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ENGLAND'S FLAG AND CANADA.

AIR.—BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

Hurrah for our Canada!
With joy we hail the morn,
That ushers in our destiny—
That tells a nation born.
Old England's flag! we honor it!
High let it float and wave—
The flag our fathers loved so dear—
The noble and the brave.

Hurrah for Canada!
For Canada, hurrah!
Hurrah for the bonny old flag
The standard of the brave.

We've clung to our brave ancestor
As children leal and true,
Brunswick and Scotia honored he,
Quebec, Ontario too;
And now united, firm and strong,
Her banner still will wave,
"Old England and our country,
Is the motto of the brave.

Hurrah, &c.

Should foeman e'er invade our home,
Or dare pollute our soil,
We'll raise aloft the bonny old flag,
Their base attempts we'll foil—
For strong and brave our arms shall prove,
Against all who dare assail—
Old England's flag in Canada
Will ever more prevail.

Hurrah, &c.

STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY CARROLL RYAN.

No. 1.—CORTEREAL.

It was an odd looking craft, rolling clumsily along and up a great river whose unknown source was far away in the western wilderness; her poop, a marvel of strange devices, towered high above her fore decks with its wooden galleries and ugly sea monsters—all eyes and fins—their tails tied into knots, and their queer goggling optics looking with astonishment on that element to which they were supposed to belong.

This was a long time ago, so long ago that there is, I find, some difficulty in fixing the date; however, that will not make any difference in my story. It was in the age of wonders, when nothing was too extraordinary for belief; a new continent had just been added to the world; the age of chivalry had passed away, and a new order of men and things was springing into existence.

The progressive idea had taken hold of

the minds of men, but a wild and convulsive spirit had risen with it and showed itself in ways unfamiliar to old world notions. Strange men with odd manners, wild ways and queer tongues, flung gold about them with a profusion that argued its easy attainment, and told wonderful stories of the beauties, richness, and adventure found in the new lands that lay afar off towards sunset.

In those days many a worthy gentleman ventured his life and fortune over the western ocean, not content with plenty and security they sought the attainment of some impossible good which imagination, disordered by excitement, led them to believe as certain.

At this time there was a bold restless spirit infested the Court of the King of Portugal; Gaspar Cortereal he was called, which name may, perhaps, give his pedigree to the speculative reader; physically robust, he was animated by a wild and ambitious spirit that thirsted for fame and riches. A troublesome customer he was about the Court of the King, continually getting into scrapes, and giving no end of annoyance to every one about him. Eventually Portugal became either too narrow or too hot to hold him, and the newly discovered continent presented the best sphere where one of his dare-devil proclivities could expand into the full bloom of adventure.

One highly successful voyage this bold Captain had already made: slaves, timber and valuable furs he brought home with him. No doubt could be entertained of his motives, for the advancement of science and the good of mankind had no share in his calculations, and he was rewarded accordingly.

His first venture having turned out so well he determined on a second, and he soon had the gratification of setting sail for the west with as graceless a gang of ragamuffins under his command as ever spread canvas to the breeze.

And this was his ship forcing her way laboriously up the unknown waters of the great river. Much were they astonished and delighted by the wild magnificence of the lands through which they were sailing,

and counted in the lust of greed on the treasures it would yield them. By treachery they had sullied their greatness in this wild region; the poor natives who had received and treated them as Gods, they seized and carried away into slavery. Great, simple, and kind-hearted beings those savages were according to the accounts given of them by the old writers, but among their other virtues they numbered *memory*—an excellent gift, as they who sailed in this ship were to learn to their cost, as have their descendants even to our own day. Well, the ship continued her course, and in a few days cast anchor in the mouth of a tributary stream.

A collection of wigwams, surrounded by rough palisades, on the slope of a lofty hill was an Indian town, and the headquarters of a mighty Chieftain of those days. This Chieftain was a great admirer of the white strangers, and when the ship arrived near his village, he set out in state to pay it a visit. Along with him he took his two sons and a respectable following. Upon drawing near the ship he rose in his canoe and made a great oration, which, unfortunately, has not been preserved, as the white men who heard it did not understand a single word; but their Captain, a witty fellow of great resource made reply in as courtly and complimentary strain as he could, and ended by inviting his illustrious visitor aboard. They drank wine and ate fruit together, and by various signs expressed their great regard and brotherly love for each other. But the Indian had not forgotten the loss of his followers, and laid about him for means of quiet revenge, for he was in great dread of the power of the mysterious strangers.

Some days passed away in the interchange of mutual good offices, but strange to relate, no day went by without being marked by the disappearance of one or more of the crew.

At length, one day a hunting party returning to the ship discovered that one of their number was as usual absent. Active search was made, but for a long time without success; at length the truant made his appearance on the shore, and was soon