



# The Volunteer Review

## AND MILITARY AND NAVAL GAZETTE.

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For "THE REVIEW,"

LINES.

The love we bear in youth,  
When age comes on,  
Seems like some cherished truth  
That is forever gone.

The lovely, lonely flower  
Of Morning's walk,  
At evening's lonely hour,  
Is withered on the stalk.

Oh! life of brilliant scope—  
Oh! youth now gone  
Where is the joyous hope?  
What has your promise done?

Thy wearied pulse; oh heart!  
Ere long will cease;  
Then shalt thou form a part  
Of the Eternal peace.

F. G. O'H.

Ottawa, August, 1868.

### THE CAMPAIGNS OF 1754-64.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

Amid all this danger and disaster Detroit, though severely pressed, still held out. On the 19th June a rumour reached the fort that a vessel had been seen near Turkey Island some miles below, but that the wind failing she had dropped down with the current to wait a more favorable opportunity.

For some days the garrison at Detroit heard nothing further of the vessel, when on 23rd June a great commotion was visible amongst the Indians. The cause of all this was unknown till Mr. Baby came in with the intelligence that the vessel was again attempting to ascend, and that the Indians had gone to attack her. Upon this two guns were fired, that those on board might know the fort still held out. Late in the afternoon the schooner began to move slowly upward. About sixty men were crowded on board, of those only ten or twelve were visible, the officer having ordered the rest to lie hidden below, in hopes the Indians presuming on the apparent weakness might make an open attack. Just before reaching the narrowest part of the channel the wind died away, and the vessel anchored. Immediately above and within gunshot the Indians had made a breastwork of logs, carefully concealed by bushes on the shore of Turkey Island. The crew

cautious and wary kept a strict watch from the moment the sun went down. Just before day the lookout could discern canoes afloat on the stream. The men were ordered up from below, and took their posts in perfect silence. The blow of a hammer on the mast was to be the signal to fire. The Indians had by this time approached within a few rods of their fancied prize, when suddenly a blaze of cannon and musketry burst from the vessel, destroying several canoes, killing fourteen Indians, wounding as many more, and driving the rest in consternation to the shore. They immediately began to fire from the breastwork, upon which she weighed anchor and dropped down beyond their reach. Several days elapsed before the wind was sufficiently favorable to enable her to attempt the passage again, but at length, with a rattling breeze on the quarter, she sailed past the Indian breastworks without having a man hurt, and as she passed the Wyandot Village sent a shower of grape amongst its yelping inhabitants, by which several were killed, and quietly anchored alongside her consort abreast of the fort.

She brought a supply of ammunition and provisions, and much needed reinforcement to the wearied garrison. On her downward passage she passed Cuyler's detachment, but held her passage for Fort Schlosser, where she remained till the return of that officer with the remnant of his force. With the survivors of his party, and a few other troops spared from the garrison of Niagara, he was ordered on board the schooner to make the best of their way back to Detroit with the results as detailed.

This vessel brought the official notification of the treaty concluded at Versailles in February, by which Canada became an appendage of the British Empire.

Those tidings which were circulated by proclamation amongst the Canadians, greatly disturbed Pontiac. He called a Council on the evening of the arrival of the vessel, and proposed to them that they should give him assistance in capturing the fort, and destroying the English, a few of the vagabond class, who had adopted Indian fashions and

attire, promised their aid, and on the evening of the next day, accompanied by an equal number of Indians, approached the fort, and intrenched themselves in order to fire on the garrison.

At day break, a file of men, lead by Lieut. Hay, sallied out to dislodge them. This was effected without much difficulty, the *Bois-Brules* fled so rapidly that they escaped unhurt, but two Indians were killed and several wounded. One of the English soldiers who had been a prisoner amongst the Delawares had learned their practice of scalping, which he now executed on one of the dead savages, shaking it with an exultant cry towards the savages, which excited their rage to a fearful degree. About four o'clock on the afternoon of the same day a man was seen running towards the fort, closely pursued by the Indians. On arriving within gunshot they gave over the chase, and the fugitive came panting beneath the walls, where a wicket was flung open to receive him. He proved to be the Commandant of Sandusky, who had seized the first opportunity of escaping from the old squaw to whom we had been married. Through him the garrison learned the death of Major Campbell. It appeared the Indian killed and scalped was the nephew of Wasson, Chief of the Ojibawas, who, on hearing of his death, immediately proceeded to the house of M. Melorche, seized Major Campbell, bound him to a neighboring fence and shot him to death with arrows. His heart was eaten by the Indians to make them courageous, and his body thrown into the river, but it was brought ashore and buried by the Canadians. His fellow prisoner, Lieut. McDougal, had previously escaped. Pontiac was so enraged at his death that Wasson had to fly to Saginaw to escape his vengeance. The two armed schooners had become an object of terror to the Indians by sailing up the river, and firing into the camp of Pontiac, they caused considerable loss, and compelled him to move it several miles inland. On the nights of the 10th and 12th of July they attempted to burn them by fire rafts, but failed on both occasions.

Immediately afterwards the Wyandots