

T H E B A T T L E .

BY J. SWETT.

At early dawn
Of purple morn
The hollow drum and piercing fife
Rouse the soldier to mortal strife:
Ranks must form
For the coming storm,
Ere sentinel stars of morning gray
Are chased by the glorious sun away.

Dark and solemn,
In many a column,
Winding along
Like Pythons strong,
Two armies stretch o'er the level plain,
White mists shrouding their lengthened train.
The distant hill-tops are tinged with gold,
Floods of the breaking light are rolled
Over the hosts where standards stream,
And serried lines of bayonets gleam.
Masses of men, with measured tread,
Over the battle-field are spread;
Over the ground
With muffled sound,
Deep-mouthed cannon are rumbling slow
On to their mission of death and woe.

Silent they stand
In dread array,
A breathless band
For the bloody fray.
From the manly hearts that are mustered there
Rises many a silent prayer,
Breathed for mother, and wife, and child,
While thoughts come fast and hearts throb wild.
Booming heavily on the ear
Breaks the signal-gun distinct and clear;
Swiftly the charging columns form
Amid the sleet of the iron storm,
Batteries vomit their breath of flame;
Death has opened his bloody game!
Flash upon flash!
The line fails not;
On they dash,
Through thick grape-shot;
Sternly they close
On hated foes;
Shoulder to shoulder and man to man,
On they press o'er the fallen van.
The glistening bayonets sternly met
Cross with the bayonets firmly set;
Death-shrieks rise in fearful tone;

Unasked is mercy, and none is shown;
Shouting and cursing with maddened yell
Strong men grapple like fiends of hell:
 'They fly! they fly!'
 Is the victors' cry,
Drowning the groans of agony.

See you the dust-clouds on the field
Where war-steeds fierce into ranks are wheeled?
Chargers spring to the bugle sound,
Pawing impatient the battle-ground;
Against the squares of bristling steel
With sound of thunder the squadrons wheel;
Rider and horse to the earth are sent,
Helmets shattered, and gay plumes rent;
Iron hoofs crush throbbing hearts
Ere life from the quivering strings departs;
Manhood's brow, with its seal of God,
Is crushed and blent with the reeking sod.
 Shattered and torn,
 They are backward borne,
And the stubborn squares unbroken stand,
Musket to musket and hand to hand.
Hark to the bugle's thrilling tone!
A whole brigade is thundering on;
Over the field a sulphurous cloud
Hangs like a damp and dark death-shroud
 Mercy has fled,
 Pity is dead,
Man is changed to a demon dread:
Carnage exults in the gloomy pall,
Death is holding a carnival
Over the warriors, stark and grim,
Over the mangled corse and limb.

Hushed is the cannon's heavy roar,
Exhausted nature can strive no more;
And wearied armies sink down to rest
Upon the battle-field's bloody breast.
Moans of the dying, shrieks of pain,
Cries for water rise wild and vain.
Over the living Sleep casts her veil;
Meek-eyed Mercy, with brow so pale,
Weeps by the wounded soldier's side,
Watching the ebbing of life's warm tide;
Stilling the heart so racked by pain,
Never in anguish to throb again.

Embattled legions, with thundering tread,
Shall rouse no more the grim hosts dead;
But ere the set of another sun
The hard-fought field must be lost or won;
And the living must mingle again in strife,
The final struggle for death or life.
God grant the right may win the fight
Before the fall of another night!
God grant that there on evening air
Victorious freemen raise their prayer.

C O N S T A N T I N O P L E :

ITS OCCUPANCY BY THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH, IN THE YEAR 1855.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

ALTHOUGH there has been no attempt, as yet, to make an assault upon Sebastopol, the great preparations made by the English and French show that the idea of endeavoring to attack this strong place is not relinquished. These preparations are principally visible here in the shape of hospitals for the sick and wounded. It has become the subject of general remark that the Allies are quietly taking possession of this capital, something in the manner in which the boa-constrictor prepares his prey for being swallowed. Indeed, so quietly and gently is the process followed, that the public at large seem not to perceive it.

The original occupation made by the French and English at Gallipoli, on the European side of the Dardanelles, at the juncture with the little sea-lake of Marmora, has now been almost entirely abandoned by them. It certainly was a novel plan, then adopted for the protection of Constantinople, to cut a ditch across the Thracian Chersonesus, lest the Russians, after marching from the Danube, across Bulgaria, etc., to the Marmora, should seize upon the high lands of the Dardanelles, and hold them against the allied powers of England, France, and Turkey! Let Russia once make her way from the Danube to the Dardanelles, and this capital could no longer be called the 'City of the Sultan.' The ditch has not been cut all the way across, and now only a small force is left 'in charge' of Gallipoli, as a 'depot,' and a *point de depart* for any more fresh troops disembarking there for Adrianople. You will perhaps have heard that the French in occupying Gallipoli, set to work improving the place. These improvements are still kept up. They have taken possession of, and are now occupying as granaries, depots for food, arms, etc., as well as for barracks and hospitals, all the private houses in the place, suitable for the purpose. They have improved the streets, and numbered and named them, and I am told that it is quite a novelty to read at the corners such titles as : '*Passage aux Dépôts*,' '*Rue du Commandant*,' '*Chemin des Greniers*,' '*Route aux Casernes*,' '*Rue des Ambulances*,' etc., and others less practical, such as : '*Rue Canrobert*,' '*Rue du Marechal*,' '*Rue de St. Arnaud*,' and other of their commanders. I hear that the present Turkish governor of Gallipoli has profited by the fate of his predecessor, and takes things easier. The story goes that the former governor, a worthy old fat Turk, was so much overcome with the innovations introduced by the French, that he took to his bed, and never succumbed to the reformation of his city by the Giaours. Another report, however, says that when the French first arrived at Gallipoli, they were disposed to be very hospitable to '*Monsieur le Gouverneur*,' and that the