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SONG FOR CANADA.

Shall Columbia's Eagle prey
On the Thistle and the Rose;
Or the Sons of Erin's Isle
Be the serfs of Britain's foes;
Shall it be!

Let the traitor with a zest
Hug the coward to his breast,
But the Briton of the West
Shall be free.

We've a favor for our Beef,
And a relish for our Brose
And we never shall submit
To the dictates of our foes
While we live;

Ere a foe pollute our shore,
We shall dye it with our gore—
Did a Spartan ever more
Have to give?

Shall the spirits of the North
In Oppression's chains be cast;
Shall the Eagle of the South,
Spread his wings upon the blast
For this end!

Let him touch upon our strand!
With a swift avenging hand,
We, the Maple of our land
Shall defend.

Shall not Canada exult
In her Freedom's honest pride,
In the courage of her sons,
In the heroes that have died,
And have bled?

Dare the proud invader mock,
He shall perish in the shock,
For the spirit of the Brock
Is not dead.

We have Freedom as a gift
From the generous to the brave,
And we'll guard the sacred boom
Which our fathers freely gave,
O'er the flood;

By a thousand wonders wrought.
In a thousand battles fought,
'Tis a heritage they bought
With their blood.

We shall welcome, while we live,
To our shores the true and great,
But no enemy shall clout
At the cauldron of our State;
For depend,

Should a crack or flaw be known,
Or a rivet rusty grown,
We have Statesmen of our own
That can mend.

PEGASUS.

Colborne, C. W., June, 1867.

AN INCIDENT OF CIVIL WAR.

ABOUT the middle of the month of June 1835, the city of Bilboa, in northern Spain, then held by a strong garrison of the Christino troops, was invested by the Carlist force under the immediate command of the celebrated Thomas Zumalacarregui. The queen's troops were well supplied with provisions, arms, and all the munitions of war, and enjoyed, besides, an uninterrupted communication with the sea, which was little more than four miles distant, by the river Nervion, on the banks of which Bilboa is situated; whilst the appointments of the besieging army were so utterly wretched in every par-

ticular, that nothing but the strongly-urged personal request of Don Carlos himself induced Zumalacarregui, much against the dictates of his own better judgment, to enter on the task at all.

The feeble operations of the besieging force had proceeded for about ten days—Zumalacarregui having been removed to a distance, in consequence of a wound received on the second day of the siege, which ultimately caused his death—when, an hour after nightfall, a young man enveloped in a large cloak, underneath which he wore the uniform of a Carlist officer, entered the grounds adjoining an elegant mansion, situated close to the sea-shore, on the opposite bank of the river to that occupied by the forces of Don Carlos. The officer was the only son, indeed the only child, of Don Ricardo Silva, the proprietor of the house and grounds. At the breaking out of the civil war, he had taken up arms as a Volunteer in the Carlist cause, and at an early period had been rewarded for his gallantry and zeal with a commission. From that time circumstances had not permitted him to revisit his parental home until now, when, the regiment to which he was attached forming a part of the force investing Bilboa, he gladly availed himself of what he deemed a favorable opportunity for that purpose. Before leaving the Carlist camp, he made inquiry of a soldier named Murito, serving in the ranks of his own battalion—who had deserted from the Christino garrison at the commencement of the siege, and who might be supposed to be tolerably well acquainted with the habits of the queen's troops in the locality—as to the danger he was likely to incur of falling in with any of them on that side of the river, which was occupied by them exclusively. The man assured him that, even previous to the investment of the place, the troops were not allowed to remain without the gates after sunset on any pretext; and that he might proceed after that hour to his father's residence, and return in perfect safety, provided his stay was not prolonged beyond sunrise on the following morning. Relying on this assurance, therefore, Lieutenant Silva had proceeded on foot along the river on that side occupied by the Carlists, until he had arrived opposite his father's mansion, when, hailing a fisherman, he was ferried across, and in a few minutes more was sheltered beneath the parental roof.

On the warmth of the greeting which welcomed him, after an absence of years, during which he had been exposed to all the vicissitudes of a cruel and exterminating warfare, we need not dwell. Under such circumstances, it will be readily conceived

that by the little party, composed of the young man and his parents, the lapse of time was unheeded; minutes and hours flew swiftly by. Midnight had not long been past; but as the lieutenant propose starting on his return by daybreak, beyond which time it would be imprudent for him to remain on the Christino side of the river, none thought of retiring to rest. It wanted still some hours of dawn, when, during a momentary pause in the conversation, a distant tinkling sound, borne on the night wind, caused the youth to start from his seat and throw open the casement, which looked upon the lawn in front of the mansion. A moment of breathless suspense followed, then a freshing of the breeze, and with it a renewal of the sound, which his practised ear now readily distinguished as the ringing of hoofs and the clank of cavalry equipments. Such sounds heard on this side of the river plainly told him that the enemy was at hand, and needed not the additional evidence to that effect which was furnished in another minute by the sight of the lance-flags and shakos, the shape of which, sharply defined and relieved against the bright moonlit sky, bespoke the appearance of a Christino squadron. At the same time they left the high road, and entering the grounds of Don Ricardo, advanced at a rapid pace towards the house; thus rendering their intention, however mysterious the source of their information, but too obvious—the arrest of the Carlist officer.

Lieutenant Silva and his parents were too well acquainted with the atrocious and unrelenting system of extermination which characterised the proceedings of the belligerent parties in the Carlist war, not to know that arrest under such circumstances was synonymous with death; that should a Christino prison once close upon him, it would open only to conduct him to a bloody grave. Paralysed by the unexpected appearance of the foe, the alarmed group stood for a few seconds in a state of indecision. The young soldier was the first to recover presence of mind. Extinguishing the lights which stood on the table, he announced his intention of descending into the Fiend's Fishpond, whence, after the withdrawal of the Christinos, he could be easily extricated, and ferried across the river. The Fiend's Fishpond was a frightful pit in the garden immediately behind the mansion, similar in form to a draw-well, and about twenty feet in diameter, produced apparently by some convulsion of nature, and deriving its singular appellation from some wild legend having its origin in the superstition of the neighboring peasantry. Being situated within a few yards of the shore, a subterraneous