



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. III.

OTTAWA, CANADA, MONDAY, MAY 17, 1869.

No. 20.

For "THE REVIEW."

A TRIP TO MONTMORENCY FALLS IN 1867;

OR,

RECOLLECTIONS OF POINT LEVIS CAMP.*

'Twas when the gallant P. C. O.
In tents at Levis lay,
That three gay soldiers from its ranks,
Met on an August day.

Each had a pass, till twelve P. M.,
And each on pleasure bent,—
A trip to Montmorency Falls
Was their agreed intent.

A Frenchman's boat they quickly got,
And left the cove with ease;
Dan seized the sail, and John the helm,
While Owen watched the breeze.

The wind was fair, the sky was clear,
The boat rode pleasantly.
While Dan amused the crew with tales
Of Wolfe's great victory.

He said, "'Twas on this trench'rous stream
Our father's braved the tide,
And on yon dark and frowning hills
Vast numbers bled and died."

But soon they reached the Beauport shore,
And landed with good cheer,
Made fast the boat, and then allayed
Their thirst with spruce beer.

They viewed the falls, and foaming bay,
Enraptured was each eye,
Nor did they leave the fairy spot
Till eventide drew nigh.

They, with light hearts, unmoored the boat,
And steered their course for home;
But from that moment, to their grief
The craft inclined to roam.

The night grew dark, adverse winds blew,
They on a boulder struck,
Which accident to them appeared
An omen of ill-luck,

The boat stuck fast, it would not move,
Their skill it seemed to mock,
Till John into the river jumped
And prized it off the rock.

Then with a shout, they spread the sail,
And hoped the Cove to gain;
But with a noise that chilled each heart
The canvas rent in twain.

The boat thus froed, towards the Gulf
Rushed, afloat knots an hour;
To tack for home with broken sail,
They found beyond their power.

The oars soon broke, the crew got tired,
And then fell fast asleep;
Thus, for two hours, the sons of Mars
Were safe in Neptune's keep.

On waking up, young Owen cried,
Very appealingly,

"Our leave is up at twelve to-night,
We all shall absent be."

"We will not land, brave Dan replied.
Till we've secured the boat,
We will not let our worthy craft
To Anticosti float."

They moored the boat on Levis side,
Quite five miles from the camp,
And about eleven o'clock,
Began the homeward tramp.

Though in good time they reached the camp,
Yet dreams their slumbers marr'd,—
Each dreamt, throughout the night, he felt
The boat still pitching hard.

They hastened to the boat next day.
Honor did them inspire,
To gratefully restore the boat
Was their sincere desire.

They found the ebbing tide had left
The boat dry on the shore:
But, daunted not, they launched the craft,
And braved the tide once more.

They plied the broken oars with zeal
Until they reached the craft,
On which the Frenchman and his friends
Stood, waiting for the craft.

The sons of Mars, each, seized an oar,
And for a fight prepared;
The Frenchman smiled,—forgave them all,
And asked them how they fared.

And said, "I thought before this time
My boat was leagues at sea;
But I perceive ye, noble sirs,
Have acted gallantly."

JOHN.

*The 4th Batt. P. C. O. Rifle Brigade lay at Point Levis in 1865; but the 1st Batt., to which the heroes of our tale belonged, lay there in 1867. Ottawa, 1869.

NAVAL OPERATIONS

OF THE

WAR OF 1812-14.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Concluded.)

The series of articles on the "Naval Operations of 1812-14" presented to the readers of the VOLUNTEER REVIEW have been written without any partisan feeling whatever, or desire to lessen the chivalrous gallantry of Britain's foemen on that occasion. The writer having had the honor of serving in the British navy, would be naturally proud of victories gained in fair and open fight, but could feel no pleasure in depreciating the prowess of an enemy sprung from the same

race, speaking the same language, and often men who had served under Nelson and his contemporaries. Care has, therefore, been taken to include only facts in the narrative, and to jealously exclude all special pleading as a means of accounting for failure, covering disgrace or excusing confirmed blunders. As this contest had been begun without any legitimate object by the American Government, so it had been carried on without any intelligent plan, purpose, or design by both parties. The only principle held in view appears to have been which should do the greatest amount of useless mischief to the other. The American soldiers and seamen seem to have been ignorant of the first principles of warfare, practically and theoretically. Their opponents had the practical knowledge but totally failed in its theoretical application,—in other words, the leaders on the British side were characterized by respectable imbecility, on the American by ignorance. It is little wonder then that acts were done at which humanity must blush or that recriminations of no ordinary character should have sullied the pages of history on both sides. If war is a necessary evil it follows that its actual practice should be ameliorated in every way, and that it should be levied on the State, not on individuals,—for instance, where was the object gained by the destruction of the Canadian farmers' property or the means of livelihood of the New England fisherman.

The contest established no right, enforced no principle, illustrated no precedent, it was a wanton scene of bloodshed, the guilt of which must rest with its originators. Politically it served no purpose, and aided no party. If, as has been surmised, it was undertaken at the instigation of the French Emperor, it did not serve his cause in the slightest degree. Baffled in the Iberian Peninsula, the Russian campaign annihilated his power. If it was intended to benefit the growing commercial interest of the United States, it also failed, as her commerce was annihilated, and her people dissatisfied. It established no superiority in her naval and military prestige, as it could be no disgrace to English seamen to be captured by superior