionary's rude
hand had shaken his shoulder for a third time.
Thereupon he started up to a sitting posture and
unclosed his eyes, which closed again with sud-
den blink, at the glare of the lantern, which the
feldjager's other hand almost thrust into his
face.

"Look sharp, sir!" said that official, "and
come along."

"Come along, indeed! You are pleasant-
ing my good fellow," quoth the sleepy Frenchman.

"Well, then, if you won't," retorted the
ruthless invader of his slumbers, "my orders are
positive," and he transferred his paw from the
shoulder to the broad-band of Monsieur De la
Jobardiere's night-dress.

"*La isee donc, grand brutal!*" exclaimed that
worthy; "let me at least get on my pantaloons,"
and he inserted his feet into the slippers by the
bedside.

But, by "fatality," as he always said, "my
Cossack of a domestic, Ivan Petrovitch, had as-
sisted at my deshabelle, and had taken my
clothes out with him to brush before I should
rise 'of great morning' the next day."

"Let me ring my domestic, at least," he in-
quired of the stolid feldjager.

"Ring bells and resist authorities!" he
growled. "Come, come, sir, none of that."

And again his rough, red, hairy paw was busy
in proximity with the white throat of the finick-
ing Frenchman.

"Quick, march! not a word, or—"

"But it is unheard of; it is an infamy, a bar-
barism, an indecency."

The scowl darkened upon the feldjager's un-
prepossessing countenance; it was more than
evident that expostulation and entreaty were
alike in vain.

"Happily that I lose not my presence of mind
in this terrible crisis, and draping myself hastily,
in the sheets and blanket, and eider down quilt,
I yield to destiny and follow that coquin of a
feldjager downstairs, gentlemen; my faith!
yes, downstairs to the porte-cochere. There
what do I find? A telega, kibitka, tarantass,
what do I know? Some carriage of misfortune
at the door, eh?"

It was even so. The night was very dark and
foggy; the rays from the carriage lamps, added
to the gleam of the feldjager's lantern, gave a
dim light after all; but such as it was, its ac-
cintuations were reflected from the steel scab-
bards, spurs and horse-bits of a mounted Cos-
sack on either side; and dark amidst the dark-
ness the open carriage-door yawned after the
fashion of a tomb.

"Oh! by example," once more did De la
Jobardiere attempt to remonstrate, turning
round, "here is what is a little strong. Do you
figure yourself that I—"

He had one foot upon the carriage-steps al-
ready, and one hand on the handle by the door-
way; a muscular grip seized his other elbow. In
an instant he was hoisted and pushed forward
in, and the tail of the quilt was bundled in after
him; and he felt that some one had vaulted on
the front seat outside.

"Houp la!" cried a hoarse voice; and three
cracks of whips like pistol-shots made answer;
and with a plunge and a bound the carriage
darted onwards. He could hear the splashing
gallop, through the slush and mud, of the
mounted trooper, on the right hand and on the
left.

"I try the windows, on this side, on that, in
front, and I am quits of it for my pain. No
means! I scream, I howl, I cry, I threaten
that pig of feldjager that must hear in front.
The Embassy French shall have reason of this
outrage! When I tell you there that I am not
one of your Nationals, but a French! Hear
you! A French! Animal that you are! Im-
becile of a Cossack, go! A French, then. I

tell you, eh? Unless—I pass to outreaty. Hear,
then, Ivan, Stephens, Nicholas, Sergius! My
Corporal, my Sergeant, my Lieutenant of Police!
Here is one billet of bank—that is to say, not
here, but there; in the pocket of that panta-
loons, at home on the Morskani, you compre-
hend. A billet of twenty-five rubles; of fifty;
of a hundred, say, how?

"Again useless. Not a word; not a sign;
he makes the deaf ear, that '*polisson de la police*,'
outside."

"It is stronger than me. I am transported
again of rage, of despair. I strike of the list, of
the foot, of the head, at last against the pan-
nels of that carriage atrocious. Derision! My ef-
forts despatching about to nothing. That minion
of a despotism brutal mocks himself well of this
agony. I have disarranged my drapery; and
currents of air from underneath of doors give
my legs trances of colds."

"There is no remedy. I envelop myself once
more of my eiderdown and resign myself to
destiny. I comprehend at last; all is lost for
me. I see the Boulevards and the Champs
Elysees no more. Adieu, belle France! I share
the fate of the Moskowa, the destiny ingrate of
the Olds of Old. No means now to mistake
one's self; I am *en route* for the Siberia. Un-
happy that I am! If at least I could have come
in pantaloons!"

Even those that have travelled them under
more auspicious circumstances than the luckless
De la Jobardiere have borne witness to the ter-
rible condition of the Russian roads between late
autumn and early winter. Bolt and bump, and
thump and crash, swing to this side and away-
ing to that; with one wheel churning the liquid
mud in a rut as deep as to the fellow, and the
other apparently revolving in the empty air like
the windward paddle of a sea-going steam packet
in the trough of a rolling wave. Then a pitch
and toss, fairly up and down, stem and stern, as
if over a chopping sea, but petrified. Endless
were the miseries endured by the victim inside
the closed carriage, on cushions of which the
hardness did not fail to make itself felt, even
through such folds of eiderdown as could be
spared from the protection of the lower limbs
from the penknife-like currents of air which
came through the door-chinks. How the feld-
jager kept his hard perch outside was a marvel
to the man in his custody.

"They must have strapped him with a leather,
or corded him to the bench, for sure, that de-
testable Cossack," thought De la Jobardiere,
when he could spare a thought from his own
deplorable condition. How long this voyage
lasted he never was able to calculate. He lost
all account of days in his excitement of agony
and despair. The same chinks which let in the
aerial current did indeed tell sometimes of
diurnal revolutions; for at one time they could
be seen to admit some light-giving days, at
another time only felt, thanks to those keen
draughts which they admitted. There were no
stoppages, except such momentary delays, fabu-
lous in the shortness of their duration, as were
necessary for the busy fingers of experienced
post-boys to harness the horses, which were
always to be heard neighing and snorting in
readiness as they dashed up to the relays.

There was a sort of little trap or window, un-
glazed, however, in the front panel of the car-
riage, through which the red and hirsute paw
put in a ration of brown biscuit, together with
a little flask of vodka, and a mug of water now
and then.

"*Un affreux brûlé-queue que ce vodka, mes-
sieurs*, one terrible burnt-throat worse as the
'wiski' of the old Ireland, eh! Sometimes of
night, too, for it made a black of wolf '*un noir
de loup*,' as we say in France, he just open, half
open, the carriage door, this Cossack, and put
in one bowl of 'stehi' with a spoon. Do you
know what this is, one 'stehi'! A soup to
cabbage, but with such seasoning! A ragout
of barbarians, I tell you, to make a scullion cry!
Well, I so hungry, I devour it, I lick the spoon.
Imagine you, I, De la Jobardiere, who was other
times redactor, editor, what you say! of the
Journal de Gourmands of Paris."

On and on, and on, through the darkness,
mitigated or unmitigated by the kindly ad-
missions of the chinks; on and on, till all
reckoning of his time was utterly confused.

But all things have an end on earth here;
and at last the carriage came to a dead stand-
still, with its half-dead passenger inside.

It was at least as raw and as cold, as foggy
and disagreeable a night as that of the departure
from St. Petersburg, when, for the first time,
the carriage door was opened wide. Right and
left stood a tall figure, indistinct in grey capote,
with a flat muffin-cap to crown it; but the re-
flected lights ran up the barrel of a burnished
musket. In the open doorway of a house, whence
a red glow, as of a cheerful fire, came streaming
out, stood another martial figure, in cocked hat
with feathers, and the green uniform with
aiguillettes of an aide-de-camp. He raised his
hand to the cocked hat in question after the
military fashion of salute.

"Deign to descend, Monsieur."

"I am, then, at Tobolsk?"

"Of none, Monsieur, to the contrary."

"Where, then? at Irkutsk?"

"Still less, Monsieur; pray give yourself the
trouble to descend."

"I am hardly in that costume," objected
De la Jobardiere, "for that brutal of a feld-
jager—"

"Obeyed, I have no doubt, his orders to the
letter; pray, Monsieur, descend," insisted the
plumed aide-de-camp, with imperturbable
gravity.

"This, then, is at last Siberia?"

"Siberia, Monsieur, by no manner of means."
"But where on earth, then, have I the mis-
fortune to find myself—excuse me—the honour
to make your distinguished acquaintance?"

"I have the distinguished honour," said the
staff officer, unwilling to be outdone in polite-
ness by the Frenchman, "to receive Monsieur
at the Grand Guard or the headquarters of his
Imperial Majesty's army in Turkey, within the
enceinte of the citadel of Silistria."

"Peste!" exclaimed De la Jobardiere, "I
begin to comprehend."

"Possibly," quoth the aide-de-camp.

"May I once more trouble Monsieur to de-
scend?"

This last word was in a tone which admitted
of no trifling.

With a mournful consciousness of the ludic-
rous appearance he presented that almost over-
powered the weariness, the anxiety, the indig-
nation which possessed him, De la Jobardiere
stepped out of his flying prison-van, and followed
the aide-de-camp into the guard-room. There
by a solid deal table, stood the feldjager, whose
snub-nose and scrubby, red mustache were
henceforth impressed indelibly upon his captive's
memory. An officer, whose bearing and appear-
ance would, without the stars and medals upon
his breast, have given to the most careless ob-
server indication of high military command, was
reading a despatch, apparently just handed to
him by that functionary, the envelope of which
he had thrown carelessly upon the table:

A son Exc.

Le Marechal Dieb--

was all that, in his confusion, De la Jobardiere
was able to spell out.

"Monsieur De la Jobardiere, I presume!"
said the officer, with a glance of inquiry, but of
perfect gravity.

"The same, Monsieur le Marechal," faltered
the owner of the appellation.

"What officer has the grand rounds to-night?"
he next inquired, turning towards a group of
officers in the background.

"Maj. Razumoffski, of the Orenburg Artillery
Brigade," answered one of their number, with
the accustomed salute.

"Is he mounted?"

"And at the door, General."

"Let one of the orderlies dismount and let
Monsieur De la Jobardiere have his horse."

"But consider a little, Marechal, this cos-
tume—or I must say, this want of it—"

"Is no doubt a regrettable circumstance, sir,
but orders, sir, superior orders; excuse me; the
grand rounds should be starting—you will be
good enough to mount and to accompany the
Major."

There was no help for it; that stolid feldjager
was holding the dismounted trooper's rig at the
door with unmoved countenance. Upon the less
impassable trooper's own Tartar physiognomy,
however, was something like a grin. A frown
from the feldjager suppressed it, as poor De la
Jobardiere scrambled into the saddle, and en-
deavoured to make the best arrangement of the
blanket possible to keep the night air from his
bare shins. The quilt he clutched convulsively
around him with his right hand, while the left
tugged at the bridle of his rough and peppery
little Bashkir steed. It has a very wide
enceinte, that fortress of Silistria; and the Major
likewise visited several outlying pickets. He
rode at a sharp pace from post to post, and the
roads, streets and lanes were execrable.

"Equitation is not my forte, you know, my
good friends; and a Tartar trooper's saddle,
that is something—oh! to be felt is to be known.
It was one long agony, that nocturnal ride.
I thought it a little thing near as long as that
desolating journey of jolts to Silistria. Day
was beginning to point as we drew up once more
to the guard-room door."

The Frenchman shuddered on perceiving that
the carriage, with nine horses harnessed three
abreast, stood there as they rode up.

"The Marshal," said the aide-de-camp, his
first acquaintance, "bids me to express to
Monsieur that he is desolated not to have the
opportunity of offering to Monsieur such poor
hospitality as the headquarters of a captured
fortress can afford. But Monsieur will under-
stand the importance of taking 'to the foot of
the letter,' as his countrymen express it, in-
structions—superior instructions, he will com-
prehend. The military code upon such a point
is absolute. And I have the honour," with a
significant gesture toward the gaping carriage
door, "to wish Monsieur a *bon voyage*."

Bang went that odious door again; again was
the weight of the clambering feldjager felt to
disturb the equilibrium of the carriage for a mo-
ment; again did the hoarse voice shout, "Houp
la!" again did the three whip-cracks emulate
the sharp report of pistol shots; again a bound;
again a plunge; again the carriage darted for-
ward; and again might be heard, through slush
and mud, the splashing gallop of the trooper
right and left.

Why let the tale of De la Jobardiere's misery
be twice told. All, all, was the same as before.
The bumps, the thumps, the bolts, the crashes,
the pitching and tossing, the swaying to and
fro, the currents of air, the darkness and the
struggling rays of light, the bits of brown
biscuit, the sips of vodka, the occasional bowls
of stehi—all were repeated—all as before,
jumbled and confused together in sad and inex-
tricable reminiscence.

But when the carriage stopped again for good,
and when its door was once more opened wide,
the portico was loftier and the staircase of wider