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FOR THE "REVIEW."

MY NATIVE LAND.

BY MARY A. M'IVER.

Though strangers speak of softer skies,
Of bluer waves that sink and rise
Leaving full many a lovelier shore
Renowned in song and tale of yore;
I would not forfeit the dear claim
I hold upon my place of birth,
But call it by a glorious name,
The freest, fairest land on earth!

My native land! my native land!
Though mine may never be the hand.
In crowded marts or forest ways.
To wake thy lyre to worthy lays,
Yet dear thy fame unto thy child,
And doubly dear thy honest worth,
Thy young aspirings glad and wild,
O, freest, fairest land on earth!

And should there come a darker hour
For all this fame and all this pow'r,
Should e'er the war-cloud blot the blue
Of thy clear sky, thy children true,
The best and bravest 'mong our band
Shall guard each peaceful home and hearth,
And thou wilt still as ever stand
The freest, fairest land on earth!
Ottawa, August, 1867.

STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY CARROLL RYAN.

No. IV.—CHAMPLAIN.

For many years after the last voyage of Verazzano, all attempts to found a colony in the New World were abortive; and from the time of Stefano Gomez until Philip Chabot, Admiral of France, persuaded Francis to send an expedition to Canada, under Jacques Cartier, a space of ten years, from 1524 to 1534, nothing seems to have been done to open the great land of the West. It is not my intention to dwell upon the story of the voyages of that redoubted captain; it is simple and well known, as is his meditative picture—certainly a handsome fellow, and a good sailor and true man, fitted to live in a better time. After the glory of his discoveries, we find his name fade away in history until even the time, manner, and place of his death are unknown. However, we need not wonder at this when we remember the inglorious manner in which Cartier deserted Roberval

in the Road of St. John's. But perhaps he was wise in his generation. He had penetrated far into the country—had lived a winter in it—knew the natives and their ways pretty well; and it is not at all strange that he and his followers should shrink from again enduring the miseries of the past. Roberval's settlement was a sad and painful affair. He was a better man and a greater hero than Cartier, for he did not cease in his efforts to carry out the great scheme of colonization, until he had wrecked his fortune and lost his life in the most ungrateful service ever man endured. In the days when people without religion were butchering each other about its forms, the great Coligni fell, and his colony in Florida died with him. Fifty years passed away, and many more captains sailed down into the deep with great ships, and were never heard of more.

The Marquis de la Roche deserves mention for reckless cruelty. Forty miserable convicts were landed by him on Sable Island, and, after seven years of misery, twelve of these poor creatures were found alive, and La Roche died of a broken heart, in misfortune and neglect. And so the dreary tale proceeds until we come to Pontgrave, the first *voyageur*. He it was who first established the fur trade, and his name will ever be associated in history with the great Champlain, who was the first to establish a permanent settlement in Canada after nearly a century of failure and disaster. Upon the ruins of the Indian town of Stadacona, Champlain founded the proud city of Quebec. Little does the grand old capital of to-day resemble the town built by the pious Champlain—a few miserable huts, inhabited by still more miserable people, who wrung a scanty living from stream and forest, and whose days and nights were spent in physical strife with the surrounding savages, or in the hardly less bitter moral strife of religious faction amongst themselves. When Champlain returned to the infant colony in 1615, he pushed on up to Montreal. On this occasion he was accompanied by a Jesuit Father, and, among others, a hardy youth who had followed his

fortunes from France. On arriving at the ancient Indian settlement of Hochelaga, he found those irrepressible children of nature, the Hurons, banding themselves with the Algonquins and other tribes, for a grand set-to with the Iroquois, the unconquerable aristocrats of the woods. Champlain unwisely allied himself with the former, and was elected chief of the expedition by the allies; who, though they expected great things from him, either could not or would not render him obedience. With this uncouth horde he marched against the Iroquois, whom he found arrayed in full strength and strongly entrenched behind felled trees, in a difficult and dangerous part of the forest. A bloody battle ensued, in which the allies were defeated, Champlain himself wounded, and a great many prisoners taken, among whom was the lad I have mentioned. According to Indian custom on like occasions, the prisoners were led forth and put to death with the most frightful tortures, and the Iroquois, whose hatred for the French was something intense, determined to reckon upon this unfortunate boy the vengeance they hoarded for his people. For this purpose they kept him for a crowning morsel, as a child will keep the sweetest bit for the last. But while they were engaged in this innocent amusement, a war party of Algonquins came whooping and dancing into their midst, creating "most admired disorder," and in the general scuffle and slaughter that followed, the boy managed to escape, but only to fall into the hands of another tribe who carried him far into the interior. For many years he lived with them, and, having imbibed a taste for savage life, he forgot or seemed to have forgotten his native land and the friend and patron of his youth. At length the increasing power of the French so greatly alarmed the Indians, that an extensive conspiracy was set on foot for the utter and total destruction of the colonists. This was too much for the exiled Frenchman, and he managed to convey such information to the Jesuite Fathers, who were at that time proselytizing in the woods, as led to the overthrow of the conspiracy. As time wore on, and the boy had grown into a