

O'NEILL OF THE CAB;
OR, THE BATTLE OF THE BORDER.

BEING THE TRUE AND THRILLING NARRATIVE OF
SERGEANT-MAJOR PHELIEM O'GRADY OF THE
GRAND ARMY OF INVASION—SET DOWN IN
RHYME NEAR PIGEON HILL, CHICKABIDDY
CREEK, CANADA.

(From the N. Y. Standard.)

'Twas eleven o'clock and more
By the watch that Murphy wore,
When our men were mustered o'er,
And our generals did combine,
Right for a fight Richard's house—
All as quiet as a mouse;
And our courage did rise
Near the Border Line.

Full twice a hundred men
With twice fifty told again
Did we marshal on the plain—
Be me sowl the sight was fine!
All bright in martial sheen
Shure a sight was never seen
Like the 'Weiries' of the Green
On the Border Line.

Out spake General O'Nall!
"Brave boys you'll never quail;
'Tisn't in your eyes to fall
When you see the Sunburst shine;
While your flag is all unfurled
To the attention of the wurruld,
Ere the enemy is hurled
From the Border Line!"

Then brave Cronan said: "Me frin I,
This flag I will defend—
On that same you may depend,
Rain or shine!"
So, content we took our way;
For, let hap what happen may,
Sure our generals had their say
On the Border Line.

But whilst the devil took
The Ganagin for a snake,
From behind of hill and brake
All the enemy did fine,
And on our battalions fired,
The hateful Hessians fired,
In a manner not desired
On the Border Line.

Brave Cronan faced the fray,
And his veterans blazed away,
While O'Nall did gaze so gay,
With a telescope so fine;
And he squinted far and nigh,
Till, to himself, siz I,
Faith, the foight's all in his eye,
By the Border Line.

But now the strife was hot,
Sure as Iver fight was fought,
Captain Cronan he was shot
Like a coin;
And Murphy bit his lip
For to see the bullets skip,
But they shot him on the hip,
By the Border Line.

Och hone! what now befel
Right sorry I am to tell,
For though the boys did well,
Bad luck it did design
That the blasted old Cannucks,
Behind their hills and rocks,
Should keep us in a mux,
By the Border Line.

Whin, unbeknownst, the chates,
The Marshals of the States
Came prowlin' on like fates
And oiver made a sign,
While on that bloody field,
As the howlin' Hessians reelo 1,
A carriage it was wheeled
Near the Border Line.

And as sudden as a wink
They called O'Nall to drink;
Sure our General didn't think
That base was their design;
And they took him all aside,
That brave General in his pride,
Till his eyes he opened wide,
By the Border Line.

Till like a lion roared,
That bold Fenian of the sword,
An' his gleamin' eyes they glow'd;
Like the eyes of the O'Brien,
But they told me not to gab,
While old Foster did him grab,
And they put him in a cab,
By the Border Line.

Och, now! this darlin' fight,
It was extinguished quite
In Brave Boyle O'Reilly's sight;
And wo is his and mine!
Faith! I cannot tell you why,
Yet I think O'Nall's a guy—
But I'm glad he didn't die
On the Border Line.

The fight it was begun
Near to Chickabiddy Run;
Near Pigeon Hill 'twas done,
In the Canadas so fine,
And they druv him off to gaol,
The illustrious O'Nall,
With none to go his bail,
Near the Border Line.

THE BATTLES OF 1812-15.

XV.

War as well as history repeats itself; the battles of the most primitive times were fought over sites where a repetition of similar scenes would be the consequence of any warlike demonstration in modern days, in fact it was the topographical features of the country that determined the site of the action and the series of grand tactics before and afterwards. Canada like other countries has its vulnerable, or what is the same thing, its objective points, and the approaches thereto determined by the facility afforded by Lakes Champlain and George for the transportation of military and other stores and from the protection afforded by its waters to an invading force which could advance to the foot of the enemies line of defence at right angles thereto without serious annoyance. The great question in a campaign would be the mastery of those chains of lakes, and this was as well understood in 1813 as at the present day.

The two sloop, so valiantly captured suggested the idea of a descent in force against the American ports on Lake Champlain; for this purpose about 100 officers and men of the 13th and 100th regiments, under Lt.-Col. Murray, embarked at Isle-Aux-Noix on 29th July and on the next day reached Plattsburg where the troops landed driving away about 400 militia soldiers and burning the State Arsenal, Pike's encampment, several block houses, the barracks at Saranac (three miles off) capable of containing 4000 troops and carried away a quantity of naval stores, shot, &c., they next proceeded to Saranac in Vermont, where they also destroyed the barracks and public stores.

There being no seamen at Isle-aux-Noix and none to be spared from Lake Ontario, the commander of his Majesty's brig *Wasp*, then lying at Quebec, gallantly volunteered with his crew to man the two sloops and gun boats at Isle aux-Noix and try to provoke the American Commodore to a fight for the control of the Lake. Accordingly on 3rd August a detachment of troops of the 100th regiment, under Capt. Elliot, landed at Champlain town where they destroyed two block houses and the Commissariat General's stores; this was performed without opposition as there were no troops in the village.

On the 2nd Capt. Everard proceeded off Burlington and thence to Shelburn, four or five miles south of that town, where he burned a sloop having on board 400 barrels of flour. The following is the official account of this action:—

His Majesty's Sloop *Broke*, }
Lake Champlain, Aug. 3rd, 1813. }
Sic:—Major General Glasgow has apprised

Your Excellency of my repairing with a party of officers and seamen to man the sloops and gunboats at Isle-aux-Noix in consequence of your letter of 4th ult., addressed to the senior officer of his Majesty's ship at Quebec, stating it to be of great importance to the public service that an attempt should be made to alarm the enemy on the Montreal frontier, &c., and agreeably to your wish that I should communicate anything interesting that might occur, I have the honor to acquaint you that the object for which the corps under the command of Lt.-Col. Murray had been detached having been fully accomplished by the destruction of the enemy's block house, arsenal, barracks and public store houses remaining on the west side of the Lake beyond Plattsburg, I stood over to Burlington with the Shannon and one gun boat to observe the state of the enemy's force there and to afford him an opportunity of deciding the naval superiority of the lake. We were close in on the forenoon of the 2nd and found two sloops of about 100 tons burthen, one armed with 11 guns, the other 13, ready for sea; a third sloop (somewhat longer) fitting out with guns on board and two schooners of two guns each lying under the protection of 10 guns mounted on a bank 100 feet high without a breastwork, two scows mounting one gun each as floating batteries and several field pieces on the shore. Having captured and destroyed four vessels without any attempt on the part of the enemy's armed vessels to prevent it and seeing no prospect of inducing him to quit his position where it was impossible for us to attack him. I am now returning to execute my original orders.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

THOS. EVERARD.

Commander of His Majesty's sloop *Wasp*.
Lieut.-General Sir G. Prevost, Bart., &c.

A good deal of desultory skirmishing was indulged in during the progress of this contest, the principal object being to diminish or cut off the opponents resources; of this character was the capture of a gunboat armed with a 6 pounder, by two boats armed with 18-pounders from Commodore Chauncey's squadron, as well as her convoy of fifteen batteaux, laden with provisions and ammunition bound from Montreal to Kingston on the 16th July, the captors carrying them into Goose Creek and being apprehensive of attack obstructed the navigation by felling trees across the creek, landing a gun on a commanding point and moving their boats so that their bows pointed down stream; in this position they were attacked next day by a detachment of the 100th, and another under command of Major Friend of the 41st regt., but the British were beaten off with the loss of four killed and eighteen wounded.

The capture of the gallant Boerstler, the *bellower* of the American army, at DeCaus, had struck such terror into these heroes that General DeRottenburg was enabled with a very inferior force to establish his head-

This gallant officer was killed by a fall from his horse in the endeavour to save a child which ran under the horses feet in Clough Jordan, County of Tipperary in June, 1838. The writer of this notice had parted from him only a moment before under an engagement to dine the next day and was ascending the steps of the hotel when he saw Major Friend try to rein in his horse sharply. It being a fair day a great crowd was in the street and the horse, a spirited animal, plunged violently throwing the Major over his head by which he was instantly killed; the child escaped unhurt.