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LA BELLE CANADIENNE.

I've roamed o'er many a foreign clime,
And sipped the glowing cup of pleasure,
And proved the folly many a time
Of loving to repent at leisure.
I've seen the fairest English maids,
With azure eyes and golden tresses,
And lingered midst the sunny glades,
Where Italy the grape expresses.

The lovely ones of Sparta and France,
Circassian, Russian, German ladies;
I've seen the Egyptian Almas' dance,
Cashmere, where many a beautiful maid is;
And memory soon recalls the past,
Each tender scene in groves Arcadian,
And wandering fancy's fixed at last,
The loveliest maid's a fair Canadian.

For in her loveliness you'll find
The sweetest theme for love's discussion,
United with a glowing mind,
The charms of English, French and Russian.
And thus by walk and wien at first,
Or by the tasteful way she dresses,
Is the feeling of admiration nursed,
Till a magic power the heart confesses.

Euraptured with her easy grace,
The poetry of every motion,
You raise your eyes to see her face,
And kindly yow a life's devotion;
While swift as she returns the glance,
Your senses reel in bliss Elysian,
She's the darkly liquid eyes of France,
And seems to be a fair Parisian.

And when in costly furs arrayed,
She skates along the frozen waters,
Or softly whispers not afraid,
With silvery laugh of England's daughters
And down the slippery cone you speed,
O, who can part the thrilling pleasure,
While soldier-like you dare the deed,
And boldly kiss your lovely treasure.

The graceful strength of Russian belles,
Their pliant form and noble bearing,
Canadian loveliness excels,
And well she loves a tale of daring.
Her throbbing bosom heaves, and then—
With parted lips and melting glances,
She pleads to hear it o'er again,
In accents that the soul entrances.

So tho' I've travelled many a mile,
And met with many charming beauties,
Am fancied that I loved the while,
Nor gave a thought to married duties.
There's only one I truly love,
With purest love of style Amadian,*
And 'gainst a thousand knights I'll prove
She's loveliest, and a fair Canadian.

*Amadis de Gaul.

H. S. S. A. R.

CONFESSIONS OF A RIFLE VOLUNTEER.

ROUSSEAU wrote Confessions, and why shouldn't I? It's true I'm not likely to become so famous as Rousseau, but I hope I shall not be so infamous either. My style is undoubtedly worse, but my morals, I hope, are better than his. I never descended to actual theft, at least in the vulgar sense of the word; and I am not going to publish, for Scandal to gloat over, the mental weaknesses and the bodily diseases of my dearest friends. Let it not be supposed, then, that, though I should be sometimes obliged to make myself appear ridiculous, I wish to hold up to ridicule the Volunteer movement. It doesn't follow that because I am myself knock-knee'd, the rest of my company should be also. Why, we've some of the handiest-legged men in our company that can be seen in the world; and very much I admire their marching, though I find it impossible to imitate their movements, and I will state first of all why it was that I joined the Volunteers. I'm not at all blood-thirsty, nor am I particularly courageous, nobody ever observed of me, as I once heard a 'lady' remark of Jones, that 'I had quite the air milling-tair;' but I am very dyspeptic. Sitting over a desk for sometimes ten consecutive hours has a tendency to make you so, particularly if you never take any exercise beyond getting into and out of bed; and that was all I had a chance of taking, unless I could have managed to get up a little earlier, which was impossible with my sleeping faculties, or to feel less tired when I left business, which never once happened to me. As soon, therefore, as I heard that drill was good for the peptic organs, I felt an inclination to serve my country; when it was announced that Volunteers would be allowed to leave business a few hours earlier on Saturdays, my inclination was transformed into determination; when it flashed across my mind that, as soon as I displayed a military spirit, there could be no objection to my wearing a moustache (which ornament for the upper lip had always been to me an object of ambition), my determination amounted to a positive anxiety; and when I caught a glimpse of one of the Victoria Rifles in full uniform, with braid upon his

bosom, and a sword at his side (though I never knew exactly why that corps should wear swords), my anxiety was heightened to longing. But, alas! the Victorias were beyond my reach; they required more leisure and more money than I could command; so I was forced to put up with a less expensive body. I joined the First Lowersex, and I got my half-holiday. Of course the first thing I did was to order my uniform, for I had always understood that the chief requisite for a soldier was a uniform; it is unnecessary to say that my notion was wrong. I put on my uniform as soon as it came home, and I am bound in common honesty to state, that I didn't look in the least military: whether it was the peculiarity in my legs (mentioned above), or a deficiency in chest and shoulder (to which I must plead guilty), or an unfortunate habit of stooping (to which I am addicted), or the want of taste of those who originated the uniform, I cannot say with any certainty; but I must conscientiously affirm, that I bore a wonderful resemblance to the errand boys at the telegraph offices, with a slight dash (about the cap) of a school-boy at those establishments which are conducted upon the French model.

As soon as I commenced drill (which, of course, I did not attend at first in uniform), I proceeded to the second important step—to wit, the growth of a moustache. This was a very difficult and unsatisfactory task; for either from careless and unartistic shaving, or from some cruel freak of nature, the bristles came out with extreme irregularity—here a bunch and there a bunch—and each bristle turned in a different direction; while, such was the texture and color thereof, that I was sometimes inclined to believe, as was suggested by an impertinent street boy, that an old tooth-brush had grown through my lip whilst I was engaged in the process of teeth cleaning. However, perseverance will surmount all difficulties, and by care and attention to the kindly hints of comrades in the like situation, and by copious application of remedies proposed by a confidential hair-dresser, I reduced the obstinate hairs to some degree of order, and even induced them to grow in an elegant curve from the corner of the mouth to join the whiskers; but they're patchy, very patchy.

Oh, but the drill! How can I describe the horrors of the first few days' drill! The days were yet short when I joined the corps, and as I could not go until after business, it was dark when I arrived at the shed where the scene of torture was enacted. I was alone; I came late, and had no brother in affliction. Those who were sufficiently advanced, were marching, and wheeling, and