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SEA MUSIC.

The grey unresting sea,
Adown the bright and belting shore,
Breaking in untold melody,
Makes music evermore.

Centuries of vanished time,
Since the glad earth's primeval morn,
Have heard the grand unpausing chime,
Momently aye new-born.

Like as in cloistered piles,
Rich bursts of massive sound upswell,
Ringing along dim-lighted aisles
With spirt-trancing spell;

So on the surf-white strand
Chants of deep peal the sea-waves raise,
Like voices from a viewless land,
Hymning a hymn of praise.

By times, in thunder notes,
The booming billows shoreward surge;
By times, a silver laugh infloats,
By times, a low soft dirge.

Souls more ennobled grow,
Listing the wordless anthem rise;
Discords are drowned in the great flow
Of Nature's harmonies.

Men change, and "cease to be,"
And empires rise and grow and fall;
But the weird music of the sea
Lives, and outlives them all.

That mystic song shall last
Till time itself no more shall be;
Till seas and shores away have pass'd,
Lost in eternity.

SURRATF—LET US HANG HIM FOR HIS MOTHER!

An American paper gets off the following hit of satire:

Let us hang him for his mother!
Let us twist his gullet now!
Swing him first, then try him after!
We are practiced and know how.
Let us hang him for his mother,
Whom we slaughtered in his stead,
Hang him! Innocent or guilty—
We can try him when he's dead!

Let us hang him for his mother;
She was tender, he is tough,
And the woman didn't struggle
To our liking half enough.
When he's buried Holt can try him:
If he's innocent, who cares?
'Twill only give him some Conover
State prison if he swears.

If persons are resolved to commit suicide with powder and balls, they had better study the science of gunnery. A woman in St. Louis, disgusted with life on account of ill-treatment from her husband, determined to commit suicide by shooting herself with a cannon ball, which had been round the house for some time, a relic from Vicksburg. Having obtained half a dollar's worth of powder, she placed it on a plate on the floor, put the ball on the powder, sat down upon it, and touched a match to the explosive, fondly expected instant death from the fatal ball. It did not "go off, however, although the powder did; and she is suffering from painful and dangerous burns.

STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY CARROLL RYAN.

No. 5—MONTREAL.

PERHAPS the gloomiest portion of Canadian history is that which follows after the death of Champlain. Indeed, we cannot read of this little colony, in the heart of a wild and unknown country, surrounded by implacable savage foes, without feeling the greatest admiration for their courage, endurance and piety; during the fierce civil war which then raged in France, and ended by placing the wise Henry of Navarre on the throne, they were entirely forgotten; for the people of France, absorbed in the worst possible strife, had neither the will nor the means to assist the neglected colonists. The Iroquois, the fiercest and most warlike of all the North American tribes, waged a deadly war against them; and, although, they often made peace with the French, it was but a hollow truce, only entertained when they wished to recruit their exhausted energies.

The Hurons, on the contrary, were a gentle and somewhat philosophical race of savages, and attached themselves readily to the French, among them the Jesuit Fathers soon made many converts, and this more than ever embittered the feud which existed between them and the Iroquois. The pious missionaries had gathered those gentle children of the forest around them in villages, where they built churches and taught the great truths of Christianity; but one after another these villages were attacked by the fierce Five Nations, (the Tuscaroras did not join them till some years later,) and the unfortunate inhabitants was massacred in the most horrible manner, the good pastors in every instance sharing in their destruction, till, at last, the once powerful Huron tribe was totally annihilated, and the once populous hunting grounds of the Northwest were left desolate, where, from the Saguenay to Lake Huron, the wolf and bear roamed the un-

disturbed monarchs of the solitude. Famine, and the more insidious firewater, introduced during the Government of d'Alleboust, who, to do him justice, strongly opposed it, proved a deadly curse of the red man, and added, as much as the fury of the Iroquois to overthrow the northern nations. But it is not my object to write a history, but merely from individual instances to illustrate the progress of our glorious Dominion from a howling wilderness, into the proud Empire of the North which we of the present day have the glory of founding; therefore I will return to my more legitimate task, and from the story of one short but eventful life, strive to gain an idea of a most momentous epoch in the history of our country. How beautifully simple is the story of the founding of Montreal as told by Chalevoix, and well may that noble city be proud of the courage, piety, and virtue of its founders; but all those brave people are alike, and wherever we read of them founding a settlement, we find the cross was ever the flag-staff on which they erected the banner of their country, as the historian I have named has said, "*pour donner aux infideles une haute idee de la religion Chretienne.*" In the spring of 1641, the place where Montreal now stands was solemnly consecrated by the superior of the Jesuits, who seem to have forgotten at that time the policy which has rendered their name odious in other lands. At the same time de Maisonneuve set about building forts to defend the infant settlement from the incursions of the Iroquois's.

Among others who had cast their lot in the wilderness was a young girl, beautiful as a first love, but whose young life had been strangely unfortunate. One of a numerous family she had arrived in Quebec, a noble family, a tender mother, gentle sisters, and brave brothers had once been her's: but one after another they perished, till at last but three were left, her father, one sister and herself; these at length were slain in their burning home by the ruthless Agniers, and she only escaped through the whim of an Indian Chief, who carried her captive to the village of his tribe, where for several years she lived the hapless favorite of her uncouth preserver. During this