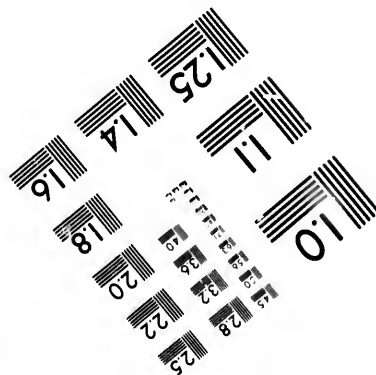
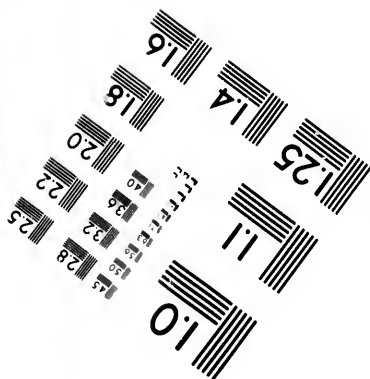
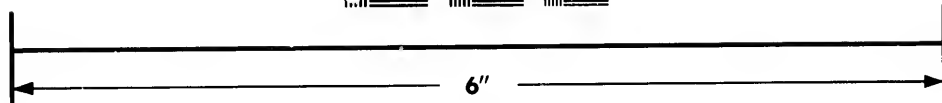
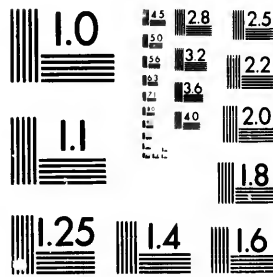


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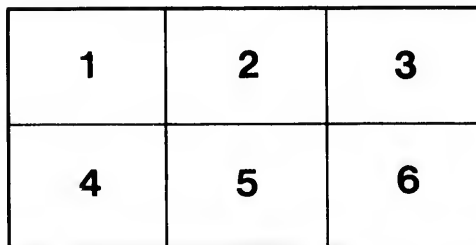
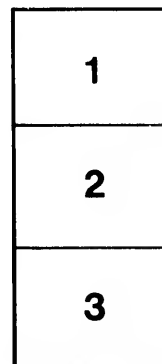
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THE BATTLES OF THE CRIMEA.

As the price of the Work is trifling, Contributions towards defraying the expenses of Printing will be thankfully received, that the entire profits arising from the sale of the Poems, may be given to the **Patriotic Fund.**

As an humble tribute to our brave countrymen, and a feeble effort to render assistance to their sorrowing and bereaved relatives, the contributions and patronage of a generous and loyal people are respectfully solicited.

Contributions will be received by

or may be forwarded by Post to **ALFRED HAYWARD, Esq.,** Ravenscourt, near Port Hope, or to **M. F. WHITEHEAD, Esq.,** Treasurer, Port Hope.

Port Hope, April, 1855.

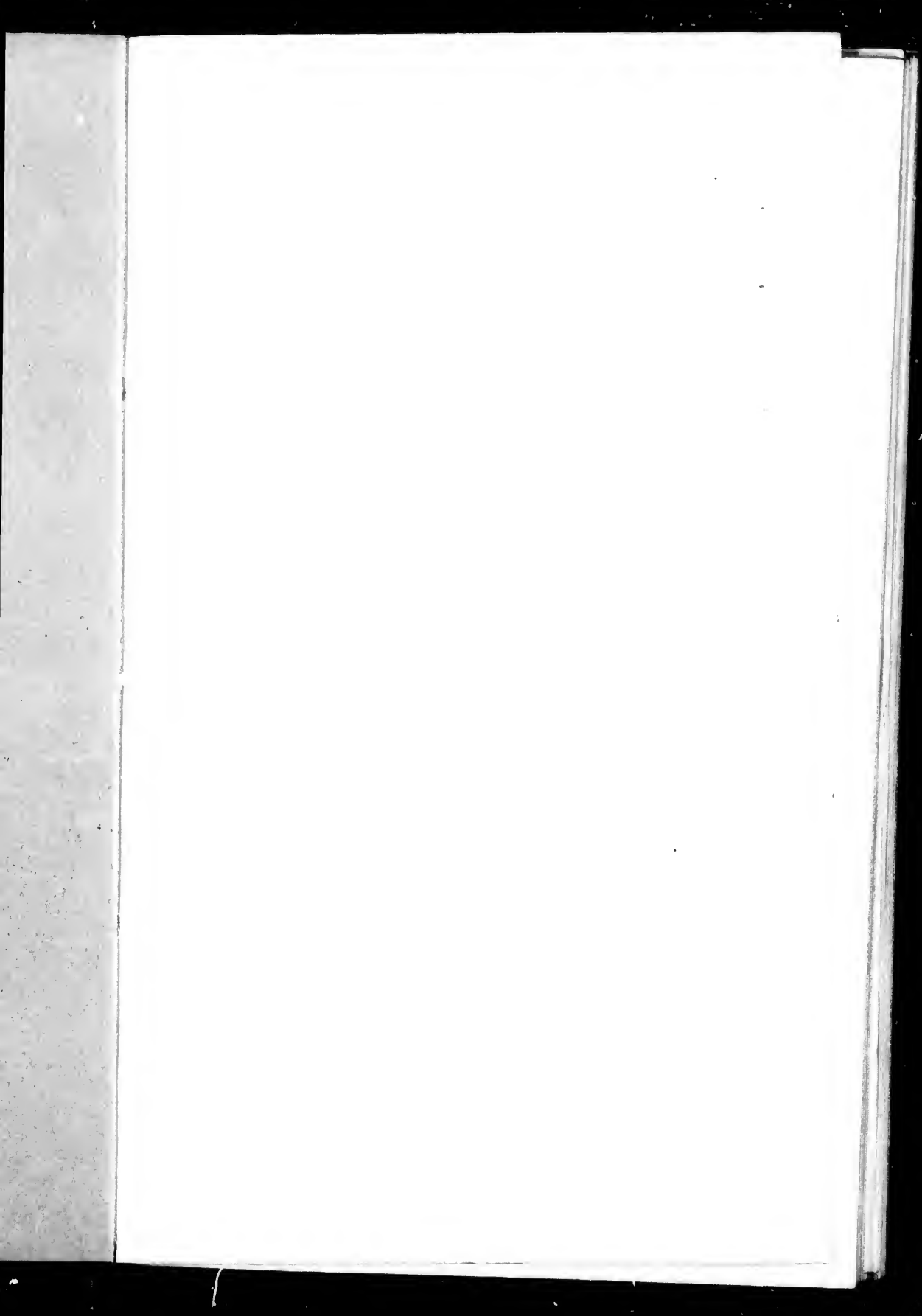
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To my dear Aunt

With Mr. Spences. Best Love.

Sept 2nd 1856.





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THE
BATTLES OF THE CRIMEA;

WITH OTHER POEMS

ON THE

Most Touching & Interesting Incidents

OF THE CAMPAIGN,

BY MRS. ALFRED HAYWARD,

FROM WELL AUTHENTICATED SOURCES.

~~~~~  
The Proceeds to be applied to the Patriotic Fund.  
~~~~~

PORT HOPE, CANADA WEST:
PUBLISHED BY J. C. ANSLEY.

1855.

ON,

SS.

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TO HIS EXCELLENCY

SIR EDMUND W. HEAD, BARONET.

HER MAJESTY'S

GOVERNOR GENERAL

OF

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

&c., &c., &c.

THIS WORK IS, WITH HIS EXCELLENCY'S PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHORESS.

E

Patrons.

- Sir ALLAN N. McNAB, Kt., M. P. P.
The LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO.
Hon. W. H. BLAKE, *Chancellor Q. B.*, Toronto.
Hon. W. CAYLEY, *Inspector General*, Toronto.
Venerable ARCHDEACON OF YORK, Cobourg.
H. RUTTAN, Esquire, *Sheriff*, Cobourg.
Hon. G. S BOULTON, Legislative Council, Cobourg.
Hon. J B. MACAULAY, Toronto.
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P R E F A C E.

The writer of the following POEMS is induced to offer them to the public for the benefit of the sorrowing relatives of the Heroes of the Crimea, from the kind reception portions of the little work have received through their publication in the *British Ensign* and other Colonial papers, reciprocating the feelings of Patriotism which instigated their insertion.

The same impulse encounters the risk of criticism, and presents them with all their imperfections to a generous and loyal people, for the benefit of their heroic countrymen, who fall in the service of their country, and offer to the invincible army of the Allies this humble tribute of veneration. Quoting Mr. D'Israeli, we may well say—"Never has the young blood of England been more freely shed in a great cause; the wounds of their relatives were yet too green even for the consolation of this House (the House of Commons) to assuage them. But he hoped the time would come when they would be solaced by the recollection that their relatives had fallen in a great cause, with their memories enshrined in a nation's gratitude." Also, as Lord Derby said in the House of Lords—"When we read the history of this campaign, there cannot be a heart that does not throb with honest and generous pride, that those much-enduring, all-daring, all-achieving men, were British subjects like ourselves." The sentiments of that noble statesman were received with tremendous cheers from all parts of that brilliant House, and if ever there was a time when *we* could be proud of our kindred to France and England, it is now, and were the treasure, the talents, or even the blood of this great Colony required, it would be freely offered.

With such feelings these Poems are contributed, and should the sufferings of the mourners of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, be in any way alleviated by this humble effort, the deepest gratitude and patriotic pride will be the ample reward of the authoress,

CAROLINE HAYWARD.

RAVENSCOURT, near Port Hope,
Canada West, Jan. 1855.

E

On the Alliance of England and France.

Noble thought ! in Freedom's cause,
In support of nations' laws,
Those who once in dire array,
Met as foemen in the fray,
Greatest nations in the world
Thunderbolts of battle hurled,
Now have met on Alma's plain,
Shed their noble blood like rain,
Linked in freedom's cause and true,
Those who fought at Waterloo !

May the olive branch of Peace,
Once cemented, still increase,
May their only strife now be,
In the cause of Liberty !

Hark ! "La belle France" gives the cry,
"En avant !" and instantly,
Through the plain is heard a shout,
Every vale and hill rings out,
Echoing back proud Britain's cry
"Forward, forward !" win or die ;
Thus are linked as brethren true,
Those who fought at Waterloo !

The Battle of Alma.

MARCH OF THE ALLIED ARMIES ON THE 19th.

E

Mass after mass, in columns grand,
 March onward at their chief's command ;
 The sun, on glittering forests dense
 Of steel, pours down his rays intense ;
 Onward the warlike torrent prest,
 And proudly beat each warrior breast :
 Though marching under burning sun
 O'er barren steppes, and day is gone,
 Ere the command to halt is given.
 Beneath the canopy of Heaven
 They laid them down to seek repose,
 And far the foeman's watch-fires rose.

* * * * *

'Twas Alma's morn, ere break of day
 The British troops were in array ;

No sound of bugle, or of drum
 The stillness broke, but busy hum
 Of many thousand voices rose
 From rank to rank, as from repose
 Pillowed on earth's cold breast they sprung,
 Where dews of night still round them clung—
 Now rose the sun, and then anon
 The troops like waves of ocean come.
 Lord Raglan and his staff appeared
 Before the lines, and loud were cheered.
 That British cheer which ne'er shall fail
 The stoutest foeman's heart to quail—
 They forward march, and sun at noon
 Pours down his ardent rays, where soon
 On fatal Alma's bloody stream,
 O many a blissful waking dream
 Would ere that sun had set be o'er
 With those who, brave, unflinching bore
 The floating standards with the cry
 From British hearts of victory !
 Who knows but blended with that shout
 From rank to rank rung joyous out,
 Came thoughts of a far distant home,
 Or of some fondly cherished one,
 Who soon in unavailing woe
 May mourn him stretched on Alma low.

* * * * *

'Twas on the craggy heights which crown
 The rivers brink, where sweeping down

The Russians' fearful battery stood,
 Nor shelter aught of glade or wood
 For British troops, whilst booming gun
 Announced the deadly fight begun,
 That swept the vale and river o'er,
 From hills five hundred feet or more—
 A hundred guns came bellowing out,
 Whilst carnage thick they dealt about
 Among our troops, who down must lie
 'Neath murderous fire ; till on our right
 The French have scaled the craggy height—
 Now rushing on right gallantly,
 With bounding step they lightly fly
 Up, up the steep ascent and on
 The awe-struck Russians sudden come,
 Where vainly thought they, naught could mount
 Saving the agile mountain goat ;
 They scaled the sides of deep ravines
 And rocky steeps, and then were seen
 From crag to crag to spread like flame,
 As on the Russian host they came.

* * * * *

No longer could brave Raglan wait,
 He knew the honor and the fate
 Of Britain, he might well confide
 To those true comrades by his side,
 And "Forward" cried, then, up they flew,
 Those serried masses, passing through
 A fearful shower of case shot, shell,

That every where around them fell.
 And into Alina's water's dashed,
 Which into boiling foam were lashed
 By deadly hail of murderous fire,
 'Gainst which, with still undaunted ire,
 They struggle on, still firmly on,
 Tho' mowed by grape and round shot down
 From those crowned heights with batteries dread
 That strew the ground with valiant dead.
 Buller and Norcott's files through
 The trampled vineyards onwards flew,
 And gallant Maude led on his troop
 Giving of daring courage proof.
 Now Adams, Pennefather, Yea,
 With Evans, up the hill charged they,
 And Light Division with Sir George,
 Whose voice and gesture urged to charge—
 Brave fellows they of gallant chief,
 He's down! when lo to their relief,
 He shouted "Twenty Third I'm right,"
 And on, still onward led the fight—
 Invincible that gallant corps
 Their shot-torn banners forward bore,
 Against a very wall of fire,
 And roar of crashing volleys dire!
 Now to their aid see rushing on
 The Guards and bonnie Scotsmen come,
 Their fire reserving till they reach
 The deadly breast-work, though a breach

By murderous discharges swept
 Their iron ranks each moment cleft.
 The time is come ! with one wild cheer
 The glad command to " Fire" they hear,
 From Gallant Duke and Campbell brave,
 One dash into the ranks they gave ;
 Sir Colin with a deafening cheer
 Cried " Nane but Highland bonnets here,"
 But gallant Guards press on abreast
 And charge with bayonet in rest,
 They seize the deadly Russian gun,
 The glorious field of Alma's won.

E

THE MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE.

Again 'tis morn, but well I ween
 No waking eye before had seen
 A sight so fearful as the rays
 Of rising sun that morn displayed.
 The very earth itself was red
 With blood of those heroic dead,
 Who stormed that terrible redoubt
 And put the enemy to rout ;
 That fatal battery of death,
 Where cheering still with parting breath,
 Our gallant regiments made their way
 Ere locked in death's cold arms they lay !
 Upon the field so desperate won,
 Shone down the soft September sun,
 And with their faces to the sky,

A score of noble chieftains lie,
 A holy spot that Crimean hill,
 And as on those so calm, so still,
 One gazed, how sadly rose the thought
 Of fearful blanks their fate had wrought
 In many a happy English hearth,
 Where now had fled its light on earth!
 There Chester, Evans, Radcliffe, Young,
 Wynne, Butler, Anstruther, among
 The fearful carnage calmly lie,
 Where won the dear bought victory—
 Dear bought indeed, for many a one
 Who hailed on Alma's mom the sun,
 No more would glance with eagle eye,
 Or forward lead victoriously.
 Alas! alas! what tears will flow
 For many a crested head laid low,
 Of gallant brave whose names shall dwell
 Enshrined in grateful memory's cell;
 Names to their country's honor dear,
 Who shed their noble life blood here.
 Cust, Abercrombie, Stockwell, Rose,
 Monck, Walsham, Braybrooke here repose,
 And Eddington, those brothers true,
 With Seaham, Annesly, Montague,
 And many more above whose bier
 Will flow a grateful country's tear.

* * * * *

And shall not *we* delight to share
 In England's tender love and care,

For those bequeathed her at the grave
Of her devoted sons, who gave
With cheerful will their life's best blood,
Against the despot fierce, who would
Increase by tyrant force his sway
O'er weaker nations—well we may
Be proud our gratitude to prove,
To that dear country who our love
May truly claim—the orphan's cry,
The widow's tears to soothe and dry
Shall be our aim ; yes, Canada
With grateful heart will glad declare,
England, thy loved heart stirring name
Will ever fond devotion claim.
What, though the ocean roll between,
Nought but a traitor's heart I deem,
Would wish the holy tie to sever
That binds us to our country ever.
And in their new home in the West,
Beats many a loyal faithful breast,
Who hand to hand would brave unite,
Their watchword—" God defend the right."

To the Mourners of Alma.

Widowed mother, who in anguish,
Bows thy sad and drooping head,
Hopelessly thy life must languish,
For the loved and honored dead.

Wife, who ne'er, O ne'er again,
Will be folded to that breast,
Clasped in loving arms and tender,
Vainly now thou seeketh rest.

Child, who tender father mourns,
Sad thy weight of loneliness,
In despondency forlorn,
Lowly sits the fatherless !

Sister, dropping bitter tears
O'er thy much loved brother slain,
He who shared thy early years,
Never to return again !

Father, who thy gallant son

Vainly hoped thou would return,
Crowned with well-earned laurels won,
In thy heart what anguish burns !

Maiden, who her lover weeps,

Gone thy bright and happy dream,
Mingled with the form that sleeps
By the side of Alma's stream !



Father, mother, widow, child,

Maiden, stay thy burning tears,
Stay, O stay thy anguish wild—
Through the mist of future years,
See his honored deathless name
Blazoned in the roll of fame,
Urging others yet unborn,
By those deeds on Alma's morn,
By their sad and honored fate,
Of such glory to partake.
Future ages yet untold,
Will the noble tale unfold !
Proudly then, amidst thy sorrow
And thy deep, heart-stricken woe,
Thou canst name that fatal day
When thy lov'd one passed away,
With his glorious feelings bright,
And a name no breath can blight,

In his gallant pride laid low,
And the laurel on his brow.
But a brighter crown we trust
Will be his, when from the dust,
At the resurrection morn
On the wings of angels borne,
Where his Saviour is, shall he,
Reign with him victoriously.

To the British Sailors who Showed such
Noble Devotedness to the Wounded
at Alma.

Honor to their noble hearts,
Bold as lions towards the foe,
Yet like gentle nurses tender
To their wounded brethren low.

See how carefully they carry,
Sick and wounded, dying, sore,
From the carnage of the Alma,
To the transports on the shore.

Eyes that flashed with eagle radiance,
As they man them for the fight,
Now are seen to swim with pity,
At the sad and woful sight.

Brawny arms of giant strength,
Which but lately dragged to shore,
Heavy guns and ammunition,
Gently now the dying bore.

Voices which but lately shouted,
 With stentorian cheer and cry,
 Hushed and gentle as a mother's
 Whisper words to those who die !

Honor to the British sailor,
 And their true commanders brave,
 Who unflinchingly, untiring,
 Such untold devotion gave.

Honor to the British sailor,
 Ever on the ocean fice,
 Where that gallant flag shall hover,
 Shall this tale be told of thee.

In the tales of brightest glory,
 Blazoned with proud Alma's name,
 Deathless there enshrined shall ever,
 Be the British sailors' fame !

Rule Britannia ! o'er the ocean,
 Waves thy gallant flag and free,
 England's noble sons will ever
 True and faithful prove to thee !

The Soldier of the Cross.

Who are these with love untiring,
 Bending o'er the stretcher low,
Heeding not the cannon's firing,
 Or the bullets of the foe.

Words of sweetest comfort giving,
 Bidding to the Saviour flee ;
Speed, O ! speed your sacred mission,
 Soldiers of the Cross are ye !

Armed thou art with glorious weapons,
 Helmet of salvation thine,
Girt about with 'Truth immortal,
 Shield of faith, and hope divine !

Righteousness thy breastplate is,
 Thus equipped in full array,
With the armour of thy God,
 Speed thee on in Mercy's way !

On thy brow thou bears't the sign,
 At life's earliest dawn impressed
 Token that hereafter ever,
 Faith of Christ thou would'st confess.

Boldly then His name declare,
 Who to one and *all* hath said,
 "Look to me, and be ye saved,
 Of His church the living Head !

Wide unfold thy glorious banner,
 Hellish foes thou may'st defy,
 Sin, the world, and satan conquer,
 By that Cross whereon did die,

Once for all the Lamb from Heaven,
 Great High Priest who now above,
 For the weary sinner pleading,
 Saves them through redeeming love !

Speed thee on thy sacred mission
 Faithful servant of thy Lord,
 Breathing words of hope immortal,
 Arm thee with the Spirit's sword !

As the precious life blood flows,
 From his many wounds and sore,
 Tell him of the blood that healeth,
 Who our sins on Calvary bore !

Tell him Jesus stands and ready
 Humble sinners to receive,

Bid him "Wait not to make ready,"
 Bid him to "Believe and live."

Bid him bring no other plea,
 Save, "Thy blood was shed for me,"
 On no other let him stay,
 Christ the one the *only* way!

Honored mission thine to tell,
 Those whose faith may wav'ring be,
 Of the widow's God, who whispers,
 "Leave thy little ones to me."

Speed thee on thy glorious mission,
 Humble-hearted, follow on,
 In the footsteps of thy master,
 Till thy heavenly crown is won!

NOTE.—The Rev. GEORGE MOCKLER joined the Third Division at Galata near Varna, administering the Holy Communion to the officers and men of that Division on that solemn occasion when they met for the last service before leaving for Sebastopol. He was present at the Battle of Alma, attended the wounded and buried the greater part of the English who fell in that engagement. He then marched with his Division on foot to Balaclava; exposed for many nights and days to the inclemency of the weather, with no covering except his blanket, overcome with official duties, exposure, and excessive fatigue, he died shortly after his arrival.

On Lieutenant Maxse,

WHO VOLUNTEERED TO RETRACE HIS STEPS AT NIGHT THROUGH
THE DENSE FOREST, INFESTED WITH COSSACKS, TO
DELIVER IMPORTANT DESPATCHES FROM
LORD RAGLAN TO THE FLEET.

Ride on! ride on! thou gallant MAXSE,
Ride on, thou bold and free,
The sun is set, and thou must reach,
Ere day, the Euxine sea.

Speed on! speed on! the Cossack fierce,
Infests thy lonely way,
Through forest dense, and barren steppes,
He lies in wait for prey!

Ride on! ride on! thy gallant heart
Through thickest gloom will cheer,
With thought that Britain's weal may rest
Upon thy fleet career.

Ride on! ride on! his courser swift,
O'er fallen branches flew,
The only sound upon his ear,
Nor once the rein he drew ;

Till merging from the forest drear,
He speeds the steep hill o'er,
Nor stays his charger till he springs
Upon the Euxine shore.

To gallant Lyons breathless spake,
" In Balaclava Bay,
Lord Raglan hopes to meet the fleet,
To-morrow's break of day."

Well done ! well done ! heroic Maxse,
By many a tongue shall be,
Thy dreary ride through forest dense,
Told far and wide of thee !

The Battle of Balaclava,

AND THE UNPARALLELED HEROIC, BUT DEEPLY TO BE LA-
MENTED CHARGE OF THE LIGHT CAVALRY, THROUGH
A MISTAKEN ORDER.

Morn broke ! around the mountains grey,
The fleecy vapours lightly play ;
Fresh in the bright sun's glad'ning beam,
The sparkling waves below are seen—
But hark ! the spattering musket roll,
The knell of many a noble soul
Sounds o'er the valley—and the roar
Of booming gun is heard to soar—
Debouching from the gorge are seen,
With solemn stateliness of mien,
Thousands of Russians marching on,
With line of guns, full twenty strong.
Their flashing sabres lit the vale,
The Moslem hearts before them quail,
And sight—O, mad'ning to the brave !

The cowards fled their lives to save ;
Nor check their flight, till on the flank
Of Highlanders they form in rank .
Come on, proud Russians, but to meet
Men who from danger ne'er retreat,
Firm as the mountains of their land,
Calmly the Scottish heroes stand.
The Russians halt—a silence still,
One moment reigns o'er vale and hill,
Then on they dash,—but ere they reach
The Gælic rock, that valorous foe
With aim unerring laid them low :
Now back still faster than they came,
They wheel about mid smoke and flame—
One shout for Highland courage flew
From rank to rank, and then anew
The warning blast of trumpet shrill
Announces denser legions still,
In bristling and compact array
Advance in order to the fray.
One thrilling cheer ! the Grays rush on—
The Enniskillens too are gone—
Into the columns dense they dash,
And disappear like lightning's flash ;
Down fall the prostrate foe, and on,
Still on they rush, impetuous borne ;
As with one voice a cry to Heaven
For those brave souls was instant given !
They're lost ! when lo ! as bolt from bow,

Dragoons and Royals dashing go :
 Down fell the Russian horse, and fly
 Far o'er the plain as scans the eye—
 One British cheer of glad delight
 Rang joyous out from vale and height—
 " Well done " brave Scarlett, yes, " well done, "
 Thy laurel crown is nobly won !

* * * * *

Now flush'd with victory they stand
 With reeking sword, and rein in hand,
 When Nolan on his fiery steed,
 Impatient to the charge to lead,
 Announces that they forward move,
 And deeds of farther valor prove ;
 " Advance ! " and " whittler " Lucan cries—
 For ranged in deadly form there lies
 'The fierce-mouthed cannon of the foe,
 Ready to lay each warrior low !
 Impatient Nolan waved his hand
 Where thirty guns all bristling stand—
 " There sir, your *duty* lies—the foe
 Behind them waits you—take them—Go ! "
 Lord Carligan the order heard,
 But while his lion-heart was stirred,
 He mourned the gallant blood with pain,
 'That there must flow, and flow in vain.
 Girded for death, each earnest eye
 Feels strong in duty's cause to die !
 Yet who can tell what passing pang

Within each beating heart there rang,
 As that all fearful edict gave
 The summons to a soldier's grave.
 Earth, and its lovely things appear
 More lovely still as death draws near ;
 Visions of love and home rush by,
 Soft loving voices mournfully
 Whisper farewell,—O aid him heaven,
 Who thus in *duty's* cause has given,
 Love, life, in all its radiant bloom,
 A noble offering to the tomb !

Duty! the magic of that name,
 In British breasts lights valor's flame,
 They onward speed, though each man knew
 'Twas certain death he speeded to ;
 Proudly they swept in glittering pride,
 The deadly plain, where opened wide
 The flash of smoke and fearful balls,
 From which our bravest speedy falls !
 They halt not—one bright flashing ray
 Above their heads is seen to play !
 One cheer ! their death-cry it proclaimed,
 And then the Russian guns are gained !
 Down fell the gunners—but that band,
 Among them noblest of our land,
 Had given their life-blood to the foe,
 And on the gory field lay low !
 The shattered remnant, *still* unquailed,

Fight fiercely on, although assailed
On every side by murderous fire,
And through the deadly foe retire—
But, Oh ! how changed that gallant corps
Who still amid the carnage bore
That floating standard of the brave,
Which waves above their blood-stained grave !

O, noble heroes of that day,
Ne'er from our hearts such valor may
Be e'er forgotten,—high renown
Will hand their names in glory down
To latest ages. Sire to son
Will tell the deeds of prowess done
By those, who prompt at *duty's* call,
Rejoicing for their country fall !!

The Soldier's Vigil.

The day is gone, the rising moon,
In vain attempts to pierce the gloom,
Nought lights the heavy sky, save when
A shell among our gallant men,
Who nightly in the trenches stay,
Is seen to wing its murderous way ;
When hark ! upon the silence drear,
What is it meets the listening ear
Of one who walks the dreary space,
To see each man is in his place ?

Borne on the night winds nearer still,
It rises o'er the distant hill ;
Now swelling as the rising gale,
Now soft as sweet Eolian's wail ;
Then creeping forward, gently, slow,
He sees in thick ravine below,
A band of soldiers in the glen,

And as he gazed, there rose again
 The sound of praise, and lowly now,
 Each one with bended knee doth bow,
 And fervently their prayer arose,
 Alike for friends and bitter foes !

Hear us Father, as we pray,
 Turn not thou thy face away,
 Great our need, our peril sore,
 For His sake our sins who bore,
 Listen to our earnest cry,
 Hear us Saviour or we die !

Hard beset with many foes,
 In thee give us to repose, .
 Bless our Queen, and in her cause,
 Faithful to our country's laws,
 May we valiant soldiers be,
 Never from the foeman flee !

Hear, we pray thee, gracious Lord,
 Who hast promised in thy word,
 Where shall ever gathered be,
 In thy name e'en two or three,
 That thou wilt an answer give,
 Hear us, and our sins forgive !

As the ebbing life-blood flows,
 May we on thy love repose,

In thy tender mercy trust,
When this mortal turns to dust ;
Our beloved ones far away,
Comfort them, O Lord, we pray !

Bless our comrades brave and true,
With thy love their hearts imbue,
Be our tower and our shield,
On the fearful battle field,
Then in life or death shall we,
Through thy grace the conquerors be !

And to those so cruel, fierce,
Who our helpless wounded pierce,
By thy precious life-blood shed,
To redeem us from the dead,
As thy pardon Lord, hope we,
In our hearts let pardon be !

The Battle of Inkerman.

'Tis night—and heavy gloom and rain
Set in o'er vale and height,
As worn with harassing fatigue
Our troops lay down till light—
Save where afar the sentries stand
To watch the Russian host,
'Midst driving rain and vapors dense,
Undaunted at their post.

Hark ! 'midst the howling of the gale,
What sounds break on the ear
Of watchful sentry, as the noise
Of wheels approaching near ?
But no ! 'tis naught, and slumbering on,
The troops secure repose ;
Oh ! little deem they that the heights
Swarm with their stealthy foes.

Nor do the city bells which ring
 Drear on the cold night air—
 The knell of many heroic brave
 Arouse them from their lair.
 And Codrington at early dawn
 Went the piquets to see—
 “All’s well,” the answer given him,
 No danger could he see.

“All’s well,” when lo! the spattering roll
 Of musket through the air ;
 He turned his horse’s head to see
 The Russian legions there !
 And bayonet to bayonet,
 In fearful charge is seen ;—
 Oh ! never, since war cursed this earth,
 Such fearful sight had been.

Surprised, yet moving not, they stand
 Before the powerful foe,
 Contesting inch by inch the ground,
 Till death had laid them low ;
 For fierce artillery had been
 In gloom of night conveyed,
 To bear upon the British tents,
 And fearful havoc made.

Now forming quickly, each brigade
 Comes with its gallant chief,

Adams and Pennefather's own,
 To bring them quick relief;
 Cathcart and Torrens onward speed,
 And light division brave
 Rush with their noble general on
 To victory or the grave!

Among them Erin's banner waves,
 How many a gallant son,
 Of that fair Isle in death will lie
 Ere that day's work be done;
 And many an anguished heart will shrink
 At Inkerman's dark name,
 Where fatal cypress was entwined
 With glory's wreath of fame.

They're met at once by murderous fire,
 From guns full forty strong,
 Brought by the subtle foe at night
 To sweep the vale along.
 And yet, amidst this fearful fray,
 Brave Cathcart onward led
 Unflinchingly his gallant corps,
 O'er heaps of slaughtered dead.

But see where on the plain below
 'Gainst overwhelming force
 His men unequal struggle hold,
 And spurring on his horse—
 Now in the valley see him speed,
 Encouraging his men,

But the dense legions of the foe
Had been outflanking them.

Yet still he cheers, for even then,
His stout heart failed him not ;
Still shouting, as they mount the hill,
" Your bayonets you've got,"
When, as he rode, a deadly flight
Of bullets rushing past,
One cheer their gallant leader gave,
He fell, his spirit's past.

On Seymour on, in vain, in vain,
That noble life is gone ;
But Oh ! not long thy gallant chief,
Shalt thou be left to mourn ;
His prostrate form he fierce bestrode,
To ward aside the foe,
When instant through that faithful breast
A shot in death laid low.

Swyny, and Dowling, Wynne by him,
All nobly fighting fell,
And Goldie too, his death wound found,
Within that bloody dell.
The men, their leaders gone, fight on
And make their desperate way,
With loss of full five hundred brave
From out the awful fray.

'Twas not in open field, but through
 The thick and thorny brake,
 Where swarmed the legions of the foe
 Their deadly path they take.
 The crash of steel, the deafening roar
 Of guns in fierce array ;
 Oh ! who can paint the fearful scene
 Of Inkerman's dark day !

Hurrah ! brave Dickson, see him come,
 With eighteen pounders too ;
 Gambier is down, but in his place
 Are others bold and true ;
 But Oh ! alas, who passes by,
 On lowly litter borne,
 His white hair flickering in the breeze ?
 Sir George, can he be gone ?

On yonder rising knoll, his staff
 Around Lord Raglan stand ;
 In vain the raging battle fierce
 Through rain and smoke he scanned ;
 When lo ! the messenger of death
 Among those gallant men—
 A shell amidst them burst, and one
 With mortal wound fell then.

It killed the charger bold which bore
 Brave Somerset that day,
 And ere its bloody work was done
 Tore Strangway's leg away.

Gentle, as lionhearted, he,
 The veteran, calmly said,
 " Will some one lift me off my horse ?"
 But soon his spirit fled.

Fast ebb'd his life blood, and at last,
 When carried to the rear,
 He sunk to rest, but left behind,
 A name to memory dear.
 He and his noble comrades true,
 Cathcart and Goldie brave,
 Who by that lonely Crimean hill,
 Have found a soldier's grave.

Oh ! Inkerman, that dreadful scene
 Of slaughter who can tell,
 Where hand to hand each foeman fought
 Within thy lonely dell
 The daring deeds, the fearful fight,
 Despairing rallies made,
 And desperate onsets which ensued
 Within the darksome glade.

Now, t'wixt the Guards and columns dense
 Of Russians thousands strong,
 Took place a bloody contest fierce,
 As ere was told in song ;
 Their ammunition out, nor know
 If friend or foe be near,

Without support, without reserve,
Assailed in front and rear.

On gallant Guards, a scion true
Of England's royal blood,
Is at thy head, who valiantly
The foeman hath withstood ;
Unwavering still, he "Forward" cries,
Midst densest smoke and flame,
On gallant Duke, most worthy thou,
Of thy right regal name.

In vain, in vain, undaunted still
They struggle 'gainst the foe ;
A score of noble chieftains lay
In death's last struggle low ;
And half of that heroic band
Had fallen by their side,
True Guards indeed of Britain's strength,
Who for their country died.

There Pakenham, Neville, Newman, Blair,
St. German's noble son,
Heroic Allix, Bouverie,
In death the victory won.
Mackinnon, Ramsden, Malcolm too,
Dalton, with Butler brave,
Offered their heart's blood cheerfully,
Their country loved to save.

Our guns are spiked, our gunners dead,
 Their columns gain the hill,
 Yet on again with shattered front,
 The Guards will meet them still.
 Fall thirteen times at bayonets' point
 They charge their bitter foe,
 With the diminished remnant left
 Of those in death laid low.

Still rolls the tide of battle on,
 And up the heights they come :
 The Russians with their demon cry,
 When, through the darksome gloom,
 Joy for our struggling regiments see
 Appearing on the right,
 At *pas de charge* the Zouaves come
 And join the bloody fight.

With light of battle on their brow
 The Chasseurs d'Orleans flew—*
 Right on the foeman's flank they speed,
 The day was won we knew.
 Their columns break, and to the vale
 We drive impetuous on,
 High mounds of dead behind they leave
 And Inkerman is won !

*The French behaved nobly. They attacked the enemy with fierce reckless enthusiasm which carried all before it. Their artillery behaved splendidly and suffered heavily.

Not unto us, but unto Thee
O Lord, the praise be given;
The God of armies was our shield,
Or else in vain had striven
Our little handful 'gainst a foe
Full seventy thousand strong;
To him the God of battles then
Let grateful praise belong.

Inkerman.

THE BATTLE FIELD BY MOONLIGHT.

Above the vale of Inkerman,
Calmly the moon's rays fell,
Revealing as by light of day,
That deep and lonely dell ;
Tchernaya's waters as a band
Of silver graceful flowed,
But who can paint the ghastly scene,
Which those bright rays disclosed !

Thickly as leaves around the path
Through copse and brush-wood dense,
Lay piles of dead and wounded men,
Slain in that fierce defense.
The fearful moan, the struggles fierce,
The hoarse and gurgling cry
Comes on the night wind sweeping past,
Of mortal agony !

Around were groups of comrades true,
 To succour those who still
 From bloody contest breathing lay,
 Upon that fatal hill.
 Their slippery fearful way they take
 Through path beslimed with gore,
 Ne'er on those Crimean hills had moon
 Such sight revealed before.

But who are these with noiseless tread,
 Who hurry fearful by,
 Now fling them down beside the dead,
 With soul-despairing cry,
 As trembling, with wild eager gaze,
 They search with sickening dread,
 And the moon's rays too sure reveal,
 Their husband with the dead !

Yet one redeeming feature still
 Those moonbeams yet displayed,
 Of men who with their British hearts
 Their enemies forgave.
 And tended gently, lovingly,
 Their cruel bitter foe,
 Who never yet had quarter given
 To our brave men laid low.*

*On this spot the Russians kept dropping shells the whole night ; but their vindictive efforts were in vain ; all who lay in reach of their missiles had suffered the last which they were to endure on earth.

For even then, above their heads,
Came murd'rous bullets sent
Among our brave and gallant men,
On mercy's errand bent ;
And some there were who fiendish slew,
With their last parting breath,
The very hand which tended them,
Upon that field of death.

The Soldier's Burial.

The sun had set—his parting glow
Still lighted up the plain below,
The wind with low and howling moan,
Came sweeping o'er the valley lone,
When slowly up the steep ascent,
As if on mournful duty lent,
Some Horse Artillery appear,
And midst them, on his lowly bier,
Lies Strangways,—neither knell, or band,
Or funeral pall could they command ;
No martial music to his grave
A requiem to the warrior gave—
The cannon's dull and distant boom,
The only music o'er the tomb
Of that brave chief, who, lov'd by all,
Upon that fatal field did fall.

But others too are waiting there,
That soldier's honored rest to share,

In valor often had they vied,
 In death they lay them side by side.
 Cathcart and Strangways, warriors brave,
 Who here have found a soldier's grave,
 And Goldie too, his last home there
 With many a gallant heart doth share,
 The gathered groups, among them some*
 Of England's best and noblest ones ;
 With stricken hearts and bowed with grief,
 Yet nourish still the fond belief,
 Though low their warrior ashes rest,
 Their names will live in many a breast,
 Who mourns for those, their country's pride,
 Who for that country nobly died.

'Tis o'er ! yet mournful still they stand
 As loath to leave the much loved band,
 And tears start in each manly eye
 O'er those in glory lone to lie ;
 Oh ! not *alone*, the hopes, the fears,
 Of human hearts, whose bitter tears
 Must ceaseless flow, will vigil keep,
 Watch o'er the loved in death's last sleep ;
 And wild farewells, each breezy moan,
 Will waft o'er that far valley lone !

*At four o'clock, Nov. 6, Lord Raglan attended the funerals of General Sir G. Cathcart, of Brigadier Goldie, and of General Strangways.— They were buried, with eleven other officers, on Cathcart's Hill. At the same time fourteen officers of the Guards were buried together near the windwill. There was not a dry eye at the funeral.

To the Surgeons with the Army in the
East.

See amidst the horrid fray,
Fearlessly who takes his way,
Where the shot around him fly,
And the dead about him lie,
Spattered with the blood that flows
Every where from friends and foes,
Still his path of mercy takes,
Nothing can his courage shake,
How his voice can soothe and cheer,
Though aside he sheds a tear,
At the limbs he's forced to sever,
Hand or heart must waver never,
Such the only chance remaining,
Of the maim'd one life retaining!

Alma's field alone could show,
Well the gallant soldiers know,

How to honor such indeed !
 See where on the battle field,
 As Mackenzie mounts the hill,*
 How the air with cheers they fill.
 See again, where all alone,
 Where the sick and dying groan,
 One, with wounded Russians there,†
 None his fearful watch to share.
 O'er the hills now disappear
 Alma's victors, and his ear
 Vainly listens for the sound
 Of some well-known voice, but round
 Gazing wildly, answers none,
 He must watch, and watch alone !
 Fearful thought ! that he must stay,
 Where those bitter foemen lay,

*So unremitting was his attention to the Highlanders, to whom, though a civilian, by a general order of Lord Raglan, acknowledging his services, he had been attached, that after the battle the brigade, with one voice, asked permission to give him three cheers as he came up the hill.

†In order to look after their wounds, a surgeon was left behind with these 750 men. This most painful and desolate duty devolved on Dr. Thomson, of the 44th Regiment. He was left, under circumstances of the most fatal nature, upon the field of battle, not to attend to the wounded of his own army, all of whom had been removed, but to a large body of Russians, many of whom—persuaded that an Englishman was little less than a devil—were prepared to murder any individual who might seek to render them succour and assistance. Among such men was Dr. Thomson left alone; he bound the wounds of some hundreds of these poor Russian soldiers at the great danger of his life, but nevertheless he escaped. He returned to his duty in his own army, but it pleased Providence to remove him from his sphere of usefulness two or three days subsequently. His death was occasioned by the immense exertions he had made, and a disease which he had thereby contracted.

And the dead with upturned eye,
 Glazed and frigid round him lie !
 Awful vigil ! but he spurs
 From the loathsome scene to turn,
 See him o'er the wounded foe,
 Stanch the blood, and bending low,
 Soothe the wretched sufferer's pain,
 Midst the heaps of fallen slain,
 Noble heart, who vigil kept,
 On the field of Alma left !

See again, where on the right
 Raging at its fiercest height,
 On that dark and dreadful day,
 Inkerman ! when in the fray,
 Royal Duke* was hard beset ;
 How the Russian horde was met,
 By brave Wilson at the head
 Of a gallant few—and fled—
 Ere they aimed the fatal blow,
 Meant to lay that brave Duke low.
 Honor to the Surgeons' name,
 They too live in Alma's fame !

*THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE AT INKERMAN.—At one time, while the Duke was rallying his men, a body of Russians began to single him out, and to take shots at him in the most deliberate manner. A surgeon of a cavalry regiment, Mr. Wilson, 7th Hussars, who was attached to the brigade, perceived the danger of his Royal Highness, and with the greatest gallantry and coolness assembled a few men of the Guards, led them to the charge, and utterly routed and dispersed the Russians. The Duke's horse was killed in the course of the fight.

The Christmas Homes of England.

The Christmas homes of England !
How far-famed and how dear ;
In bright array they ever stand,
That glad day of the year ;
When gathered round the hearth-stone,
The loved ones joyful meet,
With one accord from far and near,
The circle glad to greet.

The Christmas homes of England !
O, many a joyous brow,
Which ever yet hath bailed that day,
Will sorrowfully bow,
When this one now returneth ;
For they look, but look in vain,
The pride and joy of that glad home,
They ne'er shall see again !

The Christmas homes of England!
 In manhood's noblest bloom,
 On Alma's bloody field thy lords
 Have found their lowly tomb ;
 The warrior grey, whose stalwart arm
 Had prostrate laid the foe ;
 And gallant sons of noble sires,
 By them in death lie low !

The Christmas homes of England !
 Alike in peasant's cot,
 Where hath the death-wail not been heard,
 Where hath it entered not ?
 And the widowed mother silent weeps,
 And sheds the bitter tear,
 As fancy sees her gallant boy,
 The cold ground for his bier !

The Christmas homes of England !
 In that far-off Eastern land,
 What thoughts will be awakened
 Among that gallant band ?
 How from scenes so dark and fearful,
 Their spirit will take flight
 To the bright home of their childhood,
 And the happy Christmas night !

The Christmas homes of England !
 The love of many years

Is turned into a ceaseless fount
Of bitterness and tears;
The mother and the widow,
The maiden and the child,
'They call ; but none shall answer,
Those loving accents mild !

O, Christmas homes of England !
There's One, the widow's God !
Who, while He chastens, pitieth
The sad ones 'neath His rod ;
His arm beneath supported
'Thy loved ones in the field,
And whispered, " Leave thy little ones
To me, their God, their shield !

O, Christmas homes of England !
Let all unite in prayer,
That He, the widow's God, may take
Such to His special care ;
And we to whom he spareth
Our heart's best treasure yet ;
The widow and the orphan,
O let us not forget !

The Aristocracy of Great Britain.

From the castle and the hall,
Eager at their country's call,
Come her gallant sons and brave,
Speeding o'er the Euxine wave ;
One inspiring wish alone,
From the cot to regal throne,
Britain's glory to maintain,
Foremost on the scroll of fame.

Such devotion sends the Peer,
From his stately home so dear,
From his luxuries and wealth,
Risking comfort life and health ;*
In the dreary trench to lie,
Where the bullets round him fly,

*They landed, as most of us remember, without anything but what they could carry, and they marched beside their men, slept by them, fought by them, and died by them, undistinguished from them in any respect, except by the deadly epaulette and sword-belt, which have cost so many lives to the country.

From those voices fond must sever
Which his life as yet, has ever
Cheered ; and now from that bright home,
He may die, and die alone !
Noble patriot, Britain well
May be proud such love to tell,
Foremost in the fight will be
Britain's aristocracy !

Worthy of their noble name,
Naught their lion-spirits tame ;
Some the only scion left,
Of a noble house, who wept
Tears of anguish and of pride,
As they read of him who died,
Offering up his blood like rain,
Britain's glory to maintain,
Loved and honored ever be
Britain's aristocracy !

A Tribute to the Fallen Brave.

NOT ONLY ON THE BATTLE FIELD, BUT FROM PESTILENCE
AND PRIVATION.

Weep, for bitter tears must flow,
Over Alma's blood-stained height,
Over Balaclava's charge,
Inkerman ! that deadly fight !

Weep for those whose gallant pride,
On those fatal heights lie low,
Youthful ensign, warrior tried,
Not in vain such blood shall flow.

But as throbs each British heart,
Quicker at proud Alma's name,
Weep again, o'er those who fall
Victors, though on couch of pain.

•

For him no triumphant sound
Of the trumpet greets his ear,
Smitten by disease and low,
None to soothe, no loved one near.

Proudly patient, much enduring,*
Suffering calmly to the end,
Cherished memory bequeathing
To the land he did defend.

*"The people of England can scarcely conceive the sufferings to which the troops have been exposed in this war, and the courage with which they have bore up against severe privations, and the fortitude with which they have endured their wounds."

**A Voice to the Noble and All-Enduring
Heroes in the East.**

A voice of woe has reached us,
It breaks upon the ear,
A tale which makes each British heart,
With anguish throb to hear!

It comes from those who ever faced
Unflinchingly the foe,
But now before Sebastopol,
By suffering are laid low!

From Alma's hard-earned heights,
Come burning thoughts and brave,
And the voices of our warriors speak
Reproach from their blood-stained graves:

Hush! hush, the note of victory,
Glory! thy name suppress,
Up, Britain up! thy valiant ones
Bestir thee to redress!

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Shout ! to the rescue England,
 To the rescue, be the cry,
 One voice, one heart united,
 In want, shall our brave ones die ?

Brave hearts ! brave hearts, despond not,
 Your country comes to aid,
 And deep-enshrined in grateful hearts,
 The sacrifice you've made.

No soldier there unheeded is,
 His Queen with tears and pride,
 Thinks of his sufferings patient borne,
 Who late in valor vied.

Brave hearts ! brave hearts ! no murmur,
 'Gainst their country loved has risen,
 They *know* full well each generous heart,
 How gladly ! aid has given.

And they *know*,—with anguish bitter
 The *Nation's* heart is wrung,
 That the aid so lavishly bestowed,
 Has not to their brave ones come.

Rise up ! rise up ! O England,
 And wipe from out thy name,
 This blot from some *mysterious* cause,
 Shed on thy glorious fame.

To the Nurses in the East.

Daughters of England that chosen band,
Who have gone to the far-off Eastern land,
To kneel by the couch of quivering pain,
Where feebly there lingers the vital flame.

Honor'd ye are, it is woman's dower,
Sorrow awakens her spirit's power ;
Lowly and meek in thy mission be,
Worthy the honor assigned to thee.

Woman, it was at her Master's feet,
Kneeling, annointed with perfume sweet,
'Neath the Cross, in that hour of fearful gloom
She stood, and was first at His early tomb.

And woman, the first with the message sweet,
" Christ is arisen ! " the world to greet ;
Sinful and erring, Oh ! much forgiven,
Over thee then was there joy in Heaven !

Woman, whene'er by the dying ear,
 Thou kneeleth, as shadows of death draw near,
 Where the languid eye tells the parting strife,
 Whisper sweet words from the Book of Life!

One glimmering ray through the gloom we see,
 That Word of Life, which is offered free,
 To the Moslem, French, and the captive foe,
 Healing and grace from its pages flow!

"Look! and be saved," is its word to all,
 Like angel music those accents fall,
 Weary and way-worn, O bring not ye,
 Money or price, only "Look to me."

England, O England! there's hope for thee,
 Ever thy God will thy bulwark be,
 Hold fast the faith in the cot and hall,
 And thy island home, it shall never fall!

Hold fast the faith,—mid the battle's roar,
 Safe shalt thou stand with thy sea-girt shore,
 And the God of armies, He, still shall be,
 Britain, a faithful God to thee!

The Graves of the Crimea.

I hear a solemn strain arise,—it floats across the
wave,
A holy requiem for it comes from England's fallen
brave,
The southern breezes waft it on, it rests upon the
shore,
And may each British heart enfold the message which
it bore.

It comes from Alma's bloody heights, where now in
death's array,
Lie side by side the hearts which bled, upon that fearful
day,
From where the band of heroes fought on Balaklava's
plain,
And Inkerman, where softly sleep the heaps of fallen
slain.

Hush! the voices of our warriors dead, are speaking
 from their rest,
 By Alma's wave, and farther still by Inkerman's dark
 crest,
 "We die, our country loved, we die, with pride glad
 pride for thee,
 O nourished in thy grateful breast, our loved ones let
 them lie."

"A precious, precious gift to thee, our country we be-
 queath,
 Oh take it, and Oh! thus remove the bitterness of
 death;
 The prop, the stay, who fain would guard from touch
 of mortal ill
 His loved ones, now in death's cold arms lies motionless
 and still."

Sound requiem through the halls, round which the oaks
 of England stand,
 Sound through each lowly hamlet, and Scotia's moun-
 tain land;
 Sound through the glades of Erin, the words of parting
 breath,
 And guard the precious gift bequeathed, by our hero sons
 in death.

From peasant's cot to lordly hall, one bitter sorrow
lies,
In prayer let British hearts unite, in prayer one voice
arise,
That He whose searching eye can read, the sad heart's
deepest woe,
May comfort pour on those who now lie desolately
low.

v.

The Queen's Message to the Wounded.

Wafted o'er the Euxine waters,
Hear the message gladly sent,
By the first of England's daughters,
To her troops on duty bent!

Tell the sick and wounded soldier,
Who on weary couch doth moan,
That afar is watching o'er him,
England's Queen on regal throne!

Tell them, for full well I know,
That my sympathy and care,
With their Prince will valued be,
Help their sufferings to bear!

Tell them that their Queen is ever
Watching o'er them tho' away,
On those noble fellows wounded,
She is thinking night and day!

While the tears of bitter anguish,
Fall o'er those my fallen brave,
Give my sick and wounded soldiers
All the sympathy they crave !

Speed the regal message glad,
Cheering many a helpless mien,
Noble hearts in pain and sickness,
Will respond " God save our Queen."

A Voice from Canada.

Hark ! o'er wide Atlantic's waters,
Loudly swells the joyful theme,
Canada with pride will ever,
Echo back, " God save the Queen."

At his mother's knee the child,
In his new home in the West,
Learns from loyal lips the lesson,
There implanted in his breast !

Fatherland ! from thee O never,
Dought shall e'er our spirits wean,
Canada, thy watchword ever,
Joyful shout, " God save the Queen !"

APPENDIX.

The Dream.

I stood in a princely hall, and where
Round me were gather'd the brave and fair,
Music in softest strains flew by,
Flashing like gems was each radiant eye ;
Joining the fair in the festal dance,
Now the proud warrior lays down his lance,
And the hand which but lately the sword had grasp'd
In love's fond pressure was gently clasp'd.

But who of such lofty stature there,
Comes to unite in the revels fair,
Beauty and grace, in his movements are,
Born but to rule, 'tis the Czar, the Czar !
See the blush deepen on beauty's cheek,
As that eagle eye to the heart doth speak,
For the softest glance, yet how fierce in war,
Is the eye of the proud Imperial Czar !

The dance has ceased, and he stands alone,
Far from the scene has his spirit flown,
That spirit proud which no more can see,
Aught of the dance or minstrelsy ;
For o'er barren steppes it has wander'd far,
Where the trumpet's blast tells of fiery war,
And his strongest city beleaguered lies
By the army brave of the bold Allies !

Crushing the thoughts which his bosom swell,
He leaves the scene, as the vesper bell,
Of the dim cathedral calls to prayer ;
The scene is changed, we behold him there ;
Soft falls the light on the chequer'd floor,
And the form of Him who our deep sins bore,
Is raised on high, whilst around are seen,
Relics of those who have sainted been.

Still dreamed I on, as sweet chaunting stole
With soothing accents upon the soul,
And quivering banners above were hung,
While incense sweet thro' the air was flung ;
Now rose with triumphant swell the strain,
Then with plaintive sweetness it died again ;
And the long aisles echoed its dying tone,
'Till it ceased in a low and farewell moan.

Hush'd is the strain, but its tones seemed fraught
With pain and dread to the conqueror's thought,

And there swept o'er his brow a deeper gloom,
 As if it betokened mysterious doom ;
 For the workings fierce in that mighty breast,
 Of remorse and passion forbade him rest ;
 And near to the altar's step he came,
 To seek for peace from that passion's flame.

The Priest advanced, and that proud form shook,
 As the sacred bread in his hand he took ;
 He bowed his head to the marble floor,
 But cold big drops on his brow he bore,
 For a shadowy hand on the wall pass'd by,
 And he knew 'twas an omen which call'd to die ;
 Then a voice which but he alone could hear,
 The summons gave that he soon appear—

Before the throne of the King of Kings ;
 Still on his ear that dread voice rings,
 The Priest beholds him with awe, who dare,
 Encounter the ray of that eye's fierce glare ?
 He turned that eye on the casement dim,
 And shadowy forms rose up to him,
 Bleeding and dying, who still enfold,
 Their banners around them in death's last hold.

He gazes still, and a weeping throng,
 Widows and orphans come sweeping on,
 And he hears their low and bewailing cry,
 For their bosoms lords who have gone to die.

And beyond in the barren steppes below,
Lie Russia's serfs in the drifted snow,*
While a glorious form is hovering nigh,
The avenging angel with sword on high!

He sees it all—and a secret pang,
Through that all unconquered spirit rang,
And I turned to look on the conqueror dead,
I woke, 'twas a dream, and the vision fled.†

*20,000 serfs are said to have perished in the snows of Simpheropol.

†By a singular coincidence the astounding news of the Emperor's death arrived the day after the above was written.

To the Reader.

If haply that my humble lyre
May wake some noble spirit's fire,
If yet a deeper thrilling tone
One British heart may proudly own,
As reading of those heroes brave,
Who died their country loved to save,
If haply in their Western home
That pealing word, Old England's tone,
Recall some hallow'd home of old,
Where sleep their fathers brave and bold,
Homes which in treasur'd memory lie,
From which her sons have gone to die;
Invincible, have side by side
Laid down their lives in manhood's pride;
If England's Queen with firmer hold,
Shall here one patriot bosom hold,
If but that in one bosom swell
Still deeper pride for those who fell,

If but for England's Queen and land
 He waits alone for her command,
 From Canada an offering meet
 To lay his life down at her feet,
 Nerved by those hearts whose crimson stain
 Was not at Alma shed in vain ;
 Then not in vain my humble lay
 For generous breast it never may
 Crush effort from the heart sincere,
 To soothe the suffering mourner's tear.

Go forth then to my own loved land,
 Perchance some well beloved hand
 May turn thy pages, or an eye
 Which hath not yet had time to dry,
 May scan thee,—but if falling tear
 Be on thee shed, o'er those whose bier
 On Crimean hills is laid, O may
 Those sorrowing ones from that dark day
 Yet comfort find—for time shall never
 That lost one from his country sever ;
 Where'er a British heart is found
 'Twill beat responsive to the sound,
 Of those whose bright and deathless fame,
 Fresh glory shed on Britain's name !

ERRATA.

Tenth line, page 39, read *two*, for *too*. Second line, page 45 read *succour*, for *sucor*. First line, page 64, read *warrior* for *warriors*. Fourth line, page 64, read *be*, instead of *lie*. Tenth line, page 68, read *aught* for *ought*.

