

## WHAT YOU WILL.

Air—“*BONNIE DUNDEE.*”

[If there be any merit in the subjoined verses, it is apparent enough that it is not that of originality. I have sometimes, I fear vainly, cherished an ambition so to adapt some of the stirring songs of old to present exigencies of patriotism, that the familiar airs, joined to words presenting a faint reflex of the bold and lively spirit of the originals, might perchance, attain a passing popularity. I can scarcely presume to hope that this humble attempt will be found to fulfil the requisite conditions, but I am sure that, in able hands, adaptations of many of the noble old Jacobite songs, might give voice and words to the feelings of many a brave and light-hearted Volunteer on the march. I have availed myself of every word of “*Bonnie Dundee*,” which would serve the present purpose, and have not even attempted so much originality as in the “*March of the Volunteers to the Front*.” If Shakspeare could not hit on a title to perhaps the sweetest of his comedies, but called it “*What you Will*,” a poor “*snapper-up of unconsidered trifles*” like myself, may well be excused for following “*glorious Will’s*” example.—G. W.]

To the Yankees and Fenians out Canada spoke—  
‘Ere the Queen’s Crown go down there are crowns  
to be broke;

Then let each Volunteer who loves Canada’s soil  
Stand shoulder to shoulder invaders to foil.  
Come fill up our cup, come fill up our can,  
Come saddle our horses and call out our men,  
Let them blink at our sabres’ and bayonets’ glow,  
For it’s up with the Union and down with the foe.

There are orderlies dashing through every street,  
The bugles are blowing, the drums they are beat;  
The colors of England float “proudly and wide,”  
And the hearts of the loyal beat high in their pride.

Come fill up our cup, come fill up our can,  
Come saddle our horses and call out our men,  
One foot in the stirrup—one hand on the rein—  
One draught to our dear ones—then Forward,  
amais!

From their homes’ and the Pine-hills our soldiers  
come forth,  
For the boast of the South they’ll show pluck in  
the North;  
Tho’ outnumbered by, Fenians three thousand  
times three,  
We’ll deal death to the traitors that murdered  
McGee!

Come fill up our cup, come fill up our can,  
Come saddle our horses and call out our men,  
They’ll remember the Redcoats and Rifles, I  
know,

Who’ll raise the blue Union, but conquer the foe!

We’ll away to our hills, to our forests and rocks;  
‘Ere we own a Republic we’ll crouch with the fox;

And tremble, foul fiends, in your murderous glee,  
If ye give us a chance of avenging McGee!

Come fill up our cup, come fill up our can,  
Come saddle our horses and call out our men,  
May the glory of Canada ever be seen,  
Here’s up with the Union, and God bless the  
Queen!

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

SIR:—That long looked for, has made its appearance at last—I mean the Drill Shed for the two Companies at Headquarters of the 24th Battalion, Chatham, Ontario. The contract was taken by Messrs. Bell & Cleave, builders, for the sum of \$2,100, contributed in the following manner, viz: Government grant \$800; County Council grant \$800; Town Council grant \$500, making a total of \$2,100. Thanks to Lieut. Col. D. Smith

and Major Baxter, who have done everything in their power to raise the money. They got the whole of the ratepayers of the town to sign a petition requesting the Town Council to grant the above sum. However, after the money matters and everything settled for the site of the building, the contractors would not be allowed to place one stick of timber on the ground (although the site was granted by the Colonial Government) through an order from the Captain commanding a company of the R. C. Rifles, stationed here. By the way, I might mention a circumstance that occurred here last Queen’s Birthday (24th May, 1867) the same Captain marched his company to a solitary part of the Barrack Grounds, and there fired his *feu de joie*, although there were four companies of the 24th Battalion of Kent Volunteers on the field that day, to celebrate Her Most Gracious Majesty’s Birthday. This Captain done the same thing on the 1st July, 1867, the birth of our new Dominion, and the whole of the 24th Battalion, consisting of eight companies, who had been assembled from the different parts of the county, in honor of the day. I do not understand the regulations of the Regulars or Volunteers; but I thought it looked bad to see the Regulars keeping clear of the Volunteers on such occasions. I think there should be some understanding, so as to guide both Volunteers and Regulars on this head. Volunteers in general look to the Regulars for something good, and when they see the Regular officers making so little of the system, they get quite disgusted at the whole affair. I do not think it is a general thing for the whole of the Regular officers to do so, but this captain in particular treated the whole system as playing at soldiers. However the company he has the honor to command is about to leave here, we are sorry parting with the company but not its commander. The headquarter companies, Nos. 1 and 2, commenced their annual drill on the 1st instant, and drill three times a week, that is on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, they do not muster strong, they only average twenty men per company on drill nights, but they say when the drill shed is finished there will be a larger attendance. These two companies have been raised since 1862. They are all getting discharged from the corps, and new hands have to be called in to fill vacancies. There is no encouragement for the young men to join the ranks of the Volunteers, that is, I believe, the chief cause of keeping aloof from the uniform. The drill shed is to be ready to hand over by the 1st of June next, and, I believe, there is a splendid flag and staff to be erected on it, contributed to by the large and small of Chatham; it will be a great set off to the new building. It is also contemplated to open it with a grand promenade concert, for the purpose of raising funds to purchase lamps, &c. for drill purposes. I shall be most happy to give you the information in due form.

A LOOKER ON.

Chatham, 13th May, 1868.

HAMILTON, May 15th, 1868.

To the Editor of THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

DEAR SIR:—I notice that, in your paper and also in the *United Service Gazette*, my name is getting more prominence than I either desire or deserve, my connection with both the Volunteer papers at Ottawa has ceased at my own request, finding that my time was fully occupied in looking after the business of the “*Craftsman*” for which I am the general agent; I never felt that, in the notice which appeared in reference to my ceasing to act for your paper, any reflection on me was sought to be conveyed, and I merely ask you now to insert this letter that there may be no question about the matter.

Yours &c.,

IRA CORNWALL, JR.

To the Editor of THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

DEAR SIR:—I am a Sergeant—marched, perspired, and ate raw beef and hard tack at Fort Erie—am still in the Force, and take as much interest as ever in its welfare, therefore I hope you will allow me a little space in your columns. The non-commissioned officers and men who are anxious to see those drones called home-guards, (who are either too lazy or too cowardly to put their “shoulders to the wheel,”) take their place in the ranks, are of the opinion that the proposed Militia Bill is defective. We would like to see a Bill by which drafted men would be compelled to serve five years, at the same time giving Volunteers three years service with the right of withdrawing from the force at any time after six months’ notice had been given. We would like more ammunition for practice than we have been getting lately, and we should prefer having officers to whom we could look up to with respect. Of course Earls, Dukes and Lords are not *come-at-able*, nevertheless we think the standard might be raised in respect to education and social standing. If you wish to hear from us again please let us know.

Yours &c.,

J. WINSLOW, Sergt.

To the Editor of THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

SIR,—Sir G. E. Cartier, under his new Militia Bill, does not intend, I believe, to bring the several companies of a battalion together for their annual drill. May I inquire the utility of appointing Field Officers and putting them to the expense of providing saddlery and uniform? I was gazetted in 1866, and ordered to camp Thorold, the Battalion has never met since, and does not appear likely to—a needless expense has been thrown on a number of officers.

Yours truly,

FIELD OFFICER.

The *United Service Gazette* says there is little probability of the Glengarry being substituted for the army forage cap, as it is but little liked, even by the Scotch Regiments.