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ARISE! MY COUNTRYMEN, ARISE!

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Arise, my countrymen, arise!
Let no invading foe
E'er desecrate the land we prize,
With misery and woe!
By lake and river's bounding wave
Go meet them when they come,
And only let them find a grave
In Canada, our home!

Arise! Canadians, as before,
In wild, resistless might,
And on your rabble foemen pour
The vengeance of the right.
And let them understand that we
The birthright will maintain,
Of glory, love and liberty
Without a blot or stain!

What know we of their foreign wrongs,—
We've done to them no ill,—
And what by right to us belongs
We'll hold defiant still!
And if unto our happy shore,
Should come those sons of shame,
We'll meet them, as we did before,
With battle, death and flame!

Arise! Canadians to the call
Of duty stern and high!
'Tis great in such a cause to fall,
In such a way to die!
Then onward to the battle field
And let the wretches know,
That Britons and Canadians yield
To no invading foe!

ON GUARD.

I CONFESS that on the night when the Hundred and ninth dined with us, I took a great deal more alcoholic drink than I should have done. Mr. Gough would say, that was very wrong; I reply, that he is very right. Mr. G. might add, that if there was no such stuff as beer, wine, or spirits to be had I could not have so erred, and that, therefore, we should pass a Maine Liquor Law. I reply that, by the same reasoning, all horses should be converted into sausages, to prevent people from ruining themselves on the turf; that money, which is the root of all evil, should at once be plucked out of human institutions, that if there was no such thing as marriage, there could be no such thing as divorce; and that a community of goods would prevent the possibility of theft

I, lead extenuating circumstances; my present life was so new to me. Six months previously, I had been a quiet, dreamy, middle-aged married man, living in the country, and devoted to entomology, when there came that telegram from the heights of Alma, which gave the combative bump of every man and boy in England such a magnetic thrill that it has not left off tingling yet, and a hint from our lord-lieutenant made me accept a commission in the militia. I was now a smart, gay, young bachelor lieutenant (I had still a wife somewhere, but was there not a sentry on the barrack-gate?), one of the garrison of Eddystone, and, on this particular evening, president of the mess. Our guests were officers of the line, who had just returned from India, and were soon going out to the Crimea, and I had to drink champagne with every one of them; and I appeal to the soberest of men—to you, sir—whether you could allow a cold, unreasonable, heartless, heeled-up to remain in your glass when you were drinking to a man who, in a few weeks, was to be shot at in your quarrel. And, after all, I was not very far gone, it is true that I sang a song; but I went to bed unassisted, wound up my watch, and pulled off my boots. I also remember my last thoughts before going to sleep, which were, that I was glad there was no early parade next morning, but sorry that the room would go round and round, and round and round, like a dry MacIstrom.

I had two remarkable dreams that night. First, I sat in a tower in Jerusalem, which was being battered by the Romans, and at each heavy thud, thud of the ram, I felt the walls tremble and shake, but did not care how soon they fell, for we had been out of water for a month. Then I was once more a little boy at school, and very thirsty, at a short distance off, I could see the pastry-cook's, with 'Iced Lemonade' written in letters of gold upon the window pane, and, lo! a thrice happy youth was draining a goblet thereof with an eagerness which raised my desire for drink to madness, but between the spot where I stood and the coveted draught was a blank wall, and at fifteen paces therefrom stood a row of fifth form boys, with tennisballs in their hands. Thump, thump, whack, thump came those balls about my ears, as, crouched against the wall, I—I woke, and discovered that some one was knocking, with the regular single punch of a Nasmyth hammer, at the door, and that my mouth and throat were too

parched to tell him to come in. However, I managed to utter some inarticulate cry, which was properly understood, and Sergt. Thompson entered the room, closed the door, brought his heels together, and saluted. Like an old soldier and an intelligent man as he is, Sergeant Thompson rightly interpreted my glance at the cupboard, and going thither, he produced a bottle of soda-water.

Pop! wobble, wobble, fische!—and the sensations of years were crowded into the time it would have taken to count five; for those few seconds, I was in Paradise, but the sergeant soon dashed me to the earth.

'You are for guard, sir, said he, taking the empty tumbler from my hand.

'For guard!—I!'

'Yes, sir; Mr. Arundel was taken ill last night, and you come next. The adjutant says you must be on the square in half an hour.'

'But, but—I have never been on guard; that is, I have only been as supernumerary.'

'Must make a beginning, sir.'

'I hope I am under a captain. Is it the Dock yard?'

'No, sir, Lockman Dock—the Magazine, as it's called.'

'Ah, well, the sergeant will tell me what to do: who is he?'

'Don't know, sir; we don't find the guard.'

'What! and who do, then?'

'The marines, sir, I believe; and he saluted and went.'

Giddy and ill as I was, I had to be on the square in half an hour—I, who generally take an hour to dress!

Our adjutant, who looked after his officers as a cat after her kittens, or the captain of a college-boat after his crew, joined me as I left the barrack gate, and poured advice and encouragement into my ear. He told me that I knew all I had to do, because we had practised it previously, reminding me how we had gone about our own barrack-square relieving imaginary guards and visiting fancy sentries, then he explained everything minutely, informed me that I could not make a mistake, it was all so very simple, but damped this encouraging assurance with the reminder, that the general was very particular, and that any blunder of mine would be a disgrace to the Regiment; and so we arrived at the parade. Therestood the officer guards in a long red line; there were the colours, and the band, and the brigade-major, and there, in the distance, overwatching the proceedings like a grim Jupiter, the awful general; and there, too, were a select body of ladies, nursery-maids, and