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## TO CANADA.

BY CARROLL RYAN, LATE 100th REGT.

Dear native land! thy wandering child  
Treads on thy shore again,  
And beautiful, and grand, and wild  
Thou art to-day as when  
Mine eyes beheld thee first, and caught  
From waving wood and rushing stream  
The shadow of a bright-eyed thought  
The spirit of a dream.

Crowned with the glory of labor and love,  
Faith, Loyalty, Virtue and Truth:  
The birth of the mightiness prove  
All the beauty and promise of youth!  
In thee no slaves nor despots dwell,  
To curse the passing hour;  
By deeds that to the future tell  
Of manly and power.

But, bound by love, thy children stand  
With no dark thoughts between  
A noble free and happy band,  
For Country and for Queen.  
Let their voices rise,  
With their beaming eyes,  
For the Star of Empire glows  
O'er the northern arch,  
Whom none can defy or oppose.  
A new Atlantis for the world,  
Oh Canada! thou art;  
The flag thy children have unfurled  
Is part of every heart.  
Like our old flag, long may it wave—  
That which for aye shall be  
The symbol of the good and brave,  
The banner of the Free!  
Montreal, June 22, 1867.

## A NIGHT WITH THE FENIANS.

It was in March last that I found myself a guest at the Rev. Theophilus Dillon's hospitable house in the Golden Vale of Tipperary. I had just "finished" my education, and thought myself quite a grown up woman, and many degrees removed in intelligence, although only a few months in time, from the status of a school girl. That was also the private opinion of dear Eleanor, who had passed her youth at the same English seminary with myself, and to whose friendship I owed my present position at her father's house. But there was this difference between us: Nelly was as brave as the Maid of Saragossa or Joan of Arc, and I am afraid I was a bit of a coward. True, all my home life had been passed in London, where all though processions abound, revolts are as yet quite unheard of; while Nelly's had been spent in the centre of a disaffected district, where rebellion is a chronic disease, and pike-heads as ordinary an article of manufacture as knitt of stockings. I have heard of Fenianism of course, but it was always treated as a subject of jocularity. The Irish I was told, must always be wild about something or other, and Fenianism was the latest form of the national complaint. As for its appearance in England, my good father (whose opinions are what are called "extreme liberal," I believe) al-

ways contented that the little fracas at Chester was nothing more than a well-meaning attempt on the part of that respectable but somewhat *passee* city to bring itself into general notoriety.

Under these circumstances, and indoctrinated with such views, I wrote to accept dear Eleanor's invitation at a time when many young ladies would have hesitated to pay a visit to a country-house in Ireland; but it was my ignorance, and not any natural intrepidity, that consented. Before I got half way across the water, my valor oozed out through my daintily gloved fingers, as I listened to the experiences and apprehensions of my fellow-voyagers. Every step I took on dry land (if the soil of Erin can so be termed by courtesy, for it rains there five days out of six, and most of the ground is bog), corroborated the fears thus imparted. A thousand times upon the way to Tipperary, I wished myself back in Pimlico; and when at last I reached the Golden Vale (upon a car with a policeman armed with a bayonet), I would gladly have exchanged my new position for safe lodgings even in Golden Square. The situation was romantic, I own: far as the eye could reach, it dwelt upon the most fertile land in all the Emerald Isle, girt by a fine range of still snow-topped mountains. The house, too, was large and comfortable, although by no means distinguished for architectural beauty. Castletower, as its name implied, was a square and very lofty edifice, consisting of no less than five stories, from the roof of which there would really have been a sublime view, had the country been loyal and quiet—but for me it was always spoiled by Fenians in the foreground. Every other day, we were informed that the next night was certainly fixed upon for the general rising; and Eleanor assured me—with the mistaken idea that it would give me confidence—that neither her father nor her brothers ever went to bed without loaded revolvers beneath their pillows. The wrongs of Ireland I do not pretend to understand, but I keenly felt the injustice that had been committed upon myself in inveigling me from Cadogan Place, S. W., to a locality so fraught with peril. It was small satisfaction to me to be convinced that the Rev. Theophilus and his sons would make a stout resistance, and would never suffer one hair of my head, or even my *chignon*, to be harmed, as long as they had life to draw a hair-trigger; but what could they do against the whole country side, with a contingent from New York to aid it, beyond enraging our assailants by a vain resistance. The very possession of those arms of precision—they had two rifles apiece at the very least—in which they put such trust would make them

an object of attack in case of a rising, for it was known that the rebels stood much in need of such weapons, and indeed had both demanded and obtained them from more than one house in the neighborhood.

"They had better not ask for my gun," quoth the Rev. Theophilus grimly, "or they will most assuredly get what they deserve—namely, its contents."

And he was just the man to keep his word. A kindly hearted but stubborn-spirited Orangeman, inspired with the utmost contempt for the hostility of that rabble-roust of whose sudden gatherings and disappearances, isolated acts of outrage, and general evil-doings, we had new tidings every day: a man who, while conscientiously performing his sacred duties within their necessarily very limited sphere—his parishioners numbering, I think, but sixteen souls, one of whom, although apparently thought very highly of by the household, was, to a certain knowledge, what we should call in England an idiot—a man, I say, although a spiritual pastor by profession, who seemed to me to be at least equally fitted for the command of a regiment, and as sure to draw down upon himself the vengeance of an insurrectionary movement, as the lightning-conductor upon his roof to attract the levin. His two sons inherited his character, and although following no calling beyond that of field-sports, appeared excellently adapted to be captains of irregular cavalry; fine, dashing, pleasant young fellows, but unfortunately as dead to the fact that they were living among a hostile population as any inhabitants of Clavham or Blackheath. They had all the audacity of their father, but without his intelligence; and although taking the precautions I have mentioned, they did so solely in obedience to his request, and without the slightest belief in the necessity of the case, though it was as patent as the sun at noonday.

Dear Eleanor was almost as foolish in her incredulity; but although she often rallied me upon my fears, she never rallied my courage, or caused me to relax my vigilance on behalf of that menaced garrison, which would not be upon the alert to guard itself. There were two things in which I put my trust: first, in the Rev. Theophilus; and secondly, in an enormous bell-rope, that descending from roof to basement, communicated with an alarm-bell, and which, passing through almost every room in the house, could be pulled at night, if need should arise, by any one of their occupants. Upon the second day of my arrival, I had been taken all over Castletower, and among other places, upon its flat roof, and nothing had given me so much pleasure as the sight of that giant bell, whose voice, I could well