



The Volunteer Review

And Military and Naval Gazette.

A Journal Devoted to the Interests of the Military and Naval Forces of British North America.

VOL. I.

OTTAWA, CANADA, MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1867.

No. 49.

For the REVIEW.

RETURN OF THE MUTINEERS.

BY MARY A. MYER.

A ship came drifting in from sea,
Just as the summer night drew down
Her floating veil of mistery
Upon a slumbering ancient town.

Soft fell the star-light on the deck,
But pacing there, a restless throng
Told wild and fearful tales of woe,
And of a yet unpunished wrong.

And ever thro' their hushed discourse
A dark remembrance, like a throd,
Ran, and their very tones grew hoarse
And faltered, when they named the dead.

One whispered: "But a single star
Shone on our pathless course last night,
His face glanced past that golden bar,
I shuddered, for I saw aught."

Another spoke: "His voice, methought,
Filled all the sounding ocean-caves;
Last sunset's gorgeous colors brought
An ominous blood-tint to the waves."

And other lips all quivering said:
"We sought a distant clime unknown,
But e'en on the very winds betrayed,
And wafted us back to our own."

Our memories of stor' my skies,
Of banishment on that lone isle,
Shall make his mother's gentle eyes
Forevermore forget to smile.

And she, in whose high window burned
The light she would not let grow dim,
When she hears that his ship's returned,
How shall we speak to her of him?"

Then one amid that hapless crew
Who to their converse paid no heed,
Said, as aside his cloak he threw:
"Behold this hand hath done the deed:—

Ye listened to his words like law,
Until I turned your hearts away;—
Ye speak of what ye heard and saw
By night,—I see him night and day!

A shadowy pilot, see, he stands,
With dripping hair and cloven brow;
Mark, how he folds his wearied hands,
We're home, his duty's ended now.

And this our fate forevermore,
To sail 'neath an unspoken curse,
Nor find, an unfamiliar shore,
Within the haunted universe!"
Ottawa, Nov. 30, 1867.

THERESA.—A TALE OF QUEBEC.

BY C. H. WEBSTER.

(Concluded from our last.)

CHAPTER III.—A HAPPY FINALE.

Six months had elapsed since the reduction of Quebec, and one morning, Monsieur Villiers and Theresa sat at breakfast in the dining room of their home.

During the three years that had elapsed since Adolphe bade her farewell, Theresa had grown more beautiful than ever. A deeper hue blended in the masses of her magnificent black hair; a more brilliant light flashed in her midnight eyes; her scarlet lips wore a riper swell, and her form had attained more height and added fullness, which gave to her new attractions.

"It has been now six months since we have had a word from Adolphe," said Monsieur Villiers, looking at his daughter earnestly and sadly as he spoke. "It is a long period, and I know something must have occurred, or he would have been with us long ere this, or we should have heard from him in some way. I am afraid he has fallen in battle, or lies wounded and suffering in camp," he added gloomily.

"Do not despair!" said Theresa, encouragingly. "Adolphe, you know, was well when we last heard. It is a long time, I know," she added, with a sigh. "Six long weary months of suspense, and no tidings! But he may be a prisoner, or guarding some point from which it is impossible to communicate to us. We will hope for the best, and not despair, until we know for a certainty the worst.

Then turning the conversation, she asked.

"But, father, how do you like the English officer, Colonel Dwight, who dined with us yesterday at the Frazier's?"

"He seemed noble and chivalrous," replied Monsieur Villiers, "and I noticed was very attentive to you, Theresa. Be prudent my daughter, and not smile upon any of the young British, for Adolphe should claim all your thoughts."

"Oh, *mon pere*, you know Adolphe has my promise and my heart!" replied Theresa, "but surely it is no harm to enjoy a little society in his absence, and the English officers are very *charmant* for a dinner-party or an evening's entertainment."

"My child," replied her father, "I trust you with my own and Adolphe's happiness, and I know that your own is as deeply bound up as ours in the fulfillment of the engagement to take place when Adolphe returns. The English, though our enemies, are brave and bold, yet I cannot like them. This Colonel Dwight seems a gallant officer,

yet he is proud and overbearing, I have been told, to his inferiors, and a true gentleman never exhibits these traits. But we are destined to see much of the English officers now, and it becomes us to meet them with politeness and hospitality."

Spring came. The winter months had been enlivened by the presence of the English in Quebec. It was a gay winter, in which dinner parties, balls and routs followed each other, and Monsieur Villiers' house was often thrown open to them; for the old Frenchman, like others of his countrymen, was to polite to refuse to mingle with the British, because they had come as their conquerors.

Monsieur Villiers' beautiful and brilliant daughter attracted much attention, and she had been quite the belle of the winter, and it would have required a steadier head than hers to have withstood the adulation that was lavished upon her. Though at heart she was true to Adolphe, and passed many anxious hours in secret, yet by a strange contradiction, it cannot be denied that the handsome and gallant English officer, Colonel Dwight, had fascinated her by his homage. The French girl had often found her heart wavering in its allegiance to her given promise, and the image of his cousin Adolphe was growing dim beside that of her dangerous rival, whose heart, had she read it truly, when listening to his flattering, gallant words, she would have found, was as fully alive to the wealth she would inherit as the only child of Monsieur Villiers, as to her charms of person and mind.

A few days after the conversation between Monsieur Villiers and his daughter, there came a letter from Adolphe. It had been delayed on the route, the messenger having been taken prisoner by the English, but he had succeeded in making his escape, and in reaching Quebec, and carrying the letter to its destination.

Theresa read it to her father with mingled emotions swelling her heart. Adolphe was coming to them! He was even now on the route, and they might expect him at any moment. He had written that he should be compelled to travel in disguise to pass the English lines, and he added: "Perhaps you will not immediately recognize your Adolphe in his changed attire and after the lapse of time since his absence."

Monsieur Villiers grew joyous at this news.

"Adolphe coming home! alive and well!" and he was happy.

But Theresa could not force that gladness to her heart which once this news would have given her, yet she stifled all perceptible emotion, and seem joyous and happy to her father.

That evening, when Colonel Dwight call-

It is generally believed, and upon pretty good authority, that Dr. Livingstone, the explorer, is still alive and pursuing his researches. An expedition has been sent to Southern Africa to his assistance.