

nations say of us. One of the best appointments my dear chief made was Colonel M'Murdo, the Inspector-General of Volunteers. I knew him in the Crimea, where he executed the most difficult service, that of organizing the Land Transport, with the utmost success; no doubt the volunteers have full confidence in him. It was whispered to me in Sidney Herbert's time that Buckinghamshire had been behindhand in her tribute of volunteers. Is that the case now? I hope not. But if so, it makes those who have volunteered all the more worthy. If I might venture to do so, I would gladly ask you to offer them from me a pair of colors. Probably, however, they have them. If so, I can only offer them from the bottom of my heart the best wishes of one who has 'fought the good fight' for the army seven years this very month, without the intermission of one single waking hour."

"I should have thought it a presumption to write to the volunteers if not desired by you. My point, if there was one, was to tell them that one who has seen more than any other man what a horrible thing war is, yet feels more than any man that the military spirit in a good cause, 'that of one's country,' is the finest leaven which exists for the national spirit. I have known intimately the Sardinian soldier, the French soldier, the British soldier. The Sardinian was much better appointed than we were. The French were both more numerous and more accustomed to war than we were, yet I have no hesitation in saying that we had the better military spirit, the true volunteer spirit to endure hardships for our country's sake. I remember a sergeant, who, on picket, the rest of the picket killed, and himself battered about the head, stumbled back to camp, and on his way picked up a wounded man and brought him in on his shoulders to the lines, when he fell down insensible. When, after many hours, he recovered his senses, I believe, after trepanning, his first words were to ask after his comrade, 'Is he alive?' 'Comrade, indeed, yes, he's alive—it is the general.' At that moment the general, though badly wounded appeared at the bedside. 'Oh, general, it's you, is it, I brought in? I'm so glad. I didn't know your honor. But, if I'd known it was you, I'd have saved you all the same.' This is the true soldier's spirit. Lastly, I would impress on the volunteers the necessity of drill, practice, exercise, and brigade movements. Garibaldi's volunteers did excellently in guerilla movements; they failed before a fourth rate regular army. We trust that our volunteers will never know what real war is; but they will make themselves a reputation to be feared by the enemy, in order not to see that enemy at their own hearthstones."

"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."

## 8. THE ROYAL MILITIA OF CANADA.

(To the Editor of the Spectator.)

SIR—The toast given by Major General Napier at the dinner to Sir Allan Napier MacNab, was "THE ROYAL (not 'loyal') MILITIA OF CANADA," and it will be interesting to your readers, to learn the origin of so distinguished and honorable a title.

His late Majesty, George the Third, was so gratified and impressed with the gallant conduct of the Militia of this Province during the war of 1812 and '13, that he proclaimed them as "the Royal Militia of Canada," and further that their facings should be "Royal blue."

Hamilton, Feb. 17, 1862. I am, Your obed't serv't,  
CANADENSIS.

## 9. OUR GALLANT VOLUNTEERS.

Hurrah for England's true-born sons!  
Who at their country's call  
Have bravely rallied round her flag,  
To defend it or to fall;  
Whose willing word to grasp the sword  
Has lull'd the nation's fears;  
And claims her thanks, the noble ranks,  
Our gallant volunteers!

They may talk of foreign countries,  
With all their countless hosts;  
But where's the foe who dares to show  
His face upon our coasts?  
Our aged sires may sleep secure,  
Our mothers cease their fears,  
While in the land there is a band  
Like the gallant volunteers!

How proud must be our gracious Queen,  
To know, whate'er may come,

That she may slumber all serene,  
Within her island home!  
For hearts of purest loyalty,  
In peasant lads and peers,  
Inspire us all to fall of stand,  
With the gallant volunteers!

When England's fame was tottering,  
Long many years ago,  
On every sea an enemy,  
On every shore a foe—  
Up rose a host to guard our coast,  
And quell the people's fears;  
Then to the "blue" none were more true  
Than the gallant volunteers!

Long life to Queen Victoria,  
And to that noble band  
Who'd bravely come from every home  
To guard their native land.  
And as they march—should duty call—  
We'll greet them with three cheers,  
When side by side, their country's pride,  
Are our gallant volunteers!

## II. Biographical Sketches.

### No. 23.—THE HON. W. H. MERRITT.

It is our painful lot to record the death of the Hon. William Hamilton Merritt. This lamented event took place on Sunday morning, the 6th ult., on board the steamer *Champion*. Mr. Merritt had reached Montreal, on his way to the sea-side, when he was seized with paralysis; and though he recovered so far as to be able to dictate letters of business, yet it was considered advisable that he should return home, and accordingly on Saturday morning he was carried on board the *Champion*. He was able to converse during the day, but as night drew on it became apparent that his end was nigh, and at two o'clock on Sunday morning he passed away, as the steamboat was passing through one of the St. Lawrence canals. There is a singular fitness in the fact, that he to whom we owe the Welland Canal—and in fact the construction of most of the canals of the Province—should breathe his last while passing through one of them on his way home! Mr. Merritt had just completed his 69th year. His death causes a vacancy in the representation of the Niagara District in the Upper House.

We subjoin the following remarks from the *Globe*. The Hon. Mr. Merritt was the son of one of those brave and self-denying men who, upon the breaking out of the American revolution, adhered to the principles of their forefathers, and sought a home in the then wilderness of Canada, in which they could maintain their allegiance to the Crown and country of their love. Mr. Merritt was one of the best specimens of the descendants of that noble band of pioneers—the United Empire Loyalists. He was first brought into notice by the active part he took, as an officer of the Canadian Militia, during the war of 1812, while a very young man. Some years later, fired by the example of DeWitt Clinton and the other projectors and promoters of the Erie Canal through the State of York, Mr. Merritt conceived the design of uniting lakes Erie and Ontario by the Welland Canal. It is not our purpose to dwell at length upon the manifold difficulties which Mr. Merritt encountered in carrying his project into completion. We trust that these labours will be recorded in a suitable form from the materials which must remain in possession of Mr. Merritt's family. They will form a most interesting view of the progress of a very important work, and a lasting memorial of possibly the most useful citizen whom Canada has ever possessed. It was not simply that Mr. Merritt, almost single-handed, overcame the prejudices and pecuniary obstacles encountered in constructing the Welland Canal; he also wielded an immense influence in securing the completion, on a great scale of the connecting links of the St. Lawrence navigation necessary for the full development of our carrying trade; and it may be said that in every important step taken during the last forty years, to develop Canadian commerce, he took an active share. Although accustomed to entertain schemes much in advance of his contemporaries, which frequently had the appearance of being chimerical, he was nevertheless eminently practical in his mode of carrying out his plans. A more remarkable combination of the apparently impracticable with the actually practicable, was never seen. No obstacle daunted him. Earnest and laborious, though without any charms