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AN OLD ENGLISH PATRIOTIC SONG SLIGHTLY ALTERED TO SUIT THE NEW DOMINION, AND PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES.

It is conceived that, at the present day, when 30 millions of native population in the far East begin to appreciate the integrity of British rule; when two millions of freemen in the far South, in New Zealand, and at the Cape; when four millions of hardy northmen in the Dominion, are prepared to uphold it with their treasure and their blood, the last verse, which is entirely unaltered, will be found to possess a significance undreamed of by the original writer, some fifty or sixty years ago.*

ATR—"The flaunting Flag of Liberty, of Gallia's sons the boast."

The flaunting Flag of Liberty, Columbia's braggart boast,
Oh! never may Canadians see float o'er their lake-bound coast;
For the only Flag true freedom rears o'er all the lands and seas
Is the Flag that's braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze.

Beneath its folds the lowliest man may fearless speak his mind,
Undaunted by the savage ban of rabble passion blind;
No tyranny of rank he fears—no fierce mob license sees—
Neath the Flag that's braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze.

To shield the lawful rights of man—to break oppression's chain,
The foremost in the battle's van, it never floats in vain;
The mariner where'er he steers, in every clime he sees
The Flag that's braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze.

If all unite as once we did to keep our flag unfurled,
Old England still may fearless bid defiance to the world;
But fast would flow the nations tears should lawless hands e'er seize
The flag that's braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze.

Lord Byron's valet, Lindsley, who was present at the poet's death, is now a cripple in a Western hospital. He was in Abraham Lincoln's company in the Black Hawk war, and served throughout the late conflict in the Sixty-first Illinois Regiment. He is in great destitution and distress.

*The remarkable contrast between the equity shown by our laws to Whalen, and the recent infamous lynch-law proceedings in the States, together with the motives and results of the Abyssinian expedition, also lend peculiar force to the sentiment expressed in the third verse.

NAVAL OPERATIONS

OF THE
WAR OF 1812-14.

CHAPTER XI.

Whatever alleviation the horrors of actual warfare may receive from the particular locality in which it is waged—on shipboard especially no escape from all its terrors could be secured; what then must have been the courage of the gallant souls who fought the next action in order of time, especially when it was well known that in becoming the assailants—they provoked a contest with a greatly superior force.

On the 28th June, at daylight, in lat. 40° 36' North, long. 11° 15' West, the British 18 gun brig-sloop Reindeer, commanded by Capt. William Manners, a hero whose name deserves to be emblazoned by history on the highest roll of honor and whose courage should be held up to the admiration of all British seamen, while steering with a light breeze from the North-East discovered and chased in the West South-West the United States ship-sloop Wasp, the sister ship of the Peacock, and armed the same way. The Reindeer, built of fir in 1804, was a sister brig to the Epervier (both of the class known as coffin brigs from their total unfitness for war purposes—their crankiness and general unseaworthy qualities), but was not so heavily armed having an amount of age and weakness, exchanged her 32-pounder carronades for 24-pounders, 16 of which with 2 sixes and a 12-pounder boat carronade formed her present armament. By 1 p.m. the two vessels had neared each other sufficiently to ascertain that they were enemies, and manoeuvred one to gain, the other to keep the weather-gage. At 2 p.m. the Wasp hoisted her colors and fired a gun to windward, and immediately the Reindeer whose colors had been previously hoisted fired a gun also to windward as an answer to the challenge. At 3h. 15m. p.m., being distant about sixty yards on the Wasp's starboard and weather-quarter, the Reindeer opened fire from her boat carronade mounted on her top-gallant forecastle, this fire was repeated four times, when at 3h. 26m. putting her helm a-lee, the

Wasp luffed up and commenced the action with the after carronade and the others in succession—the fire was returned with spirit and a close and fierce engagement ensued. After this cannonade had lasted about half an hour the Reindeer, from the loss of men and the destruction of her standing and running rigging being disabled, fell with her bow on board the port quarter of the Wasp from which she was raked with terrible effect, the rifle men in the tops shooting down every officer which appeared on deck. Early in the action Captain Manners had the calves of his legs partly carried away by a round shot, but would not leave the deck, a grape shot passed through his thighs, and he fell on his knees but quickly springing up he shouted to his crew—"Follow me my boys, we must board"—and endeavored to climb into the rigging for that purpose—two bullets from the Wasp's maintop penetrated his head and came out below his chin convulsively brandishing his sword he exclaimed "O God!" and fell dead on his own deck. Nearly the whole of the officers and almost three fourths of her men having fallen, the fire of the Reindeer began to slacken, although her gallant crew still maintained the unequal contest; but at 4 a.m. the American crew rushed on board and received possession of the brig from Mr. Richard Collins, the Captain's clerk, being the senior officer alive on deck.

In a line with her ports the Reindeer was literally cut to pieces, her upper works, boats, and spare spars were a complete wreck—her masts were both badly wounded, particularly her foremast; and of a crew of 98 men and 20 boys the brig had her commander, purser, and 23 petty officers, seamen, and marines killed—her lieutenant, master's mate, midshipman, boatswain and 38 seamen and marines wounded; total 25 killed and 42 wounded, of the latter 27 were dangerously wounded. One of the men was wounded in the head by a ramrod which before it could be extracted required to be sawed off close to the skull, the man notwithstanding recovered. After receiving this desperate wound the gallant fellow refused to leave his gun, saying—"If all the wounded of the Reindeer were as well able to fight as I am