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THE OLD CLOCK.

O! the old, old clock, of the household stock,
 Was the brightest thing and neatest;
 Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
 And its chime rang still the sweetest;
 'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few
 Yet they lived, though millions altered;
 And its voice, still strong, warned old and young
 When the voice of friendship faltered;
 "Tick! tick!" it said—"quiet, quick to bed,
 For ten I've given warning;
 Up! up! and go, or else, you know,
 You'll never rise soon in the morning!"

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
 As it stood in the corner smiling,
 And blessed the time with a merry chime,
 The wily hours beguiling;
 But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
 As it called at daylight boldly;
 When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
 And the early air blew coldly;
 "Tick! tick!" it said—"quick out of bed,
 For five I've given warning;
 You'll never have health, you'll never have
 wealth,
 Unless you're up soon in the morning!"

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
 With a tone that ceaseth never;
 While tears are shed for bright days fled,
 And the old friends lost forever!
 Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone,
 Its hands still move, though hands we love
 Are clasped on earth no longer!
 "Tick! tick!" it says, "to the obdurate bed,
 The grave hath given warning;
 Up! up! and rise, and look at the skies,
 And prepare for a heavenly morning!"

STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY CARROLL RYAN.

No. X.—ONWASHANEE.

Of all the Aboriginal tribes that were brought into contact with the earlier settlers in Canada, the Ottawas, who dwell on the shores of the great river which now bears their name, were perhaps the most cruel and treacherous. This tribe is the only one of all the Canadian Indian nations which has been completely destroyed, for there is not one survivor of that once powerful nation in all the continent of America. Only to the Ottawas has the crime of Canibalism been ascribed with any show of truth, and there are some stories told of them and their doings in the days of Frontenac which are perfectly horrifying. In reference to this Ccl. den says:—"Frontenac stands conspicuous among all his nation for deeds of cruelty to the Indians. Nothing was more common than for his Indian prisoners to be given up to his Indian allies to be tormented. One of the most horrible of these scenes on record

was perpetrated under his own eye at Montreal in 1691."

With all their cruelty and treachery these Ottawas were excessively cunning, and in the days of which I write, possessed as clever a gang of prevaricating scoundrels as ever graced the most civilized *corps diplomatique*; with other amiable traits this tribe possessed a love of the wonderful with superstitious belief and practices, a knowledge of which was often used by their enemies to counteract their greater cunning and astuteness. Onwashanee, the most prominent of the Ottawa warriors, was a great friend of Frontenac, and was ever ready to lead his tribe against any enemy whom that Governor wished to employ him against. It happened that once in the fortune of war Onwashanee was taken captive by the Iroquois, and would most assuredly have been sacrificed if he had not broken his bonds one night and made his escape; not, however, without first killing and scalping the warrior who slept in the lodge with him and who had been entrusted with his safe keeping. Having rejoined his own people he collected a number of the young men and made a raid upon the village where he had lately been a prisoner. After killing and burning in the usual style, he retreated carrying with him several captives, among whom was the wife of the brave he had murdered on the occasion of his escape. This squaw, who entertained a strong affection for her husband, was a good specimen of the Iroquois women, who were scarcely second to their warriors in courage, determination, and endurance. Onwashanee was what the lamented Artemus Ward would call "a gay and festive youth," and delighted in a plurality of wives, and scarcely ever made a raid upon his enemies without bringing home in addition to his tribe in the shape of a new wife, who was compelled by kicks and cuffs from her predecessors in possession of the heart of the "noble savage," to do all the hardest tasks incident to life in a wigwam. The captive Iroquois lady, however, was not the sort of stuff to submit to this thing with patience, and an opportunity soon offered by which she amply revenged herself upon her

enemies. Onwashanee was summoned by Frontenac to a great council at Montreal. Thither he repaired taking with him his whole establishment, horses, dogs, women, and children, and, in due time, made a grand and imposing entry into the city of the whitemen. Frontenac was at this time coquetting to secure the alliance of the Iroquois and a few braves of the confederate nations, were his guests at the time of Onwashanee's arrival in Montreal. It was not long before the captive squaw found means to communicate with her countrymen, and as revenge is an article in the faith of every Indian she induced them to arrange matters so that she would not only obtain her freedom, but secure the vengeance for which she thirsted.

After the council was over Onwashanee loaded his canoes with the presents he had received and departed for the upper waters of the Ottawa. The Iroquois had, however, departed before him and were lying in wait at the portage near what is now known as the Chaudiere, and not far from the city of the present capital of the New Dominion. It was drawing towards the close of the day when the Ottawas drew up their canoes on the shore below the big kettle and formed their camp. The Iroquois squaw had remained with her captors, and, as this was the place prearranged for the destruction of Onwashanee, she looked out eagerly for the coming of her own people who were to avenge the death of her husband.

It was a calm and lovely summer night, the young moon faintly glimmered above the dim lights opposite, the Whip-poor-will repeated its melancholy note in the dark thicket that fringed the stream, and the monotonous roar of the waterfall was borne down the great valley upon the cool breath of the west wind. Onwashanee, his family and friends, having done justice to the supper prepared by the hands of his "social slaves," laid themselves down before their camp fires to repose, never dreaming that foes thirsting for their blood were lying in wait to destroy them. The moon went down behind the forest clad mountains, the Whip-poor-will still piped its solitary notes, the