



# The Volunteer Review

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FOR "THE REVIEW."

### EPISTLE TO MY MOTHER.

BY ———

My mother, in the visions of my sleep,  
Thou comest to my couch, and silently  
Thou gazest on thy son—wilt ever weep,  
And sighs most sorrowful thy grief betray?  
Oh! tell me why o'er thy mild spirit creep  
The clouds of woe, dear mother, why unsay  
The promise, thus in tears, shaped of my infant  
day?

Thou speakest in such low and mournful tone,  
So sweet, that I would have thee say it o'er,  
And yet it rends my soul, for there thine own  
Doth lie in sorrow;—sure its woes are sore!  
Yet say, kind mother, 'tis not for thy son—  
Thy grief is soft and low and silent more,  
Than when I kiss'd thee last to seek a distant  
shore.

Sweet mother, in this bright and generous land,  
Where man has life of life I weep for thee;  
Thy voice doth haunt my soul in accents bland,  
And softly penitente, as, when o'er the sea,  
Sad music's dirge comes from a flowery stand  
To mourn the flight of outraged Liberty,  
And swells my brain with thoughts of love of life  
for thee.

I love thee, Oh! my mother, were my life  
In moments made of loves, 'twere less than  
mine;  
For in my soul thou hold'st an equal strife  
With its own being, and dost calmly shine  
The blessing of the past—my brain is rife  
With thoughts of thee—Oh! what can  
thoughts combine.

My love can be express'd but in the depth of  
thine.  
Much have I wandered since I saw thee last,  
And sigh'd and laugh'd in joy and adverse woe;  
But are the glimmers of a happy past  
Break on my soul, and soften every thro' of  
misery. Thy memory is cast  
Before me on my path where'er I go  
And rests a thing of joy, a blessing here below.

'Tis eve, my mother; in a woodland shade,  
Thy son doth rest him—done the weary day;  
'Tis grateful still around; my soul hath made  
An altar sacred to thy memory—  
And thou art with me in this silent glade,  
And speakest all that thou wert wont to say  
And yet my happy morn had brightened into day.

My soul o'erleaps the distance and the days  
Which now divide us; my dear mother; there  
I paint me by thy side, and thy soft gaze  
Comes on my heart like morn on desert bare,  
Which gilds the bleakness with its godly rays,  
And elevates it to a thing most fair,  
Thou ought of beauty be save what the morn  
doth bear.

Farewell, my mother, in my sorrowed state,  
Thou art a hope which opens on the view—  
Thou art the only hope which may not sate

My disappointed soul with shape untrue.  
I'll on no more—else should I falsely rate—  
Thine angel love with words of gulling hue—  
Thou gav'st my life;—'tis thine—dear mother,  
thine—Adieu.

### THE CAMPAIGNS OF 1754-54.

#### CHAPTER XII.

Thus ended the action on the Heights of Abraham, by which a final blow was given to the power of France, and the first step towards the ruin of her ancient monarchy perfected—the foundations of new Empires laid, and an impetus given to human progress of which it is impossible, even now, to foresee the ultimate issues.

Townshend's first care was to entrench his camp, perfect his communications with the river, by constructing an entirely new road from the Anse du Foulon to his lines, seize on the abandoned positions of the French troops, and complete the investment of Quebec, by entirely cutting off its communication with the country. The order of the day issued after the action, does no credit to the heart or head of that unprincipled and cold blooded political intriguer. It was as follows:

#### GENERAL ORDERS.

"PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, Sept. 14, 1759.

"Parole—Wolfe—Countersign—England.

"The remaining General officers fit to act, take the earliest opportunity to express the praise which is due to the conduct and bravery of the troops; and the victory which attended it, sufficiently proves the superiority which this army has over any number of such troops as they engaged yesterday. They wish that the person who lately commanded them had survived so glorious a day, and had this day been able to give the troops their just encomiums. The fatigues which the troops will be obliged to undergo to reap the advantage of their victory will be supported with a true spirit, as this seems to be the period which will determine, in all probability, our American labours."

No orders were issued for the usual mourning on such occasions to either officers or men, and except that the troops were drawn during the removal of his

body on board ship, not the slightest honor was paid to what remained of the Commander-in-Chief of that army whose victory had covered years of defeat and disgrace, redeemed the tarnished honor of British arms, and added an Empire to its Crown.

In England a little more honor was paid; minute guns were fired from the men-of-war, and finally he was laid beside his father, who had died a few months previously, in the family vault under the Parish Church of Greenwich. His bereaved and widowed mother could get no recognition of his services from the Government he had served so well; his pay as Commander-in-Chief was withheld, nor would they even refund the money he actually disbursed in sustaining his rank; but it must be remembered the Hon. Charles Townshend, brother of the Brigadier, was one of the Secretaries of State—So much for public gratitude.

Meanwhile Townshend had nearly perfected his batteries on the summit of the Buttes-a-Neveu, with the intention of breaching the city wall on its western face; he had mounted sixty pieces of heavy and fifty eight of light artillery; Admiral Sanders had moved the fleet into the basin for the purpose of aiding the bombardment, which was to have been opened on the 18th of September. At upon on the 17th, M. de Ramezay despatched an officer to Townshend's Headquarters with proposals for a capitulation. After due consideration these were returned with a message that unless a satisfactory reply was received in four hours he would open fire and listen to no terms. The same officer returned at night with a satisfactory reply, and the next morning the Commanding Officers on both sides signed the following: "Articles of capitulation required by M. de Ramezay, Commander, for his Most Christian Majesty, in the Higher and Lower Town of Quebec, Knight of the Military Order of St. Louis, from His Excellency the General commanding His Britanic Majesty's forces."

"Article I. M. de Ramezay requires the honors of war for his garrison, and that it shall be conducted back to the army in safety by the shortest road, with its arms, baggage, six piece of brass cannon, two mortars, howitzers, and twelve round