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THE RED FLAG OF ENGLAND.

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Old England! thy name shall yet warrant thy fame,
 If the brows of thy foemen shall scowl;
 Let the lion be stirred by too daring a word,
 And beware of his echoing growl!
 We have still the same breed of the man and the steed
 That bore nobly our Waterloo wreath,
 We have more of the blood that formed Inker-
 man's flood
 When it poured in the whirlpool of death;
 And the foeman shall find neither coward nor slave
 'Neath the Red Cross of England—the flag of the brave.

We have jackets of blue still as dauntless and true
 As the tars that our Nelson led on;
 Give them room on the main and they'll show you again
 How the Nile and Trafalgar were won!
 Let a ball show its teeth, let a blade leave its sheath,
 To defy the proud strength of our might,
 We have iron-mouthed guns, we have steel-hearted sons
 That will prove how we Britons can fight!
 Our ships and our sailors are kings of the wave,
 'Neath the Red Cross of England—the flag of the brave.

Though a tear might arise in our women's bright eyes,
 And a sob choke the tearful "Good-bye";
 Yet these women would send lover, brother, or friend
 To the war-field to conquer or die!
 Let a challenge be flung from the braggart's bold tongue,
 And that challenge will fiercely be met;
 And our banner unfurled shall proclaim to the world
 That "there's life in the old dog yet!"
 Hurrah! for our men on the land or the wave,
 'Neath the Red Cross of England—the flag of the brave.

[Written Expressly for "THE REVIEW"]
 W O M A N.

"Her prentice hand she tried on man,
 And then she made the lasses, O!"—BURNS.

Nature in its multifarious forms and ever varying phases presents unnumbered objects of attraction, and subjects of interesting enquiry and study, to the philosophic and contemplative mind. As rational and meditative beings we look above and around us, and regard the visible creation with wonder and delight. We scan the Heavens

and survey the Earth, and while we meditate and analyse, compare and classify, the objects of the diversified panorama, we feel a sense of our own intellectual dignity, intimating how high is the position we hold in the creation, how noble the origin to which we trace our primeval connexion.

True it is that our intellectual and moral, as well as our physical nature, betray too many marks of a fallen state, but though the fine gold is become dim, and the evidences of a base alloy are too palpable to be denied; yet absolutely unmisakeable are the indications where the precious ore still exists, and the refined gold may be produced. It is because ignorance betimes darkens our understandings, as the sombre clouds shroud the luminares of the sky, that misconceptions of our real nature, and dignity are sometimes entertained; and the human race in moments of puerile weakness and misapprehension are allied by pseudo philosophers with the animals that are incapable of mental improvement, and absolutely devoid of every claim to moral worth. Preeminent by an exaltation, incapable of graduation or measurement, above every other form of animated being in the world, the human race lay claim to a dignity that cannot be approached; supreme as they are in intellectual capacity and immoral sense standing alone, unrivalled with none to aim at competition even in the smallest degree.

Differing as we do individually in our mental endowments, while it is owned that some soar to amazing heights of knowledge the humblest of the sons and daughters of men can claim a share in the store which has been accumulated in thousands of years, and to which the children of every age and clime have contributed.

From the *debris* of departed ages and the petrified relics of periods unknown to the annals of history, the geologist spells out with laborious and patient investigation the condition of our planet, in distant epochs. He has truly turned over a new leaf in science from which amazing conclusions may be drawn. From a skilful perusal of the wonderful and indelible hieroglyphics, writ

ten with the finger of nature in the solid rock he derives a record of stupendous events, and amazing vicissitudes of nature, that had being long before knowledge inspired the pen of the historian, and ere tradition commenced its confused but romantic mixture of allegory, of fact, and fable, in its fantastic and irregular descent from father to child. The botanist, the florist, and astronomer, have their chosen studies, and amongst the unnumbered objects and forms of visible things, exhibiting beauty, brilliance, magnificence and power in endless variety, there is abundance to gratify every taste, and to engage every degree of intellectual endowment.

Amongst all, the subject of this present essay will afford sufficient occupation for thoughts and sentiments of the finest kind, although our anxiety cannot be suppressed from the conviction of our incapacity, to do justice, to a subject so worthy of our study, and our praise. I seem to think the whole human race pass in review while I seek to catch an epitome of their virtues and endowments, and in pursuing my delightful task, gladly will I turn from, or lightly pass the spots or shades, that darken the finest picture under heaven, while I dwell with approving satisfaction upon the ennobling qualities of our higher nature. *Man and Woman*, are inseparable terms, close as the mysterious bond that unites the temporal and eternal destinies of the sexes together. How shall I contemplate woman alone, and not continually mix my observations, at least with allusions, to the sterner partner of her affections, sharer of her joys, and participator in her sorrows?

There is a magic in the word *Woman*, a spell in the sound that speaks of undefinable feelings and sentiments of tenderness, endearment and admiration, of love, of affection, of devotion, and attachment unequalled, and alas sometimes ill requited! The power with which woman has fixed the impression of her character upon the heart, may be apprehended from the numerous figures of speech in which ideas of excellence borrowed from the milder sex abound. Emblematic figures of nations and communities evidence this, nor has religion, wisdom