

## ATSEA.

Midnight in drear New England,  
 'Tis a driving storm of snow—  
 How the casement creaks and rattles,  
 And the wind keeps on to blow!

For a thousand leagues of coast-line,  
 In fitful flurries and starts  
 The wild nor'easter is knocking;  
 At lonely windows and hearts.

On a night like this how many  
 Must sit by the hearth, like me—  
 Hearing the stormy weather,  
 And thinking of those at sea.

Of the hearts chilled through with watching,  
 The eyes that wearily blink,  
 Through the blinding gale and snow-drift,  
 For the lights of Navesink.

How fares it, my friend, with you?  
 If I've kept your reckoning right,  
 The brave old ship must be due  
 On our dreary coast to-night.

The fireside fades before me,  
 The chamber quiet and warm—  
 And I see the gleam of her lanterns  
 In the wild Atlantic storm.

Like a dream 'tis all around me—  
 The gale with its steady boom,  
 And the crest of every roller  
 Torn into mist and spume—  
 The sights and sound of ocean  
 On a night of peril and gloom;

The shroud of snow and of spoundrift,  
 Driving like mad a-lee—  
 And the huge black hulk that wallows  
 Deep in the trough of the sea.

The creak of cabin and bulkhead—  
 The wail of rigging and mast—  
 The roar of the shrouds as she rises  
 From a deep lee roll to the blast.

The sudden thròb of the engine,  
 Whose iron heart never tires—  
 The swarthy faces that redden  
 By the glare of his caverned fires.

The binnacle slowly swaying,  
 And nursing the faithful steel—  
 And the grizzled old quarter-master,  
 His horny hands on the wheel.

I can see it—the little cabin—  
 Plainly as if I were there—  
 The chart on the old green table,  
 The book and the empty chair.

On the deck we have trod together  
 A patient and manly form,  
 To and fro, by the foremast,  
 Is pacing in sleet and storm.

Since her keel first struck cold water,  
 By the stormy cape's clear light,  
 'Tis little of sleep or slumber,  
 Hath closed o'er that watchful sight—  
 And a hundred lives are hanging  
 On eye and on heart to-night.

Would that to-night, beside him,  
 I walked the watch on her deck,  
 Recalling the legends of ocean,  
 Of ancient battle and wreck.

But the stout old craft is rolling  
 A hundred leagues a-lee—  
 Fifty of snow-weathered hill-side,  
 And fifty of foaming sea.

I cannot hail him nor press him  
 By the hearty and true right hand—  
 I can but murmur—God bless him!  
 And bring him safe to land.

And send him the best of weather,  
 That ere many suns shall shine,  
 We may sit by the hearth together,  
 And talk about Auld Lang Syne.

## THE BATTLES OF 1812-15.

## XXVIII.

## THE VETERANS.

In obedience to the suggestion of one of the gallant survivors of the war of 1812-15, the VOLUNTEER REVIEW has published the "Official despatches" of the stirring scenes of that sanguinary conflict so far as they related to those actions which had been fought on Canadian soil; those fought within the United States, such as the battles of Bladenburg, Baltimore and New Orleans have been

narrated under the head of "NAVAL OPERATIONS," in the third volume of the REVIEW.

In the publication of those despatches we have had the desire to promote the motive of the gallant veteran, his Honor, Judge Jarvis of Cornwall, who suggested that course, and to rescue from the undeserved obscurity into which they were sinking by the lapse of time, the memory of great deeds done for "happy homes and altars free," or as the political philosophers of the Manchester School would phrase it, for a "sentiment" embodying the patriotism of a loyal and gallant race, not tainted with the petty huxtering greed which they dignified by the name of commercial prosperity. The motives which actuated our gallant friend in desiring the publication of those despatches were two fold.—"First, to prove to the people of Great Britain by the irresistible logic of facts, that Canada could not be conquered by direct attack from the United States in case Great Britain did her duty as a naval power in the premises.

"Second, that it was the duty of the Canadian people to provide for their own defence, and as a necessary corollary preserve their independence and be prepared to resist all attempts of their powerful neighbours to absorb them."

To follow out to its logical conclusion the full value of the lesson inculcated would be and has been, as intended, to arouse a spirit of patriotism, national pride and loyalty throughout the country, and a spirit of emulation in the breasts of the men of Canada which will bear its fruits in seasons of danger and difficulty.

Soldiers such as our gallant friend never forget the animating principles of all true Britons, embodied in Nelson's celebrated signal, "England expects every man to do his duty," and his country's honor is always a leading object, the maintenance of which is the leading rule of his actions. In closing this narrative of the contest of 1812-15, it had been our intention to give a short biographical notice of the gallant colonial soldiers who fought through its disheartening but glorious campaigns, and in spite of all odds carried the "war successfully into Africa, but having found it impossible to obtain the necessary information from the survivors we must be content with a notice furnished us by Judge Jarvis.

In a letter addressed to the Editor of the VOLUNTEER REVIEW, dated at Cornwall, 21st Feb., 1870, he says:—"There are so few officers now living that were in the war of 1812 that I fear your call will not be responded to; I give you the names of those who are still alive.—Alex. McLean, Newfoundland regiment; John LeContre, Lieut., 10th regiment, now senior A.D.C. to the Queen; B. A. C. Gagy, Canadian Fencibles; John Sewell, H. P., 49th regiment; Thos. Gerrard Bale, Capt., 5th regiment, now Lieut. General; Sir Edmund J. Morris, Capt., 49th regiment, now Lieut. General; George S.

Jarvis, Lieut., 5th or King's regiment, now Judge Jarvis of Canada. From the same authority we learn that the names of the officers of the 5th or King's regiment who served in the war of 1812 in Canada were: Lt. Cols. Youngo, Robertson, Evans, Ogilvie, Blackmore and Battersby; Majors Goldicat, Cotton and Buck; Capt. Cotton, Robinson, Bromsler, Eustace, Campbell, Sadler, Walsh, Ormsby, Tythe, Goldwick, Fitzgerald, Bradbridge, Davies, McNeil, Ball and Agnow; Lieuts. Ross, Sweeney, Drummill, Hill, Ives, Mortimer, Taylor, McDermott, Harper, Nuttall, Bourke, Boyde, Veith, Kidman, Powell, Young, Greig, Russell, Barston, Woyland, Price, McMahon, Bradford Lavery, Raden-hurst, Price; Adjutants, Farnham and Jarvis; Ensigns Thompson, Suaym, Shaw, D. E., McDonnell, Nicholson, Richardson, Nean, Noel, Finch and Lloyd; of their services in Canada the following is a brief sketch. In the autumn of 1812 the 8th or King's regiment proceeded to Upper Canada, consisting of 1000 officers and soldiers in the highest state of discipline. One company, under Capt. Eustace, and 400 regulars and militia under Major Macdonald of the Glengarry Fencibles from Prescott, made an attack by crossing on the ice to Ogdensburg on the 13th February, 1813. They were subjected while crossing to a heavy fire from the enemy's artillery and musketry posted on shore. The company of the 5th or King's turned the enemy's right in gallant style, and rushing upon the Americans down then through the village with severe loss and carried the fort at the point of the bayonet. Their conduct was commended in the Published Despatches. They captured two stand of American colours which Sir G. Prevost sent to England to be presented to His Royal Highness the Prince Royal. Their loss in this affair was one Sergeant killed, Ensign Powell and twelve privates wounded. In March, 1813, five companies were detached from Kingston to Fort George. Two companies, the grenadiers, under Capt. McNeil, and No. 3 Company, under Capt. Eustace, 170 rank and file, reached York on 26th April. On the morning of 27th April the American fleet, under Commodore Chauncey, and a land force under Major General Dearborn, appeared off the harbor. The force at York, under Major General Sir R. H. Sheaffe, who happened to be there at the time, consisted of about 600 men and a few Indians. Eight hundred Americans, under General Pike, effected a landing in the woods to the west of the garrison (there was no fort); additional brigades soon followed him. The Grenadiers of the 5th under Capt. McNeil, were the first to oppose the landing, soon followed by Capt. Eustace's company and the other forces of regulars, militia and Indians. After a sharp contest of two hours and a-half in which several charges were made by the British, they were overpowered by numbers and compelled to retire from the field which they did in good