



# The Volunteer Review

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SANS TOI.

From *Essais Poétiques of the French Canadian poet, Lemay.*

BY MARY A. McIVER.

Sweet is the whispering zephyr  
During the silent eve—  
Dear are the solemn shadows,  
Of groves to hearts that grieve;  
But neither balmy south wind,  
Nor dreamy woods for me;  
For these lose all their sweetness,  
My love, when wanting thee.

Pleasant the billow's murmur  
When gliding o'er the rocks,  
Bright the lone gem that glitters  
Amid night's ample locks;  
But neither perfumed blossoms,  
Nor wave, nor star for me;  
For these lose all their sweetness,  
My love, when wanting thee.

Fair is the unblown flower,  
Whose leaves morn's tears have stirr'd  
Sweet is the sun's arising,  
The voice of singing bird;  
Nor buds 'mong dew-drops scatter'd,  
Nor song of bird for me;  
For these lose all their sweetness,  
My love, when wanting thee

THE REVOLT

OF THE

British American Colonies,  
1764-84.

CHAPTER X.

Towards the close of 1774 Gage's authority as Governor of Massachusetts was confined to the peninsula on which Boston stands, and did not extend beyond the musket range of the 150 men under the command of a field officer who guarded the lines. The troops in Boston were well organized but the officers were very inefficient. Those were the days when a "pretty fellow" was one of the qualifications for the service, together with hard swearing, an unlimited capacity for liquor, an aptitude for swindling tradesmen and expertness in cheating at play, and the few men of social rank who had any professional skill were regarded as paragons, while any talent that might exist in a subaltern was rather a curse than a blessing unless he had money or patronage to get on with. There was no uniform system of tactics, every commandant manoeuvred his regiment after his own mode and without previous concert,—Brigade movements were impossible.

The morals and conduct of the officers were such as to create disgust in the precise Puritans, whose outward appearance of morality was at least decent, and would be outraged by drunken orgies carried on into the Sunday morning, while indecency and the greatest outrages were committed in the public streets. As for the private soldier he was little better than a beast of burden senselessly decked out; his garb was ludicrously unsuitable and absurd—totally unfit for service, and loaded with worsted lace and ornaments; a heavy scarlet coat closely buttoned, broad, cut-away skirts, with high standing collar and leathern stock, a three-cornered hat perched on the top of his head the hair of which had to be tortured into a pig tail, with great curls above his ears and occupying much more time to bring to the proper shape with tallow and flour than was expended in teaching him the manual drill; tight fitting white breeches with black gaiters above the knee and heavy shoes completed his attire, while his musket barrel was rendered nearly useless by constant burnishing; he carried a load, including arms and ammunition in full marching order, of over 160 pounds. To sum up all the more crack a corps became the less it was fit for service.

A good story illustrative of this happy state of discipline is told of a Hessian Colonel who blew his brains out because in reply to his boast that his dragoons dressed so accurately in line and were so well sized that only one pig-tail could be seen along the backs of all, the Duke of York pointed out the irregularity of their noses.

With such troops Boston was occupied at the close of 1774, and an energetic officer would have turned them to some account by striking terror into the rebels, but Gage's habits of procrastination were on this, as on former occasions, his country's great loss. The very talented historian from whom so much has been quoted is not free from the weakness of his countrymen respecting the revolutionary heroes. Speaking of the Governor of Massachusetts he says, "The appointment of General Gage to the Government of Massachusetts would under ordinary circumstances have been an advantage

to both Crown and people. His politics, so far as we know, were not harsh. On the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1767 his mansion at New York was brilliantly illuminated—and he had chosen a wife in this country. In a military sense he must have been familiar with the land, for so long back as 1755 he had led the 44th Regiment under Braddock, and had been wounded by the side of Washington. But the leaders of the Whigs saw in his appointment a diabolical design amounting to more than a studied insult to the Province."

There can be no doubt but General Gage had opportunity enough if he possessed the requisite qualifications to be able to plan a campaign in North America better than any living man, but he had learned nothing by his long residence, and although he had attained the rank of Major General he knew nothing of the science of his profession.

The readers of "The Campaigns of 1754-64" will find that Washington, whose name is hauled in on every occasion by American writers, was merely an aide-de-camp without any military rank, while Gage, as Lieut. Colonel, commanded the advance at the battle of the Monongahela and was wounded by the first fire before Washington had crossed the ford at all, and the greatest service the latter performed during that disastrous day was to carry an order to Col. Durbur at the Great Meadows for reinforcements, an order dictated by Braddock after receiving his fatal wound, and being carried across the river and when all attempts to rally the troops had proved futile.

In the British House of Commons Burke and Chatham launched their philippics against the army and its commander: "A mere army of observation," says the former, "its only use to shelter the magistrates of Ministerial creation," the latter characterized them as "an impotent General and dishonoured army, trusting only to the pickaxe and spade for security against the just indignation of an injured and insulted people. They are an army of impotence. I do not mean to censure the General's inactivity, it is a prudent and necessary inaction. But it is a miserable condition when disgrace is