



THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

AND MILITARY AND NAVAL GAZETTE.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE MILITARY AND NAVAL FORCES OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

Vol. I.

OTTAWA, MONDAY, MAY 27, 1867.

No. 21

NO DESPOT—NO SLAVE.

Canadian hands Canadian soil shall till,
 Canadian hearts shall watch her welfare still;
 Fair Freedom reigns, and shall forever reign
 From lake to lake, from mount to mighty main.
 The clank of chains, the sighs, and Slavery's
 tears
 Shall never pain Canadian's ears—
 From Erie's shore to old Atlantic's waves,
 We fear no despot, and we own no slaves.

Canadians skies are fairest, brightest, best;
 Canadian hearts no traitor's blood has pressed;
 Canadian eyes shall weep us when we roam;
 Canadian lips shall greet us:—welcome home!
 And while yon sun is bright, yon forest fair,
 Yon meadows green, this is Canadian's prayer:
 From Erie's shore to old Atlantic's waves
 Give us no despot, and no weeping slaves!

Shall tyrants ever gain despotic power
 O'er Canada? Oh never come that hour!
 When man to man shall kneel and kiss the
 ground,
 And slaves wear fetters tyrant's hands have
 bound,
 When freemen's hearts with grief shall bleed to
 see
 Thy gem, departed—Land, thy liberty—
 A den of despots, and a race of slaves.

Dear native land, thine air is still as free
 As summer winds that fan the summer sea.
 Fair land, and free, as when the red man strayed
 Among thy mountains, through thy forests'
 shade.
 Beneath Victoria's peaceful sceptre's sway
 The star of Hope shall guide our future way,
 From Erie's shore to old Atlantic's waves,
 We'll fear no despots, and we'll have no slaves.

OUR BRUSH WITH THE PRIVATEER.

ONE of the most beautiful crafts that floated on the ocean waves was his Majesty's brig, "Sea Lark," of twelve guns. Sailors who seem to divide their affections between the gentle sex and a good ship, called the "Sea Lark," "the sauciest pet in the service." Her spars were as taunt as pine-trees, and as graceful in their tapering proportions; and her standing gear stood upon her as tight as fiddle-strings—cat-heads, blocks and trucks were perfection itself.

"I tell you what, Jem," said a lounging old sailor who leaned over the wall of the "Holy Ground," in the picturesque town of Ove, now Queenstown, on a fine spring

evening in the year 1812, "there are none of the craft that I have seen or sailed in in my time at all equal to the "Sea Lark." Just look at her, how proudly she rides to her anchor: she looks as if she was conferring a favor on the water by floating upon it. There is nothing wall-sided upon her. See what a sweet run she has aft, and how finely she tumbles home above her water-lines. I sailed with her skipper (Captain Griffiths) when he was a middy on board the old "Victory," when he bore down upon the French fleet on the memorable day of Trafalgar. I think myself that Captain Griffiths owes his promotion to Lady Hamilton, though I need not tell you, Jem, that my lady was a particular friend of 'Old Nel.' I can tell you more, Jem. I was boatswain's mate when the squadron was lying at Naples; Griffiths was sent ashore with a despatch from Lady Hamilton. The old gentleman who was on board at that time (Carracioli they called him), with his son. I knew by the look of her ladyship that some mischief was afloat, and I walked forward towards the fore-castle. The old prince and his son (how well I remember them) were great favorites in the ship, and a queer kind of feeling came over me, Jem, 'sailor-like you know,' that a white squall was coming down fast upon that fine old man and the young chap; and, sure enough, a treacherous and unmanly deed was perpetrated, the old prince and his son were subjected to a shameful death, all because a great and a brave man was weak enough to gratify the vengeance of a ———. I knew Nelson long and well, but since that event I never liked him, though I saw him die. If the Admiral lived, Sir William, who now commands this station, would never have got promotion, inasmuch as "My Lady," as we used to call her, hated him. Griffiths is going to be married, Jem—aye, and to a nice lady, too, but I don't think that the same Griffiths is any great things, though f—— I must say he behaved well when the small craft got aground at Copenhagen."

The person addressed as Jem was an individual distinguished in the locality as "Jem Rattles," and the party addressing him was no less a person than "Tom Sparling," a transfer from the Navy to the Coast Guard Service. Jem Rattles, when he walked on shore, appeared to have no confidence in dry land, as, in his waddlings, he seemed to have made up his mind to place the smallest amount of pressure on his feet. In fact, he maintained his old sea legs. He looked as if he had escaped from one of the pyramids, or was a fossil mariner of the time when Tyre and Carthage were distinguished for maritime

enterprise. He looked so dry and calcined from exposure to the weather, that one would be almost inclined to believe that he had gone through a slow process of baking. Still, he was supple of limb, and athletic in muscular power, possessing all the characteristics and desirable qualifications of a thorough-going sailor. Tom Sparling was a man of a very different aspect, he being literally as broad as he was long. Nevertheless, he was a fine, manly fellow, and a fair specimen of a thorough-built sea-dog.

The conversation between these two worthies was resumed by Jem Rattles observing:—

"I say, Tom, I don't think that this marriage of Griffiths' is likely to come off so soon as you imagine. See, the brig is hove short at her anchors, the foretop-sail is loose in the brails, and there goes blue-peter to the fore."

"What's up now?" said Tom, "This reminds me that the brig took stores on board yesterday, and was said to be going round to Bantry."

The sun was fast approaching its setting, and it illuminated one of the most picturesque and magnificent scenes in nature. To the eastward lay Rostellan and the famed Danish settlement of Corkbeg. On the north was seen the terraced and Algerian-looking town of Cove. To the west the then newly-erected government naval stores at Haulbowline Island seemed to issue from the very bosom of the waves, which danced and sparkled in the sunlight, reflecting the last smile of evening. Owing to the natural breakwater of Spike and Rat Islands and the adjacent rocks, a brisk breeze from the south-east which had sprung up scarcely ruffled the waters of this noble harbor, and the shadows of the graceful hull and tapering spars of the "Sea Lark" were reflected with scarcely a quiver in the gently-ebbing tide. On board the brig all was now bustle and activity, and the crew of the gallant craft crowded her deck and swarmed up her rigging like bees. Yards having been hoisted and sails sheeted home and trimmed, the "Sea Lark's" anchor was hove up to her bows and secured, and she glided down channel, standing to the northward. At first her motion was slow; but on opening the Spit Bank she began to feel the breeze, and as she tacked through the entrance of the harbor nothing more beautiful could meet the eye of the sailor. Captain Griffiths was proud of the "Sea Lark," and justly so, for indeed she was a sweet craft of her class, sailed like a witch, and was a splendid sea boat. As she careened down to her bearings, but not a inch beyond, under the pressure of her canvas, Griffiths paced the quarter deck,