## FEBRUARY 22, 1873.



SENTRY GRANVILLE (to advancing Russian) .- "WHO GOES THERE?"

"You, Sentry, at the outposts, beside the line of snows. On the ridge where Oxus westward, and Indus southward flows. What see you, as 'twirt Iran and Turan you look forth. Over Kundooz and T. orkistian to Khiva, East and North ?" The Sentry, to this question, said nothing in reply : But first he cocked his rifle, and then he cocked his eye.

I knew the man I questioned, PRIVATE GRANVILLE was his name, A smart and steady soldier—of soldier's blood he came : A pleasant chap in barrack room, or round the canteen-fire, On duty inst to stand to arms, and last on march to tire. So I thought there was something in it, when, instead of a reply, He cooly cocked his rfile, and as coolly cocked his eye.

Then, when his rifle he had cocked, and his eye had brought to bear Where beyond Balch and Bokhara loom the Khivan pastures fair,

Like a green ribbon lying 'twixt border-breadths of sand, Wide as Syr-Daris's stream feeds fat a space of hungry land; Thither the Sentry pointed, and with look screne and sly. First brought his rifle to half-cock, and then un-cocked his eye.

" I see," he said, "a something I'd rather not have seen, A something like a Russian—at least, his jacket's green; But I'm up to all colours—and to all moves I'm fiy, And if there's green in his uniform, there's no green in my eye. He's still a long way off 'tis true: but my lungs I won't spare. If he's an ear, to make him hear my challenge, "Who goes there ?"

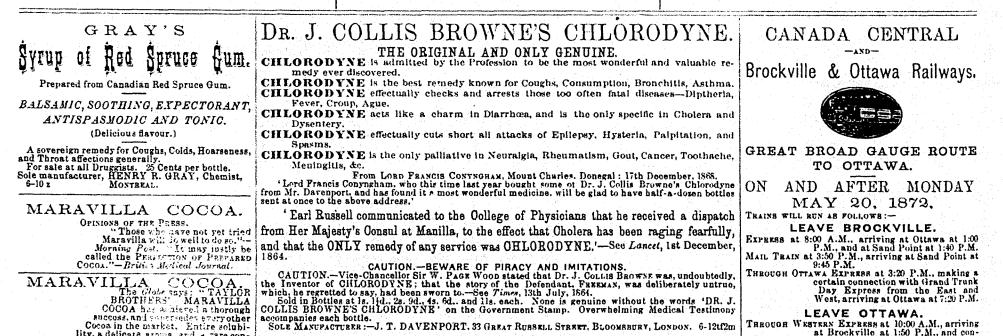
" But who can tell if he's coming our way, or if he's not? I should think he's out of hearing, as nuch as out of shot. And surely 'tis too soon to call, with all this grag and green. And all this range of desert, and this mountain-maze between."

But Sentry GRANVILLE only smiled, and winked, and made reply, "No harm in a timely challenge, cooked rifle, and cocked eye.

"This Indian ground is English ground—In guard that land we hold: "Twas bought with JOHN BULL'S blood, and but for BULL'S blood will If I see suspicious parties at its frontiers appear. [be sold: I like to know what they're about, before they get too near; So if to my 'Who goes there?' 'A friend,' green uniform reply, I'll bid him 'advance, and give the word,'-you know the reason why.

"Or if you don't I'll tell it you-these Russians' game I know, They've a way of boring right a-head, that's sure, if it is slow; And as they're boring South and Kast, as sure as eggs is eggs, JOHN BUL some day will find 'em coming up between his legg, And the stand he has in India he feels would have more strength. If this boring kind of gentry are kept well at arm's length.

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