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CONFEDERATION DAY.

From Fundy Bay to Lake St. Clair,
Long frontier famed in battle story—
Baptismal thunders rend the air,
The New Dominion's dawning glory—
And farther echoing westward where
They die in woods antique and hoary.

Brave Cabot, Cartier, Roberval!
Ye prophets true, in deeds unsparing,
And Iberville, and great La Salle!
Oh, not in vain your peril sharing;
Lo! wakes the full-trumpeted fame that shall
Redeem your hopes and crown your daring.

Ye sainted dead your mantle fling,—
Like him of old to heaven ascending,—
Your dauntless faith in God and King,
Your strong-souled purpose, firm, unbending:
Hark, hark, the swelling anthems ring,
In divers tongues hosannas blending.

From fiery Gaul, from Briton bold,
And subtle Celt, in frank alliance;
Teuton and Norseman, true as gold,
And Scotchman strong in self-reliance,—
One name, one fame, one flag unroll'd
For self-defence but not defiance.

O! sure foundation, broad and deep,
Achieved by thoughtful, earnest scanning,
No wasted homes, no hearts that weep,
No gory field presaged your planning,
And soon from sea to sea shall sweep
Unbroken arch of Empire's spanning.

Almighty Pow'r, whose works sublime
Confound the great, exalt the lowly,
From discord, treason, fear and crime,
Ignoble aims and war unholy,
Be Thou our shield through coming time,
Build our Dominion, surely, slowly.

DANIEL CAREY.

Quebec, July 1st, 1867.

THE TWO DAYS BEFORE WATERLOO.

RECOLLECTIONS BY A PENINSULAR VETERAN.

To the Editor of the Glasgow Herald.

GLASGOW, 18th June, 1867.

SIR,—As to-day is the 52d anniversary of the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo, and as I gave you a short account of a few of the many things that came under my notice on that bloody field that day on the 18th of June last, I will not say anything about it here; but as I am in good health, and, by the goodness of God, another year has rolled over my head, I am not willing to let this pass altogether without saying something about it; so if it meets with your wishes I will give you a brief sketch, so far as our regiment was concerned, of the two days preceding that eventful day, and I know you will pardon me for asking a small space in your broadsheet, when you take into consideration that old soldiers are fond at times of talking about their hard-fought battles; and some times inclined to take up the words of the poet, and say—

"Still again would I venture this old trunk of mine,
Could our general but let us, or we fight like
langsynic."

But I find I must go back more than two days to connect the chain of circumstances which leads to that bloody fight.

At the close of the Peninsular war our regiment was the last of the British troops leaving France. We sailed from Bordeaux amidst the applause and cheers of the people, and in due time arrived at the Tower of London; but we were not long there until we heard that Napoleon had broke loose from Elba. We thought it all nonsense—we could not believe it. Indeed, some of our men did not relish it very well, as they wanted a little rest, after having been knocked about so much in Spain; but news arrived day after day, until there was no doubt about it, and we got orders at once to hold ourselves in readiness for foreign service, and in two or three days the route came about mid-day, and we embarked in the evening at Greenwich for Ostend. We arrived there safe, and proceeded at once by Ghent through the Netherlands, and arrived at Engien, and took up our stand there to watch the movements of the French, if they came in that direction, because we knew that they had a strong army in Paris. We erected beacons all over the country, to set on fire at any place where they made their appearance.

We waited there for some weeks, making every preparation to give them a warm welcome at whatever place they would appear, as our army were scattered all over the frontiers, so that they could not pass without our noticing them.

At last the much looked-for time came. We knew what work was before us, and we longed to make a beginning. On the 15th of June, in the evening, the order came to march on Quatre Bras. We marched all night, and next day came upon a body of French who were in a wood. And now for the two days preceding the great battle.

On the 16th, coming up with the French in the wood, we were ordered at once to dislodge them, whether they liked it or not. So we dashed into the wood and drove them before us. Very soon a goodly number lay killed and wounded on both sides, but we drove them before us, the wood being pretty large. They at last took to the fields, but that must have been pre-arranged from what follows. Of course we followed them into the fields, but getting out of the wood could not be done in any kind of order, the wood being surrounded by a thick thorn hedge, so that we had to bore out as we could individually. The French flying before us, as we chased them to some distance, suddenly flew over a rising ground, when a squadron of Cuirassiers came dashing over the hill among our scat-

tered men, and those who had fled before us of course returned, and then we were in a bad fix. We had neither cannon nor cavalry to assist us, as they were hotly engaged somewhere else. But at this time the brave Duke of Brunswick, seeing how we were placed, came flying up with his Black Brunswickers—what we called the "Death or Glory Boys;" and we called them that because they wore the skull and cross-bones on their caps. We stood and contended with the French for some time, we being still scattered, till General Maitland, seeing that we were overpowered and would be cut down, and himself being near taken prisoner, cried "For God's sake, men, fly to the wood;" but that was not such an easy matter. The Cuirassiers, scattered all over the field amongst us, were cutting at our men, here and there; but there were a goodly number got into the wood notwithstanding. As I have said before, however, the Brunswickers came up, and that changed the face of things. In this affair we lost a number of brave officers and men, amongst whom were the Duke of Brunswick, as brave a soldier as ever drew a sword, and young Lord Hay (we had two Lords Hay); he was as handsome a young man as I ever put my eyes upon; and Colonel Miller (Lord Glenlee's son), and a number of other officers and men, all brave; but the bullets have no respect for persons. I may just mention here that we had a man whose name was H—— in our company, whom we could seldom get up to the front. Indeed, in the retreat from Burgos, in Spain, to Portugal, he was as much amongst the French as amongst us. We would not see him sometimes for weeks. We many times wondered they did not make him a prisoner; but he was not very wise. I suppose they thought him a man whom nobody owned—or at least like a chip in porridge, little harm, little good—and they just allowed him to pass. However, on this affair I am writing about we had him with us, but we could not get him up to the front. He was about fifty yards in the rear, and began to fire at the French, but right through where we were standing. We knew he would hit some of us, and we cried to him to come forward; but not one inch would he come nearer. He thought he was near enough them. One man told me afterwards he watched him to see if he really was going to fire. He let off his piece and struck this man on the knee, but slightly. However, our movements were so rapid I soon lost sight of him, and the next morning when we were all gathered together again, I said to some of the men, "Does anybody know what has become of H——?" "Oh! yes," said one of our men who snivelled very much, "poor H—— fell gloriously on the field killing his comrades. He was shot."