

## THE SERENADE OF TROILUS.

COLLINS.

This is the very song that Troilus  
Sang to his Cressida, what time the gust  
Howled through the long, still streets of watchful Troy.

O love, sweet love, thou sleepest all the night—  
Sleepest, soft pillow'd in the purple dusk;  
While I am pining for thy silver voice,  
Come forth, come forth, my sweet, my Cressida.

Softly the blue sea wraps the island shores,  
Softly the colorless air enfolds the world,  
Softly around the plane the ivy twines,  
Even so, the white the gold starlight holds the sky,  
I softly wail, embrace thee, Cressida.

How shall I weary thee with song? Arise!  
The sheen of dying lamps, thy violet eyes  
Do light the odorous twilight, and thy lips  
Are pattering anemone. My own, my Cressida,  
O listen! the sweet stars glisten, the soft wind moans;  
Let the dove wind upon its golden bling.

Love—Love the Warrior—hath been with me,  
While dreaming of the parting of thy breast,  
I cleft the Achæans down. 'Twas Love, not I,  
'Mid the wild shock of Ares, Cressida!  
O listen! Thy ear is kissed by Love's low chant,  
Let the dove wind upon its golden bling.

A light step passed along the gallery,  
A sweet voice questioned at the golden door;  
And the two lovers in one long embrace  
Mingled. 'Twas full three thousand years ago.

## THE BRITISH CASABIANCA.

WE feel that few subjects could be more interesting than the following anecdote of an incident that really occurred in one of our late Indian battles. The youthful hero, Alexander Pennicuck, had, as it appears, promised to watch over his aged father, and he gallantly fulfilled that promise, as will be seen by this extract from a tale entitled "the Devoted Son."

It will be remembered that Casabianca, who is referred to as "happier than" young Pennicuck, was the brave son of the French captain of L'Orient man of war, and that he "stood upon the burning deck" of that vessel and was blown up with it in company with his father, because determined not to abandon the post in which he had been placed till released from it by the word of command, which his father's lips were unable to speak:—

"The noblest thing which perished there  
Was that young and faithful heart."

"The sun had now passed its noon; six weary hours had gone by, the heated foot-tired charger drooped its head, and the march-worn soldier began to look for rest and refreshment. At length the welcome command to halt was heard; the trooper dismounted from his saddle, the infantry piled their arms, and the colour men were busy marking out the ground for the encampment.

"A long low ridge was before them; beyond was a scattered jungle and broken uneven ground; above which rose another ridge, parallel to the distant stream of the Jhelum, which flowed in its rear. Along those heights, extending three miles, were seen the glimmer of the weapons of a numerous enemy, and at intervals darker spots denoting the positions of formidable batteries. Upon the left appeared the low roofs of the little hamlet of Noonj; upon the right, at the end of a long, low, wooden range was an isolated hill of great natural strength, near Roosulpoor, behind which was a narrow gorge, through which the foe, if discomfited, might readily retire. Such was the position occupied by the Sikhs and Astar Singh. The intrepid old veteran, whose name was a proverb of no common bravery, where all were brave, whose sabre had made the obstinate Afghan turn and fly, rode out to watch the foe: when suddenly from the midst of them shot forth a slender tongue of flame, a light wreath of smoke, a hollow murmur; a cannon ball rolled almost beneath the hoofs of the charger of the general. It was the fatal harbinger of a blood-stained day. He resolved for battle; with rapid glance he surveyed the enemy, and gave the word "Advance!" Weary and faint, the troops respond

to the cry; the soldier forgot that his strength was almost spent, the officer only thought of animating and leading on his men. The light batteries rattled by, leaping over the broken ground; the dragons swept forward in one brilliant charge. Swiftly they mingled with the foe. Sixty guns have opened upon them a devastating fire. But see, there moves a column, the swarthy hue, and equipments mark the 25th and 41st regiments of native infantry—the faithful enduring sepoy. In front of the brigade marches steadily and firm H. M. 25th. Upon their banners are inscribed the names of half a score of victories won on the sands of Egypt, on the heights of the Pyrenees, and the memory-peopled plains of Spain and France—colors gallantly borne, that won the praise of the immortal Wellington—they move onward silently, each man keeping calmly in his rank; no artillery supports them. The cannonade thins them as they advance. Before them on a steep acclivity, and at a distance, thunder fourteen guns, smiting down with an unseen stroke.—They pause—they are exhausted; they are ready to sink and faint. Hurrah! on! on! One gallant soldier heads them; they mount, they struggle on the very brow of the hill, they waver; onward again, the bayonets have passed the mound, the battery is stormed. Speed! Speed! With rapid blows the guns are spiked and rendered useless. The Sikhs are on them; the thick jungle teems with a thousand foes; on every side spring up armed men; the fire of their matchlocks sings them—gallant 25th! hand to hand, one against ten, they maintain the unequal fray. Rapid as the strokes and the din of some vast machinery, sword jars against sword, and bayonets ring upon the weapons of the enemy. In vain! in vain! eight hundred men, scarce one hour since followed you veteran, and the fair boy beside him, to the battle: a score of officers have fallen around them; well nigh five hundred gallant hearts are old. The old man stands almost alone; his veteran arm wearies, droops; nigh seventy winters have blanched his grey hairs, but not cooled the fire of his stout heart; a mound of dead is beneath; the din of war rings on his ear, there is no hope of rescue or of aid; the enemy presses on so fast and furious—his right hand tires; is there no blade to interpose and save?—In vain, he has fallen! hal! one gallant boy steps forth! he has fought long beside him; his father's murderer has bit the dust. Brave boy! he strides across his father's corpse, two soldiers lift it, they bear it off—away! the foemen close around him and his precious burden; he will never surrender it; once more he strides across the dear breathless body; no tear in his eye, no tremour in his arm. Oh! happier young Casabianca, standing beside thy father on the burning deck of L'Orient, to embrace and die together in the sea, a-fire with the blazing fragments of the wreck; he will never yield his father—so young—no care for life! no pity has the fierce Sikh; he is wounded, he falls, and in his last effort to shield the dead, his breath of life is spent. Noble Alexander Pennicuck! the old man and the boy—lovely in their lives—in death they are not divided.—*The Churchman's Companion.*

"ONWARD yet, my gallant soldiers,  
"For the honour of our name,  
"For the glory of our country,  
"For the prize of deathless fame;  
"Think upon our martial story,  
"Think upon our comrades' graves,  
"Think upon our names as Britons  
"And the flag that o'er us waves!

"On the gales of Spain it floated,  
"Symbol of a conquering race;  
"Let our hearts' best life-blood dye it  
"Ere it droop in strange disgrace!  
"By the dear ones left behind us,  
"By our homes beyond the sea,  
"By our fathers and our children,  
"Death or victory—follow me!"

Thus he spake—that aged chieftain;  
And, e'er well his words were spent,  
Twice four hundred gallant voices  
Far and wide the war cry sent—  
"Onward! onward! we will follow!

Death or victory! Lead the way!  
Braver voices through the tumult  
Rose not all that fearful day.

Calm he stands, though round and o'er  
him

Rains the storm of fury sleet.  
One by one his gallant comrades,  
Falling, perish at his feet.  
Far a way the British banners  
Rise above the battle's tide;  
Nearer still the dark-brow'd foemen  
On are pressing side by side!

Through the day a young bright stripling  
Ever by his side had been,  
Silent and fair in form and feature,  
Soldier-like in heart and mien;  
Strangely calm the boy's proud bearing—  
Strangely bright his flashing eye—  
Learning in his first last battle  
Both to conquer and to die.

Onward, onward come the foemen;  
Nearer still they press around;  
One dread pause of expectation,  
Then upon their prey they bound!  
Gleam in air their thirsty sabres,  
Hears their cry of demon hate,  
Springs the boy to guard his father—  
Ah! one instant all too late!

Prostrate lies the hoary chieftain,  
Deadly falls the stripling's blow,  
And, beside his dying victim  
Sinks the Sikh who laid him low.  
O'er his sire the boy is bending,  
Life's last sands are nearly run,  
But his eyes ere slowly closing  
Look a blessing on his son.

This no time for filial mourning,  
Grief a calmer hour must wait;  
Now above his gallant sire  
Stands the boy to meet his fate—  
Of his own young life regardless,  
Struggling, while no tears may flow,  
To preserve his father's body  
From the insults of the foe.

Young brave hero! comes no succour  
In this hour of sore distress?  
'Midst the crowding foes around thee,  
Weary, lone, and fatherless!  
Help! some help! In mercy save him!  
See! He faints—he bleeds—he sinks:  
Shield him! shield him from that sabre!  
Ha! Its blade his life-blood drinks!

Glorious was thy fate, young soldier,  
'Twas to fight and thus to die!  
Death to thee was victory,  
For it vainly strove to part thee  
From the sire thou could'st not save  
Hero in thy final duty,  
Honour! Honour to thy grave!

A HINT TO COLONEL GUY.—We think that there has been too long a cold impassable barrier between the private and the officer. The Officer, who is unknown to his men, or known only as a despot who takes no interest in their welfare, but regards them as mere soulless machines, born to eat, drink, march, do duty, and for their country to shoot and to be shot, does not deserve popularity. Let it not be a strange thing for an Officer to enter, teach, and even (if he possesses the gift of oratory) to lecture occasionally upon some scientific subject in the Garrison School. It was the union in pursuit between soldiers and Officers which rendered the Army of the Commonwealth irresistible.—Let such union be ours, and we shall not be compelled to wait long for the most glorious results.—*Naval and Military Gazette, July 10th.*

Terrible, 21, paddle steam-fragate, is in Sherness basin, having new boilers and a thorough overhaul. This vessel fully merits her name, as it is generally allowed scarcely a vessel in the British Navy would have steamed out of Katcha Bay during the heavy gale of wind in the Black Sea last war at the rate of two or three knots an hour, when commanded by Capt. J. McGlertey, and the chief engineer, Mr. Andrew Douglas.