



# The Volunteer Review

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For the REVIEW.

## OUR HORSE VOLUNTEER.

With a tear and a smile, with a hearty farewell,  
With a bound from the earth, he is seated in  
selle;

And little he recked of plunge, kick or rear,  
So firm is the seat of our Horse Volunteer.

With a kiss from the matron, a smile from the  
mauld,

How gaily he goes with his bright shining blade;  
The clunk of his scabbard sounds pleasantly clear,  
And rings the advance of our Horse Volunteer.

He pierces the forest, and skims o'er the down,  
Rides through the hamlet, curvets through the  
town;

There are kind looks that greet him from eyes  
that are dear,

That in life to brave deeds our Horse Volunteer.

He swims the broad river; and should his steed  
fall,

Boldly slips from the saddle, grasping stirrup or  
tail,\*

Till safely he's landed, then resumes his career,  
To where duty calls on our Horse Volunteer.

He leads the advance, is the last in retreat,  
Ever ready, and seeking his foeman to meet,  
And scouts for his column on front, flank and  
rear,

So varied the duties of our Horse Volunteer.

When charging in squadron like a whirlwind he  
goes,

And plunges full deep in the ranks of his foes;  
The ring of his broadsword on bayonet and spear  
is the music that's loved by our Horse Volunteer.

He is loyal to his Queen, his country and laws;  
For right and for justice his bright blade he  
draws;

He laughs at all danger, only Heaven doth fear:  
Such the creed and the faith of our Horse Volun-  
teer.

SABREUR.

\*A feat which a bold horseman can easily per-  
form.

From the New Dominion Monthly.

## THE TWINS.

BY AN EX GARRISON CHAPLAIN.

The facts narrated in the following "over true tale" were known by the writer, when acting some years since as chaplain to the garrison of K—; and were prepared for publication at the time, but were not printed, as some military friends of high rank and much experience were of the opinion that the sad story of sin and suffering and wrong might interfere with the enlistment of soldiers, which was then being actively carried on; and, perhaps, be productive of

other evils. Now, however, as the curtain of life's stage has fallen before almost all the actors in this tragedy, and a great change for the better has been made with regard to enlistments, and the use of the lash, these few chapters are written for "The New Dominion Monthly," in hope of their proving useful to soldiers and civilians.

Robert and William, twin sons of Michael and Mary Maher, may be well said to have been orphans from their birth, as their mother died in that hour, and their father was never heard to utter a word from that time till the day of his death. The parents had been children of neighbors, who both rented small farms from the same landlord, and were always friends, helping one another in the cultivation of their land, and bringing up their families more decently and comfortably than many others among them, although equally pressed by rent and taxes, and the uncertainty of crops. Their comparative prosperity commenced from the time at which the two farmers took the 'Total Abstinence Pledge before the great and good Theobald Matthew; and continued, because, unlike many others, they honestly kept their vow. Michael and Mary had grown up together, and when they were respectively twenty-two and nineteen years of age, thought it quite time to get married and start in life for themselves; but the parents of both, contrary to the common practice of the Irish, objected to this speedy and pleasant arrangement, and decided that the marriage should not "come off" until the young couple had a small "bit of ground and a cabin" for themselves. O, Father Matthew, many a hasty and improvident match you have prevented; and well would it be for poverty stricken peasants at home and "poor exiles of Erin" abroad, if their matches had been made where your rule prevailed, instead of at fairs or market, in the tent or tavern, amid dancing, drunkenness and debauchery.

The years "dragged their slow length along" for the impatient lovers, and then constancy to each other, and obedience to the decision of their parents, harsh though it seemed to them at the time, met their reward. One of the neighbors, worn down by the hopeless struggle to hold his ground against a high rent, a large family, and an insatiable thirst for the insinuating "craytur," whisky, cut his growing corn crop one moonlight night, sold it, his cow and pig, and started for "the States," leaving his

landlord to whistle, if he liked, for three years' rent, and sundry shopkeepers to cheat their honest customers to make up what they had lost by a rogue.

The landlord of the vacant farm, knowing the steady habits of Michael Maher's family, gave him the place at a fair rent; and there a year of wedded happiness, with prospects of future prosperity, suddenly ended in the death of the wife, the idiocy of the husband, and the orphanage of "The Twins," the principal subject of my story.

In the confusion caused by the awfully sudden death of their mother, the twins were hurriedly laid in the same cradle, without any mark to distinguish one from the other, or tell which was the first born—a matter of little, if any, importance, as they inherited no broad acres or stocks in the funds, but came into the world to make their own way there as best they might, in the race of life; and they were so wonderfully alike that until they were able to answer to their names, and appropriate Robert to one and William to the other, those names were given to them indiscriminately; and often, when they had grown up, one who wanted either was obliged to ask which he was addressing like the Irishman who wished to see one of two brothers, who were almost counterparts, and said: "Why, thin, yer honor, is it yerself or yer brother I'm speaking to?"

The orphans were taken on that miserable day to the home which their mother had left twelve months before as a bride; and there, loved and nursed and caressed by both families, they passed their early years, as free from the ills of their melancholy lot as it was possible for them to be, and bound together by the strongest ties of affection. They never were separate, if possible, night or day, sleeping in one bed, and wandering about the farms, when unoccupied, with their arms around each other's neck; and never having spoken one angry word between them during their lives; and yet, although so loving and so much alike in form and feature, they were totally unlike in mental power and other parts of their natural disposition—Robert, who, perhaps for these reasons, generally passed for the elder brother, being talented, quick in manner, and fond of study; while William was (well, it may be as well said) dull, if not stupid, eager for all sorts of fun and frolic, and only learning a little from books, or at school, for he must be with his brother. Time passed on; the children grew into boys; the boys went to a day school in the neighboring village, where Robert soon took the first place in his classes, and managed by hearty and hard work, to teach William at home, to enable him to hold his place in