

MILITARY BALLADS.

IV.

A TALE OF THE TENTH HUSSARS.

When the sand of the lonely desert has covered the plains of strife
 Where the English fought for the rescue and the Arab stood for his life ;
 When the crash of battle is over, and healed are our wounds and scars,
 There will live in our island story a tale of the Tenth Hussars.
 They had charged in the grand old fashion, with furious shout and swoop,
 With a "Follow me, lads!" from the colonel and an answering roar from the troop ;
 From the staff, as the troopers passed it, in glory of pride and pluck,
 They heard, and they never forgot it, one following shout,
 "Good luck !"
 Wounded and worn he sat there, in silence of pride and pain,
 The man who had led them often, but was never to lead again.
 Think of the secret anguish ! think of the dull remorse !
 To see the Hussars sweep by him, unled by the old white horse !
 An alien, not a stranger, with heart of a comrade still,
 He had borne his sorrow bravely, as a soldier must and will --
 And when the battle was over, in deepening gloom and shade,
 He followed the staff in silence, and rode to the grand parade ;
 For the Tenth had another hero, all ripe for the general's praise,
 Who was called to the front that evening, by the name of trooper Hayes :
 He had slashed his way to fortune, when scattered, unhorsed, alone,
 And in saving the life of a comrade had managed to guard his own.
 The general spoke out bravely as ever a soldier can
 "The army's proud of your valour ; the regiment's proud of their man."
 Then across that lonely desert, at the close of the general's praise,
 Came a cheer, then a quick, short tremble on the lips of trooper Hayes.
 "Speak out," said the kindly colonel, "if you've anything, lad, to say ;
 Your Queen and your dear old country will hear what you've done to-day."
 But the trooper gnawed his chin-strap, then sheepishly hung his head ;
 "Speak out, old chap !" said his comrades. With an effort, at last, he said :
 "I came to the front with my pals here, the boys and the brave old tars,
 I've fought for my Queen and country, and rode with the Tenth Hussars ;
 I'm proud of the fine old regiment !" then the colonel shook his hand
 "So I'll ask one single favour from my Queen and my native land.
 There sits by your side on the staff, sir, a man we are proud to own.
 He was struck down first in the battle, but never was heard to groan ;
 If I've done aught to deserve it" then the general smiled
 "Of course"
 "Give back to the Tenth their colonel ! the man on the old white horse !
 If ever a man bore up, sir, as a soldier should, with pluck,
 And fought with a savage sorrow the demon of cursed ill-luck--
 That man he sits before you ! Give us back, with his wounds and scars,
 The man who has sorely suffered, and is loved by the Tenth Hussars !"
 Then a cheer went up from his comrades, and echoed across the sand,
 And was borne on the wings of mercy to the heart of his native land,

Where the Queen on her throne will hear it, and the colonel prince will praise

The words of a simple soldier just uttered by Trooper Hayes.
 Let the moralist stoop to mercy, that balm of all souls that live ;
 For better than all forgetting is the wonderful word "Forgive !"

CLEMENT SCOTT.

LIFE OF OFFICERS IN THE ARMY.

It is not an uncommon belief with the British public that an officer in the army is a comparatively idle man, whose time is for the most part employed in amusement, and whose light and simple duties are performed in an easy and perfunctory manner. The officer is seen well-dressed, smart and *debonnaire* at social gatherings. He takes his places in the hunting-field, on the cricket-ground, and in other scenes of sport. He probably takes a keen interest in the occupation of the moment, and says little or nothing of his professional life to the civilians whom he meets. The conclusion is at once arrived at that he is a mere butterfly, a man with no serious business in life. But it is seldom known that the gentlemen who are taking things so easily in the afternoon have probably already done a very good day's work. They have been on foot or in the saddle from an hour in the morning when most men of business are still in bed. After a dusty and fatiguing parade they have paid their companies or troops, inspected horses and arms, attended at the orderly room, sat on courts-martial or boards, visited mess room, taken stock of kits, and seen to the qualities of dinners. The man who is seen day by day taking a determined line across country, or thoroughly enjoying himself with rod or gun has just returned from a long exile in India or some colony where he has been guarding British interests under conditions that only an enthusiast in his career would put up with, and very probably to the serious detriment of his health and constitution. The contingent from the nearest barracks, which joins the hunting-field or takes its part in some other sport, are men who are enjoying a holiday ; and, except under very usual circumstances, holidays are the exception and not the rule. It is more than likely that such holidays are earned by working extra long hours on other days, and utilizing the morning and evening hours of the holiday itself to get through necessary duties.

No ; the British officer is not an idle man. In the army as in all other professions, some men will be found who work harder than others ; but it may safely be said that there are none who do not do their duty, and there are many who do a very great deal more than their bare duty. All take their chance at rough work, exposure and many and trying vicissitudes of climate. They are ready, nay, anxious at all times to maintain their country's honour amidst the dangers of war ; and when it is considered that the pay which they receive cannot, under the most favourable circumstances, cover their necessary expenses in uniform, food, horse-flesh and arms --that honour is their only reward--it cannot be said that the country has made a bad bargain in retaining their services. *Blackwood.*

There was an odd scene in York Cathedral, the other day. As it was a military service, it had been arranged that the band of the Royal Scots Regiment should take part in the anthem. The Cathedral was crowded, and no small sensation was created when the band appeared and it was seen that with it were eight kilted Highlanders, each with his bagpipes. A thrill of horror went round : bagpipes in the Minster ! Why the mere thought was enough to call up Holy Winifred's ghost ! Not only were the pipers there, but they took a leading part in the service, a special anthem having been chosen on their account, with a Highland lament in it --one of the strangest and weirdest of melodies. When the first pipe struck up there was a general smile, but not for long. The lament was better adapted for exciting fear than merriment. This is probably the first time bagpipes have been played in an English Cathedral. --*Exchange.*