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THE ENCHANTED ISLE.

The drifting years have brought me to
An island in the sea of time,
With shores resembling naught I knew,
In any former age or clime.

In old romance I heard of it,—
Perchance I saw it in my dreams,
As clouds that thro' the moonlight flit,
Give phantoms to our waking dreams.

However, 'tis a wondrous isle, }
With many a quaint and cloudy light.
That blushes ever at the smile
Of morning through the vale of night.

Along the valleys rivers glide
Beneath the walls of castles grand,
That are not homes for homeless pride,
Nor were they built by human hand.

The marble steps and pillared walls
Were planned in ages long ago,
When old magicians in such halls
Ruled genii from the world below.

But they have long since passed away
And other beings take their place,—
Defying death and eke decay,—
Perennial in youth and grace.

And there are gardens filled with flow'rs,
Where palpitating odors move,
And groves that cluster into bow'rs
O'er leafy couches made for love.

Ah, human hearts! how well it were,
If ye could meet in place like this,
When'er your deepest fountains stir,
Responsive to the clinging kiss.

And there are forests dark and high
Of trees that tell the strangest tales
That ere were told beneath the sky,
Or listened to by heedless gales.

The caverns, deep in mountains old,
Are filled with treasures, rare and vast,
And diamonds heaped on floors of gold
By gnomes in the forgotten past.

A castle stands upon a hill,
Whose lofty rooms contain a store
Of volumes, where I learn at will
The mysteries of magic lore.

And there, upon a lofty seat,
Is placed the Queen of all this isle,—
A sweet enchantress, at whose feet
I rest and live within her smile.

The sad misfortune of my birth
Compels me oft to leave her side,
Because I am a thing of earth,
Unto the sons of men allied.

For me she sings the sweetest songs.
On me their happiness confers,
Whatever else to earth belongs,
The world of love and dreams are hers.

CARROLL RYAN.

Ottawa, March, 1869.

NAVAL OPERATIONS

OF THE
WAR OF 1812-14.

CHAPTER XIII.

The city of Baltimore stands at the head of the bay or inlet of the Patapsco river and distant from its confluence with the Chesapeake about 14 miles, it contained at this period 50,000 inhabitants; it is nearly surrounded by detached hills, one of which, the Clinkapin hill situated on its Eastern side, commands the city and the approach to it by land from the Chesapeake. The approach by water is defended by Fort McHenry situated at the distance of two miles from the city upon the point of the peninsula that forms the South side of the bay which is scarcely a quarter of a mile wide at the entrance. The Patapsco is not navigable for vessels drawing more than 18 feet of water, and just inside the harbor is a bar with only 14 feet of water; it is distant from Washington but 35 miles, and the capture of that city caused great consternation in Baltimore, as it was expected the British troops would march over land and attack the city at its only as sailable point; it is a striking illustration of the total want of plan on the part of the British Commanding Officers that this was not attempted, especially as it was nearer by a march than Benedict, and the troops could be embarked at Baltimore with as great or greater facility, it would have capitulated on the appearance of the British Army as it did not contain a military or naval force capable of offering any resistance, the fleet could have easily cooperated, but all those advantages were lost through the indecision of the British General.

The evacuation of Washington and hurried retreat consequent thereon restored the confidence of the American commanders in Baltimore who forthwith commenced to defend it on the land side by a chain of palisaded redoubts connected with breastworks and covered by deep ditches in front, for already the American Military Engineers affected those entrenched positions which became so marked a feature of their strategy in the recent war between the Northern and

Southern States—works were thrown up and guns mounted at every available point—the *Java* frigate of 60 guns and two new sloops of war of 22 guns each, the *Eric* and *Ontario* were equipping in the harbor—there were also several gunboats armed with a long French 36 pounder each beside a carronade and several private armed vessels, the troops in garrison numbering 16,500 men were reinforced by the seamen and marines of Commodore Rogers, Captains Perry and Porter, released by the destruction of their various squadrons and vessels.

On the 10th, 11th and 12th September the troops landed at North Point numbering altogether 3,270 men of all arms, and immediately moved forward to the attack of the city of Baltimore. A squadron of frigates, sloops and bomb vessels moved up the Patapsco to bombard Fort McHenry. On arriving at a line of intrenchment and abattis thrown up between Black River and Humphries Creek on the Patapsco, about three miles from the place of landing, some opposition was expected, but the United States dragoons and riflemen posted there retreated without firing a shot. About two miles from the intrenchments the road being flanked by thick woods they encountered a division of artillery, infantry and cavalry numbering 370 men, a sharp skirmish ensued the Americans fell back most of them taking to the woods. General Ross and Rear Admiral Cockburn who were with the advance of some 50 or 60 men when this took place consulted together for a moment when the former saying:—"Ill return and order up the light companies"—proceeded alone to execute this mission—a few minutes afterwards he fell mortally wounded by a shot from a rifleman ensconced in a tree. Colonel Brooke of the 44th Regt. now took the command, and about two miles further on came in sight of the American army drawn up with six pieces of artillery and a body of cavalry numbering in the whole 4,500 men and backed in case of retreat by 8,000 more supported by heavy batteries; a brisk action ensued which ended in the United States troops being driven headlong from the field by the bayonet with a loss of two pieces of