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For the Review:

## MA CANADIENNE.

I've seen the sparkling DEMOISELLE  
Of sunny, pleasant France,  
And felt the straggling, bowling spell  
Of her mirth-loving glance,  
In many a sweet Provencal dell,  
The home of old romance;  
But from her looks and tones of gloom  
I turned, ma Canadienne, to thee.

I've met the gentle English girl,  
Beneath her native sky,  
And marked the ruby and the pearl  
About her sweet mouth vie—  
The amber of each fluttering curl,  
The sapphire of her eye;  
But dearer than that fair, still face,  
I prized ma Canadienne's wild grace.

I've seen the bonnie Highland lass,  
Among the golden broom,  
Around her feet the swaying mass  
Of wild-flow'rs shed perfume—  
Her blushing beauty might surpass  
The rose's richest bloom;  
It's charm, ma belle, was quickly gone—  
One thought of thee, and I passed on.

Beneath the softest, bluest sky  
Of show'rs and sunlight born,  
Which ever seems to canopy  
An island green and fern,  
The Irish COLLEGE'S arch reply  
Rang on the breeze of morn,  
Thy sportive words it might recall,  
But that, ma Canadienne, was all.

I've watched the gondolas that glide  
By the old marble piles,  
Which guard in storn and stately pride  
The bright Venetian isles,  
And lovely ladies, side by side,  
Lit up the waves with smiles;  
But in the glorious West afar  
Thy face was shining like a star.

I've wandered by that classic shore  
Where the first poets sung,  
Whose hills speak with the voice of song,  
And valleys find a tongue;  
And Helen's beauty lives once more  
In maidens fair and young;  
Greece could not teach me to love,  
Ma Canadienne—I loved thee yet.

I've sought Italia's flow'ry land,  
Its soft, delightful air,  
This brow has often idly fanned,  
While visions bright and rare  
Passed—but upon a distant strand  
Thou wert unchanged and fair;  
So, o'er the heaving, Western main,  
I sought in Canadienne again.

D.A.

The Emperor of Austria has bestowed the hereditary title of "Princess of the Empire" on the wife of Miramon.

## STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY CARROLL RYAN.

### No. XII.—JONQUIERE'S MONOPOLY.

After the departure of De la Galissoniere, Canadian affairs fell into a sad state of disorder, and under the bad government and mismanagement of Jonquiere, the colony was fast running to ruin and disorder. Government officials openly traded upon the patronage at their disposal, and to such an extent was the system of demoralization carried, that the Governor and a few wealthy persons formed themselves into a clique, and monopolized the whole commerce of the country, to the exclusion of all other enterprise. The consequence was that the Governor and his partners realized immense fortunes, while the colony was fast drifting into a state of poverty and confusion.

At this time there dwelt within the old bastions of Quebec, an humble individual called La Motte, who gained a living for himself and a numerous family by the practice of the ancient and honorable craft of St. Crispin. This La Motte was a bit of a politician, and something of a demagogue, and was too free for his own good in criticizing the doings of his superiors. He was also ambitious, and having saved a few hundred livres, he thought he might increase them still more if he could only make an investment in the Indian trade. Among other monopolies which De la Jonquiere appropriated to his own special benefit was that of supplying brandy to the Indians. This nefarious traffic, which has been so terribly destructive to the American aborigines, returned immense profits; and the avaricious Governor went on amassing a huge fortune, while he denied himself the common necessaries of life.

De la Jonquiere had a secretary who was well qualified to second the efforts of his superior. He was called St. Sauveur, and possessed every faculty requisite to form the character of a thorough scamp.

La Motte had a son, who for some years had dwelt with the Indian tribes on the

borders of the great lakes, and had gained a reputation for courage and daring in the Iroquois war, which was not surpassed by any adventurer of his day. It happened one day that he returned to Quebec to see his father and brothers and sisters. Among the latter was one for whom he cherished a strong affection. She had been the playmate and confidant of his childhood, and amid all the difficulties of his wild forest life, he ever fondly thought of her, and from his scanty savings always hoarded something as a present for his favorite sister. Upon the occasion of the visit to which I have here particular reference, La Motte unfolded to his adventurous son a project on which he had been brooding for some time; and representing the immense profit which would arise from it, he induced him to carry out the enterprise. This project was neither more nor less than to open an underhand traffic with the Indians, and by underselling the government clique, secure a share in the profits of the trade. The scheme worked well, and for about two years the father and son continued to realize large returns from their commerce with the Indians, and were beginning to anticipate a time when they might purchase an estate, and, by right of their fortune, take a place among the magnates of the land. But all these fair hopes were doomed to disappointment, and as usual, to use a cynical phrase, *toujours la femme*, through a woman. St. Sauveur, whom I have before mentioned, conceived a violent love for Angelique, the fair daughter of La Motte, and strove hard to gain her favor, and might have succeeded if he had been honorable in his intentions, but like all superlative scoundrels, he overreached himself, and was sent to the right about by the indignant dame. This so wounded his haughty and vindictive spirit, that he determined to have revenge upon cobbler, daughter and all. The means to this end was soon placed at his disposal, and he jumped at the opportunity afforded. One of the Governor's agents on the upper lakes with whom the younger La Motte had a quarrel, informed the secretary of the trade carried on by the