

English and Foreign.

THE IMPERIAL POLICY OF RUSSIA.

[From Blackwood's Magazine]

We read a short time ago among the town and country talk of a weekly paper:—"An eminent house-breaker, having completed the term of his imprisonment, applied to the Grimsby magistrates to have his skeleton keys and other professional tools given up to him." After laughing at the title of eminence as applied to a burglar, being a character not famed for the possession of the cardinal virtues, the thought struck us that comparing great things with small, the demand of Russia to keep up an undiminished force in the Black Sea after the conclusion of peace, which occasioned the breaking up of the Vienna conferences, was very much of the same description. Supposing a peace to have been patched up, Russia might have been said to have completed the term of her imprisonment, her ships of war and offensive stores at Sebastopol being considered as her professional tools, her cannon and mortars as the skeleton keys which she would use to pick the lock of the Ottoman Porte; and which, honest in a sense at last when brought to bay, she naively declares her determination to use with greater precaution and better luck next time. The difference in the case is, and that not altogether an unimportant one, that the Grimsby magistrates had got possession of the tools of their eminent practitioner; while we have shut up ours, tools and all, and are even now employing efforts the most forcible, with some doubtfulness of issue, to get his tools from him; for he clings to them like grim Death, and will cling to them to all appearances until he is fairly caught by the throat and choked off.

Now, supposing that our Grimsby friend wanted to prove himself, in Jack Sheppard phrase, as innocent as the babe unborn after his imprisonment, what do we suppose that he would say?—He would probably say that he had been drinking with some friend, name unknown; had slightly exceeded, and in consequence lost his way; arrayed upon a gentleman's lawn, and tumbled up against his library shutters when he was caught by Lion and the butler. And he would account for the possession of the queer things found in his pocket, by supposing that his anonymous friend had put them there without his knowledge, finding their possession tended to compromise his own character. He would surely not claim them as his property, far less to have them restored, thus owning himself not only guilty in reference to the past, but impenitent in reference to the future.

And suppose that Russia had wished to prove herself innocent, through her mouthpiece Prince Gortchakoff, of burglarious intentions with respect to Turkey, what would she have said to the wisecracks of Vienna? She would have said something of this kind—Gentleman, you do me cruel wrong in suspecting that I am actuated by any selfish motives of aggrandisement against Turkey, by imputing any other motive to me in recent transactions than a laudable desire to rescue oppressed Christianity from the delirious grip of the sick man—sick even unto death—who, notwithstanding his weakness, seems to possess some unaccountable and probably supernatural power of wrong-doing; but notwithstanding that you do me cruel wrong in suspecting my motives, I am willing to prove the purity of my intentions, if not by quite allowing you to draw teeth and cut off my claws, at all events by promising to keep the former to myself and not allowing the latter to grow any longer, abating at the same time from sharpening them as heretofore against the nearest tree. In plain terms, I will not build any more ships of war than are just enough to patrol the Black Sea as a protection against pirates, to keep up military communications with Caucasus and Georgia, and to defend Odessa against any sudden freak of the said sick man, who appears, notwithstanding his weakness, to be in a normal state of dangerous delirium. By refusing all concession to this just demand of the Allies to give up the tools of her burglarious trade, or even to abstain from increasing their number, she at once proclaims definitely and distinctly that her object is to have Constantinople by fair means or foul; and in pursuance of this object, with the spirit of Hamlet, to "make a ghost of him that lets" her. For what else should Russia want with a great fleet in the Black Sea, or with the fortifications of Sebastopol? It is plain that, if she had not looked to enlarging her territory to the south, even when the first stone of Sebastopol was laid, she would have made of it not a military so much as a commercial port.

There would have been some sense in building an impregnable Gibraltar near the heart of her territory, or as, in the case of our own Mediterranean fortresses, on the high-road outlying possessions; but there is only one evident purpose for which Sebastopol was built—namely, the shelter of an aggressive fleet. Its place on the map is enough

to condemn it. It is placed so that from it a blow could be struck most quickly and effectively on the vital parts of Turkey, and the fleet that had struck the blow most quickly and readily withdraw into shelter before the avenger came. Such a blow was struck at Sinope—might have been struck at Stamboul instead, if the allied fleets had lingered a little longer outside the Bosphorus. It was the recognition, on a large scale of a principle applied on a small one in the art of self-defence, to spring quickly to the guard after having struck the punishing blow, and not to over-balance the body by the effort, so as to open it to the blow of the adversary in return. It is a wonder that there ever was any mistake about the meaning of Sebastopol. Russia might have found a better excuse for Bomarsund. She might have said that was an outwork of Cronstadt, and that she was strengthening it against some contingent coalition of the three nations of maritime Scandinavia; a coalition not altogether improbable at any time, and which we should think at present highly desirable.

But how could she be menaced through the Crimea? Any force invading her, and making for St. Petersburg, would surely not begin there, nor would any nation build a first-class fortification to protect a pretty little district of summer residences and sea bathing. We should not think it worth while to build a Sebastopol at the Needles, even though Majesty honors the Isle of Wight by making it a temporary residence. It was always plain enough that Sebastopol was built against Constantinople, just as much as Decrea was built against Athens in the Peloponesian War. It is singular how little, for a long time—how little, in fact, till this war broke out—Europe seemed aware of this fact. That word, now in every body's mouth, full of hope and fear, and anxiety to all, to some of triumph or of life-long sorrow, was a word hardly ever heard before, even among educated people. How many of us knew of the existence of Sebastopol at all? Probably some of us just knew so much about it, that, had they been asked where it was, they would have said it was somewhere in Southern Russia.

"THE ARMY AND THE PEOPLE"

Under the above caption an excellent article appears in the pages of an exchange. The remarks are based upon a letter, headed "Administrative Reform," inserted in the London Times. Its subject was the mode of officering the British Army. Opening with an expression of the truly reasonable opinion, that the House of Commons ought, before breaking up, to take in consideration the mode of officering the Army, the Times correspondent proceeds to describe the state in which matters at present are.

"All the commissions in the British army are either sold or given away gratuitously—in either cases as matters of favour. Prince Albert gives away the commissions in the Grenadier Guards and the Rifle Brigade; Lord Stafford gives away those in the Coldstream; and the Duke of Cambridge those in the Scots Fusiliers; the rest are given away by the Commander-in-Chief. The reasons which procure commissions for boys desirous of entering the army are various. One obtains his commission because he has a friend at Court, another because he is a neighbor of the Commander-in-chief, a third because his mother is a very agreeable woman, a fourth because his grandfather lost a leg at Barossa. But in no case are the personal merits of the applicant considered for one single moment. Whether he is robust or puny, intelligent or dull, well-educated or ignorant, is never inquired; if he has 'interest,' he gets his commission; if he has not 'interest,' he does not get it. All that is required of him after he has obtained the promise of it is, that he shall pass an examination so easy that every candidate contrives to pass it sooner or later, and that he shall submit to a surgical inspection so superficial that numbers of young peace-officers encumber our regiments whose weakly constitutions instantly unfit them for active service when they attempt to face it. It is also a *sine qua non* at the Horse Guards that all applicants for commission shall be 'gentlemen,'—i. e., that their parents shall not be actually engaged in any retail trade, or in any mechanical or agricultural calling, by which they earn their bread. No previous military education or training, no long and good service as a non-commissioned officer, gives an applicant for a commission in the British army without 'interest' a preference over the idlest and dullest schoolboy with 'interest' who ever sought refuge from the Greek grammar in a red coat; on the contrary, the latter is certain to succeed in obtaining it—the former to fail."

Our Exchange in commenting upon this passage observes:—

"Here then is a fact. Consider it for one mo-

ment. You are a British farmer, a British shop-keeper, a British workman; you pay for this war until your back bends, and you look wistfully into a future in which you see toil and trouble, difficulty and peril; from the richest of you to the poorest, you pay for it, if not nominally from your incomes, yet from your bread, beef, and coffee; and yet your country positively and deliberately sets a brand on your brows, and declares you unworthy to serve her, except in the poorest and most hopelessly depressed section of the working class, in the ranks of the British army. That feudal stigma, that feudal fetter, extant nowhere in Europe but in free and boastful Britain, binds you yet. You may give your son a good education, you may mark his wish and his power to serve his country and honour you, and yet, if you are too poor or too noble to buy him a commission, or too unconnected or too noble to beg him one, you must not only abandon all hope of seeing him where his brave heart and yours would have him, but must pay for having the great work which he would do well, done miserably ill. The feudal "gentlemen," he who has rocked in a particular cradle, he whose honour is that he or his parents have never engaged in that work which by the law of Heaven is eternally noble, is still deliberately set on the neck of the British nation, to lead it, like a great, dumb, stupid elephant, into battle.

It has been said in the British Parliament that two or three sons of English clergymen, extremely poor, have got commissions; and for this, it is thought, we should lie still, and talk no more of Administrative Reform. Think of the audacious insolence of that! Whose is the British army? Does it belong to the aristocracy, or to the whole nation? If the army is the nation's is there any man or body of men whom the free Britton must ASK for admittance into his own army? The only asking in the matter must be for a fair field to show capacity, and no favour."

THE SORTIE ON THE 15TH JULY.

The letters received from the Crimea by last mail contain particulars of the sortie made against the advancing sap of our allies on the Malakoff hill, on the morning of the 15th ult. The attack was preceded by the usual characteristic yell of the Russians, but this cry was only raised at the moment of coming upon the troops covering the working parties. The night was dark, and a high wind was blowing; and to these circumstances it was owing that the approach of the enemy was not previously ascertained. The shout was sufficiently loud to be heard at some of the pickets in front of the Camp, and appeared to proceed from a large body of troops. A sharp fire of musketry lasted half an hour, and then subsided; about an hour afterwards, another fusillade was noticed in the same direction, but speedily terminated.

The explanation given by the French is, that the enemy came suddenly and in great force upon the working parties before the latter had time to make the necessary arrangements to meet the attack. Hence some confusion, ensued at first, and the French, not without a severe struggle however had to retire to the next covert way. At the time of the sortie our allies were connecting some small ambuscades which they had thrown up in a line in front of their advanced trench. These being joined together and a communication established with the trench behind, the third branch of the zigzag advancing up the Malakoff hill would be completed. The object of the Russians was to arrest the progress of this work, and destroy what had already been done.

As soon, therefore as the French had retired, the enemy commenced levelling the parapets, and filling up the trench. In the mean time the French, being joined by their reserves formed again for the attack, and at a given signal rushed suddenly upon the Russians. The latter were taken unawares. A considerable number had laid aside their arms and accoutrements and were busily engaged in shovelling down the parapets. After firing one volley, the French charged with the bayonet, and a precipitate retreat of the Russians followed. A large quantity of arms and appointments were left in the hands of the French.

The commencement of the attack occurred between one and two o'clock. The enemy did not attempt to renew it. In the course of the night the French not only repaired the mischief done by the enemy, but extended the trench considerably. The Russian loss is said to have been very severe compared with that of the French, numbers have fallen in the second charge. One officer and several men were taken prisoners. The French loss in killed is reported as one officer and thirty men.

POLAND AND THE ALLIES.

From the London News, July 30

General Count Zamoyski arrived in London yesterday morning. We understand that his visit is the result of a special invitation from the British government. The Count's talents and abilities, and his abilities, and his practical knowledge of military and diplomatic affairs, are well known; and as he comes direct from the East, he will be able to give important information respecting the real state of matters in that quarter.—It is evident that Count Zamoyski can only have been invited to England at the present crisis, with a view to enable Government to arrive at some final decision on the Polish question. We have had occasion to notice ere now that the opinion of the Continental Liberators who are most conversant in the affairs of the Poles and of the countries bordering on Poland, is, that the present moment is auspicious for striking a blow at Russia in that quarter. The nucleus of a Polish Legion already exists in the so called Turkish Cossacks who are almost exclusively Poles wearing Polish uniform and carrying Polish ensigns. If there is any meaning in the expression used by Sir William Molesworth at the Southwark nomination—to the effect that it is the purpose of the British government to "strike a body blow" at Russia—we may warrantably infer that Count Zamoyski's arrival in this country, will be the prelude to some decisive movement. The meeting on the affairs of Poland to be held at St. Martin's Hall, on Wednesday, under the presidency of Sir De Lacy Evans, will afford ministers an opportunity of testing the feeling of the country upon the question. It is manifest that the sphere and objects of this war are extending. An electric thrill is running through the whole of Europe.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—July 31st.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.

Mr. V. Scully called the attention of the House to the unsatisfactory state of the regulations regarding the transmission of newspapers to the British Colonies; the effect of which, he said, was very considerably to increase the expense of English newspapers to subscribers in Canada, Australia, and generally in the Colonies.

Mr. Wilson admitted that the recent regulations were not working very satisfactorily, and the Post Office authorities were now engaged in revising them, with a view to improvement.

A man in Louisville, Kentucky has offered a wager of one thousand dollars that no gambler has ever been imprisoned in the Kentucky penitentiary for theft.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

The only remedy ever offered to the public that has never failed to cure, when directions are followed, is M'Lane's Liver Pill. It has been several years before the public, and has been introduced in all sections of the Union. Where it has been used, it has had the most triumphant success, and actually driven out of use all other medicines. It has been tried under all the different phases of Hepatitis, and has been found equally efficacious in all.

Purchasers will be careful to ask for Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Liver Pills, and take none else. There are other Pills, purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public. Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills, also his Celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in the United States and Canada.

Sold in Woodstock by W. T. Baird.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills the most celebrated Remedies for the cure of Sore Arms.—Samuel Wentworth, of Cape Breton, was for five years afflicted with sore arms, there were four different ulcers on them, and the trying nature of his business, (a bootmaker) made him so much worse, that despite of his wishes, he was compelled to relinquish it; he tried various remedies and they failed to benefit him, however about thirteen weeks ago, at the recommendation of friends, he had recourse to Holloway's Ointment and Pills, which very soon made him better, and in eight weeks his arms, were quite well, and with the scars perceptible.

Deaths.

At Woodstock, on the 27th ult. MARTHA, eldest daughter of Mr. James P. Morse, aged 17 years.

At Victoria Corner, on the 28th ult., Lanzarah B. only child of Mr. Charles Gallop, aged 13 months.

At Victoria Corner on the 22nd ult Mary, wife of Mr. John Street, aged 36 years, leaving a husband and eight children to lament their loss.