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THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

[As Macdonald's army was crossing the Alps, a little drummer was carried over the precipice by the storm; he fell unhurt to the bottom of the gulf, and there, deep down amid the crushed forms of avalanches, the poor little fellow stood beating the rapid strains which had so often rallied his companions.]

"Beat on! little drummer, thy call is unheeded;
Beat on! thy companions can't answer thy call;
The sound of thy drum can no longer be needed,
And thou 'neath the snow-flakes art destined to fall.

The clash of the sword and the musketry rattle
Were silenced erstwhile at the tap of the drum;
Its sound oft decided a hard-struggling battle,
But now it is powerless to avert thy dark doom.

Tap-tap! went the drum, and the snow-covered
valleys
Re-echoed the sound that seemed weaker to
grow;
But oft, as the poor boy his waning strength
rallies,
The drum is heard louder from out the deep
snow.

The soldiers above hear the poor drummer
calling—
Alas! 'tis in vain they would lend him their
aid;
Let round them they see their companions are
falling—
They know to sustain life their strength they
will need.

Still fainter the call of the drummer ascended,
And weaker and weaker his little arms grow;
His comrades at last know his miseries are
ended—
No longer they heard the drum sound mid
the snow.

Blow on, Alpine winds! for his soul has de-
parted,
His body no longer can feel your chill breath;
Plunge on, rolling avalanche! your hopes have
been thwarted—
Already he sleeps in the cold arms of Death!

For the Volunteer Review.
**HOW WE GOT READY FOR
THE FENIANS.**

"Bloody end to you for a little beast! Get up." Such was Jake's remark to his horse, —our horse rather, for Jake and I were off

for a drive. Our pony was a run one to look at, and a rare one to go. The man we borrowed it from didn't seem inclined to let me have it for a long night through the delightful (?) roads that the bush concessions of D—— county offer; but when Jake was to accompany me, it was "all right Jake, I know you." Pleasant, wasn't it, for a fellow like me; and I've no doubt all my readers of about twenty two are like me in some things, especially in the one peculiarity of imagining that they can do everything as well as everybody else, if not a little more so—driving included.

(Of course this is supposed to be written by an old man, one who has long since survived the follies and aspirations of his youth; whose grey head and shaking step bear token to the handiwork of time: but whose up-right carriage and martial air tell the old story that the soldier is soldierly to the last. That is the sort of man that ought to write this; and about the year 1900 would be an appropriate time for its appearance. Then your kind hearted readers would forgive any prosiness in the narrative for the sake of the narrator, and would look with leniency on the twaddle of a good old fellow, who had seen some service in his youth. Perhaps they would say in his "boyhood. Well, if I live to the year 1900, I will perhaps acknowledge that I was a boy at twenty-two; but now let no one insinuate that I have not been a man for three years at least. When I took up my pen to write this, my first idea was to wait till some such favorable time. But then I reflected that though THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW may be living, and I hope will be living and flourishing in the year 1900, I may not; and even if I am, I may not look a bit soldier-like, (N. B.—I think myself a very neat looking figure now in my soldier-clothes) and may be a hunderd old foggy as unlike my ideal above as can be. So, Mt. Review, if your readers will kindly imagine me a boy in 1866, and an old foggy of some seventy-years of age in 1867, we may get Jake and his horse started.

"Bloody end to you for a little beast! Got up." Jake used strong language, especially on Her Majesty's service, which he

seemed to think required it. Volunteers are not slow to pick up "regulars'" touches.—language, swagger and all. Well, it is only natural and fair. If a man who could earn his dollar or two dollars a day, volunteers for twenty-five cents a day and board, who could deny him the privilege of a few extra airs and graces as he walks the street in his scarlet or green tunic?

So I haven't got Jake off yet; and before I do, I may as well state what our drive was for. About seven o'clock that evening, a telegram had come to the Captain, ordering him to get ready for immediate active service. The Captain was puzzled. He and I laid our heads together and pondered. After pondering some time we decided unanimously that something must be "up." Indeed our persuasion of this was so strong that I was packed off to the nearest telegraph office to try and find out what was the occasion for this sudden invocation to martial fury. I got no answer however. On my return I found the Lieutenant busy putting up notices for all volunteers to betake themselves to billets. The Lieutenant had his hands full of these notices, and was, I found, the proposer of this active measure. I forgot to state that I was Ensign, and as proud of my position as most Major-Generals are of theirs. No more news came, so I retired to my virtuous couch, (the proper expression I believe for a single bed in the garret) I was sinking blissfully into the arms of Murphy, when a rap at the house door aroused me—a thundering rap-tap at the back door by somebody evidently in a hurry. I cast aside the entralling bonds of Murphy, by which the classical reader will understand the bed clothes, assumed a few hasty articles of clothing, and struck for downstairs. I suppose, according to novelist style, I should state that I heard my heart beat. I did not though, but I heard the stairs creak confoundedly, and I feared that my respected father would think I was going out on a spree. My disturber was the Captain, gloomy of aspect, ponderous of boots, gorgeous as to walking stick and concomitant dog. After duly ascertaining whether I was awake or not, he vouchsafed the information that another telegram had come, and that I was wanted down at Wilson's tavern, and walked off. Didn't I bless the telegram for not coming sooner? But there was no help for it, so I proceeded to the tavern designated. In the bar-room I found the gallant captain, surrounded by all the Volunteers available, making out lists of men to be warned and sending off messengers to warn them. It appeared that we were to proceed to G—— station, G. W. R.,