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For the REVIEW.

OUR COUNTRY.

Our country! oh, the magic name
Can kindle in our hearts a flame
So bright, so pure, it will not die
Until these pulses throbbless lie;
Until the sounds we love to hear
Shall lose their meaning to the ear,
And the sweet songs of home no more
Shall thrill our spirits as of yore.

Our country! on her smiling plains
The silent dews, the tanoful rains,
The light subdued, the cloudless skies,
Like troops of voiceless elves have been,
Till springing wheat and tasselled corn
Wave blithely to the breeze of morn,
And in the long grass cool and sweet
Low, hidden blossoms kiss our feet.

Our country! in her grand, old woods
Stern solitude in stillness broods,
Like some recluse of olden days
Vowed to a life of voiceless praise,
And oft through leafy holsters dim
Is borne the burden of a hymn
Haunting eternally the mind
Of that wild choirster, the wind.

Our country! on her broad, clear lakes.
The rosy light of dawning breaks
As brightly as on waves which no
Serenely, 'neath the old world's sky,
And on each river's ample breast
The radiant cloud-isles of the West
Float, as on some enchanted stream,
Or moveless rest, as in a dream.

Our country! on her lovely hills
The music of descending rills
Makes gladder with its silvery flow
The valleys which repose below;
And often o'er those lonely heights
The strange and fitful Northern lights
Fill the void halls of air with flame
And shifting glories, ne'er the same.

Our country! chasteless, happy, free,
As she has been so may she be,
May years of plenty and of peace
Attend her still, nor know decrease,
And while this pleasant land of ours
Knows genial warmth and fresh'ning showers,
May we her children ever share
His love who made our land so fair!

IDA.

Sept. 30th, 1867.

The New York Nation has said nothing more sensible lately than that "if Mexico would put Escobedo to hard labor in macadamizing roads, hang her brigands, collect her taxes and establish tolerable courts of justice, no warrant there will be little talk anywhere about regenerating her from the outside."

STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY CARROLL RYAN.

No. IX.—HAVERHILL.

The isolated New England frontier post of Haverhill was a quiet and, considering the way the world wags, a happy spot. It consisted of a small log fort and a village of some dozen or so palisaded huts; it was garrisoned by about thirty men capable of bearing arms, New Englanders of that day, who were then in the transition state between the round-headed Puritan, of whom we read occasionally, and the full fledged irrepressible Yankee, whom we see—so much the worse for us—more than occasionally. The armament of this fort consisted of two "swivel wall pieces" and a brass howitzer of doubtful calibre, two barrels of gunpowder, twice as many of pork, sixty muskets, twenty halberts, twenty three women and seventeen children, all of which were as likely to aid or annoy the besieged as the besiegers; that is supposing they were besieged. The commander of this impregnable frontier garrison was an old British officer who possessed all the attributes which go to form the character of a soldier and a gentleman. Cool, brave, gentle and determined, he possessed in a high degree what Chesterfield so greatly admired and strongly recommended, and which by the way is one of the few good hits in his worse than frivolous letters. The *suaviter in modo* and *fortiter in re*. Captain Vernon might have been a little, just a little, too great an admirer of the Marquis de Marnet, and loved the "pomp and circumstance of war," though no one hated to see misery and desolation more than he. His family consisted of an only child and a housekeeper, the widow of one of his followers who was killed in the Flemish wars, and who was nearly as great a veteran as himself and who arrogated to herself the position of second in command. His daughter was a fair and gentle girl who had numbered about eighteen years of a life, the greatest sorrow of which was the loss of her mother, and the greatest joy the fond love of her father. For

nearly ten years the fair influence of peace was cast upon the western settlements; the wild hunters from the interior came and bartered their furs at the trading posts of the borders and smoked the Calumet at fires of the whiteman. Among others of the Five Nations who visited the fort of Haverhill was a chief of the name of Uterone; this aboriginal gentleman had acquired, from his intercourse with the whites, a taste for higher civilization, dashed with a strong partiality for what is known in the present as forty-rod, sudden death, or chain lightning, but which was called Rum in the uncuphical days of which I write, and which the brother of the great Tecumseh justly designated "The whiteman's devil that has eaten up the hearts of our people."

Uterone during his visits to Haverhill had looked upon Letty Vernon and saw she was passing fair, and then the idea entered his wise noddle that she would greatly embellish his wigwam on the banks of the Mohawk, so having one day dressed himself out in his best paint and feathers he presented himself at the fort and after the usual ceremonies, he thus delivered himself to the astonished Commandant—"Me big Mohawk Indian, great man, want wife, white brother's child very good, me like him. Plenty fur, plenty friends, plenty French scalps, plenty rum - what you say, ugh?" Now there are some things which the best natured man in the world may not endure with equanimity, and this was too much for the good Captain, so after delivering himself in the most unmistakable terms, he bade the savage leave the settlement and never show his ugly visage about it again, and Uterone folded his robe about him and silently departed for his lodge on the Mohawk.

About this time, be it understood, the English had begun to intrigue extensively with the northern tribes to curtail the growing power of the French, who were gradually extending their posts along the great lakes and down to the waters of the Wabash and Mississippi. The French Governor becoming aware of this, determined to strike a blow at the British power which would effectually lower it in the estimation of his Indian allies,