

## XVII.

A goodly shewing, one and all,  
 With "non-coms," rank and file,  
 Selected from the Country round  
 For courage, strength and style;  
 No Jail-birds from the prison drawn;  
 No out-casts from afar;  
 But all are men of rectitude,  
 'Though fighting men in war.  
 We miss poor Colonel Taschereau,  
 Late Major of Brigade,  
 Whose bold, stentorian voice was wont  
 To order the parade.  
 And now the long Review is o'er,  
 Of Military friends;  
 The list of Junior Officers  
 Begins where this one ends.



## XVIII.

Let others write their history  
 When we have passed away,  
 And yielded up our offices  
 That each may have his day:  
 And yet, how much we envy youth!—  
 To think each well-fought field,  
 Won, at the cost of health or limb,  
 To these, at last, we yield!  
 But, one and all, if not *adieu*,  
 At least, an *au revoir*;  
 A soldier's life's a shifting scene  
 Of hope and not despair;  
 Of hope to meet on duty's path,  
 If not in Bower or Hall;  
 And, taking changes as they come,  
 To be prepared for all.



Col. Forest