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For "THE REVIEW."
"PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE"
BY G. W.

Altho' the lively martial air "Partant pour la Syrie" is familiar enough to all who have occasionally the opportunity of listening to a band, it is doubtful whether either the French words or Sir Walter Scott's peculiarly poetical and graceful translation of them are as well-known to the public generally as they deserve to be.

As a point of curiosity I have ventured a very humble attempt to reduce an English version to something like the peculiar terse matter-of-factness of the original, a property shared indeed by most French verse, that language being undoubtedly less calculated for the misty imagery which lends a breadth and wealth of association to poetic conceptions, than for the clear, sharp definitions of science or diplomacy.

The failure to carry out this attempt may perhaps be atoned for in the eyes of many who may not be acquainted with Scott's elegant version, by its being annexed hereto, and it may be remembered that Sir Walter's verses are adapted to the air, which, it is needless to say, my humble experiment is not.

I do not know whether the French verses are literally as written by Queen Hortense, but I believe they are, or very nearly so.

Partant pour la Syrie
Le jeune le brave Dunois
Venait prier Marie,
De venir ses exploits.
Faites, Reine Immortelle!
(Lui dit-il en partant)
Que j'aime la plus belle—
Et sois le plus vaillant!

Il trace sur la pierre
Le serment de l'honneur.
Et va suivre a la guerre
Le Comte son Seigneur.
Au noble vœu fidele,
Il dit en combattant,
Amour a la plus belle—
Honneur au plus vaillant!

Je te dois la victoire,
Dunois, dit le Seigneur,
Puisque tu fais ma gloire
Je ferai ton bonheur.
De ma fille Isabelle
Sois l'époux à l'instant,
Car elle est la plus belle—
Et toi le plus vaillant!

A l'autel de Marie
Ils contractent tous deux
Cette union chérie
Qui seule rend heureux.
Chacun dans la chapelle
Se dit, en les voyant,
Amour a la plus belle—
Honneur au plus vaillant!

Parting for Palestine
Dunois the brave—
"Fair let my exploits shine"
"Queen of the Wave!"
"Prays he to Heaven's Queen"
"Grant me to love"
"Maiden the fairest seen—"
"Valiantest prove I!"

* "St Mary, Queen of the Sea," is one of the many Roman Catholic titles of the Virgin.

His oath on the altar
He graved with his sword,
Then to the Holy War
Follow'd his Lord;
To his fierce battle-cry
Echoed the air,
"To the brave honor high,
"Love to the fair!"

Vict'ry I owe thee,
Dunois! said his Lord,
Thou givest me glory—
I give thee reward—
To my child Isabel
Plight thou thy vow,
For she is the fairest—
The valiantest thou!

Before Mary's altar
United they stand;
Blessed the Union
Where heart goes with hand!
Through every chapel aisle
Cries rend the air—
"Renown to the bravest
"And love to the fair!"

It was Dunois the young and brave, was bound
for Palestine,
But first he made his orisons before Mary's
shrine:
"And grant, Immortal Queen of Heaven, was
still the Soldier's prayer
"That I may prove the bravest knight, and love
the fairest fair!"

His oath of honor on the shrine he graved it with
his sword.
And followed to the Holy Land the banner of his
Lord;
Where, faithful to his noble vow, his war cry
filled the air,
"Be honor'd aye the bravest knight, beloved the
fairest fair."

They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his
Liege-Lord said,
"The heart that has for honor beat by bliss must
be repaid.—
"My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded
pair,
"For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest
of the fair."

And then they bound the holy knot before St.
Mary's shrine,
That makes a paradise on earth, if hearts and
hands combine;
And every lord and lady bright that were in
chapel there,
Cried, "Honored be the bravest knight, beloved
the fairest fair!"

(Sir Walter Scott)

[Written Expressly for "THE REVIEW."
THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

(By the Author of the Campaigns of 1754-64.)

Towards the close of the Sixteenth Century the Turkish Empire had reached under the vigorous administration of a series of warlike and enterprising Sultans the culminating point of its political and military power. One hundred years previously the Great Mahomed had planted the Crescent above the Cross on the dome of St. Sophia's and annihilated the last remnant of Imperial

Rome by overturning the effete Empire of the Greeks. A few years later the horse-tail standards of the Pacha's were to be seen under the walls of Vienna, and for many a long year Western Europe was to be troubled by the fame of a power who knew neither mercy nor pity, and whose avowed object was universal Empire, and mission, conversion to the tenets of the creed of the Arabian Camel driver by the sword.

The period was favorable for the projects of the apostles of the false prophet. Europe was slowly emerging from the evils of the feudal system, the foundations of those Empires and Kingdoms known to modern days were indeed laid and even then ancient; but the materials of which each was composed had not yet received that centralisation which placed the power in the hands of a monarch whose sway was undisputed and who could wield it for the benefit of the many; each state generally consisted of a number of petty sovereigns who might thwart, but could not wholly withstand, the monarch's will, and consequently in those actions which first turned the tide of Turkish victory we shall in vain seek the enthusiasm which one hundred years later dealt that power its death-blow before the walls of Vienna.

There were however two powers in Europe whose forces combined and properly led could at the period of the battle of Lepanto have annihilated the Turkish power—the king of Spain and the Republic of Venice. Of the first it may be said at once that he was a narrow-minded, bigoted, driveller, incapable of taking a broad view of any subject and perfectly willing to make all the other powers his trembling dependants, if fear of the Turks could have effected that object; while the other was governed by an Oligarchy at once imbecile and mischievous—in the end she contributed the chief naval force which contributed so powerfully to rescue the infant civilization of Europe from the danger of Asiatic barbarism.

The rich and fertile Island of Cyprus had excited the cupidity of Salim II., (known in history as the *Sot*) son of Solomon the Magnificent, whose love for the wine produced on that Island was notorious, and he had