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For the REVIEW,

WHERE IS THE SAILOR'S HOME.

BY MARY A. M'IVER.

Where is the sailor's home?
Far on the smiling sea,
Where'er the free winds roam,
There it must surely be.
Vainly each isle of balm,
Vainly each storied shore,
Tranced in eternal calm,
Woo him to rove no more.

Where is the sailor's home?
Far on the frowning main,
Where the waves, white with foam,
Warn as they warned in vain;
And, with low, grieving wail,
Storms that are spent in tears,
Tell a mysterious tale,
Haunting life's after years.

Where is the sailor's home?
Far on the changeful deep,
Never a dream doth come
Breaking his happy sleep;
Not in the crowded graves
Where earth's dead children lie,
But 'neath the boundless waves,
Open to air and sky.

Ottawa, Sept. 21st, 1867.

For the REVIEW.

YE GALLANT COLONEL.

A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE REBELLION OF '37-'38.

Where the Grand River laves its vine-clad banks,
There stood a lovely village, now a town,
And peace and plenty blessed the citizens;
Nor much they thought of war or battle's frown.

But when rebellion spread its dusky wings,
And threatened, hovering o'er our native land,
From field, and forge, and shop, her sons poured
in,
And the brave "Colonel" led the gallant band.

Prepared to battle for their noble Queen,
And save their country from the threatened blow
With flint-locks, rifles, shot-guns in their hands,
Our stout "Militia" waited for the foe.

A wary scout beholds a cloud of dust,
And hears the noise of rumbling wheels afar.
Nearer it comes—"A flash of metal! Ha!
'Tis cannon—I'll report this battle-car."

He gallops off. Perhaps you may inquire
What really met his gaze upon the way.
'Twas a tin-peddler's van, where brightly shone,
Long trumpets flashing back the solar ray.

The gallant yeomanry expectant stand,
And cheer their hearts with "tangle-log" and
song,

When, hark! the clang of troops. "The scout!
The scout!"

They shout, and gather round, an anxious throng.

"What news? What news!" they cry. "Your
tidings tell."

"Hasten. We wait. Why art thou still so
dumb?"

At length the pale and trembling youth gasps
out:

"To arms! To arms! The foe—They come!
They come!"

Each hero clasps his trusty weapon close;
Their valorous leaders wave on high their swords,
While close they crowd expectant round their
chief,
And wait to hear their gallant Colonel's words.

"Now, boys," says he, "if you can fight 'em, do;
But if you can't, you'd better strike for hum;
And as I'm lame, I'll want a longer start:
So, I'm off before the rebels come."

GRAND RIVER ROARER.

STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY CARROLL RYAN.

No. VIII.—THE IROQUOIS WAR.

That portion of Canadian and American history to which we have now arrived, displays more than any other the blindness and folly of the policy pursued by the colonists, both French and English. The natural difficulties by which they were surrounded, the constant alarm and insecurity induced by the incursions of the savages, were not sufficient to repress the vindictiveness and jealousy of national prejudice, and they must needs add to the dangers of their position the horrors of intestine strife, in which the unrelenting and merciless tomahawk of the Iroquois on the part of the English, and of the Hurons and Ottawas on that of the French, was employed to inflict the most cruel misery and devastation. At this time, about 1689, the settlers seem to have assimilated themselves to the savages instead of elevating the latter by the spread of a higher knowledge and purer faith; and while the Indian copied the worst vices of his white brother, the whiteman emulated the savage in the barbarism and cruelty of his customs.

Among the Iroquois chiefs who were seized and sent to France by Denonville was a fire-eating youngster of the Mohawk tribe known as One-eye; this young man had won a fame hardly surpassed by any warrior on the border for hatred of the French, powerful elo-

quence, and merciless courage. Although bound in chains, a captive and a slave in the galleys of his enemies his hand was never defiled by labor; wrapt in the proud stoicism of his unconquerable nature he set his tormenters at defiance, and like a wild animal chained in his den, he remained untamable and inaccessible to all who approached him. When Denouville was recalled from the command of the colony of New France, which he had plunged into war and misery, he was succeeded by the brave and politic Comte de Frontenac, whose first act as Governor was to release the Iroquois prisoners and conduct them back to Montreal, where he loaded them with presents and set them at liberty to rejoin their people which they all did with the exception of one, named Ourcouharc, who preferred to remain with that Comte who had won his entire love and confidence. The ship which bore the captives and Frontenac, who now for the second time assumed control of the destinies of Canada, also carried the family of M. Duchesnal, a gentleman of some birth and fortune who had received an appointment from the court and was on his way to assume its responsibilities. This family consisted of himself, his wife, a son and one daughter. The boy, a bold and handsome youth, attracted by the uncouth dress and manners of the Iroquois warriors, spent most of his time during the long voyage in their company. The fierce One-eye was his particular favorite, and it was strange to note the intimacy and affection which had sprung up between the wild hunter and the fair child. With the aptness of childhood he learned many strange words from his savage friend, and they understood and conversed with each other in a language peculiarly their own, made up of odd expressions from the mother tongues of each. When in due time Frontenac arrived with the liberated chiefs at Montreal, these strangely assorted friends were both to part; and One-eye, as if to leave an indelible mark of his love for the little companion of his captivity, tattooed upon the boy's breast the figure of a wolf ere he departed for the lodges of his people. At this time the Indian war was at its height, and no day passed without being marked