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For the Review.

THE VOLUNTEER.

When last we gazed upon his face,
So much of life was round him shed,
We thought not he would have a place
Ere now among the silent dead.

We did not think that boyish breast,
So wont at daring deeds to swell,
Should 'neath the sculptured marble rest
Which marks the spot where heroes fell.

We said, "He has a spirit bold,
A will to do, a head to plan;
Were these wild ardors but controll'd,
He might be yet a noble man.

When youth's rash impulse shall abate,
And Passion learn in Reason's school,
He will become both good and great,
Trained up in truth and born to rule."

Were these proud prophecies fulfilled?
He never reached to manhood's prime;
Alas! 'tis but on sand we build,
When we rely on space or time.

But would ye wish to know his name,
And would ye seek the soldier's grave?
Go where he won his early fame,
And bled our sacred rights to save;

When in our country's hour of need,
He went forth with his brave compeers:
Go there, and reverently read
The glorious close of his young years.

September 7th, 1867.

I.D.A.

STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY CARROLL RYAN.

No. VII.—THE SOLITARY HUNTER.

We have some dozen or so productions purporting to be histories of Canada, the greater number of which are merely very poor translations of the old French authors, or worse, trevastes of political facts woven together to suit the particular views of those in power at the time of their compilation. The way to account for this is: we have had no person of sufficient talent and independence to collect the material and embody it in a form which would give the general reader a well digested narrative of the settlement and growth of our country, unbiased by sectional diversity of opinion. In wandering through the labyrinths of the Parliamentary Library, I have alighted upon a number of works of the class I have men-

tioned, which are merely so much lumber, filling shelves which would be as well empty were it not for the data they supply. There are a few, however, worthy of reference, among which are the "Picture of Quebec" and "The Conquest of Canada," among English writers (or writers in English); but we want a Canadian historian, who can give us a work which will possess the charm of narrative, the grace of erudition and the seal of genius—one who will do for the colonization of Canada what Macaulay has done for the House of Hanover. The Philosophy of History is not a matter to be handled by the half educated; nor can a man of average ability wield the pen of the historian, any more than a child can perform the physical labor of one possessing the growth and attributes of manhood.

I have been led to make these remarks by the urgent necessity for a complete and reliable history of our country, hoping they will direct the attention of a competent mind to this magnificent field, which, like our noble forests in old time, lies uncultivated in the hands of untitled squatters.

The misrule of the haughty De la Barre, followed by the blundering incompetency of Denonville, entailed upon the colonists of America one of the most cruel and wretched wars of which we have any record.

Denonville, for some reason which it is impossible to comprehend, used the influence of the missionaries who dwelt among the Iroquois, to induce the chieftains of those powerful tribes to meet him at a grand council on the shores of Lake Ontario. The unsuspecting warriors came to the place appointed, but no sooner had the treacherous governor got them in his power than he seized them and binding them in irons, sent them as slaves to toil in the galleys of his king.

At this time there dwelt near the shores of Ontario a solitary Frenchman, who, for some unknown reason, had left his native country, and disdaining to live in the half formed settlements, built himself a hut in the dark recesses of the forest, where the voice of the white man never disturbed his solitude. Civilization, with its wealth, joys,

and ambitions, he had left behind him, and by the contentment with which he pursued the life he had adopted, seemed to cast no "longing, lingering look behind." It was whispered at the time of his arrival in the colony, that he had suffered a great affliction, which was not the death but the desertion of one whom he dearly loved. However this may be—and the story is likely enough—he played the role of "Timon" to an audience of owls and wolves, to his own infinite misanthropical satisfaction; but it happened that he was not permitted to conclude the drama in the way he fondly hoped. One day, as he lay by the door of his lodge, an Indian hunter came to him ill and weary, and begged the hospitality of his white brother. The hermit took him in, tended him kindly, and when the Indian was well and about to depart, he told his entertainer of the war which was raging between their people, and offered, as some return for the attention he had received, to conduct the Frenchman to the Fort of Cataragui, where he would be under the protection of his own nation. This offer the misanthrope refused, saying, "Your people are great warriors, O chief! and will not injure a lonely hunter, who has nothing but his life, which is worthless." Touched by the bravery and determination of this speech, the Indian took from his medicine bag his *okki*—the head of an ermine rudely carved in wood—and presenting it to his preserver, said, "If my people come to burn thy lodge and slay thee, show them this and say thou art the friend of "Kondikosh," whose life you saved, and you will find, O my brother, that an Indian chief never forgets one who has been kind to him!"

The red man departed to join his people, and his white brother, drawing down the matted door of his wigwam, said:

"'Tis well—very well—to-morrow he will come and take my scalp!"

In due time Kondikosh arrived among his people, to whom he related his adventure with the solitary white man. He found them exasperated by repeated acts of treachery, urging a terrible and successful war.