

For "THE REVIEW."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

BY G. W.

De Multis Rebus. Imprimis—De Barbis. Magna est Barba (prevalebit) et prevalebit—is the burthen of Walker, who chanteth the analysis of beauty, and seems to consider a shaven face and effeminacy synonymous. His list of conquering bearded nations given in the *Review* of the 21st ultimo is certainly not to be impugned. Yet he has omitted a remarkable instance to the contrary of his theory, though it may perhaps be justly said that the exception proves the rule—I mean the victorious Normans whose swords carved out their supremacy from the plains of the Holy Land to the corn fields of Sicily—from the gates of the Bosphorus to the cliffs of Britain—whose fastidious refinement (amongst the items of which clean shaving was prominent) neither enervated the mind nor weakened the arm.

THE FRIGATE AND SLOOP ACTIONS OF THE AMERICAN WAR, OF 1812-14.

When it was courteously suggested to me by, I think the Historian of the Campaigns of 1754-64 himself, that I should take up the above subject, it was a matter of regret to me that I had not at hand the materials to enable me to treat it with the correctness indispensable. It would seem however that the creed of the optimist is borne out in this instance. That which *is*, is best. Your readers will benefit by my accidental inability to perform what would otherwise have been a pleasing task, and any regret I may have felt, is now merged in sincere satisfaction that a narrative of so intense an interest will be laid before them by a hand so much abler than mine.

THE NAVY.

It may not be amiss at the commencement of the year, to state that so few changes have taken place in the higher ranks of this noble service during the past year, that but little could be said of it calculated to interest the readers of the *Review* more than was then laid before them. In the articles which you did me the honor of publishing, and which several capable judges did me the honor to commend, the gross results of seven years exertions for the establishment of an Iron-clad Fleet were detailed. It will be sufficient to say that its increase during the year now gone down "the stream of time," has not been less than the average of its predecessors, while increased experience has tended to make the latest built ships in all probability the best and most efficient of their respective classes. The *Heracles*, though not so large as some others is probably in most points the finest ship yet added to our magnificent Navy. Yet she is said to be deficient in an important point, the stowage of coal, and has been said after all not to be equal to the *Kron Prinz*, built in England for the Prussian Government.

CAPTAIN COLIN ANDREW CAMPBELL, R.N.

The notice of this officer contained in your last issue carries one back in memory twenty-one years, when the present no doubt dignified Post Captain was familiarly known as "Wee Colin" among his messmates, being, though by no means the junior, by far the smallest midshipman in the *Vindictive*, then Flagship on this station. It happened that we rejoined in a Commander (Jeffrey W. Noble) who was probably the largest officer afloat. Our Captain—now Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, G.C.B.—was a man of over six feet (and a better officer never trod a deck, or one better beloved) but Commander Noble towered in colossal height above every one. I think he was nearly six feet five inches high. As to his figure, of proportions simply magnificent, but with a head surmounting it of an almost disproportionate size, and it must be confessed of a scarred and surpassing plainness. I never saw a man who so completely conveyed to me the idea of what Mirabeau must have been; a man of stentorian voice, of dauntless courage, and of admirable seamanship. As an officer, of a temper somewhat violent and capricious, yet far from unpopular. Withal a gentleman of distinguished bearing, polished manners, high education and extensive information. A keen sense of the ludicrous often led him both to the performance and toleration of practical jokes of various descriptions. Among the milder effects he was fond of producing was one, based on the remarkable contrast between his own gigantic proportions and the diminutive stature of the then "Wee Colin"—On the occasions of Admirals' Governors' or Generals' Balls, he would frequently ordain that Colin Campbell should wait for him, and accompany him in his own gig. He generally made it late so that the rooms were full. The voice of a Flunkey (incited by the Commander to shout particularly loud) would then turn all eyes towards the door, with the announcement—Commander Noble and Mr. Campbell! and "Old Jeff's" broad shoulders and enormous epaulettes, would be seen looming over the heads of the crowd, while small Colin remained utterly invisible till the well matched pair gained the comparatively open space round the Admiral, Governor, General, Bishop, Judges, &c., when the contrast became ludicrously apparent, and never failed to elicit a hearty laugh. Dear old Jeff! He was a terrible tartar sometimes, but a noble whole souled gentleman, with all his faults—

"His bones are dust, his good sword rust"

"His soul is with the saints, I trust!"

"Wee Colin" has long since justified the fair promise of those days. A genial and pleasant youngster, though withal, small as he was, not the boy that any one but a brute would take a liberty with, he was an universal favorite—I may almost say a general pet, in fact he had petting enough to have spoiled a boy of less sound mind. But I never

saw, in three years messmateship, that it shook either his quiet self-reliance, or his modesty. An old Messmate who still retains an affectionate remembrance of him still wishes him joy and further honor.

THE HORSE GUARDS.

With what admirable clearness, does Kinglake, in his peculiar, minute, ponderous, yet lucid style place before us the well known and well hated character of Lord Cardigan. It tends indeed but little to the cultivation of respect for the judgement of those authorities whom Col. Macdonald of the Surrey Rifles, would have us approach on subjects of reform with so much tenderness, that they should, for many years, have persisted in entrusting with high commands a man of such detestable attributes.

SOLDIERS' ACCOUTREMENTS.

Scarcely ever, I should suppose, did there appear a notice more welcome to those who have at heart the ease and efficiency of the soldier, than that extracted from the *Montreal Gazette* on the improvements effected by Dr. Oliver, in the method of carrying ammunition and necessaries. I trust we shall not only shortly hear more of it, but find something of the kind rapidly taking the place of the present utterly abominable and intractable pouches.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE REVOLVER VS. THE SABRE.

To the Editor of THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

DEAR SIR:—If your very able correspondent Col. Denison, will excuse a delay in answering his letter, caused by indisposition, I shall endeavour to touch upon the points at issue, at the risk of the controversy being chargeable with a tedious triviality, especially, at this present time, when the whole art *militaire* presents, to the reflective soldier, the perplexity of a vast problem, which neither analogy nor experience can pretend to solve.

The fact of the American Cavalry adopting the Revolver, was only the natural sequence to a lack of discipline, and the facility of its manual, which will be found that weapon's best recommendation. But with this, their favourite weapon, what were the achievements of that Revolver equipped Cavalry, in argument it cannot be invidious to enquire. Yet it is in vain we look for exploits, generally recognized as falling within the sphere of a good Cavalry's duties. Such as the wavering, fluctuating fortunes of a battle being decided by a gallant charge; a retreat pressed to a rout or rendered doubly disastrous by bold, active pursuit, or a retiring Infantry protected by short rapid attacks of its Cavalry upon the advancing enemy. This is urged in no derisive spirit, but merely to show that the Revolver has failed to inculcate a very high *morale* in its votaries, or to have inspired them, with that determined