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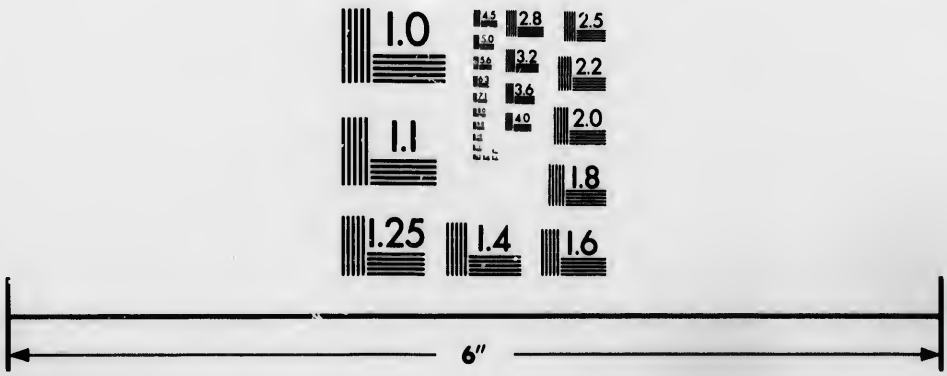

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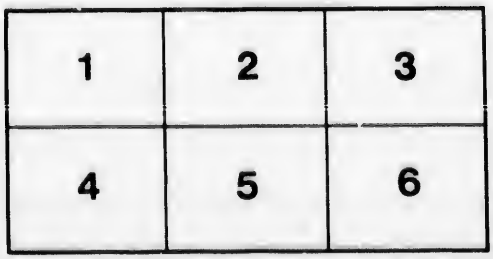

THE PRESENT WAR:

A POEM

ON

The War with Russia;

BY A

NORTH BRITON.

OTTAWA:
PRINTED AT THE "RAILWAY TIMES" OFFICE.
1856.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following little book has been composed in verse on Britain, her Armies, and her Allies; containing a retrospective view of the leading events which occurred in the late struggle with Russia in the Baltic, Euxine, and the Crimea, confined principally to the operations of the Allies, and at the same time glancing at the cause of the British Arms being so often victorious—*which is no doubt on account of their love and respect for that blessed book the* BIBLE.

This is the spring, from which Britannia's virtues flow,
This is the brightest gem in Britain's Crown we know;
This is the leading source from which her wealth has come
This is the Lion that so many Fields has won.

BRITAIN.

PART FIRST.

Britannia! Britannia!
  Thou gem of the wave,
The nursery of virtue,
  The soil of the brave.

The cradle of freedom,
  The birth place of fame,
The shield of the stranger,
  The broom of the main.

The dread of the tyrant,
  The fear of the knave,
The trouble of Rome,
  The friend of the slave.

The first to make peace,
  The last to make war,
The Lion in battle,
  Yet Literature's star.

The land of bright genius,
  The home of the free,
The blest land of Bibles,
  So Britain for me.

The land where the Blackbirds
  Make valleys to ring;
With the lovely sweet notes
  They warble and sing.

Where the notes of the Lark
The saddest would cheer;
My country, my country,
To me thou art dear.

My heart it is with thee,
Thou lovely sweet Isle—
May Heaven protect thee
From everything vile.

Sweet land of the mountain,
Likewise of the flood,
Where the heath and the broom
And the primroses bud.

Where the Cuckoo is heard
To welcome the spring,
While I'm far away—with
My harp out of string.

With my harp on the willows
I think on thy dales,
And the brooks that do murmur
And wind through thy vales.

And oft I remember,
Though now far away,
The lovely sweet vales—where
The lambkins do play.

They twine round my heart—on
This far distant shore,
And force the lament—of
Lochaber no more.

Ah! they waft my night thoughts
Across the wide main,
But Alas! when I wake
I'm back here again.

From the land of my Sires,
  The land of my birth,
The place of my boyhood,
  My youth and my mirth.

Where the Pibroch's sweet notes
  My bosom did swell,
And the tear it bedewed
  The sweet heather bell.

But though I'm far distant
  Dear Scotia from thee—
My heart is still with you
  And ever shall be.

Thy sweet hallelujahs
  I oft think upon,
That sound round the hearths
  Of my native home.

The prince and the peasant
  In this are the same,
The Cottage and Castle
  This Altar maintain.

Those lovely sweet notes
  I still think I hear—
They cheer my sad heart
  And dry up my tear.

The Cry of liberty to Britain.

PART SECOND.

The bugle gives a martial strain,
  Ye sons of Britain rise!
Justice now demands that you
  With her should sympathize.

The golden beams of liberty
  Upon the Eastern shore—
Are struggling now for victory
  On fields of bloody gore.

Her spotless robes of innocence
  Are stain'd with crimson dye—
To Britain they do cry aloud
  Will ye still help deny.

Where's now the noble-hearted Queen?
  That broke the Ethiop's chain,
That would not suffer slaves to be
  In bounds of her domain.

Who sits as Sov'reign on the hearts
  Of all within her land,
A thousand times ten thousand swords
  Would draw at her command.

Is sympathy for ever gone
  Within that noble heart?
Doth there no ray of hope remain
  That Britain will take part?

And place herself on Freedom's side,
  And shield that broken spear—
Oh! Britain gird thee for the fight,
  Heaven cries—interfere.

Ah! see yon fields of bloody gore—
  Behold the heaps of slain—
Behold the murder of Sinope!
  That dreadful horrid scene.

Ah! nature shudders to relate
  The horrors of that day—
Come Albion draw thy battle-blade,
  Oh! come without delay.

And come ye Caledonian bands,
  From your bleak rocky shores—
Your hearts have long been freedom's shield
  On many fields of gore.

Oh! shield the cap of liberty,
  From yon dread tyrant's grasp—
Oh! save European liberty,
  That now appears to gasp.

Let Scotia's rampant Lion lead
  Britannia's gallant van—
Arise! Arise! my heroes bold—
  Arise unto a man.

Where now Hibernia's noble sons?
  That bled on many a plain—
Whose daring deeds of valour done
  Immortalize their name.

Whose gen'rous heart and noble mind
  Have long espoused that cause,
And for defence of liberty
  Have ott gain'd great applause.

Once more gird on thine armour bright,
  Is freedom's last request—
Once more unsheath thy naked sword
  And freedom's foes resist.

Let old Britannia's wooden walls
  Once more ride o'er the main,
And let her Lions give a growl
  That cause for to maintain.

And soon the pride of Russia,
  Throughout the Euxine Sea—
Before our noble Allies they
  Would soon be made to flee.

If once old England's pendant
Did flutter in the breeze—
Then Russia must surrender
To her throughout the seas.

If once old England's Lions,
They did begin to roar,
Then would the beams of freedom
Gild on the Euxine shore.

Likewise the storm that's gathering
It soon would pass away,
Again the beams of liberty
Would shine as bright as day.

The cry of Liberty to France and Sardinia.

PART THIRD.

Ah! noble Gaul can you stand by
With feelings undismayed?
While freedom's strangled by the Czar
And yet not render aid.

Can you behold her Armies slain
On many bloody fields?
And yet not lend a helping hand,
Nor yet her Armies shield.

Will you allow her to be crushed?
And yet not succor yield,
Oh! bend an ear to her request,
Thy sword for freedom wield.

See Austria vassall'd by the Czar,
And Prussia now his slave—

Behold Germany as serfs are
  But freedom hath the grave.

Ah! will the French tri-color cease
  To wave for freedom's cause?
Oh! surely France will never yield
  To that dread tyrant's paw.

May he that wields that sceptre
  Oh wield it for to save;
The noble friends of freedom
  From yonder bloody grave.

Let Gaul's undaunted heroes
  Now freedom's cause espouse,
And sally forth her Eagles,
  Oh! France arouse, arouse.

To save yon shattered standard
  That's now about to fall,
That's all the time been looking
  For help from gen'rous Gaul.

That feeling-hearted Sovereign
  That sits upon the throne,
Ah! will he not that tyrant stop
  Alas from doing wrong?

By sending forth his Armies
  And Fleets, him to oppose,
Combined with noble Albion
  The Vaudois and the Rose.

For surely brave Emmanuel,
  That fought on yonder plain—
Upon the side of freedom,
  Will do the same again.

And send his noble heroes,
  The bravest of the brave,

From rugged Alpine mountains
That Rome could ne'er make slaves.

Those noble Waldense heroes,
Whose Sires were men of fame,
Who oft times fought for freedom
On many bloody plains.

Will rally round our standard
No doubt with heart and hand—
Supported by Sardinia
That small but gallant band.

Those bold and dauntless heroes,
No doubt they will sustain,
The noble cause of freedom
Till numbered with the slain.

I know those Vaudois heroes
They will disdain to yield,
'Tis either death or victory,
When they do take the field.

When they put on their armour,
They're sure their cause is right,
And then they brave all dangers
To put the foe to flight.

Oft in their rugged mountains,
And in their lonely glens,
They boldly fought for freedom,
Those lion-hearted men.

Their cause 'twas truth and justice,
So then they did not fear;
They fought for rights of conscience,
For friends and kindred dear.

So surely now Sardinia,
She can't forsake that post,
That freedom hath laid out for her,
Whatever be the cost.

Speech of Her BRITANNIC MAJESTY when declaring War against Russia.

PART FOURTH.

See the blood-stain'd banner of the northern Czar,
Ah! once more unfurled for destructive war;
Who spread through Poland battle's dread alarms,
That roused the gallant and the brave to arms.

Whose cloven helmets—yea and broken spears,
Showed how they fought for their country dear—
Ah! their hearths and homes they long strove to save,
From that cruel tyrant, that ruthless knave.

Whose love for conquest even to the Rhine,
Which makes him to truth and to justice blind;
That he might Europe chain beneath his proud control,
These are the feelings of that tyrant's soul.

This is the reason why he crossed the Pruth,
Why then should England longer stand aloof?
Let Britannia's Lions now shake their mane,
And Napoleon's Eagles their plume again.

For see the Pruth—'tis now drench'd with blood,
And its streams are dyed with purple flood;
While their blood it reeks of the tyrant's hands,
Ah! because they scorn'd his unjust demands.

Ah! behold the Turk now enwrapt in gore,
There battle rages—Ah! see the conflict sore;
The Turks for freedom and their native land,
And to flee the grasp of a tyrant's hand.

Fierce is the conflict on the Danube's shore,
There Turks and Russians' loud cannons roar—
But patriots nerved with freedom's might,
Sternly maintained the conflict and the fight.

There squadrons of horse rushed to the charge,
There soon was heard the carabine's discharge;
Where many a stout heart was made to reel;
Then Alas! was heard the sad clash of steel.

Nor did the Crescent in those battles yield,
Though sore the conflict on those bloody fields—
Likewise their Pachas they were men of fame,
They gained fresh laurels to their honor'd names.

Both at Kalafat and on Oltenitza's plain,
Those noble heroes did their rights maintain;
They waved the Crescent o'er the conquer'd fields,
Where Turkish valor made Russians yield.

For liberty scorn'd—yea with proud disdain,
To yield their necks to the tyrant's chain;
There freedom's heart alone was freedom's shield,
But nerved with freedom made their foes to yield.

And caused the legions of the haughty Czar,
Intoxicated with the blood of war,
In shattered columns for to fly away,
In sad disorder—yea and sad dismay.

So can Britain's sword longer now remain,
Within its scabbard while her friends are slain?
While freedom's rights are trampled by the Czar;
By the clash of steel and the dint of war.

Must the peace of nations now be disturb'd
By that tyrant knave and his savage hordes?
Is Britain's Lions to be roused again,
With angry growl on the dreadful plain?

Yes the British Lions once more must roar,
As at Trafalgar and Corunna's shore;
Where the valiant Nelson and the gallant Moore,
By British valour made victory sure.

Like on Vittoria and Waterloo,
Where noble Wellington did France subdue;
That brilliant star of the Emerald Isle,
Whom fortune favoured with victory's smile.

That laid Napoleon prostrate at his feet,
And that mighty empire that made princes weep,
Whsse victorious Eagles laid Empires low,
And oft made sires to their Eagles bow.

But I hope that strife is for ever gone,
Between old England and Napoleon,
And I hope ere long that we soon shall see,
Our standards waving the oppressed to free.

With bold Sardinia, though small yet brave,
United with us freedom's cause to save;
For to put an end to that dreadful strife,
And to chain the Bear in his den for life.

And to free the Turk from that cruel knave,
That would like the world for to be his sla e,
And freedom chain'd to his chariot wheels,
So let Britons' swords now for freedom wield.

Sir CHARLES NAPIER and the Baltic Fleet.

PART FIFTH.

Now England's broad penda:
Must float in the breeze,
Again she must conquer
Upon the wide seas.

The hero of Acre
Once more must obey,
The call of his country
Without more delay.

That valiant old knight,
  That hero of fame;
The first that scaled Acre
  Where many were slain.

That brave son of Scotia,
  That gallant old tar,
Must now lead to victory
  Our fine ships of war.

The Queen and the country
  Say he must command,
The fleet for the Baltic
  That's now in the strand.

And woe to that squadron
  That would him oppose,
In battle's sad conflict
  He'd bear down his foes.

For gallant old Charley
  He never will yield,
As long as he's able
  His sword for to wield.

And this fleet he commands
  I'm sure will maintain,
The honor of England
  Upon the wide main.

Whate'er may betide them,
  Come weal or come woe,
They ne'er will surrender
  To Russia, no.

Those beautiful vessels
  Are now under weigh,
To sail for the Baltic
  Across the wide sea.

May He still be with them,
  As pilot and guide,
Who rules o'er the billows
  And battle's dread tide,

To shield them in danger
  And battle's alarm;
To guide and protect them
  And free them from harm.

That gem that's so precious,
  To Britons so dear;
That long they've defended
  With cutlass and spear.

That oft has made Britain's
  Old Lions to roar,
In many a conflict,
  On many a shore.

On the banks of the Nile,
  On Aboukir lake;
Where the French men-of-war
  There met their sad fate.

And if Russia now
  Will tramp to the ground,
That gem that's so precious
  Of Turkey's old crown.

The ships of old England
  He'd soon need to face,
And no doubt our Lions
  Will make him give place.

The Bear must surrender
  Or thence he must flee,
When gallant old Charley
  Gets fair under weigh.

When the Belt he has cross'd
And Finland is near,
The shores of the Baltic
May tremble with fear.

There's Revel and Cronstadt,
Likewise Bomarsund.
They'll some of them catch it
As Charley goes round.

Sir CHARLES NAPIER taking Bomarsund.

PART SIXTH.

The dread of old Charley
No pen can relate,
On the coasts of the Czar
Towards his own seat.

Both prince—yea and peasant
In this do agree,
The Fleet of old England
Is master at sea.

And for to face Charley,
They thought it was vain,
So then they concluded
In port to remain.

That Cronstadt's defences
It might them protect,
And serve for the purpose
Old Charley to check.

But if those defences
Don't firmly hold out,

He's into St. Petersburg
  Then without doubt.

Then woe to that city
  If once he gets there,
It's doomed to its fate
  Of that I'm aware.

It would then be Moscow
  All over again,
When yonder fine City
  Is all in a flame.

So now all their vessels
  They have moor'd behind
Those noble defences,
  And battle declined.

Except those defences
  By him are attacked,
And then all their vessels
  At him would let slap.

Ah! yonder's old Charley
  I see him in view,
He's viewing this fortress
  And what they can do.

His fleet is preparing
  I see to set sail,
And some place I'm dreading
  I soon will bewail.

I see they are steering
  Towards Bomarsund,
The news will be startling
  Or few days goes round.

They ride o'er the bil[illegible]s
  With pride and disdain,

Those freemen of Britain
They scorn the serf's chain.

The cannons loud rattle,
The bullets swift fly,
But nothing would daunt them
'Twas conquer or die.

Those heroes of freedom
Let Bomarsund know,
The tars of old England
Would soon lay them low.

Midst battle's sad conflict
Our Lions did roar,
By our brave hearts of oak
On Bomarsund shore.

While the Eagles of Gaul
Were bent for their prey
On the cliffs of the rock
They fighted that day.

And planted their standard
Mid battle's alarm,
Alongside our Lions,
By dint of their arms.

While England's broad pendant
It proudly did wave,
On Bomarsund ramparts
Defying the knave.

The standard of freedom
Did float in the breeze,
And proclaimed to the world
We rule o'er the sea.

The British Army Leaving England.

PART SEVENTH.

Britannia's loud trumpet
  Now sounded alarm,
Thro' England and Scotland
  The cry was to arm.

The nobles responded
  To Britain's loud call,
While the bugles resounded—
  We'll conquer or fall.

An Army more brilliant
  Did ne'er leave our shores;
With brave old Lord Raglan,
  That now is no more.

With Cambridge and Evans,
  And brave Sir George Brown,
And gallant Sir Colin,
  That man of renown.

With Brigadier Airey,
  And Pennfather too,
And the noble Cathcart
  So valiant and true.

With Bentinck and Buller,
  And gallant Sir John,
That noble Breadalbane
  Who led the men on,

To seize on the Redan,
  But Ah! there he fell,
His loss to his country
  There's no one can tel.

Both Erie and England
  Were generals brave,
Both venturing their lives
  Their country to save.

Those generals marshalled
  Their forces in haste,
A force that would never
  Their country disgrace.

While the Queen she beheld
  This force go away,
All marching in order,
  In splendid array.

She stood on the balcony
  And waved them Adieu!
While tears they were falling,
  Yea from not a few.

Their stout hearts were throbbing
  To see their dear Queen,
Whose bosom was swelling
  Near Buckingham green.

With love and affection
  The tear it did fall,
From Britain's dear Sovereign
  At Buckingham Hall.

For her beloved Army,
  That she loved so dear—
Whose time of departure
  Appeared to be near.

While bugles they sounded
  And bands they did play,
The anthem of Britain
  As they went away.

While cordial greetings
Did fall on their ears,
And the air it was rent
With tremendous cheers.

The cry it resounded
From cabin and hall;
While the Guards re-echoed—
We'll conquer or fall.

But friends and relations
They still had their fears.
While the burst of applause
Our Army did cheer.

That some were departing
Ah! ne'er to return,
Whom friends and relations
Would yet have to mourn.

Ah! some for a father,
And some for a friend,
And some for a husband
So loving and kind.

A British Soldier Parting with his Sister.

PART EIGHTH.

Ah! Brother dear, how can we part?
This parting look it rends my heart,
My Brother will I ne'er see more,
For soon you'll lie 'midst crimson gore.

Oh! Sister dear, Oh do not grieve;
Oh suffer me to take my leave—
If I should fall where cannon's roar,
I'll meet you on Immanuel's shore.

For Britain's cause I must defend,
Her rights demand I should contend—
Though yonder field's my winding sheet,
We part, but part again to meet.

And though my bed may be the sod,
Like Jacob I am loved of God,
And though my pillow may be hard,
I know that Angels are my guard.

God's everlasting arms are near,
And to his bosom I am dear,
Think not that yonder lot is hard
When God is pleased to be my guard.

For He's a Shepherd that will guide,
He'll guard his flock on every side;
Like doves we'll to his bosom fly,
When danger seems for to be nigh.

One single hair no foe can harm,
Nor yet molest or cause alarm;
Without permission from above—
Whose bowels melt for me with love.

But if the rod he's forc'd to take,
And summons me to meet my fate—
Rejoice that soon I'll wear a crown,
And Jesus see without a frown.

And mingle with the hosts above,
And join to sing redeeming love;
Where saints with loud hosannahs sing—
Which makes the heavenly portals ring.

With palms of triumph in their hands—
They ever stand before the Lamb,
In spotless robes of white array
Rejoicing to Eternity.

There midst the glory of the Lamb—
They're free from every foeman's hand,
Amid the realms of the blest,
Where the weary are at rest.

For even some from beds of gore,
Are welcome to Immanuel's shore;
For them the gates are open wide,
While Jesus saith come in my bride.

Oh come my weary pilgrim in,
And taste the joys of heaven within,
A Crown for you is here prepar'd
The glories of the ransom'd share.

A throne for you is also here.
So why lament my sister dear;
But rather for us lift your hand,
That Israel's Armies they may stand.

Prayer's the element of the saint
While in the Church below;
Prayer is walking with our God,
Like Enoch long ago.

Prayer's communion with the Lord,
With heart, and soul, and mind—
Prayer is access to the King,
Whose Majesty's divine.

Prayer is wrestling with the Prince,
For blessings that we need;
Prayer is taking heaven by storm—
In earnest and in deed.

Prayer moves Jehovah from his throne,
To open every store—
Prayer's a wafting of the soul,
To God whom we adore.

Prayer's a taste of glory here,
That God we magnify;
Prayer's a witnessing with our soul,
The unction from on high.

Prayer's a touching of the soul,
While Gabriel he doth pass;
Prayer hath heights and depths of love
Few knowledge thereof hath.

Prayer hath an abundant weight,
Of glory even here;
It's ofttimes inexpressible,
When none but God is near.

The ARMY of BRITAIN Leaving for Gallipoli, Scutari, Varna and the Crimea.

PART NINTH.

Ah Alas! they are gone,
But who will return,
Ah! to dry up the tears
Of those that do mourn.

For the shores of the Turks,
Alas they are gone—
By this time they're tossing
Far, far, from their home.

And Alas! from their friends
That they loved so dear,
May Heaven protect them
Wherever they steer.

I hope He'll be with them
And still be their guide,
I hope there are many
That in him confide.

Whose faith as an anchor
  Is fast in the veil,
Whatever betalls them
  Their anchor won't fail.

Whose souls are bound up—in
  The bundle of life,
Though their bodies should fall
  Midst conflict and strife.

There's a peace in their souls
  That keeps them serene,
Its a peace that the world
  I'm sure hath not seen.

It's a legacy left
  By Jesus so dear,
To those that are really
  His children dear.

The coast of Mahommed
  Appear'd now in view,
And everything round us
  Appeared to be new.

While the Turks on the shore
  Rejoiced for to see,
The fleet of old England
  Once more in their sea.

While come with their Allies
  Their shores to defend,
And against their dread foes
  Likewise to contend.

While joy it was beaming
  On every face,
As at Gallipoli
  Our ships took their place.

We quickly were landed
And soon got ashore,
While many I knew—would
See England no more.

While the Ottoman Turks
Upon us did gaze;
And the kilts of the Gael
It did them amaze.

Then next to Scutari
On the Euxine Sea,
We soon were removed
As no doubt you'll see.

From there unto Varna
We shortly were sent;
The grave of our Army
Of which I lament.

Then next to the Crimea,
We shortly set sail,
Which caused Prince Menschikoff
No doubt to bewail.

For at Eupatoria
We shortly did land,
Without opposition
That port did command.

We then marched to Alma
In battle array,
With Arnaud and Raglan
And Turks on that day.

The sight was majestic
'Twas noble and grand,
While valiant Duke Cambridge
Led Britain's brave van.

THE BATTLE OF ALMA.

PART TENTH.

The heights of the Alma
Appeared now in view,
With an Army encamped
For us to subdue.

With batteries and trenches
They thought to defy,
Ah! the valour of those
That would them come nigh.

And thus stop the progress
Of Britons and Gauls,
So that their fine fortress
By them might not fall.

Which was the protection
And den of their fleet;
Which show'd they were frighten'd
Our ships for to meet.

But soon we convinced them
That they were astray,
Of thinking to beat us
On Alma that day.

For the Army of France
Great valour displayed,
They rushed to the combat
Ah! quite undismayed.

While the Eagles of Gaul
Were bent for their prey;
And the shells from the ships
Soon made them give way.

While Britain's old Lions
  Were heard for to roar;
Their growl was now heard—on
  This far distant shore.

To battle's sad conflict
  Britannia rushed on,
To meet their dire foe—from
  The banks of the Don.

The brave Connaught Rangers
  And Welsh Fusiliers;
Ah! they rushed to the charge
  And gave them three cheers.

While led on by old Brown,
  That gallant brave Scot,
Whose horse was laid low—where
  The battle was hot.

Where many a Briton
  That day was laid low,
With brave Colonel Chester,
  Of which you all know.

Then old Caledonia,
  Did rush to the charge,
Led on by Sir Colin
  Where battle did rage.

The conflict was dreadful,
  The battle was sore,
Midst dead—aye and dying,
  Where cannons did roar.

While the Guards did fall back
  Anew for to form,
The sons of old Scotia
  Undaunted rushed on.

Where the battle was hottest,
The Pibroch did sound,
Ah! while many a kilt
It lay on the ground.

Here the kilt and the plaid
Much valour displayed,
No danger did daunt them
Or make them afraid.

Oh! they rushed on the foe
Like Lions so bold,
Still led by Sir Colin
That hero of old.

While their steel it soon made
The Muscovites flee,
In every direction
As soon we did see.

While the Guards they came up
To share in the game,
Led on by brave Cambridge
That Duke of great fame.

Address of the Turkish Commander to his men at the Battle of Alma.

PART ELEVENTH.

Arise ye gallant Turks—Arise!
And gird your armour on,
The day of Retribution's come!
Heaven has seen your wrong!

Hear old Britannia's Lions roar!
On Alma's rugged plain,
See how the Gauls and Britons fall,
Alas! among the slain.

See Scotia's rampant Lion leads
  Britannia's gallant van!
Arise ye gallant Turks! Arise!
  Arise unto a man!

Remember still your Father's wrongs!
  Who nobly fought and bled!
Against the cruel Scythian foe
  Till numbered with the dead.

Behold your bleeding country lies
  Beneath the tyrant's grasp!
The Northern Bear long hath it trod
  Ye Turks your sabres grasp!

Once more your blood-stain'd banner raise!
  Revenge your father's graves!
Once more unsheath your naked swords!
  Our bleeding land to save!

Behold yon cruel Scythian band,
  That shed your Fathers' blood!
Remember still their dying groans!
  Avenge that purple flood!

Behold the Gauls and Britons charge
  The foeman's foremost ranks!
Rush on! Rush on! my noble band
  And charge the Scythian flanks!

Behold the Gauls and Britons now
  They put the foe to flight—
Rush on! Rush on! my heroes bold,
  Rush on with all your might!

Remember still that dreadful act,
  The murder of Sinope!
Come aid yon Caledonian bands
  To chase them down the slope!

Victory now doth crown their Arms!
As we do plainly see;
Oh haste ye valiant Turks! Oh haste!
And onward let us flee.

Dash on! dash on! with might and main
The Cossacks to pursue!
Behold the Gauls and Britons fight
Your country to rescue!

The shattered squadrons of the Czar
In broken columns fly!
Ye freemen wield your battle-blades,
And onward do or die.

See how the British Lions spring
And seize upon their prey!
The frightened columns of the Czar
From them do fly away.

Surround! surround! the foemen fast
This freedom loudly cals;
This day the tyrant's chain is brok'n
By Britons and by Gauls.

And let the Crescent proudly wave
Upon the foemen slain!
And show Mahomet's still disdain
With scorn the tyrant's chain.

Hear freedom's bugle sound afar
On yonder bloody plain;
Amidst the dying and the dead
It sounds that freedom's gain'd.

The trumpet's notes re-echo loud
The sound of victory!
Spur on your steeds! spur on your steeds!
Defend sweet liberty!

Let every heart now hear the call
And freedom's cause defend!
Your country now demands your aid,
Upon the foe descend!

Let every heart be freedom's shield,
Your bleeding land to save!
Let freedom's arm your sabres wield
For victory or the grave!

THE BATTLE OF ALMA.

PART TWELFTH.

Now this battle is gain'd,
This victory's won,
The Russian Legions
Were forced to run.

The Lions of England
And Eagles of Gaul,
Made Russian squadrons
In haste for to fall.

The valour of Britain,
And bravery of France,
Made Russian Legions
Afraid to advance.

Ah! to meet that dre d charge,
That few could withstand,
Of impetuous French
And brave Highland clans.

Where many a hero
That day was laid low,
In battle's dread conflict
Of which you all know.

Though great is the honour
Our Army has gain'd—
Yet great is the damage
That they have sustain'd.

For many a Briton
Now lies on the plain,
All mangled with scars—on
The field of the slain.

Where many advanced,
But Ah! few returned;
While many a Mother
This day will make mourn.

And many a Father
Will sigh for his son,
That fell in this battle
That now they have won.

While friends and relations
Will oft drop a tear,
To the mem'ry of those
That once they lov'd dear.

That fell on the Alma
Where cannons did roar;
But Alas! they are gone,
For time they're no more.

To the world of Spirits,
Ah! many are fled;
Whose bodies now lie—on
The fields of the dead.

But to speak from the lives
That many have led,
There many with Jesus
Their true living head.

Supposed Address of a departed British Soldier, who fell at the Battle of Alma —to his parents.

Dry up your tears I now entreat,
And be submissive to your fate;
Gird up your minds and sorrow not
As if no other hope you'd got.

Remember when my Spirit's gone
To Heaven my eternal home;
These words I said you'll bear in mind
Not to indulge in grief behind.

But rather strive to follow me,
That we may there together be:
That when your time on earth is o'er
I'll meet you on Immanuel's shore.

Every tear will then be fled
And crowns will be upon your head—
With spotless robes of white array,
Rejoicing to eternity.

Aye in the realms of the blest,
Where the weary are at rest;
From the toils on earth we bore,
For grief can there molest no more.

For every breast is filled with joy,
And praise to God the sweet employ;
The heavenly hosts they sweetly sing
Till Heaven's eternal portals ring.

They tune their harps with higher lays
And loftier hallelujahs raise—
Till Heaven's exalted arches hear
The praises of our Saviour dear.

TREATMENT of SOLDIERS' WIVES.

PART THIRTEENTH.

Bnt Alas! the fair sex
  Who with us did come—
Whose husbands do folllow
  The tout of the drum.

Their hardships are many,
  Their troubles are great,
Ah! their comforts are few
  I candidly state.

But not to the credit
  Of many I say,
That stand in high places
  As Commissaries.

Alas here neglected,
  Likewise overlooked,
Following the baggage
  With sorrow, on foot.

The partners of many
  Of Britain's bold sons,
That fought on the Alma
  Till Russians ran.

Ah! who nobly fought
  In Britain's defence,
Mid Battle's dread carnage
  While they in suspense,

Were suffering in body
  And also in mind,
To hear the result— of
  The battle behind.

Ah tasting the bitter
  Of sorrow's sad cup—
While they from all comfort
  Appear'd to be shut.

And all for to comfort
  Their helpmates so dear,
For whom they were trembling
  In doubt and in fear.

To soothe their sad pillow
  When conflict was o'er,
And to cheer their sad heart
  Perchance ev'n in gore.

It might be to gather
  Their mangled frame,
On the red field of blood
  Where many were slain.

Though much is doing to prevent—
And no doubt with a good intent—
The dreadful sufferings of the poor
In Britain—which is right I'm sure.

For soldiers' wives and orphans too—
Yet there is much still left to do;
There is a feeling oft displayed
That makes the throbbing heart dismay'd.

The haughty looks of pomp and pride,
With feelings which they cannot hide;
It oft doth wound the tender heart,
That's suffering from misfortune's smart.

While fortune smiles the world's your friend
You're loaded with their kindness then—
But let it take another turn,
You're left alone to sigh and mourn.

If you but taste misfortune's cup
You're shortly from their favour shut,
They pass you by—not as before—
I'd almost said—they you abhor.

Some scarcely would their sister own,
If fortune seem'd on her to frown,
Asham'd to see her at their door—
Just on account of being poor.

Afraid their honour she would stain
With poverty's degrading name;
So here the world's cold icy heart
Oft makes the poor to feel their smart.

Likewise the Christian ofttimes too,
I've to lament too often do—
Their duty here too much neglect,
While the gold ring gets most respect.

The Black Sea Fleet.—Charge on the 93rd Highlanders at the Battle of Bala Clava.

PART FOURTEENTH.

While war in the Crimea
Was hot and severe,
The fleet of old England
Struck terror and fear.

For both in the Baltic,
And in the Black Sea,
The ships of Britannia
Made Russians flee.

The Lions of Britain
Did make them afraid,

The sight of their pendant
It made them dismayed.

Which shows that old England
Still rules on the wave,
In spite of the fleet—of
The Russian knave.

It shows that Victoria
Still rules on the main,
That her brave gallant tars
This honour do claim.

For every Ocean
Her ships doth command,
And where is the Fleet
That could them withstand.

They ride o'er the billows
With honour and pride,
As the broom of the Ocean
While none dare beside.

For Britannia she rules
As Queen of the wave,
With her bold hearts of oak
So gallant and brave.

When Alma's bloody field was gain'd
And victory by the Allies claim'd;
All night we rested on our Arms,
While Russans fled in great alarm.

While Turkish Legions did pursue,
Far after them they onward flew,
And chased them near Sebastopol,
That strongly fortified mole.

But this defeat was scarcely o'er
And got Sebastopol before,

Till Raglan did Bal'klava seize,
Which did the Muscovites displease.

And they determined it to have
In spite of all our men so brave,
With twenty thousand chosen men.
They on Sir Colin did descend.

But soon they found the Gaelic rock,
Withstood the fury of their shock;
Though fifteen hundred did advance
Of troopers armed with sword and lance;

Upon the small brave Celtic band,
Who firmly did the foe withstand;
Then Scotia's Lion shook her mane,
Soon heaps were laid among the slain.

The roar soon made the squadrons reel,
The Celtic rock it made them wheel;
In shatter'd columns fly away,
In sad disorder and dismay.

While Scotia's sons disdain'd to fly,
Determined for to do or die;
With their Chieftain on their head,
Who number'd many with the dead.

Which gives fresh lustre to that name,
That's bled on many fields of fame;
Whose daring deeds of valour done,
On many fields that they have won,

Makes Scotia's sons that name admire,
Their very plaid doth Celts inspire;
But when the Pibroch's heard afar,
To sound that family's note of war.

Dreadful then would be the storm
For to molest the house of Lorn;

Ten thousand men would draw their swords
For to defend their noble Lord.

While ten times ten he might command
If this his Sov'reign did demand,
For oft he's led brave Armies on
For to defend the Crown of Scone.

This great Argyle—a Campbell true,
He oft did Scotia's foes subdue;
And his descendants now we see,
Has made the Muscovites to flee.

Charge of the Scots Greys and Ennis-killens at the Battle of Bala Clava.

PART FIFTEENTH.

Tho' Kilt and Plaid they'd no more face,
That heap'd on them so much disgrace;
Yet still they strove the field to gain,
To wipe away their former stain.

So then they marshall'd in the plain,
Where many on that day were slain;
Determined to renew the fight
And put the Allies all to flight.

The Cossacks they in thousands were,
Drawn up our little force to scare;
But Ah! they found their sad mistake,
They found it when it was too late.

For Caledonia's noble Greys,
Aloud the cry for Battle raise;
They caught the fire of Waterloo,
And forward on their chargers flew.

Then Caledonians bold and brave,
They soon did make their sabres wave,
And on with fury they did dash,
Then soon was heard the dreadful clash.

Then noble Enniskillen too,
Forward to the conflict flew,
Determined not to be behind,
They spurr'd their steeds and slack'd their reins.

Then on they dashed 'longside the Greys,
Their comrades too of former days,
And Erin ne'er had braver sons
On all the battle-fields she won.

The sight was dreadful to behold,
While the tide of battle roll'd;
It was awful in the extreme
To see the blood in torrents stream.

But onward dash'd the noble Greys,
As brave as those of former days;
Squadrons fell as they advano'd
Them down their noble chargers pranc'd.

But soon they cut their way right through,
For soon their red-coats were in view;
Their dark grey chargers stain'd with blood
And swords that caused the purple flood.

While Enniskillen sword in hand
Made Russians fall at every bang,
Showed Muscovites they could not stand
Before bold Erin's noble band.

For soon Hibernians they were seen
Whose helmet in the sun did gleam,
With crimson dye they were besmear'd,
While from the heights the Britons cheer'd.

Though overpowered near twelve to one,
Yet Erin's bold undaunted band,
They were determined not to yield
Till death had laid them on the field.

While Scotia's Greys they led the van,
Like Lions they fought to a man;
No valour could those troops withstand,
Who cut their way through sword in hand.

Many a Cossack they laid low,
For there was death in every blow;
While fear appeared to be fled,
They soon became the foeman's dread.

In vain the foemen strove to flank,
For soon they sank beneath their ranks,
For soon they caused them to feel
To their dismay—their heavy steel.

And to the honour of our Guards
They hastened up unto the charge,
Their gallant comrades to rescue,
Though they were but in number few.

Those noble Fourth and Fifth Dragoons,
With martial looks and fine costume;
They soon did make their sabres wave,
Like freemen that would ne'er be slaves.

While Caledonians did pursue
The foe that now before them flew;
With noble Erin by their side,
Who helped to turn the battle's tide.

Oh never did the eye behold
A charge more daring or more bold!
To cut their way right through the foe,
What history can its equal show?

Charge of the Light Dragoons at the Battle of Bala Clava.

PART SIXTEENTH.

Another drama's now in view,
The Light Dragoons to battle flew,
Across a wide extended plain,
Where many on that day were slain.

A dreadful fire they did sustain,
While crossing that unhappy plain;
It was appalling to behold
So many gallant Britons bold,

Ah! falling as they did advance
Upon the foe with sword and lance;
While Cardigan did lead them on
Against a foe for them too strong.

Squares by them were soon cut through,
Gunners at their guns they slew;
The sight was awful to behold!
Ah! man and horse in battle roll'd.

Blood in torrents then did flow;
While they dash'd upon the foe!—
Alas! the battle there was keen
Desperate it was in the extreme.

How horrifying was the scene,
To see so many Britons slain;
Regardless of their numbers they
Dash'd in the hottest of the fray!

Oh desperately those heroes fought,
But Ah! it was Alas for naught;
Alas! their foes did them o'erpow'r,
The foeman's sword did them devour.

Though each of them were Britons true;
Still they were but in number few,
And being closed on every side,
They could not turn the battle's tide.

Then Scotia drew the battle-blade,
And forward flew to render aid,
Unto brave Albion now enclosed
Among so many deadly foes.

Once more she took the battle field,
Once more to make the foemen yield;
With sword in hand they did advance,
Their blood-stain'd armour then did glance

You'd thought their steeds had smell'd afar
The dreadful battle field of war;
For onward they with haste did rush,
If possible, the foe to crush.

Ah! soon was heard the dreadful clash,
As right and left their sabres slash'd!
While Enniskillens bold and brave,
Undaunted rush'd their friends to save!

The heroes of the Emerald Isle,
That's favour'd oft with victory's smile;
Dash'd on the foe with might and main,
And number'd many with the slain.

Determined for to keep in sight,
Those heroes of their former fights;
And share the honour of the day
With Scotia's bold undaunted Greys.

And also shield bold Albion too,
That now in number were but few,
And save them from that cruel knave,
As well as from a bloody grave.

For soon the dint of heavy steel
Did make the Russian squadrons wheel;
The Light Dragoons they soon were safe
For soon they did the Cossacks chase.

Victory! Victory! was the cry,
While the Cossacks had to fly;
While Scotia's rampant Lion flew,
With might and main them to pursue.

While Erin's sword did also wave
Amidst the gallant and the brave;
While the foe they did not spare,
That they might also vict'ry share.

But soon the field became their own,
Won by their valour it is known;
Whose daring deeds of valour here,
Will teach the Russians them to fear.

Brave Caledonia ne'er could boast
Of braver sons in all her coasts;
Nor bold Hibernia e'er did raise
Sons more gallant or more brave.

Moral Courage of the British Soldier.

PART SEVENTEENTH.

Those gallant men whose moral worth
Is equal to their noble birth;
Which gives a lustre to their name,
As well as those from fields of fame.

Though few of them were born in halls,
And fewer still midst castle walls;
Their Sires were humble men in life,
Men quite averse to wrath and strife.

Men that would shudder for to hear
Of carnage made with sword or spear;
Reluctant even for to state
Those horrid scenes we now relate.

Whose minds were minds of love and truth,
These were the guardians of those youths,
Who strove to teach the youthful minds,
To bear this love to all mankind.

But mark the words I now relate,
Those very men I candid state;
But with their conscience interfere
And you will find a foe severe.

This Court they think belongs to man,
There, Sires they say should never stand;
It is the Birthright of the Slave
Though torn from him by the knave.

And Conscience is the Court I mean—
Where no usurper should be seen;
No See or Sire they think hath right
Against their birthright for to fight.

They state that Daniel they do see,
He from this standard would not flee,
He'd rather face the Lions' den
Than sacrifice the rights of men.

So likewise they at duty's call,
Would boldly face both sword and ball;
Their country's rights for to maintain,
Amidst the dying and the slain.

Yes freedom's cause they would defend,
For Queen and country they'd contend;
Mothers would their Sovereign lend
Their sons, those rights for to defend.

From childhood this they have been taught;
With moral worth their minds are fraught;
A Father's love, a Mother's care,
Those that of late such danger shared.

And from the dwellings of those men
Sweet Hallelujahs do ascend;
With sweet perfume unto the skies,
From morn and evening sacrifice.

Yet they will duty's call obey,
Even to the fields of bloody fray;
Midst thickest dangers they are there,
When duty says, those dangers share.

Though they fall where bullets fly,
They know their Saviour still is nigh;
And he'll take those from fields of strife
Whose names are in the book of life.

So then all dangers they defy
When danger's post hath duty's cry;
That post unyielding they'll maintain,
Until they conquer or be slain.

Like Colonel Gard'ner they'll not fly,
Whatever dangers may be nigh;
Unflinching they'll maintain their post,
Whatever then may be the cost.

So duty then you see's the cause,
That brings the Britons such applause;
Here where his noble courage lies,
And every danger deth despise.

Unflinchingly, they will not yield
Till death had laid them on the field;
And life, the sweetest boon of all,
They'll freely give at duty's call.

In duty's path they're Lions bold,
While many have their names enroll'd
Amongst the followers of the Lamb:
So this is what makes Britons stand.

Their peace they have made up with God,
Though duty calls to draw the sword;
Jesus is their strength and shield,
Yes even in the battle-field.

Supposed Address of one of the Soldiers who fell at the Battle of Baia Clava to his Wife.

PART EIGHTEENTH.

Oh! fare you well my partner dear,
For me you need not drop a tear;
And though the ashes of my urn
Lie far from you—Oh do not mourn!

For Heaven's chariots bore away
My spirit to eternal day;
The Seraphs they did swiftly glide,
While Cherubs they were by my side.

The spirits of the just were nigh,
While hallelujahs they did cry
Unto the Lamb that once was slain,
While Angels sweetly said Amen.

Soon Heaven did appear in view,
It's pearl gates wide open flew—
While Jesus said, Come in my son,
The prize is gain'd, the victory's won.

You're welcome to eternal rest
In the realms of the blest;

Oh come my weary pilgrim in
And taste the joys of Heav'n within!

A seraph took me by the hand,
And led me through Immanuel's land;
The Heavnly harps did sweetly sound
Through all the Paradise around.

They raised their notes with higher strains
To praise the Lamb that ever reigns;
Till Heaven's exalted arch did hear
The praises of my Saviour dear!

My raptured soul then caught the fire,
Their heavenly lays did me inspire;
My raptured soul was lost in praise,
Amidst those sweet melodious lays.

The heavn'ly hosts did sweetly sing
Till Heaven's eternal portals ring;
The vaults of Heaven then did resound,
With their sweet melodious sound.

I shortly stood before the throne,
Surrounded by the blood-wash'd throng;
I saw the Father and the Son,
The Holy Ghost the three in one.

While Jesus said for you I bled,
And placed a crown upon my head;
A throne for you is also here,
And spotless robes for you to wear.

So what would tempt you for to sigh
For one who reigns above the sky;
But live to him that died for you,
Still keep your latter end in view.

Then soon you'll meet your parted mate
For I will meet you at the gate;

A happy meeting it will be
To meet to all eternity.

Our children too that God hath given,
I trust will meet us yet in Heaven;
So children dear—Oh do not grieve!
Though of your Father you're bereaved.

Though on this earth we'll meet no more,
I'll meet you on Immanuel's shore;
And while the earth is still your home
Oh mind you're travelling to the tomb!

And when my grave you think upon
Remember that my spirit's gone—
Ah! mind my soul from thence has fled,
To Jesus my dear living head.

Remember not to grieve for me,
As you perhaps might others see;
Why should you weep when I am glad,
Dry up your tears, be no more sad.

And when your every conflict's o'er
I'll meet you on this happy shore:
Sorrow will then have fled away
Midst realms of everlasting day.

And when this earth's your winding sheet,
In realms of glory we shall meet,
A happy meeting it will be
To meet to all eternity.

THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

PART NINETEENTH.

The former valour of our troops,
Made Russia for to fear,
For even at the Czar's own seat
Old Nich'las it did hear.

No doubt it stung him most severe
  To hear such daring deeds,
And more than likely was the cause
  His sons were seent with speed.

To strive to cheer the drooping hearts
  Of those dispir'ted troops,
And to them render every aid
  Yea both of horse and foot.

To strive to wipe away the stain
  Their Arms had lately got;
Likewise that valour to o'ercome
  That now had got afloat.

For soon those princes were adrift
  This Army to collect,
To stem the torrent of that fame
  That British Arms did get.

And soon they formed a dreadful foe,
  That shortly you shall hear,
Upon the heights of Inkermann
  Alas! with sword and spear.

Nigh seventy thousand chosen men
  Upon the plain did form;
They thought the foe they could defy
  And all their valour scorn.

But soon they found their gross mistake
  Upon that fatal day;
When seven thousand British troops
  Did keep them all at bay.

Though silently they stole along
  Unnoticed through the mist,
That noble Army to surround
  Upon November Fifth.

Yet when our pickets gave alarm
  That they did us surround,
Then quickly we were under arms
  And shortly on the ground.

The Fifty-Fifth, brave Britons bold,
  Whose numbers were but few,
They faced the foe two score to one
  And many of them slew.

The Forty-First and Forty-Ninth
  Soon to their aid they came,
And with one brilliant British charge
  That redoubt gain'd again.

But shortly they were driven back
  And overpowered they were,
Then up the noble Twentieth came
  The danger for to share.

Likewise the gallant Forty-Seventh
  Then to the battle flew;
And soon they entered the redoubt
  And gain'd it also too.

Against an overpowering foe
  That soon had to retreat,
Then up the gallant Cambridge came
  Whose deeds no pen can state.

Eleven times those heroes charg'd
  And forced them for to fly,
Those noble Guards and Grenadiers
  Their cry was do or die.

How nobly did the Coldstreams hold
  That long disputed ground,
Against six thousand chosen men
  That strove them to surround.

Three times they charg'd this noble band,
  Three times they did retire,
Yea from the bayonets of those men,
  And from their galling fire.

Three thousand men soon join'd the foe,
  The Coldstreams to subdue;
The Coldstreams faced them back to back,
  The sons of Scotia true.

And though their ammunition failed
  Those heroes would not yield;
They clubbed their muskets on the foe
  And drove them from the field.

Led on by gallant Cambridge bold,
  That Duke of royal birth,
Whose valour's equal to his rank,
  That day they knew his worth.

Four horses under him were shot
  While he led on his men,
Yet he all dangers still defied
  The battle's tide to stem.

Ah! once the foe did him surround
  Bent for to cut him down,
Had not brave Wilson him rescued
  They'd lay him on the ground.

The Battle of Inkermann Continued.

PART TWENTIETH.

Then up came bold Cathcart,
  The bravest of the brave;
Who nobly fought and bled,
  Britain's prince to save.

Caledonia's son,
Scotia's valiant knight,
Came like a Lion on
To the dreadful fight.

His eagle eye it flash'd,
Fraught with battle fire,
While 'n the foe he dash'd,
Ah! with battle ire.

A braver never led
Britain's gallant band,
Who soon fell with the dead,
Fighting sword in hand.

The carnage then was great,
When this hero fell,
The scene I can't describe,
Britain knows full well.

The battle then did rage,
Britons would not yield;
Ah! many there were laid
On the bloody field.

The battle was severe,
Dreadful to behold,
The conflict there was hot,
More than can be told.

While Britain's sons did fall
On that doleful day,
Ah! horrid to relate
Thousands I may say.

Yet still they kept their ground
'Gainst this direful foe,
For vict'ry did contend,
Firmly we know.

While Strangway was laid low
On that horrid plain,
With Goldie and Seymour,
Ah! among the slain.

Then came up the French,
With Gaul's noble Chief,
He then led on his men,
This gave them relief.

Mid battle's thickest storms
He was to be found,
There leading on his men
On the battle ground.

Brave Bosquet then dashed on
With his noble Franks,
Amidst both shot and shell
That did thin his ranks.

Amidst this awful storm,
Dreadful and severe,
He boldly marched on
Heedless yea of fear.

Midst conflict—yea and blood,
Horrid to relate,
He led his army on
Their foes to defeat.

Courageous and serene,
Valiant too and brave,
Disdaining—yea with scorn
The chains of the knave.

He led the Zouaves on,
Heroes in the field,
The valour of those men
Made the foes to yield.

Our cannons then did tell
On the daring foe
Their progress they did check
Many they laid low.

Battle's tide was turned
By the Allied Arms,
Victory soon was won
Russia was alarm'd.

The Battle of Inkermann Continued.

PART TWENTY-FIRST.

Lieutenant Miller bold and brave,
He drew his sword his gun to save,
And single-handed on his steed
He did advance with every speed.

Down came the first and second too,
While others ten upon him flew;
But undismay'd he stood his ground
His sword like lightning flashed around.

He soon did make the Russians flee
As afterwards we plainly see,
He took his cannon from the foe
None daring to him to say no.

Alas that noble Saxon bold,
He clubbed his musket I am told,
And dash'd upon the daring foe,
While tyrants fell at eve y blow.

While gallant Brown and Buller too
Forward to the battle flew,
The Third Division they led on,
But Brown did fall ere it was long.

An arm he lost in battle's fray,
While many fell upon that day;
While Buller with the Seventy-Seventh
He would not from his post be driven.

Though he had scarce three hundred men
Against this foe for to contend,
Who numbered nearly ten to one,
Yet still against them they did stand.

Then with a charge of British steel,
They chased three thousand from the field,
This valiant noble Briton true,
Who led those deathless heroes through.

Those dreadful scenes of deadly strife,
Where many a Briton lost his life;
Where many fell to rise no more
Upon that field of crimson gore.

Ah! there the noble Townsend bled
And there he found a gory bed;
A nobler Briton never fell,
And that his men do know full well.

Brave Major Townsend he is gone,
While many for him sigh and mourn;
He was a Christian I believe,
Ah! many for that man do grieve.

But now his spirit hence has fled,
His body's number'd with the dead—
I think his soul is safe from harm
Now in his blessed Saviour's arms.

And now his weary conflict's o'er—
He hath to do with time no more,
And no doubt he's forever gone
To Heaven his eternal home.

No trouble now will cross his breast,
He's where the weary are at rest;
For Jesus bore his soul away
To the realms of endless day.

There is no wonder British Arms
  Oft times victorious are,
When such brave men are in the ranks
  As noble Townsend was.

The everlasting arms of God
  Around his people be,
And midst the battle's dread alarm
  Their Father still is he.

The winds and waves are in his hand
  And bullets that do fly,
One single hair they cannot harm
  Till sanctioned from on high.

Amidst the raging battle he
  Upon his cherub rides,
Beholds his children oft in scars,
  Then with their foes he chides.

And Pharaoh oft he did correct
  That did his people harm,
For he his children will protect
  With his Almighty arm.

Likewise when Pharoah did persist
  God's people to pursue,
God from the fiery pillar look'd,
  His waters o'er them flew.

Then victory's sound was heard afar,
  Yes, on the other shore,
While Pharaoh and his mighty host
  For time they were no more.

So then my friends, for Zion's sake
God doth our shores defend,
And he in battle's hottest rage
For Britain doth contend.

Incidents of the Battles of Bala Clava and Inkermann, and the Siege.

PART TWENTY-SECOND.

See Britain's noble hero lie,
Ah! bleeding at his gun—
Behold this brave heroic knight,
Britannia's gallant son,

Disdaining to leave duty's post
When life's blood seemed to ebb;
Ah thus the gallant Trowbridge lay
His country for to aid.

This gallant soldier would not yield,
And neither would he shun
The post of danger on the field
Till battle had been won.

For hours he lay with mangled limbs,
Yet still he did command,
This noble gallant Briton bold
Does honour to our land.

Also that brave undaunted Guard,
That's gallant noble Sam,
Who with the butt end of his gun
Laid round him like a man.

See Scotia's bold undaunted band
With Scarlett at their head;
Whose lineage's of that noble house,
That oft for Scotia bled.

Behold him lead those gallant men
  That were in number few,
Upon an overpowering foe
  And cut their way right through.

The Campbell blood is in his veins
  That no one will dispute,
He's worthy for to wear the plaid
  Yea all the Highland suit.

The Thistle ! might also add
  He's worthy for to wear,
A nobler never led a charge
  Either with sword or spear.

Likewise that bold Hibernian too,
  Erin's undaunted son,
Of the brave Connaught Rangers
  That many fields have won.

Who nobly saved his Colonel's life,
  That was in jeopardy,
He fought the Russians three to one
  And took his prize away.

Though many were the noble deeds
  Of valour done that day,
Yet few of them can we relate
  Of that most bloody fray.

Midst scenes so painful to behold
  Of conflict, yea and blood,
All horrifying to relate
  Scenes that would make you throb.

Yet even there midst shot and shell
  God's people oft did meet,
Under the shelter of a tree
  They held communion sweet.

Yes with their blessed Saviour dear
  Who is their strength and shield,
For he was with his children dear
  Ev'n in that doleful field.

For their sweet hallelujahs oft
  With sweet perfume did rise
To him that rules the battle's tide
  In Heaven above the skies.

Their souls and bodies oft they did
  Commit unto his care,
And if it was his Sovereign will
  Them he'd in mercy spare,

That in the hollow of his hand,
  In mercy he would hide,
Those now exposed to battle's storm,
  That did in him confide.

And that his all-protecting arm
  Might round our Armies be,
And every soul that knew not him
  Might to his mercy flee.

That God alone might be their trust
  Their hope, their strength, their shield,
For he hath said he'll guard the just
  And will them succor yield.

Likewise upon their breast-plate, they
  While at a throne of grace,
Do bear the names of those they love
  To God through living faith.

A Sortie on the French—The unceasing care of the Wounded by Lady Radcliffe and Miss Nightingale.

PART TWENTY-THIRD.

While battle raged on Inkermann
The foe a sortie made
Upon the lines of Gaul that morn,
Who met them undismayed.

Five thousand strong the Russians were
Determined for to drive
Our noble Allies in the Sea
If possible alive.

The French them met with pointed steel,
Which thing they did not like,
And shortly drove them from the field
Yea in a dreadful fright.

They chased them to the city's edge,
Now doomed unto its fate,
And some I b'lieve were then so bold
As enter through its gates.

But soon they forc'd them to retreat,
But not till many fell,
And likewise gallant Lourmel too,
I'm sorry for to tell.

Then back upon their former lines
They steadily retired;
While the batteries' guns—Alas!
They proved a galling fire.

Though honour crowned the Allied Arms
Upon those bloody fields,
Yet sad disgrace on Britain came,
Which we will not conceal.

Ah! not only food and raiment
They greatly did neglect;
But unto their sick and wounded
They had not due respect.

Ah! those bold undaunted heroes,
That stood on her defence,
And nobly braved all dangers
With the gallant French.

Ah! to see them starved and naked
Upon a foreign shore
Who Britain's rights defended
Upon those fields of gore.

Ah! to see their sick and wounded,
Alas! so much forgot,
Men that have fought for Britain's cause
Where battle it was hot.

To see the sons of Britain bold,
Far from their native homes,
'Twould make your very blood run cold
For to relate your wrongs.

But to the honour of *The Times*,
That's near the royal seat;
The orig'nator of that plan
That's pleasant to relate.

That was the means of great relief
To our neglected men,
That is the subscription
That we to them did send.

This helped to stem the tide of woe,
That we do now lament,
With Baron de Radcliffe's Lady,
Who did much woe prevent.

That generous-hearted Lady,
  Her time with pleasure spent,
Among the wounded soldiers
  To aid the sick and faint.

Likewise the Lady Nightingale
  Did lend a helping hand,
Her aid was very serviceable
  Upon this foreign land.

To many she did render aid,
  Much needed she was there,
For at Scutari Hospital
  The wounded were her care.

The sick and dying she did guide,
  Yea both by night and day,
To soothe the dying's pillow—she
  Would oft beside them stay.

To pour upon the wounded heart
  Gilead's healing balm,
And oft did soothe the troubled soul
  Into a heavenly calm.

Admiral Lyons scouring Sea of Azoff—The Battle of Traktir.

PART TWENTY-FOURTH.

Now the Sea of Azoff
  Is torn from the Czar,
By the British Lions,
  Britain's gallant tars.

Russia now is shown
  Albion rules the Sea,
From Britain's Union Jack
  Muscovites must flee.

Her Azoff now is gone,
  Where her ships did ride,
They dare not show their face,
  From our fleet they hide.

How humbled she must be,
  Though she doth not own,
How mortified her pride
  To see her power gone.

But England hath the sway,
  And that she knows well,
And e'er will I believe
  Where the billows swell.

The Emperor now must bow
  To our noble Queen,
For everywhere at Sea
  Britain still doth reign.

This right he can't dispute,
  Try it if he dare,
And I'll assure him this—
  Britons won't him spare.

And that this Sea they'll keep
  He may take my word;
Till they have quell'd his pride
  With the bloody sword.

Her Lions are too strong
  For the Northern Bear;
Of this he'll be convinced
  I am well aware.

And if he'll still persist
  In his mad career,
Our Lions to resist
  They'll him in pieces tear.

He'll find it when too late,
When the angry growl
Of the British Lions
Makes the bear to howl.

The sun had risen in the morn,
Ah! to behold a dreadful storm;
Near to that bridge now called Traktir
Where cannons flash'd that day with fire.

Upon the heights I saw afar
A gathering storm I thought for war—
The bugles sounded—horsemen flew—
The troopers soon their sabres drew.

In martial order they appear'd
Towards that bridge their Army steer'd;
Then to the Tchernaya soon they came
Where many on that day were slain.

They crossed that bridge quite undismay'd
Where many on that day were laid—
For bold Sardinians from the heights
With cannon then commenced the fight.

And dreadful was the carnage made,
For many of the foe they laid
Upon the sward as they advanc'd
Towards them with their sword and lance.

This noble band of heroes true,
Help'd—the Russians to subdue;
Their guns that day laid many low,
And that the Russians they well know.

But still they tried the field to gain,
That they might yet the victory claim,
Regardless then of what did fall,
They still advanced midst showers of ball.

But soon the French upon them came
With pointed steel upon the plain;
The scene was dreadful to relate,
While Muscovites they met their fate.

Down the steep with haste they flew—
While Gauls and Vaudois many slew;
Still the French, the foe did charge,
Yea even to the Tchernaya's edge.

Victory now did crown the day,
While Muscovites did haste away
Ev'n to the heights from whence they came,
Leaving behind them heaps of slain.

THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

PART TWENTY-FIFTH.

This fortress long we've strove to gain,
While many of our men were slain,
Both in the trenches and the field
While we the sword and spear did wield.

But Ah! the foe doth long hold out,
And oft they visit our redoubts,
And dreadful work sometimes is there,
I candidly to you declare.

But yet though dreadful is the scene
Appalling if they were explain'd,
To see our sons contend in gore,
Yea for our rights on foreign shores.

Ah! nature shudders for to hear
The horrors Britain's sons did bear,
Heart-rending surely it must be
To see those ranks to battle flee.

Affecting it is to be told,
But how much more so to behold;
To see them drench'd with human blood
And Ah to see the purple flood.

While cannons flash and bullets fly,
And all around's the battle cry;
While mortars then discharge their shells,
And rockets now sad stories tell.

Midst cold and hunger thus they stand
Britannia's noble gallant band;
Unflinching as the solid rock,
Though many fall yet yield they'll not.

With noble Gaul them to support
They oft assail that terr'ble fort,
While death is dealing all around
And laying many on the ground.

While battle's loud and terr'ble roar
Oft makes the foe their loss deplore;
Tens of thousands here are slain
Whose bones are buried in this plain.

How many more I cannot tell,
Who yet this fatal list may swell;
Or when this fortress we'll assail,
Which will cause many to bewail.

But this I know—come when it will,
It many a heart with grief will fill,
And many a heart will sigh to hear
The loss of some they love so dear.

And many a Father for a son,
While many a Mother's tears will run;
And many a husband it will tear
Ah! from his loving partner dear.

And many an orphan's heart will swell
To hear their Father here has fell—
Many a one will drop a tear,
For broken ties of kindred dear.

The storm is gathering fast I see,
Ah! dreadful carnage there will be;
But British courage we'll sustain,
While French will not their honor stain.

The Gauls are bold courageous men,
On whom you may your lives depend;
They still keep up a galling fire,
Which keeps the foe still in an ire.

Yet still those ramparts they do hold,
And oft come out like Lions bold;
But soon we make them fly away
In sad disorder and dismay.

With noble Raglan bold and brave
Whose silver locks they oft do wave
While boldly leading on his men
Britannia's rights for to defend.

Whose courage's equal to his skill,
And few there be his place would fill,
With Canrobert—another Soult
His generalship there's none can fault.

And Pelissier—another Ney,
The bravest of the brave I say;
While Bosquet he is not behind
The brave Murat of former time.

And brave Sir Colin I believe
Could Wellington in Arms deceive;
Another Moore no doubt is he,
Who oft did make his foes to flee,

With Evans Erin's noble son,
And who so many fields has won—
And brave Cathcart that's now no more,
Whose loss his country do deplore.

Napoleon too I plainly see
He's like Navarre—who once did sway
The sceptre of that lovely land
Where beauty smiles and love commands.

Next to the edict ev'n of Nantes
The rights of Conscience doth advance;
The Bible's now a stamped book,
On it the people now may look.

Yea without either fear or dread
Of danger coming on their head;
This gem's now in the Crown of Gaul,
I hope it ne'er again will fall.

This is the true foundation stone
For Nations to be built upon;
The Sires who make this book their guide,
He'll them in his pavilion hide.

Pelissier's Attack on the Malakhoff.

PART TWENTY-SIXTH.

Come my soldiers brave,
France doth now demand,
That you should meet those slaves
And that sword in hand.

Avenge your Fathers' blood
Upon this dire foe,
Who fell by Scythian hands,
Whose heads now lie low.

Hear duty's call this day,
  Answer it with speed;
Make haste, make no delay,
  Answer words by deeds.

Come let your Eagles soar
  Upon yon lofty towers,
The conflict may be sore
  But they must be ours.

Yon tyrant must come down;
  France must make him bow,
Whatever doth betide
  You must lay him low.

So now I give command—
  On you heroes brave;
Let Bosquet lead the van—
  Conquer or the grave.

Brave Bosquet then rush'd on
  With his daring band,
And soon he did them rout
  Though wounded in the hand.

Ah! dreadful was the strife,
  Horrid to relate;
But soon that awful tower
  Mal'khoff met its fate.

Scythians could not stand
  French for to oppose,
For soon they had to fly,
  Then began their woes.

For Legions then did fall
  By our dreadful fire;
Ah! while they fled away
  As they did retire.

Ah! while our Allies brave
  Nobly kept their ground,
While Legions that retired
  Strove them to surround.

For many hours they stood
  Till few did remain,
Amidst a galling fire
  That few could sustain.

But being overpowered
  Nigh the shade of night,
They thought for to retire
  Till the morning light.

Our Eagles now did soar
  O'er the haughty tower,
Our cannons then did roar
  Our foe to devour.

But soon to our surprise
  In the robes of Night,
The foe then did retire
  Thus they took their flight.

But not till they destroyed
  Nearly all their Fleet,
They set their ships on fire,
  Them they could not keep.

For ere the morning dawned
  Muscovites had fled,
But thousands lay behind
  Numbered with the dead.

Then the victor's wreath did
  Crown the victor's brow,
For Russia's power is dead
  In the Euxine now.

Her mighty Fleet is gone,
  It is now no more,
His pride has got a fall
  On the Euxine shore.

We've made his stubborn Fleet
  To our standards bow,
Likewise his haughty towers
  We have now laid low.

So now those haughty towers
  That did brave the sky;
The most of them I b'lieve
  Now in ruins lie.

While on those ramparts waved
  Banners of the brave,
Planted by those freemen
  That chased the Czar's slaves.

Simpson's Attack on the Redan.

PART TWENTY-SEVENTH.

Behold yon lofty towers
  Soaring to the sky,
With pride and arrogance
  They our men defy.

Slaves defend their towers—while
  We are freemen bold;
For this our Fathers fought,
  Our Sires us hath told.

Your banners now unfurl,
  By them stand or fall;
Your country this demands,
  This is duty's call.

This day your Fathers' blood
  Cries you should defend,
Those rights their blood hath bought
  For them now contend.

If ye are Britons bold
  Show yourselves this day;
Those towers must now be ours,
  The serfs must give way.

For freemen must prevail,
  Right is on our side;
Commit your hearts to God,
  Heaven will you guide.

So God is on your side,
  What have you to fear—
Courage my heroes bold,
  Down their standards tear.

The tyrants down must fall,
  Let your standards wave
Upon the Redan walls.
  Freedom's cause to save.

That fortress must be ours
  Whate'er it should cost;
So on my heroes bold
  On to duty's post.

See Windham in advance
  Leading on the brave,
Amidst a dreadful fire
  Britain's rights to save.

The conflict is severe;
  Dreadful to behold;
The carnage now is great
  Mongst our heroes bold:

Yet still they keep their ground
  Though they're falling fast;
The foe doth them surround,
  Right and left they slash.

Malakhoff now has fallen,
  Muscovites do flee;
The French have gain'd the day,
  I do plainly see.

But we must now retire
  Till the morning light;
But when the morning dawns,
  We'll renew the fight.

But ere the morning dawned
  Russians had fled;
For us they were afraid,
  And they stood in dread.

That night they did retire
  To the other side;
Knowing they could not hide
  In the Redan wide.

Their Fleet was now no more,
  It they had destroyed,
Destruction was complete,
  While we did rejoice.

The Redan then we claim'd,
  Trophies of our fight;
Which former valour gain'd,
  For it caused their flight.

Victory now was ours,
  Honour crowned our Arms—
To Russia was disgrace,
  Terror and alarm.

While a lasting name, will
  Be to those who fell,
Of honour and of fame
  That we know full well.

While Britain will lament
  O'er those heroes brave,
Who fell in her defence
  Britain's rights to save.

While an honoured wreath, of
  Laurel will adorn
The mem'ry of those men,
  That stormed the Redan.

A Retrospective View of the War.

PART TWENTY-EIGHTH.

Alas! Alas! the Russian Arms
  Hath told a doleful tale;
The sad misfortunes of the war
  The Czar may now bewail.

Not only was the Alma lost—
  Where Menschikoff, he fled—
Scared by the Highland petticoats,
  Of which he stood in dread.

But Ah! Bal'klava's worse and worse
  Unto the Russian pride,
It makes them hide their face with shame,
  That name they can't abide.

Ah! when our Greys did cut them down
  Like dockens on that day;
Before our Enniskillens too
  Like mushrooms they gave way.

While Inkermann doth tell a tale
  They can't abide to hear—
Disgrace is heap'd upon disgrace,
  While Europe at them sneers.

Where seventy thousand Russians
  Eight thousand could not chase;
Ah! where brave Cathcart and Cambridge
  Heap'd on them such disgrace.

Likewise the Tchernaya it was lost
  To Russia's sad disgrace;
Where Gauls and Vaudois made them run
  And forc'd them to give place

To noble Alpine heroes,
  Who showed they still possess'd
The spirit of their ancient Sires,
  Though long they were oppress'd.

Likewise the valiant sons of Gaul,
  Who forc'd them for to yield;
Who charged them with the bayonet
  And drove them from the field.

How humbling to Russia
  This battle now must be;
When told Sardinian Legions
  Made Muscovites to flee.

And likewise noble Britons,
  They drove them from the Sea;
Before the British Lions
  The Russian Fleet did flee.

The roar of British Lions
  Soon made them take their den;
Protected by Sebastopol
  They did not fear us then.

But even then they were not safe
  Like what they were of yore;
For when Sebast'pol met its fate
  That Fleet it was no more.

For when they saw French Eagles
  Had got within the fort,
And heard the British Lions growl
  It frighten'd them right out.

Then they began to sink that fleet
  Which murder'd at Sinope;
For then they saw to hold the fort
  There was but little hope.

Where's now the pride and arrogance
  Of Nich'las the late Czar;
Where's now the threats of Menschikoff
  And all his men of war.

In spite of all their Legions
  Sebastopol hath fell,
And Gortchakoff is in a fix,
  And that he knows full well.

He sees the Lions crouching
  To spring upon their prey;
Likewise the Eagles hovering
  As vultures on his way.

So now the Bear of Russia
  Is in the Lion's paw;
For mercy he is bawling out
  Lest he begins to chaw.

For, he finds the British Lions,
  They are for him too strong;
And now he sees the Turkey
  He'd better let alone