



The Volunteer Review

AND MILITARY AND NAVAL GAZETTE.

A Journal Devoted to the Interests of the Military and Naval Forces of the Dominion of Canada.

VOL. II.

OTTAWA, CANADA, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1868.

No. 8.

A SOLDIER'S SONG.

BY JOHN SENTRYBOX 100TH REG'T.

The Lord of the manor may gaze on his lands
Of forest, and streamlet, and hill;
The Monarch may issue his mighty commands,
And thousands may jump at his will.
But for these I care not, for my knapsack is all
The wealth that a soldier can claim.
And my wants are but few, if my fortune is small,
My hopes and ambitions the same!

On me the bright sun shines clear as on him,
And nature unrobes to my eye
Beauties that luxury never made dim; —
I can sing and the wild birds reply!

I can look upon Heaven and gather its lore,
Can love and be loved by my kind;
And, tho' poor I may be, I have riches in store
In the glorious kingdom of Mind.

Tho' my knapsack contains all the wealth that
I own,

I've a treasure that none can despise,
For I hold what would honor the mightiest throne,
What a king cannot have tho' he tries.
'T is the gift of my nature — the power of song —
Which nothing can take from me, nothing
destroy;

Is immortal as Love, and, as Nature, is strong
In mirth or in sorrow, in sadness or joy!

CAPTAIN FREDERIC ROLETTE.

Translated from the French of LA MINERVE, for
the VOLUNTEER REVIEW, by MARY A. M'IVER.

History too frequently takes note of what is merely dazzling, and does not always hold account of modest merit. Occupied in rendering homage to the powerful, it is seldom that she deigns to address a word of praise to those public servants who remain in poverty and obscurity. It is to the latter class, however, that the country is often most deeply indebted. In a country like ours, where the people endeavour, and rightly, to make the nobility of merit prevail, it is useful to search in the recesses of history, in order to bring to the surface and under the eyes of the public, unappreciated merit, and to see that the actions performed so well by some men have not been forgotten; and hasten to pay them a just tribute. In discharging this debt, we labour, assuredly, for the encouragement of noble spirits; while, in holding up to admiration true merit, we fill the blank pages of our history, and fulfil the duty of grateful citizens. We are desirous, on this occasion, to make known

to the public the actions of one of these men, who, although occupying but a secondary place, nevertheless performed his part with honour. We refer to Captain Frederic Rolette, whose descendants still live in positions more or less humble. They have all rendered themselves worthy of the name they bear, by their good and upright conduct. They have, besides, formed alliances with many French families of distinction, and, accordingly, have a double title to our respectful consideration.

FREDERIC ROLETTE, born at Quebec, in 1783, was the younger son of Joseph Rolette, an old militia officer of the city of Quebec. At an early age he gave marks of that energy which, at a later period, gave him his titles to glory. The circumstances amid which he was placed not offering any path for his legitimate ambition, he went, when quite young, on board a vessel of war, and joined the English marine. We have no documents which would authorize us in saying that he distinguished himself; but, from his subsequent career in Canada, we are led to believe that he did his duty throughout, and the rank given to him on his arriving again in Canada would seem to prove this. Besides, in a succession of admirable achievements, the most heroic actions are of common occurrence, and it is not to be wondered at that no account should be taken of the conduct of a single soldier. However this may have been, he resolved, on his return, to place at the service of his country the military talents with which he was endowed. At all times, Upper Canada, with a frontier of over thirteen hundred miles, requires a good marine in case of hostilities with our neighbours. The attention of the French governors, also, was often drawn toward this point: the war of American independence demonstrated more than ever that it was of the greatest importance to obtain the supremacy of the lakes, so as to anticipate the Americans, who had also judged it not proper to remain behind in this respect. In consequence, the government had formed a Provincial navy, to cruise on the lakes and watch the frontier. It was in this marine that Frederic Rolette entered. By a commission of the 4th of October, 1808, he was named second lieutenant in the naval armament of Her Majesty. The conclusion of peace prevented Rolette from having any opportunity of distinguishing himself; nevertheless, his qualities were appreciated by the military authorities, and, as in view of an approaching war they had need of trust-

worthy officers, they cast their eyes on him, and promoted him, on the 25th of April, 1812, to the rank of first lieutenant, and entrusted to him the command of the brig *General Hunter*, bound to cruise on Lakes Erie and Ontario with the *Queen Charlotte*, commanded by Captain Hull, and the *Lady Prevost*, commanded by Lieutenant Barwis.

The difficulties existing between the American States and England relative to the right of search introduced in the maritime code of the latter in connection with a state of blockade in which she had included the costs of a part of the European continent, brought them to unite; while the thick clouds which had accumulated on the horizon, the breath of discord threatened to discharge; the balance of power seemed about to be disturbed; the contesting parties were a nation which had been in the political arena and on the field of battle, and a little country going to strive against an army more numerous than all its population.— The Union Congress had ordered a levy of 175,000 men. For the purpose of covering a frontier of 1,700 miles in length, Canada had only 4,500 regular troops, of all arms. In Upper Canada, there were not more than 1,450 soldiers. Notwithstanding the resolution of England to hold herself on the defensive, and not to move till it should be necessary to the success of the plan which she had adopted, she could not count upon opposing a barrier on that immense colonial frontier, but only upon the courage of the colonists themselves. These had not more than a handful of men; but these men were animated by love of their laws and of their religion: they formed a nation threatened by a storm greater still, because it was continually and secretly gathering in the lowest depths of intrigue, and in the offices of an oligarchy which had determined on its ruin. This was an excellent opportunity to prove to England that duty alone can constitute loyalty, and that if we have not loved her agents, it is because they have not taken the means to secure our affection: we abide by her institutions, although there are others dearer to us than those can be. She knew then, as she may ever know in the moment of danger, that she may rely upon us, and that she can do so by being just towards us.

The thunderbolt burst on the 18th of June, 1812. The noise of arms was everywhere heard. The cry, "Rush to the capital," echoed through our vast forests, and was understood by the children of the land. An appeal was made to the Canadians, and those who had been most oppressed under the preceding administration were the most ardent in raising the standard of defence. The militia forces were organized, and the sons of France, under Sir George Prevost,

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