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THE DOMINION OF THE WEST.

Tell me, stranger, how to name thee—What the land that gave thee birth—
Has it place in song or story? Ranks it with the great on earth?
Has thy standard mark or symbol? Can it shelter those it rules?
Bears it Blazon, proud and hoary, azure, white, or grey gules?

I claim no record in the past—
Mine the future's mystic page—
Thou'rt my empire looms more vast
Than King or Caesar heritage.
Born in peace serene and tranquil,
I can show no bloody claim;
But I have a roll ancestral,
Ranking next to none in fame.

Exists the land, or rolls the sea,
Where England's banner has not waved,
Unfurl'd for death or honor's foe,
Whose valour oft its folds have saved?
On spot swept deck and battle plain,
The Scot and Erin's sons have stood,
And borne the standard free from stain,
Or sank beneath its steepe' in blood.

And to these, an oft-sung glory,
I can set a gem as bright;
To the Lilies' lofty story
I have ascendent lineal right.
England, Scotland, Ireland, Gaul,
Land of roses great and regal;
Each to me has yielded all,
In my veins their tributes mingle.

What did the sire, the son can do
Dare foe attempt to forge a chain;
Death may his free-born limbs subdue—
The fetters can but deck the slain,
From icy Gaspé to the sea,
Where sinks the sun at eve to rest,
Lake, river, plain belong to me,
The young "Dominion of the West."

W. B.

Toronto, Nov. 23, 1867.

A SHOT AT TWELVE PACES.

'A Russian officer killed in a duel, I see,' said Galton, laying down the 'Times.'
'Every man who fights a duel is a fool, who's better out of the world than in it,' said Dormer, laying down the law.

'And the seconds are worse than the principals; they share the folly and not the danger,' said Bingham, taking up the strain.

'Gently, gently! Sweeping censure is always unjust,' said Morley, taking up the speaker.

'Heyday, Morely! You are not a duelling man, are you? You never left the Rue de la Paix to walk in the Camp de Mars, surely!'

'Well, I was very nearly a second once.'

'Very nearly! Didn't the fight come off?'

'No.'
'How was it? A very decided challenge, I suppose, and then the principals fought—shy, eh?'

'No, no; the principals were in serious earnest about it, I assure you.'

'Then the authorities interfered and stopped the fun, perhaps?'

'Wrong again. Not a soul threw the least obstacle in the way of the meeting.'

'Well, how was it, then?'

'Why, the fact was, that when we got to the ground—but perhaps I'd better tell you the whole story.'

'By all means,' said Galton. 'Silence gentlemen. Silence, there. Monsieur raconte.' And accordingly Monsieur recounted the following.

'When I was shooting in India, I one morning received a letter, expressed in some such terms as these:—

DEAR MORLEY, I have a little shooting party on, and want your assistance. Come as soon as possible to Harrison's bungalow; we will make all arrangements there, and you can go and call on O'Flaherty at once. We are going to have a shot at large game for a change. Don't delay a moment. In these cases the scent should be followed while it's warm. The fellow's a big brute, and shall not escape me, if I know it. He's caught a Tartar this time. We'll put an ounce of lead into his carcass before he's twenty-four hours older, or I'm not yours, ever,

"DENNIS O'DOWD."

"A tiger, by Jove! I thought. A tiger at last."

'I had been waiting for weeks in the hope of getting a shot at a tiger, and had been repeatedly tantalized with reports of one being somewhere in the neighborhood. The jungle came down to within a very short distance of the place where I was staying, and the country looked the very ideal of what a tiger country should be; but I never had the luck to get a shot at one yet, altho' for some time past there had been rumours that a tiger was about. He had been seen here, and heard of there; he had carried off a sheep in one place, and a bullock in another; but still no one had been able to find out anything as to his actual whereabouts sufficiently definite to make it of any use our going after him. But now, thought I, O'Dowd must have got the bearings of the beast pretty accurately. I could have wished that Dennis had been a little less flowery and "tropical" in his account, but he always was a funny dog; the drift of his letter was clear enough; and if the tiger's having caught a Tartar was not a mere figure of

speech, the animal must be a very fine one. The part about O'Flaherty puzzled me a little; it had always struck me that he and O'Dowd were by no means warm friends; O'Flaherty was always chuffing O'Dowd, and O'Dowd always vowing vengeance against O'Flaherty. But it was all fun, perhaps; and O'Flaherty was a great hand at tiger shooting, I dared to say. At any rate, hurrah for the tiger! And I hurried off to Harrison's bungalow, where I found O'Dowd, with an expression of the utmost determination upon his face, drinking pale ale as if he meant it.

"Well, O'Dowd," said I; "we're to have a shot at him at last, are we?"

"That we are," said he; "or I'll post him."

'Post him! Post a tiger! O'Dowd was still at his jokes.

"Well! And when is it to be?" I asked.

"I won't have it delayed longer than to-morrow morning," answered Dennis. "You must go to O'Flaherty at once, and if he prefers this evening—faith! all the better."

"Oh! it depends upon him, does it?" said I.

"Well, of course it does," said O'Dowd, "to a certain extent; but not later than to-morrow morning, mind. And now I'll tell you all about it."

"Ay, let's hear all about the gentleman," said I, eagerly. "He's been playing with us long enough. We'll put a bullet into his hide now."

"That we will, my boy," returned O'Dowd "Now just listen to me. As I was walking up here last night, I met him sauntering

"What! You met the beast, you say?"

"And you may call him a beast," said O'Dowd. "He was that for certain. He'd had too much; I'll take my oath of that."

"Glutted with carnage," I muttered.

"I could see it, at once," continued O'Dowd; "I took his measure at a glance."

"Well," said I anxious to know his size, "and—"

"And I could see that he'd had a deal more than a taste of the cratur, though he carried it off in such a mighty easy way."

"Carried it off easily, did he?" said I: "a sheep or a bullock, of course. "What! he was off with it to his den, no doubt?"

"No doubt," said O'Dowd; "he generally finishes his evening in his own den, the insatiable thief. Well, when he saw me, he came, towards me, roaring—"

"Roaring! Came towards you!" I exclaimed. "By Jove! you took it very coolly. Didn't you run?"

"Run!" said O'Dowd, as if uncertain whether to be offended or not; "will you