

does not now occupy the same position as it formerly did, for they have no competitors. England rules the waves, and they (the Navy) have not had the opportunity, for many years of meeting a worthy foe. The deeds of former years are still fresh in the memory of a grateful country, and on their behalf I thank you. The deeds of the British army are known in every quarter of the globe. In Europe, Asia, Africa and America, have their deeds of valor been written in letters of blood, never to be effaced from the memory of a grateful country. It always happens that the British Army are in the minority in point of numbers; they have always to contend with a foe superior to themselves. In the war of 1815, we never thought, unless, the enemy were three to one, we had any reason to be afraid of the issue. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, what great deeds have the not accomplished. They have stood against superior numbers on the rocks of their native Island firm and immovable. Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, shoulder to shoulder carried the day at Waterloo. The same undaunted spirit made them conquerors in India, the Crimea, and Abyssinia. To have my name coupled with the British Army is too great a compliment. It is true that 59 years ago I entered the Militia of Canada as a volunteer, and served as private, corporal, and sergeant, and subsequently, in the month of September, I entered the regular army and served till I reached the rank of Lieutenant, when I was placed on half-pay, not willingly, but from heavy reductions that took place after the peace of 1815. Though I was present in all the actions that took place on the Niagara frontier, in the war of 1812 '13 and 14, yet I have no right to the great honor you have conferred in thus coupling me with that noble body of men. I may remark before I sit down, that out of about three hundred officers that I know during the war, only nine to my knowledge are now living one of these is Col. McLean, now sitting near me: Col. M. McDonnell, late Warden of the Penitentiary; Col. Gagy of Quebec; Col. Sewell of the same place; Col. Mathewson of Perth, and myself making up six out of the nine. The remainder are Colonel LeCoutre, now first Aide de-Camp to the Queen; Lieut-General Bill of the 8th Regiment, then a captain; and Sir Edward Morris of the 49th Regiment, now Lieut-General, then also a captain. You see, Sir, we have all attained in Canada to the rank of Lieut.-Col. upon which rank we have retired. I cannot sit down without remarking that I am still an honorary captain in your Battalion, having been elected to that position by the officers and men of No. 2 Company, by whom I was presented with a sword for my services in their formation. My three sons served in the same Company at the time of the Trent affair. One is now Captain and Adjutant of the 2nd, or Queen's Own Rifles at Toronto; the other is a sergeant in the Trinity College Company of the same Battalion, but will shortly resign, as he is now to be a soldier of the Cross. Unfortunately, my eldest son is incapacitated from further services by illness; he has attained the rank of Lieutenant, so that I and my family have all composed part of your Battalion. During the rebellion I raised four troops of Dragoons, and attained the rank of Major. Subsequently I was appointed Lieut.-Col. of the 1st Battalion Stormont Militia, from which I retired retaining my rank. I again thank you most cordially for the honor you have done me gentlemen (Cheers.)"

Colonel McLean said:—"I had no idea of

being called upon to make a speech, but I cannot decline when my name is coupled with that glorious British Army to which I had once the honor to belong. I am proud Sir, to be present with you on this occasion of which the counties had reason to be equally proud with yourself. I am now an old man, but I feel the spirit strong in me as when I volunteered in 1812, and when I, for many a day and night, patrolled the banks of the river; and if necessity should demand it, I feel that I would do fair service yet against the same foe. I feel proud of the Militia of Canada and of its history. No men ever behaved more nobly; and I look back with pride to the part I bore in it. I saw a good deal of service during the late American war, and was severely wounded at the first attack on Odgensburg, where we were repulsed, though thank God, I was able to continue my duty and take part in the second attack when we were successful. I was, after that promoted to a commission in the Regular service, and continued in it until the end of the war. Our Regiment was sent down to Newfoundland to recruit, and shortly after the war, was disbanded. It came to this country from England over six hundred strong, and when we were disbanded, we were only five officers, and not quite sixty men—not all of these were fit for service; and of the officers I am the only one alive. The militia of the present day, will I feel sure, emulate the Militia of that day should, unfortunately, the occasion offer, and I know, that these colors, Sir, will suffer no disgrace in the hands of the men of Stormont and Glengarry."

There is little fear with such a splendid record before them that the men of the present day will disgrace their predecessors. Judge Jarvis's address to the battalion is a model of its kind.

"I did not expect to make a speech on this occasion. I interpreted the resolution passed by the County Council inviting me to attend, as a compliment to a veteran who had seen some service in the war of 1812. I also put the same construction on your invitation, Col. Bergin; however, I never refuse to say a few words in favor of the Volunteers, but an unconsidered speech is hardly worth listening to. The Warden and Council have done themselves honor in conferring this honor on you and your Battalion—honor to the Council in encouraging the military spirit of our young Volunteers in the Counties, and honor to you and your Battalion for the zeal and efficiency displayed by you all since the formation of the corps. I have no doubt it will infuse a greater spirit into the minds of yourself and the officers, non commissioned officers and men, to attain to still greater efficiency. You will all resolve to defend these colors with your lives. No greater disgrace could befall a Battalion than to surrender their colors to an enemy. They are to serve as a rallying point in the hour of danger, and "foul fall him" who will turn his back on them at such a period. Remember that these colors are a sacred trust placed in your keeping—no enemy must be permitted to place a sacrilegious hand upon them. There is a feeling of veneration which every true soldier bears for the Colors of his Regiment—let that feeling be conspicuous in yours. I remember when the 2nd Battalion of the 5th Regiment, to which I was attached, in 1815, was reduced. There was a religious feeling manifested with regard to the destination of the Standards under which we had fought in Canada, and under which so many of our brother officers had fallen, and so

many had rendered up their lives in defence of the country. The Colors would be boxed up and sent to the agents in London, who would deposit them in the Horse Guards; they would never see the light again; they would be *coffined but not buried*; they would be eaten by moths,—some indignity might happen them. Better that they should be buried and their ashes committed to the ground, than thus dealt with. It was accordingly decided at the mess table, the last time we dined together, that they should be cut into strips, each officer to receive a strip, and the rest burned and buried in the parade ground, where the troops of the Garrison of Coleworth Barracks, at Portsmouth, would, for all time to come, at least till wars should cease, and the lion lie down with the lamb, pass over them in review order. They would at least be in *military ground*, and be guarded from disturbance. This was done, and the piece of the Regimental Color, which I now produce, formed a part of them. Permit me to relate another circumstance which took place at the battle of Lundy's Lane. Our Regiment was next to that of the 89th. The battle was continued from 3 p.m., of the 25th July, 1814, till late at night. A report came that the 89th were hard pressed by the enemy, and that their Colors were in danger of being captured. A message was sent to offer assistance, and this haughty answer was returned. "The 89th are able to defend their own Colors." This haughty reply would, I am assured, be returned by your Battalion under similar circumstances. "The 59th are able to defend their own Colors." These are circumstances of which I am personally able to certify, and I feel justified in relating them upon the present occasion." (Cheers.)

CANADIAN GOLD.—The Halifax Recorder publishes a statement showing the results of the gold mining operations in Nova Scotia for the first three months of the present year. Whether or not the yield is in excess of that of former years we cannot say, as no comparison is made in the figures. It is clear, however, that the work pays, and that the gold mines of Nova Scotia are of very considerable value. In the table before us, mention is made of ten districts in which mining is carried on. In these ten districts nearly thirty quartz mills are in active operation. During the first three months of this year there were crushed about 60,000 tons of quartz, yielding a total of over 5000 ounces, worth, in round numbers, \$100,000. In some instances the yield was very small, only a few grains to the ton; while in other instances it was as high as six or seven ounces to the ton. It is said that the mines are paying handsomely, in nearly every case, though the process of extracting the gold from the quartz is very expensive, and can only be carried on by companies having a large capital.

DEATH IN THE CAMP.—Many of our citizens will regret to hear of the death of Sergt. Dale, of the London Field Battery, which took place at the camp in Goderich yesterday morning at eight as related in the telegram of our correspondent. He was well known in this city in connection with the furniture warehouse of Mr. George Moorhead, and was highly respected for his amiable qualities. He has been for some time in delicate health, but yet felt quiet strong enough on leaving to encounter the hardships of the camp. One day last week, however, he was prostrated by sickness, and never rallied. His age was 25 years. The remains left Goderich yesterday morning for interment in St. Mary's.—London Free Press.