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### BURIAL OF THE SCOUT.

Oh, not with arms reversed,  
And the shivering of the muffled drum,  
And funeral marches bring our hero home!  
These stormy warriors, whose his young heart was  
nursed,  
Ring with a trumpet burst,  
Of jubilant music, as if he whistles  
With shrouded face, and lips all white and  
dumb,  
Were a crowned conqueror entering paradise—  
This is his welcome home.

Along the reedy marge of the dim lake  
I hear the gathering horsemen of the North;  
The Cavalry of Night and Tempest wake,  
Blowing keen bugles as they issue forth  
To guard his homeward march in frost and cold—  
A thousand Spear-men bold!  
And the deep-bosomed woofs,  
With their dishvelled locks all wildly spread,  
Stretch ghostly arms to clasp the immortal  
dead,  
Beak to their solitudes;  
While through their rocking branches overhead,  
And all their shuddering pulses underground,  
A silver runs, as if a voice had said—  
And every furthest leaf had felt the wound—  
He cometh!—but he is dead!

The dainty-fingered May,  
With gentle hand shall fold and put away  
The snow-white curtains of the winter tent,  
And spread above him her green coverlet,  
Frothed with daisies sweet to sight and scent,  
And summer from her outposts to the hills,  
Under the boughs with heavy night-dews wet,  
Shall place her gold and purple sentinals,  
And the populous woods sounds revolve,  
Calling from field and fen her sweet deserters  
back.  
But he!—no long-rolls of the impatient drum,  
Nor battle trumpet, eager for the fray,  
From the far shores of stormy Erie blown,  
Shall rouse the soldier's last long bivouac.

KATE SEYMOUR McL.

For THE REVIEW.

### THE PATRIOTIC POETICAL LITERATURE OF CANADA.

It is astonishing to find how few worthy interpreters there have been of so prominent a characteristic of the Canadian people as patriotism. We have Heavysage, the powerful dramatist; Atcher, the sweet singer of home; McCarroll the humorists Reade, the quiet, earnest thinker; and he who wooed the historic muse not all in vain, Breakenridge, with a host of others; but who are our patriotic poets? Happily there are some names to which we can point proudly when this question is asked, but how few are they!

As the literature of Canada can claim no higher antiquity than that which has been given to it by France, it would be unjust in connection with this subject to make no mention of the French Canadian writers. It is, in fact, a duty which we owe to Canada, and ourselves, that we should become more

intimately acquainted with the works of the people who first settled our country. The French language is certainly a most intricate and difficult one to master, but the patient student will find his toil amply rewarded in the pleasure as well as profit which he may derive from the perusal of works which will not only delight the imagination, but will also aid in the formation of a correct taste. Many of our youths have read the productions of Fenelon and Chateaubriand, and this is as it should be, for these are specimens of pure and classic composition; but why should they not also be equally familiar with at least the French poetry of their own country? Other writers address themselves to separate and distinct audiences but the poet sings for all. Therefore it is that we ask the above question with indignation. The most imbecile production written in our language is sure of a perusal, while such vigorous writers as Benjamin Sulte, Louis Honore Frechette, and Isidore Bedard, are comparatively neglected. The former, editor of *Le Canada*, Ottawa, has achieved quite a reputation which will yet become more general as his abilities become more widely known. In a work recently issued from the Canadian press we find the following notice of this true minstrel: "His style is simple, natural and graceful, redolent of a thousand sources of thought and inspiration, and is clear and intelligible to all minds. He will occupy a high place among the gifted sons of song of his country."

Apart from the fine spirit of patriotism which characterises much of what this gentleman has written there is a peculiar melody in his poems, well exemplified in the "Chanson de L'Exile," the refrain of which is singularly musical:—

"Voyageur, que Dieu vous benisse,  
Et vous ramene a vos amis,  
Au Canada notre pays!"

The clinging affection for the land from which their forefathers came, and which forms such a noticeable trait in character of Canadians of French origin, is beautifully expressed in the poem entitled, "Le Fort de Chambly." We take the last verse:—

"Peuple! souvent l'horizon  
L'anasse le vent des tempestes,—  
L'il parvient a courber nos tetes

S'op! tombe avant la moisson!  
Contemple en ton ame attendrie  
Sa grandeur de tes anciens jours:  
Il fut un temps ou la patrie  
Sans partage avait tes amours!

And here follows one of those choruses in which M. Sulte is so felicitous:—

"Ceullon la fleur qui s'otolo  
Oublee au pied des debris:  
Mon cœur sait connaitre le prix  
De toute vertu qu'on isole!

In the *Revue Canadienne*, for September, 1867, may be found a piece from his pen entitled, "Le Canada Francais a L'Angleterre," which may be taken as a fair specimen of his manner. We are confident that if some of his poems were worthily translated the English reading public would be charmed to become thus acquainted with a poet who possesses so much native merit. Isidore Bedard, another talented young French Canadian, wrote the national song, "Sol Canadien, terre chérie," which has been so much and so deservedly admired.

Nor should the name of Le May be omitted when mention is made of those who have struck the patriotic lyre with tuneful success. His translation of *ETANGELINE* has won him such well-merited fame that it has greatly tended to elevate the opinions entertained abroad of Canadian literature.

The most prominent Anglo-Canadian patriotic poets constitute a tuneful trio, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Carroll Ryan, and Charles Sangster. Is not the city of Thebes fabled to have sprung up at the sound of Amphion's lyre, and are not these singers accomplishing a work as wondrous, comparatively unassisted by their brother minstrels? A chaste and classic temple they are erecting for the Canadian Muse. To their songful toil they have come, crowned with chaplets of maple leaves, and they shall rest from it wreathed with the laurels of immortality. Hear how the youngest of these poets addresses Canada, and judge if the chivalrous spirit of olden times has indeed departed:—

"Then will I make beneath thy maple bow's,  
A rustic lute, and tune it to thy name,  
And wreathe each glowing chord around with  
flowers  
Thy minstrel's emblem of thy happy fame;  
As warrior-bard of old, with fond acclaim,  
Sang to his ladye the sweet song of praise;  
With voice as fervent, I will do the same.  
To thee my mistress, I address my lays,  
For thou art beautiful in all thy wildest ways."

And on the occasion of the return of our