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A STIRRUP SONG.

[This song is from the pen of Walter Farquhar Tupper, (son of Martin F. Tupper, the Proverbial Philosopher), who already, at the early age of fifteen years, has produced several poems, which seem to denote that his talented father's mantle has fallen upon his shoulders.]

Hark! the din of bloody war?
Hark! the shrill-toned trumpets sound!
Victory in her battle-car
Fiercely scatters death around.
Saddle quick the noble steed,
Hold the spotless banner up,
Goblets fill with strongest mead,
Pledge us in a stirrup cup.

Brace your shining armour on,
Set the helmet on each head,
Bring the weapon every one,
That shall strike the traitor dead.
Rise and conquer in the fight,
Hold the spotless banner up,
Strengthened in the cause of right
By the brimming stirrup cup.

Mount your steeds, away! away!
Swiftly to the battle-field;
Glorious crowns you all to-day;
Make the hostile armies yield.
Fight as warriors staunch and brave,
Hold the spotless banner up,
By the solemn pledge ye gave
In the parting stirrup cup.

THE WHITE FEATHER.

Now that I am home again from these terrible scenes for good, and never more to be so tried and tortured; and now that I am maimed for you, my reader, and all my fellow-countrymen, I can speak—I can tell the whole truth. Not even if you could point at me with the cold un pitying finger all men level at such as I, would it matter now; for though I do thus plead guilty, and confess I am a Coward, the proof is against it, and the verdict must needs be, 'Not Guilty.'

Be sure, it is not for nothing, at this time of life, and covered with honors—deserved, heaven knows, far more than those reaped by reckless brave men—that I thus hide my scars, and tear assunder my laurel. I have earned it with sweats, and toil, and with terrible fear; I have fought for it, won it, with weak heart and trembling hand; with the

fearfullest odds against me, for doubt warred in my own camp. Ah! you, my brave comrades, who love me, how little you knew of the storm that was raging at heart—far worse than the driving bullet and shell hurtle hither and thither—as I stood by your side in the conflict, the pride and the mere desperation that strove to trample down fear, that dread most degrading of all, the fear of the lead and the steel!

Let me think when it was I first found out this clinging curse, when I first knew myself to be leprous, a thing to be shunned by my kind. I was born so, I believe, for I do not remember to have ever been frightened in childhood, 'jumped upon,' shut up in dark rooms, or terrified with sheets and turnip-tops; no, I suffered none of these hideous experiments, such as are wantonly tried, with the chance of producing a laugh—or epilepsy, or nervousness for life, or madness. I read no terrible legends; but I well recollect, even in childhood, how shockingly I suffered. What a dreadful thing to me was the blackness and silence of night, and how welcome the gray gleam of morning; what sweats, what agonies, did my infant frame endure, as the shades of evening thickened, and I was left alone in my little crib till my nurse's bedtime! What could a child—I used to think—like me have done, to be so persecuted? The whole powers of blackness seemed to be leagued against me, whispering about the curtains of the cot, between my head and the wall, and in the air; shuffling with their shapeless forms in hiding-places here and there, in the cupboard where the coals were kept especially, but where Sarah's gowns were hanging also, and even in my chest of tiny drawers. When I hid my head within the bed-clothes it was worse; these creatures leaned over me, and moped and mowed, and stood ready with their bony hands when I came up again, which I was obliged to do, porpoise-like, to breathe. What dreams I had! not about things familiar to me at all, but full of unearthly horrors, of monstrous and lurid character, and ending with some dire result. I could feel, too, but it was no comfort to me that I was dreaming, and that I should wake—as I did wake—with a dreadful cry, and find the fever-drops in great beads upon my forehead, fresh from having been whirled round on a gigantic wheel for years and years, or pushed on, inch by inch, to the brow of a frightful precipice. Nightmares were mere hobbyhorses to me.

There was a room in our old house at home with a strange noise in it—a drip, drip, dripping, and then a chirp in the old chimney, which never began till evening. I used to peep in through the doorway by daylight, sometimes holding the latch in my hand, so as to be ready for a run, but never entered alone, nor would have done so for worlds. There was a death in the house, a death of one near and dear to me, when I was seven or eight, in this very room; and even now I associate that dread event and the strange sound together. I heard the family begin to talk of this on one occasion, and there went a hush through them, and 'Charley's in the room,' they whispered. This made matters far worse; for with a singular instinct, I had concealed my fears as much as possible, not so much from shame, but because I felt I should not be sympathized with. I did not know then what a disgraceful, wretched and unpitied thing a coward is! I knew I was one, first, I think, by this incident: I was walking over Blackheath by myself, as I liked well enough to do in broad day; and on the outskirts, at the opening of a leafy lane, I came upon this scene: there was a poor donkey tied by a short chain, which galled his fetlock, to a post; and just without the range of his tether sat a cripple, engaged in tormenting the poor beast; he was throwing sharp flints at it, and always aiming at the fetlock that was galled. I remember that green lane with blossoming May in the tall hedgerows, and the birds rehearsing their summer songs, and the deformed miscreant sitting at his hellish pastime, and the patient suffering creature, as though I saw them now. My young blood boiled within me, for I ever hated the lust of cruelty with the hate of the bravest, and I cried out shame upon upon him. The look the abortion cast upon me as I spoke I have not yet got rid of; I stood petrified before it, with my feet rooted to the earth. It would have been easy for me to have escaped from him, for he had but one leg and one arm; had I not been thus spell-bound. I cursed him in my heart, but I feared him far worse than I hated him. He bade me watch and see him kill the donkey, and he redoubled his cruel efforts; he told me to throw stones also, or he would 'clutch' me, he said. I don't know what wickedness I might not have been made to do, but that a man came up at that moment and drove the monster off; but I had done, or left undone, enough to know from that moment my curse. I did not need our rescuer's—a Kentish ploughman's—remark, of 'Thee shouldst have flinted (stoned) him, boy,' to tell me I was a coward.

I rather liked my first school, for I was