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For the REVIEW.

THE MINSTREL'S REPLY.

What! shalt I take my lyre and toll
Of those who fought and those who fell,
And as is wont, when battles reld,
Sing of the warrior who's slain?—

I cannot bid the cadence rise
In song of praise to him who lies;
Nor touch a note, nor raise a strain,
For harmony would grate with pain,
And the revolted lyre, own
No kindred sympathy of tone.

To sing of war—of warriors bold;
The guarded fort; the trench'd stronghold;
The living mass in dread array;
The gallant charge; the wild dismay;
The clash of steel; the victor's shout;
The hot pursuit; the vanquished's rout;
The peal of drums, the martial notes,
The hoarse shout from ten thousand throats,
The dying, dead; the bloody plain,
The fallen steed; the tightened rein
Held in the firm, cold gripe of death
Long after life's departed breath,
The bold array of warriors brave,
Who fought for glory, or a grave,
For victor's wreath, a soldier's care,
Or requiem, his Nation's prayer;
Were worthy,—glorious theme 'tis true
Were this a Sadowa, a Waterloo.

But not here warrior met for fight,
Weighed in whose patriotic sight,
Or life, or death is counted light.
See the gaunt frame! the nervous hand
Seeks no protection from its brand;
But mis-array and craven fear
Cover the field with lance and spear
See the proud man forgets his pride,
And in the melee side by side
The raw recruit and veteran stride;
And emulation, sacred word!
Shame, manhood, shame! whoever heard!
Oh! 'tis an agonizing sight!
Seeks but the foremost place in—flight!

Nay, ye have sued the muse in vain—
She will not wake to such a strain;
Nor shall I touch my lyre till when
My theme is warriors,—heroes,—men!
Till then, ye do but sue in vain,
For I would break my lyre in twain
Rather than sing to such a strain;—
Rather than wake it with a fire
Such as such scenes as this inspire.

Quebec, 19th Nov., 1867.

To show how completely iron steamboats are superseding wooden ones, it may be mentioned that only forty of the latter were built in England last year, while two hundred and eighty three steam vessels were built.

THERESA.—A TALE OF QUEBEC.

BY C. H. WEBSTER.

CHAPTER I.—THE PARTING.

"What makes you so stupid, Monsieur Chapouille?" playfully said a young and beautiful girl to a handsome youth, as the two sat together in a tasteful apartment of their home one summer evening. "Here I have been talking to you for the last half hour, and not a single sentence in reply! You are growing dull as a very dolt, Adolphe. Where were your ears just now, that you did not answer my last question?"

"I do not feel gay to-night, Theresa. How can I be so, when to-morrow I leave you, whom I love so well, and go away to scenes of danger from which I may never return?" said the youth, with a sigh.

"Ah, yes, you will return, Adolphe!" said the young girl. "My heart tells me you will, and that you will bring back honors, won in battle with our foes the—English. Then be not gloomy to-night. Look at me. Is not my face bright and sunny, and how can you be sad? Let us, *ma chere cousine*, bury our grief out of sight. It is not well to wear it upon our faces, thereby making each other sad."

"Your words are true, Theresa. It is not well to forebode evil, and I will banish all fears, and be happy in the present, and in hope for the future," replied the young man, as, looking upon his cousin, his heart, over-leaping the weary days of separation, grew joyous in thinking of the bliss in store for him when they should be united.

"Bring me my lute, then, Adolphe, and let us sing together once more some of the happy songs of our childhood days, when, in *la belle France*, we enjoyed peace and security," said Theresa.

The young man rose, and crossing the apartment, took the instrument from a marble table, and placed it before his cousin; then, standing beside her, joined in the songs that followed. The rich melody of their voices filled the room, and floated out on the soft summer air in a harmony of volume and sweetness, as song after song of sunny grape-land and Provençal minnesinger followed.

The events of our story lie back in that period of history called the French and Indian war, when the French and English were battling for supremacy upon the lakes, and the conquest of Canada was looked upon as of great importance by the latter nation.

There was then living in the outskirts of the city of Quebec, one Monsieur Villiers with his charming daughter, Theresa, and his nephew, Adolphe Chapouille.

Monsieur Villiers had but recently emigra-

ted from *la belle France*. His wife had died in Paris three years previous, and he had left his native land—the scene of his early happiness and his late bereavement—which was now rendered insupportable to him, and with Theresa and Adolphe, who, orphaned in early youth, had found in his uncle's parent crossed the ocean, and settled in the city of his countrymen, Quebec.

Monsieur Villiers was past the meridian of life, and therefore did not take active part in the war which was surrounding him, but to Adolphe, his nephew, who was eager to engage in the cause of his people, his words were, "Go, and, by the bravery of your good right arm, bring success to our cause!"

Adolphe and Theresa had been destined for each other from their infancy, and their marriage was to take place when the young man should return from the army.

The two now in the luxurious drawing room of the handsome mansion Monsieur Villiers had built just outside the verge of the populous city, were spending their last evening together—Theresa, with her lute in her hand, sitting at the open window which gave a view of the garden wherein bloomed her favorite flowers, and whose broad walks led to pleasant, vine wreathed arbors, and her cousin standing beside her; both bright living pictures of the youth of that sunny land their songs had conjured up.

They were so engaged that neither noticed the opening door, and the entrance of Monsieur Villiers, who came and stood near them.

At the close of the last song, when Adolphe was about to pay some sweet meed of praise to Theresa, Monsieur approached them.

"My dear children," he said, "the words of your song carry me back to France again and I grow sad. If we were there now, Adolphe would not, to-morrow, leave us for the army. But it is best. I feel hopeful that his strong frame and lion heart will carry him through battle scenes, and that he will return to us to make us both happy again. I, almost wish that I too, had the vigor of youth I might assist my countryman. But, Adolphe, you will be brave!" he said, placing his hand upon the young man's head, "and do service for us both!"

"Yes, and Adolphe will return to us a titled officer," said Theresa, gaily. "In place of Monsieur Chapouille, it will be 'Le Capitaine,' or 'Le Colonel.' *Mon cher pere* our house will be well represented in Adolphe, I know, for he is both brave and bold," she said proudly.

"Do not be too sanguine of my success, Theresa," said her cousin. "My ears are yet unused to the sound of battle; and though