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FOR THE REVIEW.

THE ONLY FLAG FOR CANADA.

BY WILLIAM PITMAN LETT.

We want no flag but the old Red Cross!
The Flag that our fathers bore
On many a well fought field of fame,
In the glorious days of yore!
The flag that floated o'er the Nile,
And at Trafalgar too;
And got a baptism of renown
On the field of Waterloo!

We want no flag but the old Red Cross!
That sprang from freedom's soil,
And fluttered high above the reach
Of hands that would despoil—
The gallant banner of the brave,
Our country's Union Jack,
That never streamed above a slave,
Or swerved from glory's track!

We want no flag but the old Red Cross!
The terror of the main,
That never had its blazonry
Polluted by a stain—
The old and honor'd bunting—
The chosen of the free—
Which made our land for ages
The Mistress of the Sea!

We want no flag but the old Red Cross!
'Neath which our country grew
The mightiest Empire of the earth,
To Freedom ever true!
The emblem of high enterprise,
And of the rights of man,
Which Liberty's disciples
Carried always in the van.

We want no flag but the old Red Cross!
For this young land of ours,
To raise it to the standard
Of the world's mighty Powers!
We've flourished 'neath its sheltering folds
In darkness and in light;
Then give to us the good old Flag:
We claim it as our right.
OTTAWA, Oct. 23d, 1867.

THE GUNBOATS ON THE LAKES.—Owing to the gunboats Aurora and Wolverine leaving the first week in November, the Aurora for England, and Wolverine for Halifax, all the crews now on board the Provincial gunboats are ordered to join their ships the beginning of next week. Previous to their leaving the Government are having the Prince Alfred and Rescue put in dock for new caulking, they having stuck this summer several times in the Niagara and Detroit rivers, while patrolling. In the absence of the senior naval officer in Halifax, the Lieutenant in charge of the gunboat Huron will be senior on the lakes during the winter.

STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY CARROLL RYAN.

No. XIII.—THE CAPTIVES.

We have now arrived at one of the most remarkable periods of American History. Remarkable because about this time commenced that death struggle, as it were, of the two great rival nationalities—the French and English—which was to decide the pretensions of both to the dominion of the vast northern continent. About this time also were sown the seeds of that Revolution which was destined to give the grandest impetus to modern liberty and civilization. Already the light was rising on the forests of the far west which was to cast its refulgence to the uttermost parts of the earth; and the rumbling thunder of the approaching storm, already made the thrones of effete despotisms tremble, which, not being based on the will and happiness of the people, were tottering to destruction. Back from the shores of America a great wave was about to recoil which would bear in its bosom anarchy, destruction and death, but which would leave the shores of Europe better and purer from its terrible baptism.

Liberty in its highest and purest state has seldom if ever been enjoyed by any nation of which history gives an account. To be free in the truest acceptance of the term is not merely to enjoy the right of self government, but to be above the reach of those miserable chances engendered by an imperfect civilization and which will exist until such time as the human race is educated up to the wisdom of Christianity in every day life, and not the spurious faith which is kept like a best suit for Sundays and holidays. Most men are blind and deaf—the great picture of the universe is unrolled to their eyes every morning when they awaken; the exquisite melody sung by the voice of nature and kept time to by myriads of toiling hands, and feet which are marching on to that magnificent goal which is the consummation of destiny, pass by them unnoted and unheard.

But though the great masses may be blind

and deaf there are those who are neither, but who, removed from the vexations of the hour by the indomitable spirit which is stirring within them, are working out slowly and surely the great problem of Humanity. These are souls which guide mankind upon its inevitable march and, though they may at times mislead, yet the main impulse is for good and ever returns to the path of truth and rectitude.

“Ut aqua cavat lapidis, non vis sed sepe cadendo.”
So does the constant working of great and onlightened minds wear away the mass of human ignorance and prejudice.

The incapacity and stupidity of the Generals sent out to America by the British Government led to the most disastrous results, and bitterly did the frontier colonists feel the inability of their Government to protect them from the French and their savage Allies. The most cruel devices were adopted in this war of races by both parties, but perhaps that which deserves the greatest reprobation was the system pursued by the French in purchasing English captives from the Indians. The plausible reason advanced for this was that it was done to preserve them from the torture, but the real one was the desire of gain and the destruction of the British frontier villages. After hounding the savages on to the destruction of some settlement the French would purchase the captives taken and then exacted a large ransom for their release. This system led to many a sad and painful episode in the history of this cruel war.

On the banks of the Ohio, or, as it was sometimes called, the Wabash, stood a small log fort which had been built more for the purpose of trading than for defence, it was garrisoned by a detachment of two companies of provincial troops; who, far from succor or assistance were ill prepared to resist an attack from their northern enemies. They had taken every precaution to guard against possible surprise and, with the slender means at their disposal, awaited the attack which they were certain would be made before long.

In this fort were many women and children belonging to the garrison, and among