



The Volunteer Review

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FOR THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

ENGLAND'S WORKING MEN.

A SONG, WRITTEN FOR A FESTIVAL OF THE SOCIETY

We breathe a clarion sounding strain—
An echo of the past,—
Of noble acts, and triumphs, which
Will through all ages last.
Our Island blood is mantling now
On each fast flushing cheek,
The heart's own riddle to deeds
Of which we proudly speak.
The banner of the trine cross
Throws its bright hues around;
The banner "God and Right" upheld
On many a battle ground.
The yeomanry of toll are met
Beneath its glorious light,
For are not England's working men
The bearers of its might?
The "Birkenhead" at midnight struck
Upon a sunken rock,
Though prayer went forth upon the deep,
She parted with the shock!
With all the grandeur of their race—
With all their old renown—
They fired their own death volley, as
The noble ship went down!
The conquerors' dauntless courage rose
Above all danger then,—
The lofty and undying faith
Of England's working men!
Give honor to the gallant dead,
The laurel wreath, which fame
The regal sculptor of the brave,
Carves round each trophied name.
Where the dark, pathless mountains o'er
Crimea valleys rose,
The silent, blue, unwavering steel,
Repulsed Old England's foes.
When India's soil was wet with blood,
What saved the Empire then?
The faithful, stern devotedness
Of England's Working Men!
Who breathed the spirit-quickening words
Which our own records fill?
"We have not come to fight for gold,
But for the old flag still!"
Two brothers who had left their lands,
Gave us those words sublime!
Words which should be engraved with
The diamond of time.
Now cheer for such triumphant hearts
Our glorious country, then;
And bless our Sovereign with the prayers
Of England's Working Men.

M. ETHELIND KITSON,

*The Messrs. Allan of Hawkesbury, when Canada needed true hearts to defend her.

FOR THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

THE VOLUNTEER.

The Volunteer doth own a prize
More worth than gems or gold;
'Tis loyalty that never dies—
'Tis that which ne'er grows cold.

Tho' some may laugh, and others sneer,
And say 'tis but a whim,
The ardor of a Volunteer
Makes such as naught, to him.

Should cruel war, with visage grim,
Deform our country dear;
His duty is a guide to him
And banishes his fear.

Our British blood is still the same
As dyed Trafalgar's wave,
As shed at Blenheim's field of fame,
And drenched the hero's grave.

Then let us join both heart and hand;
For hearths and homes unto:
May Heaven protect our sunny land
And God defend, the right.

AM.

[Written Expressly for "THE REVIEW."]
THE CAMPAIGNS OF 1754-64.

NUMBER VI.

The failure of the Expedition against Du Quesne does not seem to have produced any change of the plan of campaign, marked out for Braddock by the English ministry, on the part of his successors, although the knowledge that his papers and instructions had passed into the hands of the French should have been sufficient to render some modification necessary. At a Council held at Alexandria, in April, it had been decided that General Shirley should direct the movement against Niagara with his own regiment and Sir Wm. Pepperell's, commanded by Colonel Schuyler, and a detachment of Royal Artillery who were all to assemble at Oswego, on Lake Ontario, at which Port some vessels should be built for the purpose of obtaining command of the Lake.

On the 28th of June, 1755, the first English vessel ever launched on Lake Ontario was completed; she was a schooner forty feet on the keel, carried twelve swivel guns, and was made to row with fourteen oars when necessary. This expedition seems to have been mismanaged from the moment of its inception, Shirley appears to have been a vain and incompetent man; instead of starting with his troops early in spring they did not arrive at Albany till July. Just as every thing was in a fair way of preparation news of Braddock's defeat arrived, on which many of the Colonial troops deserted and a great

number of the *Voyageurs* went home; a large quantity of stores had to be left behind and Shirley did not arrive at Oswego till the 21st of August.

Here the usual confusion was apparent, provisions were scarce and the means of transport not completed; a succession of accidents, partly from mismanagement, partly from the elements, compelled the postponement of the expedition; and Shirley, leaving Colonel Mercer in command of a garrison of 700 men, retired to Albany with the residue of the troops, having previously instructed Mercer to erect two new Forts for the further security of the place. The blunder made in selecting Oswego as a base of operations had a fatal effect on Braddock's expedition, as it disgusted the Indians who looked on it as neutral ground while it in no way furthered the object of the campaign; in connection with other real or fancied wrongs it was the means of depriving the expedition to Du Quesne of the services and aid of the Red men.

Next in order, but first in successful execution, was the expedition for the conquest of Acadia; the force was raised in Massachusetts, a province that in this and all previous contests appears to have been distinguished for the warlike character of its people and the public spirit of its legislature. The forces raised were commanded by Col. Winslow, consisted of some 1500 provincial troops, and were directed against Forts Gaspereaux and Beau-Sejour, the former situated on Bay Verte at the head of the Gulf of Canso, the latter at the head of Chigenucto Bay, an extension of the Bay of Fundy, one on the Eastern the other on the Western shores of the peninsula connecting New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Arriving at their destination on 1st June, they were joined by Colonel Moncton and 300 regulars with a small train of artillery. Having captured some insignificant outposts the besiegers invested Beau-Sejour on the 4th June, and on the 12th the feeble garrison of 100 regular soldiers and 300 Acadians capitulated, and Fort Gaspereaux, garrisoned by 20 soldiers and a few inhabitants, followed suit. After a few more unimportant captures the final disgrace of the Colonial policy of this war was consummated in the