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We find the following suggestive lines by the late MILES O'REILLY in one of our American exchanges:

SAMBO'S RIGHT TO BE KILT.

AIR—"The Low-backed Car."

Some tell us 'tis a burnin' shame
To make the naygers fight;
And that the thrade of bein' kilt
Belongs but to the white:
But as for me, upon my soul!
So liberal are we here,
I'll let Sambo be murdered instead of myself,
On every day in the year.
On every day in the year, boys,
And in every hour of the day;
The right to be kilt I'll divide wid him,
And divil a word I'll say.

In battle's wild commotion
I shouldn't at all object
If Sambo's body should stop a ball
That was comin' for me direct;
And the prod of a Southern bagnet,
So generous are we here,
I'll resign, and let Sambo take it
On every day in the year.
On every day in the year, boys,
And wid none of your nasty pride,
All my right in a Southern bagnet prod,
Wid Sambo I'll divide!

The men who object to Sambo
Should take his place and fight;
And it's betther to have a nayger's hue
Than a liver that's wake and white
Though Sambo's black as the ace of spades,
His finger a thrigger can pull.
And his eye runs straight on the barrel-sights
From under its thatch of wool.
So hear me all, boys darlin',
Don't think I'm tippin' you chaff,
The right to be kilt we'll divide wid him,
And give him the largest half!

THE CAMPAIGNS OF 1754-64.

CHAPTER XXI.

The battle of Busby Run was productive of very decided consequences as far as the adhesion of the various members of the Indian confederacy were concerned. Its influence on their cause was most disastrous. Such tribes as had not committed any overt act of hostility hastened to meet the first overtures made by the English authorities towards a peace, and even those most deeply engaged began to despair of a cause which had received so disastrous a blow.

Sir William Johnson's influence had been sufficient to keep the Six Nations quiet, and he now prepared to take measures to improve the advantage Bouquet's victory had placed in his hands. With this view he summoned a council to meet at Johnson Hall, his residence on the Mohawk, on the 7th September. To this council came the whole of the Six Nations; the Iroquois, and

deputies from the Canadian Indians. After the usual preliminaries he counselled the Indians to take up arms on the part of the English, which they promised to do. Several parties took the field, and brought in a considerable number of scalps and prisoners during the winter. The Canadian Indians also sent a message to the Delawares, requesting them to cease hostilities, with a very significant hint that if they did not, more Indians than they reckoned on would be on the war-path.

It has been stated that the communication with the upper lakes was maintained by a portage road around the Niagara Falls. Boats navigated the river as far as the present site of Lewiston; thence a road, several miles in length, terminated at Fort Schlosser, above the cataract. About three miles below the falls the precipices which form the western wall of the ravine through which the river runs are broken by an abyss of great depth known as the Devil's Hole. It is and was covered with forest trees of luxuriant growth. Every inch of its perpendicular sides that could afford room for some vegetable production was covered therewith, owing to the moisture derived from the spray of the mighty falls. The road ran close to this fearful abyss. On the 13th September a numerous train of waggons and pack-horses proceeded from the lower landing to Fort Schlosser, and on the following day set out on their return, with a guard of twenty-four soldiers. They proceeded leisurely till they reached the Devil's Hole, on their left the abyss, and on their right densely wooded hills. Suddenly they were stricken down by the fire of one hundred rifles, and a host of Indians darted screaming from the woods, knife and tomahawk in hand. In a moment all was over. Horses leaped the precipice; men were driven headlong over; all the waggons were forced over the cliffs. None escaped with life except the drummer-boy of the detachment, who was caught in his fall by the branches of a tree, where he hung by his drum strap till he disengaged himself and hid in the recesses of the gulf, finally escaping. One of the teamsters, wounded at the

first fire, crawled into the woods, while Stedman, the conductor of the train, being well mounted, wheeled his horse, charged the Indians, one of whom seized his bridle, but was killed by a stroke of his knife, and fled back to Fort Schlosser. The firing had been heard by a party of soldiers who occupied a small fortified camp near the lower landing; forming in haste they advanced eagerly to the rescue, but the Indians, who numbered fully 500 warriors, had, in anticipation of this manoeuvre, separated into two parties, one of which waylaid the convoy at the Devil's Hole, the other formed an ambuscade a mile nearer the lower landing. As the soldiers marched in great haste they were assailed by a fire which laid half the detachment dead, while the Indians, rushing from the forest, cut down the survivors with merciless ferocity. A few soldiers, escaping, fled to Niagara with the tidings. Major Wilkins, commanding at that post, lost no time in marching to the spot with the whole strength of his garrison. Not an Indian could be found; but at the two places of ambuscade over seventy dead bodies were counted, naked, scalped, and horribly mangled. All the waggons were broken to pieces, and such of the horses as were not forced over the precipice had been laden with plunder and driven off. It was supposed that the Seneca Indians were the perpetrators of this massacre.

Some time in October Major Wilkins, with a force of 600 men, collected with great effort from the garrisons throughout the provinces, was advancing to the relief of Detroit. As the boats were forcing their way slowly against the current above the falls they were fired upon by a mere handful of Indians, thrown into confusion, and driven back to Fort Schlosser with great loss. The next attempt was more fortunate. They reached Lake Erie, but were overtaken by a storm at night. The boats, unfit for such a heavy sea, and crowded with troops, became unmanageable. Several were over-set, about seventy soldiers drowned, the ammunition and provisions destroyed, and the shattered flotilla forced back to Niagara.