



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. II.

OTTAWA, CANADA, MONDAY, MAY 4, 1868.

No. 18.

For "THE REVIEW."

SONG FOR THE CHANNEL FLEET.

BY MISS N. A. CAMPBELL.

The following lines were suggested by reading an account of the Channel Fleet, in the *Times*, being embayed off the Eddystone Light during a severe storm. As the last resource, it beat out to sea.

The spirit of the storm, boys,
The wild tornado rides,
Hark to his direful tempest strain
O'er hoary ocean's wide domain
He calls her angry tides;
The heaving ocean hears his call,
Sends forth her surging billows all
White scathing from her sides.
Then hail ye warring elements!
Your nurslings bid ye hail,
Where flies the British flag more free
Than on the piping gale?
Aloft the signal flies, boys,
The line of battle form,
Then from the land each noble ship,
From wave to wave like dolphins skip,
To battle with the storm.
Bravely our signal'd course we keep
And buoyant o'er the waters sweep,
On crested billows borne.
Then hail ye warring elements!

The hurricane is on us, boys,
We spring its wrath to meet,
Nor hearts nor hands before it quail—
We're nurslings of the howling gale
That man the gallant fleet.
Bent is each spar—the springing masts
Seem parrying with the shrieking blasts
That scourge the rolling deep;
Then hail ye warring elements!

The tempest demon howls, boys,
Old ocean rolls in foam,
Mid blinding rain and flying spray,
Undaunted cleave our watery way
Nor heed the tempest's moan,
Firm at his post each hardy tar
Is prompt to meet the storm, war
On planks that quivering groan;
Then hail ye warring elements!

Triumphantly we ride, boys,
A brave and gallant sight;
Our streaming pendants founting fly
Mid muttering elements that die
All baffled by our might.
Long may Britannia rule the wave,
Her feet the rushing billows lave,
Her cause the cause of right.
Then hail ye warring elements!

The spring is every spar, boys,
Our tackle's taught and trim
Our storm tried fleet now seeks the shore—
The fierce tornadoes shock we bore,
And clipped the tempest's wing,
Again the towering wave we'll climb,

Again we'll quaff old Neptune's brine,
And to his main we'll cling.
Then hail ye warring elements!
Your nurslings bid ye hail;
Where flies the British flag more free
Than on the piping gale?
New Hamburg, 15th April, 1868.

[Written Expressly for "THE REVIEW."
PAUL JONES AND DENIS DUVAL.]

Travelling, some three and a half years ago, on the G. T. Railway, and wearing somewhat of my usual companion, the Field Exercise, I looked over (as is my wont when unprovided with more solid mental food) the stock of the first vendor of books who came through the cars. Finding no English Magazine, and putting aside a mass of rubbish, about equally divided between reprints of sixth rate British Authors (including G. W. M. Reynolds); and the crude abominations of the New York cheap press (generally Fenimore Cooper homoeopathically diluted, or the apotheoses of Federal spies exalted to melodromatic sublimity by the sickly inanity of Federal sentimentalists) I at last discovered a number of the "Atlantic Monthly," a magazine of taste and merit, though sometimes disfigured by the maudline transcendentalism which imparts an ill savor to much that has other wise in it the germs of a wholesome literary growth. Loathing, however, as I do, the meretriciousness of the current light literature of America—which, I think to the serious detriment of the taste of our youth, is far too common in Canada—let me not be understood to fail in discrimination of that which is worthy of all respect. The noble histories of Prescott and Mottley, and that of Bancroft (despite its partiality); the lighter, but not less captivating works of Washington Irving, the poetry of Longfellow and Whittier (the former of whom may be said to have succeeded with Danto); the splendid Dictionaries of Webster and Worcester, the weird genius of Hawthorne (notwithstanding his recent exhibition of bad taste), even the misty, but vigorous and thoughtful transcendentalism of Emerson, command the admiration of men of letters, wherever the Anglo Saxon tongue is known and loved. And here, how forcibly,

and painfully comes back upon us the loss we have sustained by the foul murder which has robbed the youth of Canada of probably their ablest pilot to a true and pure literary taste.

"To return," however, "to my mullons," I had, not long before, sighed over the last fragment of what promised, I had thought, to almost equal "Esmond." Glancing my eye, therefore, over several papers of more or less merit, my whole attention was at once arrested by one headed "Paul Jones and Denis Duval." A few lines served to convince me that it bore internal evidence of genuineness, and it may be easily imagined how intense was the interest excited by a prospect of further light on the reality of the connection between Thackeray's hero, and the hero of an action as remarkable as it is unsatisfactory to Englishmen.

The story ran thus. Three American gentlemen and their wives, accustomed to meet for interchange of thought, social and literary, had just read in silence—almost in tears—the "last Thackeray that ever was written."

"So I read on," says one of them, "to the sudden end."

"We had been sent for in order to protect a fleet of merchantmen that were bound to the Baltic, and were to sail under the convoy of our ship and the *Countess of Scarborough*, commanded by Capt. Fiercy. And thus it came about, that, after being twenty-five days in His Majesty's service, I had the fortune to be present at one of the most severe and desperate combats that have been fought in our or in any time.

"I shall not attempt to tell that story of the battle of the 23rd of September, which ended in our glorious captain striking his own colors to our superior and irresistible enemy." (This enemy, as Mr. Thackeray has just said, is "Monsieur John Paul Jones, afterwards Knight of His Most Christian Majesty's Order of Merit.") "Sir Richard Fearson, of the English frigate *Serapis*, has told the story of his disaster in words nobler than any I could supply, who, though indeed engaged in that fatal action, in which our flag went down before a renegade Briton and