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THE WRECK.

All night the booming minute-gun
Had pealed along the deep,
And mournfully the rising sun
Looked over the tide-worn steep.
A barque from India's coral strand,
Before the rigging blast,
Had veiled her topsails on the strand,
And bowed her noble mast.

We saw her treasures cast away,
The rocks with pearls were sown,
And strangely sad, the ruby's ray
Flashed out o'er fretted stone,
And gold was strown the wet sands o'er,
Like ashes by a breeze;
And gorgeous robes—but oh! that shore
Had sadder things than these!

We saw the strong man still and low,
A crushed reed thrown aside;
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
Not without strife he died,
And near him on the sea-weed lay—
Till then we had not wept—
But well our gushing hearts might say
That there a mother slept.

For her pale arms a babe had pressed
With such a wroathing grasp,
Billows had dashed o'er that fond breast,
Yet not undone the clasp,
For very tresses had been flung
To wrap the fair child's form,
Where still the wet long streamers hung
All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, 'midst that wild scene,
Gleamed up the boy's dead face,
Like slumber's trustingly serene,
In melancholy grace,
Deep in her bosom lay his head,
With half-shut violet eye;
He had known little of her dread,
Nought of her agony!

Oh! human love, whose yearning heart,
Through all things vainly true,
So clings upon thy mortal part
It's passionate adieu—
Surely thou hast another lot;
There is some home for thee,
Where thou shalt rest, remembering not
The moaning of the sea.

THE FORLORN HOPE.

SERGEANT-MAJOR JOYCE was a veteran soldier, who had gained the respect and esteem of his whole regiment, officers and men. There was a bond between him and them which his withdrawal from active service could not cancel. So, after his wife's death, finding that a few of his old companions in arms were inmates of Chelsea college, he removed to its vicinity, passing his time between the lofty corridors of the palace hospital and the small sitting room of his child; over walking with and talking to 'the pensioners,' or that dear and delicate 'copy' of the wife he had so truly loved; and Lucy was a girl of whom any parent might have been proud. Delicacy of constitution had

given refinement to her mind as well as to her appearance; she read, perhaps, more than was good for her, if she had been destined to live the usual term of life in her proper sphere. She thought, also, but she thought well; and this, happily for herself, made her humble.

Mr. Joyce (who, in one of his rambles, had heard a comrade hint at his daughter's constitutional weakness) returned home in a disturbed state of feeling. 'Mary, he enquired of an Irishwoman, the widow of a soldier who had nursed Lucy from her birth, and never left them—one of those devotees, half-friend, half-servant, which are found only among the Irish—' Mary, did you ever perceive that Lucy pressed her hand upon her heart—as—as her mother used to do?

'Is it her heart? Ah, then, murther dear, did he ever know any girl, let alone such a purty one as Miss Lucy, count all out twenty years without feeling she had a heart sometimes?'

The sergeant-major turned upon the faithful woman with a scrutinizing look; but the half-smile, the total absence of anxiety from her feature, re-assured him; long as Mary had lived in his service, he had never grown accustomed to her national evasions.

'Who was it tould you about her heart bating, murther?' she enquired. 'It was old John Coyn, who said she pressed her hand thus,' answered Mr. Joyce.

'Is it ould John?' repeated the woman; 'ould John that would swear the crosses off a donky's back? Ah, sure, you're not going to believe what old John says.' 'You think she is quite well, then?'

'She was singing like the first lark in spring after you went out, sir; and I never see her trip more lightly than she did down to the botanic garden not two minutes agone; unless you quick march, you'll not overtake her.' Mary returned to her work, and the old sergeant-major overtook his daughter just as she had lifted her hand to pull the great bell of the botanic garden. During their walk the old soldier narrowly watched his child, to ascertain if she placed her hand on her heart or her side, but she did not. She spoke kindly to the little children who

crossed their path, and the dogs wagged their tails when they looked into her face. She walked, he thought, stoutly for a woman, and seemed so well, that he began talking to her about sieges, and marches, and his early adventures; and then they sat down and rested, Lucy getting in a word now and then about the freshness and beauty of the country, and the goodness of God, and looking so happy and so animated, that her father forgot all his fears on her account. In the evening, the sergeant-major smoked his long inlaid foreign pipe (which the little children as well as the 'big people' of Chelsea regarded with peculiar admiration) out of her parlour window. Lucy always got him his pipe; but he never smoked it in the room, thinking it made her cough. And then, after he had finished, he shut down the window, and she drew the white muslin curtain. Those who passed and repassed saw their shadows; the girl bending over a large book, and her father seated opposite to her, listening while she read, his elbow placed on the table, and his head resting on his hand. The drapery was so transparent, that they could see his sword and sash hanging on the wall below his hat, and the branch of laurel with which Lucy had adorned the looking-glass that morning, in commemoration of the battle of Toulouse. Before the sergeant-major went to bed that night he called old Mary, and whispered, 'You were quite right about old John Coyne. Lucy never marched better than she did to day; and her voice, both in reading and the little hymn she sung, was as strong as a trumpet. I'll give it well to old John to-morrow;' but he never did. The sergeant-major was usually up the first in the house; yet the next morning, when Mary took hot water to his room, she stepped back, seeing he was kneeling, dressed, by his bedside; half an hour passed; she went again. Mr. Joyce had never undressed, never laid upon the bed since it had been turned down; he was dead and cold, his hands clasped in prayer.

Lucy Joyce was now alone in the world; of her father's relatives she knew little or nothing; her mother was an only child, and her grandmother and grandfather were both