

political, military and otherwise. Altogether the index furnishes a rich and varied table of contents, making up an excellent number; but as much as we are accustomed to regard this old and tried favorite of the public as a sort of literary oracle, that we do not, as in the case of reviewing other periodicals, dwell upon the fact that its articles are well written, furnishing perfect models of clear and vigorous English, but we consider it enough to say, in this instance, simply that the magazine is *par excellence*, which delighted our parents and which still charms and instructs their children, has not fallen behind its predecessors in any respect whatever.

The ceremony of presenting the sword of honor, subscribed for by the citizens of Ottawa, to Lieutenant-Colonel Chamberlin took place in the Senate Chamber last Saturday. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present. Lord Lisgar presented the sword, which is one of the most beautiful of its kind, accompany the act with some very appropriate remarks, which we regret we have not room to publish this week. We hope the gallant officer will long live to wear the honor he has won, and the bright momento thereof presented to him by the people of the Dominion Capital.

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE."

To the Editor of the VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

SIR,—Reward is at all times sweet, whether given in public or private, as a recognition for services rendered. There is however a peculiar satisfaction felt when it takes the form of public appreciation of the efforts of individuals to maintain national honor; and a still higher sense of satisfaction exists when those rewards emanate from the Throne, or governing power itself—a feeling which is alike shared by the recipients and people at large. In such a light we view the late distribution of the decorations of St. Michael and St. George worthily bestowed upon deserving individuals, whom we heartily congratulate; but at the same time we cannot refrain from expressing our regret that whilst *they* were honored others were overlooked; others not the few but *many*, who having been called "to arms" cheerfully responded to the call; and manfully went forth to fight against the foe; willingly enrolling themselves under that banner, the ensign of a country we love, the proud emblem of a Sovereign whom we adore, as well as of a people from whom we are descended, and a country of which we are to-day, and hope over to be, an *integral part*.

To come to the point—and in doing so we believe we express the feelings of the colony at large—the services of our gallant Volunteers during the late Fenian raids, have not been properly recognized. We state it emphatically that those who went forth at great personal sacrifice in many instances, have *not* met with a fitting reward. It is

useless to say that they have been *paid*. It would be folly to state that the paltry allowance meted out by a so called economical government was sufficient. To be more explicit—it is but petty policy in the authorities to *grudge* (as was the case in many instances) pay to a certain officer who did duty in a certain rank, in the field, simply because 'forsooth,' he was not *gazetted* as such! By all means encourage a system of economy, but do not *discourage* our Volunteers, do not cramp their energies by tying them tightly with red tape. See that they do their duty faithfully, and pay them for services *bona fide* performed, according to the nature of the service rendered.

Again, though we are eminently pleased at the action taken by our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, headed by the Lord Mayor of London, and will thankfully accept of those prizes which they contemplate putting up to be competed for by the riflemen of Canada, yet we wish for something more *tangible to all Volunteers*, a something which we may hand down to our children, small though its intrinsic value; but the proof of the loyalty and devotion of their forefathers.

In this light we venture to offer certain suggestions which we well know, if carried out, would heal a sore which is rankling in the bosoms of many of our militia men. How many feel to-day the force (in a *peculiar sense*) of seeking "a *bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth*." A few remarks—a little praise scattered far and wide is certainly good of its kind, but what we want and what we would now advocate is: the issue of a decoration of lesser moment than that of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and which *every* Volunteer who went to the front ought to receive.

Leave medals to the Regulars; such are *their* property, so to speak. Distinguish between the two forces; and give the Volunteer his own peculiar badge. Our idea is this: institute a Canadian national ribbon, with a plain silver bar at top, having the maple leaf hanging therefrom, and upon which at various intervals might be engraved as occasion called for it, the service for which the decoration was obtained; and where "Special mention" was merited, the addition of a clasp with those words on it would serve to point out any who had shown especial bravery, or rendered eminent service, or the material might, if desired, be bronze instead of silver. Thus, supposing a Volunteer had been present at the Fenian raids of 1866 and 1870, the maple leaf would bear the inscriptions, "Fenian raid, 1866," "Fenian raid, 1870," and if conspicuous for service in the field, or otherwise, "Special Mention," or simply "Mention" on a clasp.

In conclusion, we would state our belief, founded on experience, that such an ornament could be got up for a trifling expense, comparatively speaking, as the metal need not be thick and the design of simple pattern. We have been led to make these re-

marks from a knowledge of certain dissatisfaction at present existing amongst our brave defenders who went to the front, and a desire to heal a breach which tends to widen itself; not that we ourselves *individually* are entitled to any such honor at present, but are ready at the "bugle call," to offer a bold front, and go forth to reap the reward should occasion afford us an opportunity of doing so.

"MAPLE LEAF."

LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP CAMBRIA.

On the afternoon of the 20th ult., the *Cambria* sailed for Glasgow, Scotland, on the 5th instant putting in at Londonderry, Ireland, on her route. She was a new vessel, having been built last year in port Glasgow, by Robt. Duncan & Co., expressly for the Atlantic trade. Her dimensions were:—Length, 325 feet; breadth 35 feet; depth of hold, 22 feet. She had two engines of 750 horse power each, which were built at the Finneston Steamship Works, Glasgow. This was her thirteenth trip across the ocean. In addition to her passengers she had a large and valuable cargo of grain, flour and cotton. The *Cambria* was commanded by Captain George Carnaghan, and carried a crew of about sixty men. Among her officers were Dr. James W. Flemington, surgeon, and Alexander Sinclair, first engineer. Passengers—cabin, 13; intermediate, 18; steerage, 67; total, 128.

The *Cambria* was the consort of the *Anglia* and both have made passages from land to land in eight days. She was bark rigged, and was divided into six bulkheads, and the plates of which her hull was constructed were three quarters of an inch in thickness. Among her steerage passengers were several Prussian volunteers.

The following is the statement of one of the crew, the only survivor we believe of the ill-fated ship, a McGartland:

"The voyage from New York was generally fortunate, notwithstanding unpleasant weather, until the night of Wednesday, Oct. 19th, between 10 and 11 o'clock. The *Cambria* was then under sail and steaming rapidly. Suddenly, when all was apparently going well, she struck on Mistralino Island, ten miles west of Donegal, and thirty miles west of Londonderry. The vessel instantly began to fill through large holes stove in her bottom, and the fires were soon extinguished. It became evident that the steamer was hopelessly lost, and efforts were therefore directed to save the lives of the passengers, who were massed on the decks, and the boats, crowded with passengers, were launched and shoved off from the sinking steamer. McGartland entered one of these, and he saw no more of the ship or of the other boats. The weather was very heavy and he thinks that all of the boats were swamped, and that he is the only survivor. Almost instantly upon getting into the boat it capsized and he lost consciousness. Upon recovering, he found himself in the sea, but grasping the gunwale of the boat, which had righted. He succeeded in getting into the boat a second time, and found therein the dead body of a lady. McGartland was tossed about many hours, when he was picked up by the *Enterprise*, Captain Gillespie, who sailed about the scene of the disaster for a long time, in the hope of saving life and property. McGartland says that almost at the very time of the disaster the passengers and crew were congratulating themselves on a tempestuous voyage being nearly finished and rejoicing in the fact that in one short hour more they would land at Moville.