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ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE HOUND BELONGING TO A FRIEND, UNFORTUNATELY KILLED BY POISON.

BY WILLIAM PITTMAN LETT.

"I little thought, when first thy rein
I slack'd upon the banks of Selce,
That Highland Eagle o'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!"
—Lady of the Lake.

Alas! poor VENUS, noblest hound
That ever sprang with eager bound
The instant that the scent was found,
Thy final hunt is o'er!
Never again thy bugle note
Will on the breeze of morning float,
The matchless music of thy throat
Will greet our ears no more!

This finger holding now the pen
Was on the Rifle-trigger, when
With lightning swiftness down the glen
The Buck in terror came!
Fierce in his wako thy strides came fast—
And loud thy voice swell'd on the blast—
Ah! little thought I, 'twas thy last
Run with the noble game.

Thou wert of staunch, unrivalled breed;
Swift as the Antelope in speed,
Thy voice was over in the lead,
The Queen of all the Pack!
Not one could wind the game like thee,
Or bound away so lithe and free,
Or follow with such certainty
A cold and scentless track.

True, as the best Damascus blade
By process of refinement made,
Perfect! without a single shade
To mar thy matchless fame!
When thou wert slip'd to scour the wood,
The watcher of the "Runway" stood
With confidence that smoke and blood
Would soon be in the game.

Oft have I listened to the sound
Thy tongue rang echoing around,
While on before with startled bound
The "antler'd monarch" fled;
O! by St. Hubert! 'twas a yell,
Once heard, would be remember'd well,
Its loud and glorious trumpet swell
Would almost wake the dead!

Fierce as a tiger on the run,
Yet gentle when the chase was done,
And sure as bolt from Whitworth gun,
Alas! that thou art gone;
Faithful, beyond even human faith;
Sad was the accidental scalth
Which hurried thee to timeless death
Of hounds, thou peerless one!

Brave Venus! who will say 'tis wrong
For thee to sing a funeral song?
Or censure sorrow keen and strong,
For noble beast like thee?
I would that every earthly friend
May prove as faithful to the end,
For even a Dog, a charm can lend
To proud humanity.

—Citizen.

ON GUARD.

I confess that on the night when the Hundred and ninth dined with us, I took a great deal more alcoholic drink than I should have done. Mr. Gough would say that was very wrong: I reply that he is very right. Mr. G. might add, that if there was no such stuff as beer, wine, or spirits to be had, I could not have so erred, and that, therefore, we should pass a Maine Liquor Law. I reply that, by the same reasoning, all horses should be converted into sausages, to prevent people from ruining themselves on the turf; that money, which is the root of all evil, should be plucked out of human institutions; that if there was no such thing as marriage, there could be no such thing as divorce; and that a community of goods would prevent the possibility of theft.

I plead extenuating circumstances. My present life was so new to me. Six months previously, I had been a quiet, dreamy, middle-aged married man, living in the country, and devoted to entomology, when there came that telegram from the heights of Alma, which gave the combative bump of every man and boy in England such a magnetic thrill that it has not left off tingling yet, and a hint from our lord lieutenant made me accept a commission in the militia. I was now a smart, gay young bachelor lieutenant (I had still a wife somewhere, but was there not a sentry on the barrack gate?) one of the garrison of Eddystone, and, on this particular evening, president of the mess. Our guests were officers of the line, who had just returned from India, and were soon going out to the Crimea, and I had to drink champagne with every one of them; and I appeal to the soberest of men—to you, sir—whether you could allow a cold, reasonable, heartless heeltap to remain in your glass when you were drinking to a man who, in a few weeks, was to be shot at in your quarrel. And, after all, I was not very far gone; it is true that I sang a song; but I went to bed unassisted, wound up my watch, and pulled off my boots. I also remember my last thoughts before going to sleep, which were, that I was glad there was no early parade next morning, but sorry that the room would go round and round, and round and round, like a dry Maelstrom.

I had two remarkable dreams that night. First, I sat in a tower in Jerusalem, which was being battered by the Romans, and at

each heavy *thud, thud* of the ram, I felt the walls tremble and shake, but did not care how soon they fell, for we had been out of water for a month. Then I was once more a little boy at school, and very thirsty; at a short distance off, I could see the pastry cook's, with "Iced Lemonade" written in letters of gold upon the window-pane, and lo! a thrice happy youth was draining a goblet thereof with an eagerness which raised my desire for drink to madness: but between the spot where I stood and the coveted draught was a blank wall, and at fifteen paces therefrom stood a row of fifth-form boys, with tennis-balls in their hands. Thump, thump, whack, thump came those balls about my ears, as, crouched against the wall, I—I woke, and discovered that some one was knocking, with the regular single punch of a Nasmyth hammer, at the door, and that my mouth and throat were too parched to tell him to come in. However, I managed to utter some inarticulate cry, which was properly understood, and Sergeant Thompson entered the room, closed the door, brought his heels together, and saluted. Like an old soldier and intelligent man as he is, Sergeant Thompson rightly interpreted my glance at the cupboard, and going thither, he produced a bottle of soda-water.

Pop! wobble, wobble, fisch! and the sensations of years were crowded into the time it would have taken to count five; for those few seconds I was in Paradise, but the sergeant soon dashed me to the earth.

"You are for guard, sir," said he, taking the empty tumbler from my hand.

"For guard!—I!"

"Yes, sir; Mr. Arundel was taken ill last night, and you come next. The adjutant says you must be on the square in half an hour."

"But, but—I have never been on guard; that is, I have only been as supernumerary."

"Must make a beginning, sir."

"I hope I am under a captain. Is it the Dock-yard?"

"No, sir, Lockman Dock—the Magazine, as it's called."

"Ah! well, the sergeant will tell me what to do: who is he?"

"Don't know, sir; we don't find the guard."

"What! and who do, then?"

"The marines, sir, I believe;" and he saluted and went.

Giddy and ill as I was, I had to be on the square in half an hour—I, who generally take an hour to dress!

Our adjutant, who looked after his officers as a cat after her kittens, or the captain of a college boat after his crew, joined me as I left the barrack gate, and poured advice and