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HURRAH! HURRAH! FOR NORLAND.

Set to Music by S. Holt, B. M., 17th Regt.
Men of Norland, draw the sword;
Set your households all in order.
See, there comes a rabble horde—
A storm-cloud darkens on our border.
Come, man your guns, true Norland sons
Of sires famed in battle story.
Strike home, strike home; a time has come
To fight for freedom and for glory.

CHORUS.

True Norland men, we're staunch and steady;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Norland!
Let foemen come; they'll find us ready;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Norland!

From Lake St. Clair to Newfoundland,
Hark! the bugle sounds "Assemble."
Up! defend your native land;
Be not you the men to tremble.
Recall the fight on Queenston height;
Remember the Stadacona foreland;
The glorious fray at Chateauguay,
In the bloody, brave old days of Norland.

CHORUS.

True Norland men, we're &c.

On Erie and Ontario's shore,
Midst Niagara's ceaseless thunder,
Where broad St. Lawrence rapids roar,
Meet greeting give these viras of plunder.
Meet them beside the St. Croix tide,
By bosky bank of Ouangondy,
Acadia's strand, in Rupert's land,
Or on the foaming waves of Fundy.

CHORUS.

True Norland men, we're &c.

With sword, and gun, and shot and shell,
Then come on, godless, reckless raider,
We'll let our children's children tell
How met the Norland men in invader.
No bandits vile shall e'er defile
The freedom's sacred soil of our land,
Then, foemen, hear, by all that's dear,
We'll stand or fall by our lov'd Norland.

CHORUS.

True Norland men, we're staunch and steady,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Norland!
Let foemen come; they'll find us ready;
God save the Queen and Norland!

HALIFAX, 1867.

MAXIMILIAN OF AUSTRIA.

(FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.)

Harper's Magazine, Nov., 1863.

As the name of the Archduke Maximilian of Austria has been brought somewhat prominently before the American public of late, as the probable occupant of the new Imperial throne of Mexico, I have thought it might not be uninteresting to give a short sketch of that prince.

The writer, or rather talker, as he would wish the reader to consider him, had, during several years of close communication, both official and otherwise, with his Imperial Royal Highness (then Viceroy of the Provinces of Lombardo-Venete), many usual opportunities of learning his true character and worth, as well as understanding his re-

markable ability—which extends not only to matters within the range of drawing-rooms and courts, but to the minute details of scientific and manual labor. But what he had to note, and that with wonder, was the total freedom of this prince from the many prejudices which usually hang upon and overwhelm with ridiculous affectation the scions of royalty.

With our press it has long been the fashion, in imitation of that of England, to decry Austria and everything Austrian: and the chief object of this "chat" is to correct many evil impressions that have gone forth against that nationality, as well as to prove that there are men high in its councils, who, though born and nurtured at its court, and surrounded by the traditions and superstitions fallacies of "royal right and sovereign prerogative," are yet intelligent and far-seeing enough to value, to their fullest extent, not only the American people, but the free and enlightened institutions by which they are governed.

One such is the subject of this sketch: Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph, Archduke of Austria, Commander-in-Chief of the I. R. Marine, etc., etc., and eldest brother of the present Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph I.

Raised in the gayest capital in Germany, or, perhaps, in the whole world; educated at one of its most brilliant courts, this prince, though always of a cheerful disposition, was never prone to frivolity or the many follies by which young men, situated like himself, usually enervate alike their brains and systems. While others were flitting the "golden moments" away—taking part in pompous shows, or indulging in the effeminacies of a life at court—he was innured with his professors, or deeply intent upon some erudite work of his great friend Humboldt.

Educated, too, by men who feared not to tell him the truth—men who had his welfare solely at heart, he "possessed opportunities"—I am using his own words—"seldom, alas! accorded to princess." Nor has he shown himself to be unworthy or unappreciative of the lore and devotion thus bestowed upon him by his early teachers.

Like all of the Austrian princes, Ferdinand Max. or the Archduke Maximilian, as he is called by the English, had to begin with the lowest rank of his profession, and although his exalted birth has of course been instrumental in securing him his present high position, I have been assured by those who have known him best that his talents would have placed him there sooner or later. His knowledge of nautical affairs is surprising, extended from holy-stoning a peck to close-hauling a frigate; while many

are the anecdotes told of his regarding for some time a stupid "landlubber" trying to tie some complicated knot or other, and finally losing all patience, and "tending a hand" himself.

At such times he generally ends by saying: "There, you stupid yellow, your Admiral has to show you how to do things properly."

But once, it is recorded, the Admiral got a retort from a plain, thick-headed Dalmatian, who, chafed at seeing a thing done so easily which had seemed to him so impossible, grumbled as he turned away, "Many thanks! If I got your pay I could do it too."

Though eminently ambitious, Maximilian has never lent himself to any of the numerous cabals of the court, either to abet his followers' cravings or to satisfy his own; still it has been his fate to play a prominent and distinguished part in his history of the Austrian Empire, which has yet to be acknowledged and appreciated by the world. The true extent of the wisdom and liberality shown by this prince, in his rule over the people of the Lombardo-Venete, will probably never be known outside of a certain circle, nor properly appreciated even by the people in whose behalf it was exerted. Nobly he did what he thought to be his duty. Self-sacrificing, he threw every obstacle in the way of the stern military despotism urged as a necessity by designing men upon the central Government, and not only ameliorated the position of the Italian people under his charge by vast improvements undertaken and supported by his own private purse, but proved himself, too, so kindly lenient as to win their sincere affection. The first time I saw the Archduke Maximilian was at Venice, upon the occasion of the festivities and ceremonies usual during Easter holidays. It was Easter Sunday, that day of joy and promise to the Christian world, and it was to be celebrated with all the pomp and gorgeous ceremony peculiar to the Roman church. His Imperial Highness, as well as the young and charming Princess, his wife, was to assist at the attendant procession, which promised to be a very grand affair. Being desirous of seeing a prince whom I had heard so often and so favorably spoken of, I determined to break through my usual custom, which was to avoid crowds, and become a spectator of the pageantry.

Venice—with its romantic and interesting memories, its magnificent palaces and majestic domes—possesses, even amidst its ruins, more accessories for grand spectacles than any other city in the world. Every thing there is unreal—thoatrical. The very architecture is of a strange, gorgeous richness, which seems more like the aereal fret-work

St. Cath. Review, 1871.