



# The Volunteer Review

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FOR THE "REVIEW."

A ROMANCE OF JUNE, 1866.

A tender kiss from loving lips,  
A pressure of a tiny hand—  
And he was gone, the brave the true!  
To battle for his native land.

He stood upon the "City's" deck,  
And watched the people standing near.  
The waving kerchiefs, smiles and tears,  
While "Auld lang syne" rose loud and clear.

Slowly the vessel steamed away;  
Toronto faded from his view;  
His heart beat high with stern resolve,  
And thoughts of one so pure and true.

We landed at Dalhousie's wharf,  
We steamed it to St. Catherines; then  
Mid gay carousals passed the night,  
And song and jest of armed men.

The scene was changed—the whistling ball,  
The bugle calls so loud and clear,  
The fluttering of the "Flag of Green"  
Proclaimed the Fenian host was near.

Foremost amid our gallant band,  
Headless of bullets singing by,  
Onward he marched with dauntless breast  
Prepared to conquer or to die.

Backward we drove their foremost line,  
Before our rifles leaden hail,  
There, where the fight was hottest, fell,  
Our noble comrade wounded, pale.

He woke—to feel a soft hand's touch,  
To meet the glance of loving eyes—  
He knew HER, and his faithful heart  
Was filled with joy and glad surprise.

"A ministering angel thou"  
How truly then these words applied.  
We need not tell how, soon restored,  
He carried home his blushing bride.

But should again that dastard foe  
Our dear "Dominion's" rights attack,  
He ready waits to help her sons  
To drive the miscreant cut-throats back.

July 25th, 1867.

Q. O. R.

GETTING PROMOTED.—A farmer was elected to a corporalship in a militia company, and returned from the training full of rum and glory. His wife, after discoursing with him for some time on the advantage which the family would derive from his exaltation, inquired in a doubting tone: "Husband, will it be proper for us to let our children play with the neighbor's now?" "Certainly, my dear. We must not be proud, if we are exalted." One of the little urchins who happened to be near, eagerly asked, "Are we not all corporals?" "Tut," said the mother, "hold your tongue—there is no one corporal but your father and myself."

STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY CARROLL RYAN.

No. III.—VERAZZANO.

It was my intention when I commenced these stories to sketch the career of each of the bold adventurers who sailed on voyages of discovery to the land we now inhabit; but, I find, in doing so, I would be merely repeating scenes of disappointment, disaster, and suffering, and unless I fell back upon the inexhaustible fund of fiction, the tale would be likely to pale by its sameness. There is one name, however, about which a romantic and melancholy interest attaches. Giovanni Verazzano, a Florentine exile in France, was a brave and high minded gentleman; well and liberally educated like many of his countrymen of that day, he combined many of the qualities which are required to form the character of one who aspires to lead his fellowmen to "deeds of great enterprise." Under the patronage of Francis I., of doubtful repute and turbulent memory, he had made the voyages to the New World, during which he made many notable discoveries, and a third expedition was fitted out for the purpose of establishing a colony in the distant land he had visited. The reason why Verazzano left his country is not generally known, but like many more he had loved, "not wisely, but too well;" the malevolent power which delights to torture unfortunate mortals, had marked him out as an especial victim. He had a rival in the affections of his lady love, who was to boot his deadly enemy, and who, like himself, was a mariner of some skill and repute. To a handsome person, he added a plausible manner; with intellect below the average, he combined a huge impudence, that never was abashed or dismayed; but with all these advantages he did not succeed; for Verazzano won the lady and they were married. Most stories conclude at this happy point, when every one is supposed to be delighted; the big villain of the piece makes a full disclosure, and winds up by blowing out his brains, and everything is settled to

the satisfaction of all concerned; but alas! such was not the case in this instance. Stefano Mastuccio had the propensity of firmness largely developed, and he merely waited his opportunity to wreak his revenge and gratify his passion. As a trader his morals were very loose, and he had pocketed more than one Ziccino of Saracen gold for Christian flesh and blood. It so happened on a time, that these two heroes lay together in the harbor of Tunis; here Mastuccio managed to kidnap his rival, and shortly after putting to sea, he sold him to a Corsair of Algiers, with whom he had dealings before in the same line. Three years of weary captivity followed, during which the unfortunate Florentine toiled at the oar, under the cruel lash of the Moslem. At length the pirate ran foul of the Knights of Malta, and Verazzano once more at liberty, sought his native city; weary and emaciated, bowed by premature sorrow and suffering, he presented himself at his old home, and like a ghost that rises unbidden from the grave of the dead past, he stood in the presence of his wife, now the wife of another, and that other, his former rival, who had so cruelly sold him into slavery. Human nature could endure no more, he flew upon his enemy, plunged his dagger in his breast, and fled from his native land forever. In the change and excitement of an adventurous life, Verazzano managed to draw a veil across the past, and his history was unknown. In France this bold mariner had now great renown by the voyages I have mentioned, and many adventurous spirits embarked under his standard, when, upon the occasion of his third voyage, he sailed to establish a colony in the New World.

Their voyage was fortunate and prosperous until they reached the shores of America; he followed the line of coast northward till he entered that gulf, to which Cartier afterwards gave the name of St. Lawrence, and whose stormy waters hide in its bosom many strange secrets of those early days. He stopped at many places, none of which seemed adapted for the purpose of settlement, and again he put to sea, determined upon further explorations. One morn-