



# The Volunteer Review

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### THE WIDOWED SWORD.

They have sent me the sword that my brave boy wore,  
On the field of his young renown—  
On the last red field, while his fate was sealed,  
And the sun of his days went down.  
Away with tears  
That are blinding me so;  
There is joy in his years,  
Though his young head is low;  
And I'll gaze with a solemn delight evermore,  
On the Sword that my brave boy wore.

'Twas for freedom and home that I gave him away,  
Like the sons of his race of old;  
And though, aged and gray, I am childless this day—  
There's a glory above him  
To hallow his name—  
A land that will love him  
Who died for its fame;  
And a solace will shine, when my old heart is sore,  
Round the Sword that my brave boy wore.

All so noble, so true—how they stood, how they fell  
In the battle, the plague, and the cold;  
Oh, as bravely and well as e'er story could tell  
Of the flowers of the heroes of old.  
Like a sword through the foe  
Was that fearful attack,  
t so bright ere the blow  
Comes so bloodily back;  
And, foremost among them, his colors he bore,  
And here is the Sword that my brave boy wore.

It was kind of his comrades, ye know not how kind;  
It is more than the Indies to me;  
Ye know not how kind and how steadfast of mind  
The soldier to sorrow can be.  
They know well how lonely—  
How grievously wrung,  
Is the heart that its only  
Dove loses so young;  
And they closed his dark eye when the battle was o'er,  
And sent his old father the Sword that he wore.

### JOHN BULL TO PADDY.

Believe me, if all these unfounded alarms,  
Which circulate every day,  
Proved true by to-morrow, and Fenian arms  
Were uplifted to plunder and slay,  
We should still hold our own, with unterrified hearts,  
Let the outrages be what they will;  
And our motto, however the injuries smart,  
Should be, "Justice to Ireland!" still.

It is not to scoundrels whom patriots disown,  
And whom Erin has reason to fear,  
That the meaning of Freedom can truly be known,  
Nor the cause of "Old Ireland" be dear.  
Not the heart of the patriot never forgets,  
'Tis not thus he should conquer his foes;  
And the emblem on which his reliance he sets  
Is the Shamrock entwined with the Rose.

### TRAITS AND ANECDOTES OF SIR WILLIAM NAPIER.

#### HIS YOUTH.

"Prouest friend and noblest foe was William Napier. One of a group raised from among the mediæval dead, and set in the midst of us clothed in a temperament which admitted all the ameliorating influences of our modern period of civilization. Brought up in an Irish country town, Sir William Napier, though best known in after life as a writer of history, owed as little as possible to the education of the schoolmaster. If, according to Dogberry, reading and writing are the gifts of nature, spelling certainly is not, and Sir William Napier never wholly acquired the art; but nature gave him a mind eager and energetic, ardour of noble thought and feeling which found its vent in eloquence of word and action, a heart warm and constant, a person strong and beautiful. Perhaps the schoolroom might have but cramped his growth; our shrubberies need culture and dressing, our oaks only want space.

And a boy who, before he had left the nursery, saw his home attacked by a mob in the absence of his parents, and the nurse standing at the door with two loaded pistols while she sent for assistance, and who, before he was twelve years old, was, with his four brothers, armed by their father for the defence of that home which was regularly fortified against the Irish rebels of 1798, was not likely to want military spirit. He was fond of books too. Though not crammed with grammar and lexicon, as a boy he read all that came in his way, devouring Plutarch's Lives with special eagerness. Through life he seized on a new book with a boyish appetite.

In the year 1800, when he was only fourteen, William Napier received a commission in the Royal Irish Artillery. Four years later Sir John Moore got him a company in the 43rd regiment, then forming part of his own brigade. He served in the Copenhagen in 1807, and the following year joined the army under Sir John Moore, in Spain. The young soldier is thus described by his biographer: "Quite wild with animal spirits and strong health, brimming over with fun, joking with his comrades, racing, jumping, swimming with his men, studying Napoleon's campaigns with his friend Lloyd, poring over the lives of real and fictitious heroes, and the writings of ancient and modern philosophers, and astonishing all by his wonderful memory; raging at any story of oppression, melting in pity at any tale of

misfortune, with a fondness for animals amounting almost to a passion, and delighting to observe indications of character, even in a bird or kitten, this strong, tender, handsome, and gifted man, surrounded by so many temptations, passionately admiring beauty in women, was yet never known to be otherwise than pure in thought and deed, by comrades who lived with him in all the intimacy of barrack life, and this, too, at a time when society was far more indulgent than it is now. It is a beautiful and noble picture."

William Napier was his own schoolmaster, studying the campaigns of ancients and moderns by the aid of the best maps and plans, and occupying his leisure in drawing and painting, for which he had decided talent. So excellent was his memory that he could repeat the whole of Pope's translation of Homer; and such was his self-control that, though he excelled in billiard playing, he gave it up entirely lest it should become too engrossing.

#### HIS CAMPAIGNS.

Captain Napier had the reckless daring of his race. He took more than his share of the hardships and perils of Sir John Moore's disastrous retreat, but the dangers of his own service do not seem to have satisfied him. In 1808, being at Vigo, on board the "Hindostan," hearing of a secret enterprise to cut out a Prussian frigate, moored in the harbour, with boardings, fittings, and all things ready to meet an attack, he borrowed a sailor's dress and ship's cutlas, and was with the seamen in the boats when the Commodore relinquished the attempt as too hazardous.

At the "bitter fight" on the Coa, Capt. Napier was shot in the left hip, but continued with his regiment until, in the combat of Casal Novo, he received a bullet, which, never being extracted, caused him, through the remainder of his life, many days and nights of agony. In this same fight his brother George had an arm broken by a bullet, while carrying his wounded subaltern off the field during a heavy fire. In his life of Sir Charles Napier, Sir William thus describes the day: "Combat followed combat, the light division led in pursuit, and Capt. Napier, with his wound still bandaged, rode about ninety miles on one horse, and in one course, to reach the army. His regiment being with the main body, he heard each morning the ever-recurring sounds of the light division's combats in front, and had hourly to ask of wounded men if his brother were still alive. Thus advancing, on the 4th of March, he met a litter of branches, borne by soldiers and covered with a blank-

\* He had been wounded in the face at Busaco.