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## AN INCIDENT AT SADOWA

The cannon were belching their lust  
O'er the fields where the routed were flying,  
And shouting pursuers strode fast  
Through the heaps of the dead and the dying.

War's rage was beginning to wane;  
The fierce cared no longer to strike;  
And the good stopped to soften the pain  
Of victors and vanquished alike.

A yellow-haired Austrian lad  
Lay at length on a shot-furrowed bank,  
He was comely and daintily clad  
In the glittering dress of his rank.

Not so white, though, his coat as his cheek,  
Nor so red the sash crossing his chest,  
As the horrible crimson streak  
Of the blood that had welled from his breast.

His foes approached where he was laid,  
To bear him in reach of their skill;  
But he murmured, "Give others your aid;  
By our Fatherland! let me lie still."

At dawn they came searching again,  
To winnow the quick from the dead;  
The boy was set free from his pain,  
And his faithful young spirit had fled.

As they lifted his limbs from the ground,  
To hide them away out of sight,  
Lo! under his bosom they found  
The flag he had borne through the night.

He had folded the silk he loved well,  
Lest a shred should be seen at his side,  
To save it from capture he fell,  
To save it from capture he died.

The head of the ste. nest was bared  
As they gazed on the shot-riven rag,  
And the hand of the hardiest spared,  
To make prey of that Austrian flag.

O'er the tomb of their brother they bowed,  
With a prayer for a spirit as brave;  
And they gave him a flag for a shroud  
In his narrow and nameless grave.

BLOOMFIELD JACKSON, M.A.

## BLUCHER'S JUDGMENT.

Few were the youths throughout the kingdom of Prussia that were allowed to stay at home in the eventful year of 1813. A war, more terrible, more vindictive than any one that had ever visited the continent of Europe, was raging throughout the land, and the country could spare none of its defenders. Also the king had called his people to

arms by means of that famous proclamation which will be considered for evermore as one of the noblest documents in German history. They were true to the call—old and young, they left their homes, rushed to the colors, took up arms, and never laid them down till they had driven the enemy under the very walls of Paris.

The inhabitants of Silesia, well known for their loyalty and patriotism, had not stood behind amid the general enthusiasm. There was not a family in the province that had not contributed its contingent to the national affair; and many a heart was throbbing painfully whenever a new intelligence was spread of another of those dreadful battles which, by ridding the country of an odious enemy, threw sorrow and affliction upon many a quiet and peaceable home.

On a sultry summer evening, in the year before mentioned, an old woman was sitting before her humble cottage in the little Silesian village of Burnheim. She had put the distaff aside, and was reading the Bible, which lay opened on her knees. Whilst she was repeating the holy words in an undertone to herself, her ears caught the sound of quick footsteps, and a long shadow emerged from behind the cottage. The old woman trembled violently, the moment afterwards her uplifted eyes fell upon the figure of a handsome and well-made lad, in a military attire.

"How are you, mother?"  
She rose, and threw her trembling arms round his neck. "God be thanked, my boy, that I see thee again! But how pale and haggard thou lookest." She went on after a pause: "To be sure, thou must be very tired, and very hungry too!"

She led him in the room to the old arm-chair, and urged him to sit down and repose himself a little, while she herself would prepare him some supper.

"What did he like best? Should she make him an omelet, or roast a chicken? Oh, it was no trouble at all! Dear me, how could he talk of trouble? she was but too glad to do anything for her own dear boy. Yes, she would go and get him a chicken.

The old woman, all bustle and activity, left the room.

The youth did not betray so much pleasure at this hearty reception from his aged parent as might have been expected. He was restless and ill at ease, it seemed as if something was heavily weighing upon his heart,

and when his wandering eye fell upon the portrait of his deceased father, which was hanging right over the chimney piece, presenting that worthy gentleman in the still uniform worn by the king's 'garde du corps' half a century ago, he felt as if the old sergeant was looking at him with a grim frown upon his honest countenance, just as if he experienced a hearty inclination to step out of his worm-eaten rosewood frame, to seize the old knotted hazel stick in the corner, with the brass knob at top, and to apply it to the back of his offspring for about an hour or so; as, in fact, he had been in the habit of doing, many a day in his lifetime, some eight or ten years ago. His restless son felt so much overcome by this latter reflection that, when the old woman came bustling in again, after the lapse of some minutes, with the chicken under her apron, she found her own dear boy with his head in his hands, leaning listlessly upon the table.

He sat up when she came in, but did not look at her. The old woman became attentive. In the joy of her heart, she had never thought yet of asking him any questions except those concerning his appetite. Now it began to strike her that the present period was rather a strange time for a soldier to be on leave of absence.

"Charles!—No answer.

The old woman trembled violently. She dropped the burden, and walked straight up to him. Her honest, wrinkled countenance was full of anxiety and apprehension. Looking at him full in the face, and clapping her hands together, she cried out in agony: "So help me God, Charles, you are a deserter!"

"I couldn't stand it any longer, mother," uttered her wretched son, in a broken voice, by way of apology.

"You couldn't stand it!" said the old woman, exasperated beyond measure; "you couldn't stand it! and hundreds of thousands of your brethren do! Fy, for shame! and with her old, honest, trembling hand, she gave him a smack on the face.

"Mother!" exclaimed the young man, starting up, with the blood rushing to his face.

"Fy, for shame!" she went on, without heeding him in the least, "to bring such a disgrace upon the whole village! What would me say?"—she pointed to where the old warrior was hanging over the chimney-piece, whose stern countenance, illuminated by the rays of the evening sun, seemed indeed to assume an unusual expression of solemn indignation. "Sit down, sit down, I say! you—deserter! It shall not be said that your dead father's house, in the village of Burnheim, is a place of refuge for ruffians, while the whole country is up in arms."