



# The Volunteer Review

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FOR THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

### THE UNRETURNING.

BY CARROLL RYAN.

Drifting, drifting, drifting  
Down a mighty river  
Where the moonbeams, rising  
Craggy cloud-isles, quiver  
On the stream, like a dream,  
Dark before and after,  
Flies a bark thro' the dark,  
Whither winds may waft her.  
From the mist encircled shore,  
As it glides along,  
Voices come that nevermore  
Will blend in earthly song.

"Stay, O stay another day!  
Why depart, O Ship! so soon?  
Wait the hopeful morning ray,  
Nor in darkness steal away  
'Neath the storm-foreboding moon!  
Many of our hopes thou bearest,  
Many of our fears thou sharest,  
And the dangers that thou darest  
On the ocean sailing,  
Are to us forsaken, sorrow;  
For our souls of the tomorrow  
Can no consolation borrow  
Save the unavailing.

"Stay, O Ship! the morning light—  
Ere our loved ones vanish  
Swiftly, swiftly from our sight  
Into silence, gloom and night.  
Why so glad to banish  
All that unto us are dearest,—  
All that unto us are nearest?—  
Night of nights this is the dearest  
For the souls departing,  
While upon the water rocking,  
Evil spirits round thee flocking  
Are, with antic gestures, mocking  
Thy unhappy starting.

"Stay, O Ship! the rising sun,—  
Let us see the faces  
Of the ones beloved undone.—  
Of the voyage thou'at begun  
Leave us some sad traces;  
For there is no port for thee  
This side of eternity,  
And the undiscovered sea  
Whither thou art tending,  
Gives no hope of thy returning;  
Tho' our hearts with love are burning,  
And, amid despairing, yearning  
For the never ending!"

Gloriously ascending  
The sun shone on the river,  
And its glad beams, blending,  
On the waters quiver.  
Like a dream from the stream  
The ship had long departed:—  
From the shore came no more  
Songs of the brokenhearted.

Ottawa, March, 1868.

### THE CAMPAIGNS OF 1754-64.

NUMBER V.

The whole of the baggage, camp equipments, artillery stores; the military chest containing £25,000 sterling in specie, and the General's Cabinet, private papers and instructions fell into the enemy's hands. The artillery consisted of four field pieces, three Howitzers, eight Cohorn mortars, two ammunition waggons, and two hundred horses with officers' baggage. In the meantime the beaten army continued its flight through the night and ensuing day till 10 p. m., on the evening of the 10th instant they reached Gists' plantation, thirty miles from the field of battle. There on the morning of the 11th some waggons and hospital stores arrived from Dunbar for their relief. Despite the intensity of his agonies, Braddock bravely persisted in the discharge of his duties. From Gists he detailed a party to return towards the Monongahela with a supply of provisions to be left on the road for the stragglers yet behind, and Dunbar was directed to send to him the only two remaining old companies of the 44th and 48th, with more waggons to bring off the wounded. On Friday the 11th July, he arrived at Dunbar's camp; through this and all the preceding day men half-famished, without arms and bewildered with terror had been joining Dunbar, whose camp was in the utmost confusion, and whose soldiers were deserting without ceremony. Up to the period of his arrival at Dunbar's camp, Braddock appears to have contemplated the reorganization of his troops, and an advance on Fort du Quesne, under that officer who, by the death of Halkett, was now senior in command; but the total state of demoralization of the troops, and Dunbar's proved incapacity, must have soon dispelled the idea from the mind of the brave and gallant soldier, whose strength was now fast ebbing away. Ever since the retreat commenced, he had preserved an unbroken silence, save when he issued the necessary orders; with the generosity of a noble mind, he pronounced a warm eulogium on his officers, and especially noticed the gallantry

of Washington, to whom he bequeathed his favorite charger and the care of his confidential valet, Bishop, well known in after years as the faithful attendant of that great man; he took on himself the whole blame of failure, and generously tried to direct odium from the living, whose career might be more fortunate than his own. Meantime Dunbar was busily employed in destroying stores, artillery and waggons, with a pusillanimity impossible to account for, except that the fellow was a cowardly idiot, and all this being affected by Sunday, 13th July, when the army with its dying General fell back to the Great Meadows, where, at eight o'clock in the evening he breathed his last. His parting words to Orme were: *Who would have thought it. We shall better know how to deal with them another time.* On the morning of the 4th July, he was buried decently and privately in a spot purposely selected in the middle of the road, care being taken to level evenly his grave, and to pass the troops and train over the place, to obliterate any guide marks by which sacriligious and hostile hands might be enabled to insult his dead body. In 1823, some laborers working on this road, disinterred his remains, still distinguishable by their military trappings, some of the most prominent bones were taken by the men, and the rest interred under an oak tree on the hill near Uniontown, where they still remain.

The sash worn on the fatal day by General Braddock is preserved in the family of the late General Taylor, President of the United States, who had it from General Gaines. It is of scarlet silken net work, with the date of 1707 woven into the wool and the dark stains of the fatal wound still remain on its texture. Immediately after the hurried interment of its General, the troops continued their disgraceful retreat, and on Tuesday, July 22nd, at two in the afternoon, Dunbar's force reached Fort Cumberland, with three hundred wounded men in his ranks. Here, at all events, it would be expected that a stand to cover the frontiers would be made, but to the surprise of every one, Dunbar announced his intention of putting his troops in winter quarters in the