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THE SUMMER HATH DIED.

BY CARROLL RYAN.

Was a lingering death that the Summer died,
As it turned and returned again,
As the lover returns to the loved one's side,
Renewing his rapture and pain.

Ah! beautiful summer! Beautiful dead!—
As the leaves that blow over thy tomb,
Recalleth the thought of the glory that's fled,
Here memory lives thro' the gloom.

The gloom that o'er shadows a dream of the past—
O, say! was it all but a dream?
Was the bread of my heart so wantonly cast
On a never returning stream?

I built up a temple of hope of thy skies,
For an idol of beauty and grace,
But, swift as the rift of the summer cloud flies,
It has vanished—dissolved into space.

While empty and void as a newly made grave
Is the place where my temple arose,
And the blood in my heart like the ocean wave
Still remorselessly ebbs and flows.

O, Summer! I've turned and returned like thee,
Recalling the glimpses of youth,
But to glean in the harvest of misery
An alien, stricken like Ruth.

O, Summer! dead Summer! you came to my heart
A hopeful and beautiful bride
But strangely and coldly I see thee depart
Like a ghost that haunted my side.

The leaves are all fallen, the flowers are dead,
The wind hath a dirge in its tone,
And visions that came with the Summer have fled
And left me with Winter alone.

But Winter is welcome, its dearest day
Hath hope of a Summer in store;
As snow on the hill side grief passeth away
And the mourner will mourn nevermore.

OUT FIGHTING IN THE '45; A STORY OF VILLANY AND HAIRBEADTH ESCAPES.

DRAMAS, novels, and romances have no chance of popularity in these days if they are not cast in the sensational mould, and are not calculated to make the hair of regular readers stand on end. Every chapter must contain a murder, a case of suicide, or an abduction at the very least, with a few hairbreadth escapes thrown in by way of appetisers. Even writers of established reputation in the dramatic and novel manufacturing lines are obliged to pander somewhat extensively to this passion for "blood and thunder" excitement on the part of the

public; and thus we find the supply of the intoxicating article keeping pace with the demand. James Grant, the author of the "King's Borderers" and the "Romance of War," is pretty well known to the readers of romances as a ready writer and a clever concocter of intricate plots; and he, it seems, is no exception to the general rule. His last production professes to give a correct outline of the '45 Rebellion, coupled with a story of the usual sensational kind, in which the "hero and the heavy villain" pass through a series of extraordinary adventures in the space of eleven months a summary of which may not be out of place in our columns.

The story opens in this style:—"On a bright morning in May, a long, low, black lugger was creeping along the German Sea, about thirty miles off the Firth of Forth." On board of that lugger was the hero of the story, and a comrade, bound for Scotland, to aid and assist in the rising or rebellion of 1745. The hero's name was Lord Dalquharn, the exiled son of a noble rebel of 1715, and he was going to follow in his father's footsteps by joining the standard of Prince Charlie as soon as it was reared in the Highlands. The captain of the lugger and his principal officer had been pirates before this, and were smugglers then. Their vessel was laden with French brandy and other excisable wares, and the two passengers whom they had on board added very considerably to their risk in case of capture by any of the King's ships. In fact, the first officer suggested the getting rid of this danger by handing over the two Jacobites to the Government for a fair price, or by tying cannon shot to their feet and pitching them overboard in the darkness; but the old pirate captain would not listen to these proposals. After dark the lugger stole up the Firth past North Berwick, where they were boarded by a stout personage, evidently disguised, who toured out to be the consignee of the lugger's cargo and the villain of the story. This important character went mad with rage when he found that two strangers were on board, and instantly gave orders that they should be knocked on the head or confined under hatches, to prevent the possibility of discovery. The captain remained obdurate, however, and the two Jacobites were safely landed near the old church of North Berwick, where they made for the public road in order to reach the house of an old rebel baronet, which was situated a few miles off.

The two friends had not proceeded very far, however, when they were met and made prisoners by a party of Custom House officers, who carried them before a Bailie of

North Berwick named Balcraftie, who was also a ruling elder in the parish kirk, a confederate of the smugglers, a canting hypocrite, and as unprincipled and unscrupulous a scoundrel as ever figured in the pages of a popular novel. They were closely examined by this village Dogberry, detained all night, and on the following day they were escorted to the baronet's house by the Bailie himself, which they found garrisoned by a couple of officers and a party of English soldiers. They were out of the frying-pan and into the fire, in short; but they managed to lull the suspicions of the officers, and to live very comfortably, all things considered, in the house of the old rebel for several weeks. Here the hero met with the heroine—a granddaughter of the baronet—a young lady, beautiful, virtuous, and accomplished, as heroines usually are, and of course, it was a case of love between the two. In addition to Dalquharn, however, the young heiress had three more lovers sighing for her hand and fortune—viz., one of the English officers, the companion of Dalquharn, and Bailie Balcraftie, old, fat, ugly, and wicked as he was; but our hero carried everything before him. There was a moonlight walk and a mutual confession of unalterable love, to be crowned by a wedding as soon as convenient. The young officer next popped the question, and was rejected, when he got drunk, quarrelled with the hero, went out after dark, and was murdered by the old villain Balcraftie, who regarded him as a rival. Dalquharn was also out at the time, and hearing the fatal shot he rushed to the scene of the murder, where he picked up the pistol, and was met by Balcraftie, who instantly charged him with the atrocious crime. He was horror-stricken on hearing such a charge, coming, as it did, from the actual murderer; but our hero felt himself completely in the power of this old hardened villain. He had quarrelled with the young officer a few hours before, he had uttered certain threats against him, and he was found by a respected magistrate with a deadly weapon in his hand, and a dead rival lying at his feet. The Bailie had also discovered his real name and character by tampering with the mail bags, and he (the Bailie) had likewise obtained possession of certain letters, written by Dalquharn to friends in France, which implicated a number of the first Jacobite families in the country. Dalquharn was therefore helpless, and being unarmed, he was compelled by the Bailie, under the threat of instant death, to assist at the burial of the murdered officer, and to say nothing about the foul business to the authorities.

A few days after this our hero again went