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DIRGE FOR A SAILOR.

Slow, slow I tell it low,
 As the sea-waves break and flow;
 With the same dull slumberous motion
 As his anelent mother, Ocean,
 Rocked him on through storm and calm,
 From the iceberg to the palm;
 So his drowsy ears may dream
 That the sound which breaks his dream
 In the ever moaning tide
 Washing on his vessel's side
 Slow, slow I as we go,
 Swing his coffin to and fro!
 As of old the lusty billow
 Swayed him on his heaving pillow,
 So that he may fancy still,
 Climbing up the watery hill
 Plunging in the watery vale,
 With her wide-distended sail
 His good ship securely stands
 Onward to the golden lands.

Slow, slow I heave a-ho!
 Lower him to the mould below;
 With the well-known sailor ballad,
 Lest he grow more cold and pallid
 At the thought that ocean's child,
 From his mother's arms beguiled,
 Must repose for countless years,
 'Reft of all her briny tears,
 All the rights he owned by birth,
 In the dusty lap of earth.

STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY CARROLL RYAN.

No. II.—THE BROTHERS

AN almost barren Island, shrouded in mist and storm for three parts of the year, is not the most desirable place in the world for a residence, especially if one is the only inhabitant and has no means of procuring a living, except from the wild animals of earth and air. Poor Cortereal found out this when bruised and weak he found himself lying on a rock under a grove of stunted pines. Drear and desolate home for the spoilt child of a luxurious court, but with all his faults Cortereal was a man who did not let his heart fail him in the moment of trial, but the hard necessities of life were fast compelling him into a likeness of the wild animals he hunted.

Picture him seated on a solitary rock, upon a desolate shore, worn and emaciated, with that wildness in his eye which foretells madness or death; listless his attitude as one who has no hope; tattered rags clothe a form that once proudly shone in perfumed lace and velvet. Alas, for Cortereal! he is paying the penalty of his misdoings.

While thus disconsolate he hears a human voice, but strangely discordant its sounds, for it speaks not in the tones familiar to his heart. A moment, and the form of a tall savage stands gazing upon him with wondering awe, Cortereal, in the weakness of his imbecility, began his *Ate Maria*, lowly bowed the savage, and taking his belt of wampum he laid it at our hero's feet, also his bread of pounded corn and an offering of dried fish, to tempt or appease the strange God with a long beard. But little temptation did he require, for setting his divinity aside, he devoured the morsels with the appetite and style of a hungry soldier of fortune. Times flies on, and Cortereal learns to dress his head with feathers, paint his face in rings, speckles and streaks of blue, yellow, and red speak Algonquin like an oracle, and become, in fact, a great medicine. Greatly was he honored by the natives, to whom his superior knowledge, seemed to their simple minds to be nothing short of divine.

Many wonderful arts he taught to his adopted people, and if he could have contented himself in being a child of nature, forgotten civilization and sorrow, he might have been as reasonably happy as most men. The daughter of a chieftian, the first maiden of her tribe, had unrolled her mat in his wigwam, became his wife, and (what a blessing!) instead of being a burthen bore his burthens. Savage life herein hath an advantage, and, although, I cheerfully subscribe to the doctrine that "all women are angels," I cannot but think that the angelic nature hath many modifications, *vide Milton*. A high rock tufted with cedars, overlooking the strange ocean that divided him from his home, was a favorite resort of Cortereal; many hours did he spend here, vainly looking towards the east, hoping to see a white sail rise out of the dim expanse; but alas! like many more before and since who have studied that strange countenance and learned nothing, he looked in vain.

Cortereal had a brother, like himself, of equal daring and repute, who, when months had flown by, and no tidings were received of the Mariner, determined upon seeking

him. To this end he prevailed upon the King to fit out an expedition, that he might sail in search of his brother.

He had not been long at sea when storms arose, and for days and days he was driven onward through the unknown waters of the North Atlantic. At last he entered the St. Lawrence, and by some strange chance he followed the wake of his brother, until at length he cast anchor near the same Indian village where his brother had been the previous summer. No sooner were the native aware of his presence, than deeming them the same who had visited them before, they determined upon a deadly revenge, but with the cunning natural to their savage nature they concealed their intention under a spacious show of friendship. One night, when they had collected all their young men for the enterprise, they surrounded the ship, and in the battle that ensued they first saw and felt the power of gunpowder. But a curse was upon those ill-fated brothers, for at the moment when victory seemed certain, and the savages were flying terror stricken from the ship, it took fire. All that men in their desperate condition could do, those Portuguese Mariners did, but in vain; the flames spread, and as a last resource they took to their boats and landed upon an unknown hostile shore. Sadly they watched their brave little ship, the one solitary thing that bridged the wild ocean between them and their homes, burn amid the gloom of that dark river, with a strange weird beauty, for things of terror are often allied to loveliness; until at last, with a terrific roar, her timbers flew apart; high against the pale arch of northern light the burning embers rose and floating away on the breath of the night wind, left them in darkness or gloom, deeper than night or chaos, for hope seemed to have left them in the wilderness.

With the few things saved from the wreck they built themselves a rude hut, and fortified it as well as they could. Here again, the savage foe attacked them, and after a desperate fight and cruel slaughter took the remaining few prisoners, including the brother of Cortereal.