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For the Volunteer Review.

CANADA, OUR HOME.

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The skies are fair that beam above
Far lands of fame and song,
Where eyes that look the sweetest love,
To sunny valleys throng,
But oh! give me the forest hills,
Where happy I may roam,
Where every dear affection thrills
For Canada, our home.

The annals of our native land
May be but rough and brief,
But there is many a fearless hand
To guard the maple leaf.
Let danger threaten when it will,
We'll meet what e'er will come—
Remaining firm and faithful still
To Canada, our home.

The mountains, woods, and torrents wild,
Where chainless freedom dwells,
Have charms unto the forest child
Which everything excels.
Oh! for the joyful wind that flies
Beneath the leafy dome,
By lakes that beam like beauty's eyes
In Canada, our home.

Let other nations boast the fame
Of hero and of sage:
What is their glory but a name
Upon a blotted page?
Behold a land, from tyrants pure
As wild Atlantic's foam,
Where love and beauty dwell secure
In Canada our home.

Young giants of the north and west,
The nations hail your birth,
Your heritage is of the best
That e'er was claimed on earth.
Firm as your hills, bright as your streams,
Your glory shall become,
And realize hope's brightest dreams
In Canada, our home.

A VOLUNTEER LEVEE, DIN- NER AND BALL.

That bleak day in March, 1860, will long be remembered. On that day did the officers representing an army of eighty thousand men meet in London to do homage to their Queen, and on that day did Her Most Gracious Majesty show her appreciation of her people's patriotism by giving a reception to these officers in her palace of St. James's. Two days before the day appointed for

the Levee had the excitement set in, and London was filled with volunteers. In every tailor's shop were to be seen gentlemen anxiously trying on uniforms, or else rushing all over the City to find belts and chacos. Then as the day approached what fear that all would not be ready, and thus through the outfitter's neglect, the representative of the Pomona Volunteers be unable to surprise his Sovereign with the gorgeous uniform selected by the corps!

The 7th of March is come: an howling wind and an angry sky greet the volunteers who have by 10 o'clock assembled in larger or smaller parties in every coffee-room, in every hotel, within a radius of one mile from Covent Garden. The usual remarks on the cut and style of the various uniforms around. The Gaelic tongue prevails, and adhering with characteristic pertinacity, the men from the north of the Tweed talk together in audible whispers on the good appearance the Scotch make. A few hurried visits to tailors, a few exclamations of anger at shape, make, or quality of certain articles of apparel, and the volunteers start, some on foot and some in cabs, for St. James's Palace.

The sight-seers are not numerous—it is too cold—that north-east wind carrying sleet with it is a damper to curiosity, and very much against the appearance of the volunteers, who look and feel frozen without great coats: but still there are some few to greet these gentlemen as they pass along Pall Mall. Some bright eyes at doors and windows; some heavy moustached men on the steps of the clubs; and last, though by no means least, a fair sprinkling of that wonderful animal, "the London boy." For him this is a great day: grand opportunities for chaff and revelling in the luxuries of impertinence, mud and snow, present themselves. How keenly he enjoys the angry look cast upon him by that long volunteer in red stockings and knickerbockers, whose grey uniform and red band round the forage cap reminds "Workus" of guinea fowls, and as a consequence the peculiar cry of these birds is imitated. Cold, bitterly cold, is the volunteer; still through snow, chaff, and mud, he struggles on; and, as the clock strikes the hour of one, he finds himself and "that sword" arrive safely at the rendezvous in an old tent at the Palace of his Sovereign. Here, amidst glittering uniforms, saw-dust and a Babel of tongues, he waits until a voice from the door leading into the Palace desires that all up to a certain number pro-

ceed to the reception rooms appointed for them.

There are a few queer uniforms among the volunteers, but none of them come up to those worn by the various officers of the Palace. From the sturdy beef-eater, correct resemblance of the drawings in "The Tower of London," to the gentleman-at-arms looking rather oppressed with the weight of Mambrino's helmet. On up that broad staircase lined with liveries, periwigs, and rapiers, until the volunteer arrives at the room in which all officers from the county are expected to assemble.

There is no confusion, no noise, all the arrangements are perfect, and as the half-hours roll on, each gentleman waits patiently until it shall come to the turn of No. — to proceed into the presence.

Punctual to the minute Her Majesty arrives, and now the rooms begin to empty. The Artillery, in peace as in war, clear the way. Then follow Engineers and Mounted Rifles. Pass on—the Riflemen are to come now, and forming up in line the grandest show that our country ever produced begins to move. Middlesex leads the infantry, and from the corridor they enter the armoury in fours. The pace is slow, and ample time is given for observation and admiration of the gorgeous uniforms of the gentlemen-at-arms. Now the leading fours enter Queen Anne's Chamber and reduce the front to two deep, proceeding onwards like some huge serpent, its scales composed of human beings. Gloves off now and form single file is whispered, and the serpent suddenly attenuated passes through the narrow doorway leading into the Presence Chamber.

Standing a little in advance of her Court is the Queen of Great Britain, and as the Lord Lieutenant of each county reads the names out from a card presented to him by the captains of companies, she bows to the passing officer, who for one moment halts and faces Her Majesty. It is over for the county of —, and they wheel round and pass out into the street, making way for further portions of the serpent's body. "Cab, sir?" asked the owner of a Hansom, and soon our volunteer is removed from the chaff of small boys, and somewhat supercilious looks of the Blues, and mounted gentlemen drawn up with them.

As darkness comes on, the cab is again at the door: the Volunteer is one of the thousand possessing tickets for the dinner, to be presided over by His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief. Soon the large hall is filled, and the green and grey uniforms mingle with the colors suspended from the walls. His Royal Highness enters the hall, and the serious business of disposing of the