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THE DEATH OF LIONORE.

(From La Sentinella.)

BY CARROLL RYAN, 100TH P. W. B. C. REGIMENT.

'Tis the dead hour of night and calmly the sky
Looks down on the mount and the ocean,
But there's one weary breast, that bends with a
sigh
O'er the waters, in troubled emotion.

He gazes afar on a flickering light
That shines on the dark rolling billow,
But his spirit has flown thro' the realms of
night
To watch by his Mary's pillow.

He thinks that he gazes upon her at rest
Whom once he deemed his, and his only,—
He sees the white shroud, and the cross on her
breast,
And his soul is unhappy and lonely.

Then he thinks that he hears from the mur-
muring deep
A voice in sweet melody saying
"Oh! where art thou gone while lonely I
weep?—
Too long, oh, too long thou art staying!"

He stretch'd forth his arms as the vision arose—
She seem'd to be pensively weeping—
When he heard the loud noises of gathering
foes;
The sentinel soldier was sleeping!

He awoke, and beheld in front of his post
The warrior legions advancing,
And over the head of the dark, moving host,
The bayonets in starlight were glancing.

Then loudly his voice broke the stillness of
night—
The watchery of danger and warning —
And then flashed the rifle luridly bright—
A sound of defiance and scorning!

A thousand wild echoes rang out on the air,
Like an avalanche wildly descending;
But nobly and grandly he perishes there,
The post of his honor defending!

Now he raises himself, as the shadows of death
O'er his senses are gradually stealing,
And whispers away his last difficult breath,
While a voice on his spirit pealing.

Oh! where art thou gone while lonely I
weep,
Too long, oh, too long thou art staying!"
and the warrior sentinel wakes from his sleep
In a land where there is no betraying!

FINN'S COURTSHIP;

SHOWING HOW HE CAME TO ENLIST IN THE 100TH.

On a beautiful calm night in the middle
of August, 1859: the moon, high in the
heavens, shone with unclouded beauty upon
the gray old rock of Gibraltar, where, partly
to enjoy the cool night breeze after the
sultriness of the day, and partly to while
away the monotonous hours of a long guard,
that some half-dozen soldiers of the 100th
were seated before the Windmill-Hill Guard-
house, chatting on various matters of regi-
mental importance. At length the conver-
sation began to flag, and some began evi-
dently to feel the power of the drowsy god,
and were perhaps wandering, in fancy,
among the woods and valleys of their western
homes.

'By all the blood of the Finns!' roared
one, springing to his feet with a yell which
unceremoniously put an end to the dreams
and reveries of his companions.

'What's the matter?' enquired another,
in a tone of much sympathy.

'Hould!' he continued—'my blood's up—
I'll do something terrible, I will; by the
powers of pewter, I will!'

'O, don't hurt us,' said another, 'or you
may have to go the Moorish Castle to learn
rock morality.'

'Moorish Castle, indeed! May be its your-
self might be sent to pay it a visit, to larn
the difference between boxing the compass
and bating Christians, Mr. Ned—d'ye mind
that?'

This was a hard hit, for 'Mr. Ned' had
been an old sea-dog, and one of the most
pugnacious of his tribe. However, this dis-
play of wit had the good effect of clos-
ing one troublesome mouth, and restoring
Finn's own ruffled nerves to something like
calmness: so, gently seating himself, he
began.

'I was thinking—and when I think it
drives me mad—but jist hould hard a jiffy,
and I'll tell it to ye all.'

Silently we consented, by drawing closer
to the now smiling Finn; for even a story
from him was preferable to the melancholy
communion of night and thought.

'Well, its quare,' he began, 'what a small
little thing will send a man to the devil or
the army, for its all one. Ough! that a Finn
should ever wear a red coat!'

This last idea seem'd to overpower him

so much that it was some time before he
could proceed. At length, fetching a deep
sigh, he resumed:

'When I first went to Amerikay, I went
up to Toronto to get a job on the Grand
Trunk, where I had a first cousin, one
Mickey Doolan, who was in a fine situation
as walking boss and a slap-up walking boss
he made too—for I d'ye mind, was purty
green, an' he'd travelled a mighty deal,
with a tongue as smooth as a serpent. Well,
he coaxed me to give him my money to
keep for me: "for," sez he, "thum Cana-
dians and Yankees are bloody villians, and
think it no sin to chate a greenhorn." And,
the devil blow me, I was fool enough to give
it to him; and faix, he kep it mighty
well, for nather a cent of it nor a sight of
him I got since.'

'But the story—the story! we cried.

'Its no story—its thue, every word of it,
mind I tell ye. Well, to begin: as I was
saying, before Mickey ran away, he kep
company with one Julia Murphy, whose
father kep a shebeen-shop down the street.
A fine place it was ov a Saturday night, when
the pay kem in, and all the boys would go
thero to have a bit ov a spree and a shy wid
Julia: an' faix she could talk to them wid
proper gintale expressions. One night, sez
I to myself, Mick has carried off my money,
that's sure, and left nothing for it; so, his
sweetheart is the only thing I can legally
claim, but that's not so sure. Any way,
thinks I, looking in the glass, who knows?
Away I went, thinking to myself of all I
wouldn't do when I got married to Julia: an',
by gob, I had some grand notions. Well,
to make a long story short, as the devil said
when he went to confession, I went to
Murphy's, ordered a jorum of punch, and
when Julia brought it in I said: "Did ye
hear the news?" "No," sez she. "Mick
Doolan has cut the blackguard," sez I. "O,
the villin!" sez she, "widout paying his bill,
nor buying the new dress he promised me,
nor—" "Aisy, darlin'," sez I: "shure hasn't
he only made way for a better man, an' its
meself would be proud to be that same if
you would have no objection to a decent
working boy that kem of honest people in
the ould dart. And if I did come to Ameri-
cay, it was t for want." "You're a quare
fellow, Finn," sez she. "Divil a bit," sez I,
"only a little plain-spoken."

All went on fair and aisly for a good while,
and I joined to boardin' at Murphy's and
made fierce love to Julia. At last she con-
sented to marry me, and I was as happy as
a pig in a praty patch. We were called three
times in church; when, lo and behold ye,
on the night before we were to be spliced,
who should walk into the room where I