

posed to be jocose; and the house is also supposed to see the joke. I question whether it does. But he must say something, and he does it. And then, soaping Lord John, as men who despise each other in private do in public, he sits down, and the debate begins. Yes, it is begun, though we hardly know it. The great debate, which is to upset the cabinet—which keeps all England in suspense—which Europe has looked forward to—the result of which the telegraphic wires are waiting to convey to the anxious courts of Paris, of Vienna, of Berlin, of Petersburg, is going on; the ministerial crisis has commenced, though nothing seems to promise less than the commencement of the debate.

Look down the gangway on the ministerial side;—there, close by Henry Drummond, stands a little man with a hooked nose, and a face indicative of weakness and premature decay. The tones of his voice are faint and sickly; his action is feeble; he fidgets himself in a manner painful to witness. He rubs his hand across his forehead, and tries to catch the missing train of thought; but in vain—it has gone from him for ever. The house listens kindly—but in vain. There he stands, the man whose winged words were stronger than arrows; whose imperious tones—his hand pointing all the while, as if to say “Thou art the man”—drove conscience home to the most careless, and made the most phlegmatic and callous writhe; who seemed to scalp his victims, as it were, and the fear of whom was a principle in many a heart;—there he stands, with opportunity, the grand thing he had been panting for all his ambitious life, at last his own. The time at length come for which he had prayed since earliest youth, a grand drama, and a grand part to act in it for himself; and oh, the mockery of life! the power gone, and the golden moments lost for ever! The sight was a sad and affecting one, and when poor Roebuck sat down, the house, for a wonder, was once subdued, and hushed, and still. For a wonder, pity for the speaker, rendered the house oblivious of the matter. It seemed as if no one cared to revive it,—as if the spectacle of a popular politician in decay, was as sad as that of an army, owing to administrative imbecility, mouldering fast away. The debate seemed nipped in the bud—the crisis over ere it had begun. No one cared to speak; and anxious for “fresh fields and pastures new”—that is, for dinner and cigars—the benches thinned, and indignant patriots left Mr Roebuck and his motion to their fate. Sidney Herbert rises to show everything was done that could be done—that no blame attached to government; indeed, that there was no blame anywhere. And a house of fifteen or sixteen would not have stayed did they not think that in so doing they would catch Mr Speaker's eye and thus in turn bore others as others bore them. The house might have been counted out many times, had any honourable member cared to do it. Hayter was in the lobby reckoning up his men so was Bateson, thinking that if Cobden and Bright would come over, there would be a majority of thirty or forty against government; at any rate, feeling certain that “by G—, Sir they'd be ducedly licked;” though even at a latter period of the evening some of the party, such as that Bertram, Marquis of ploughboy, and a very stupid one to, were undecided as to the chances of turning out the coalition; and Disraeli was already shadowing out in his own fertile brain the probable outline of a budget never to be laid upon the table. In the meanwhile, austere, sanctimonious-looking crotchety Mr Drummond rises to speak.—He is what all Englishmen like—rich and odd, and he has the good sense never to bore you, and never to be long. There are several men who attempt wit in the sense Lord Palmerston does; but his is sheer flippancy, and would be insufferable in a man who was not on the pedestal, but had a position to make. Sibthorpe does; but his is that of the buffoon. One of the Lennox's does—the stout one, not the thin one that his merry coryphaeus to Disraeli when he is doing the orator on an extensive scale; but his is the tragic mirth of a gay man-about-town, and has the same effect as that of the celebrated peer of whom Tom Moore sang, that when

“The house looks unusually grave,
You may always be sure that Lord Lauderdale's
joking.”

Then, there is that of the cynic of the Dean Swift's school; but slightly altered and improved, with all the improper passages left out—scholarly, gentlemanly—with a dash of bitterness, gathered from the fairest regions of theological controversy; that is the wit of Drummond, uttered in the mildest manner and with the smallest of possible voices, almost inaudible in the gallery; so that the house is kept in a state of the utmost soul-harrowing quiet and suspense, till he gets to the end of a sentence when it occurs to every one that Mr Drummond has been funny, and the house relieves itself with a hearty laugh—a laugh perhaps heralded by a few preliminary explosions from the more impulsive members, as the orchestra tunes up previous to a grand overture, or as a few random shots may be heard ere rank and file begin their murderous fire. What can we say of the remainder of the evening's debate, save that it was not up to the mark—that it was not worthy of the occasion—that most of the men who figured in it were of no account, and that when the house adjourned, a little before twelve, it seems as if the whole affair would end in smoke?

as it would have done had Lord John Russell not deserted his colleagues in the eleventh hour, and set an example which many were not unwilling to follow.

From Blackwood's Magazine for March.

“The story of the Campaign” is well told and furnishes us with the following description of

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD AT SCUTARI.

On the edge of the bank of the Sea of Marmora, a few hundred yards to the left of the mouth of the Bosphorus, is a level space of greensward, used by the English, from the time of their arrival in Turkey, as a burying ground. The placid sea, the distant isles, the Cape of Broussa on the left, and the Seraglio Point on the right, make up a lovely view of the melancholy spot. At the southern extremity are single graves, neatly defined and turf-ed, where those who died while the army halted here in the spring are laid. But the press of mortality no longer admitted of such decent burial. To those accustomed to see the departed treated with reverence, and attended solemnly to their last habitation, there was something horribly repulsive in a wholesale interment. Where the dead far outnumbered those who stood round the grave. A pit about ten feet deep and fourteen square, received every afternoon those who had died during the last twenty-four hours. A rickety araba, or country cart, drawn by two oxen, was the hearse which conveyed them from the neighbouring hospital to the place of sepulture. In the yard of the hospital is a small dismal house, without windows; for its tenants no longer need the light. Thither those who have died in this and the neighbouring hospitals, are brought on stretchers, and packed like sacks in a granary till the araba comes for them. Sewed, each in a blanket with sufficient tightness to leave a caricature, mummy like resemblance of humanity, a score of bodies are laid on the vehicle, travel slowly, dangling and jostling as they go, to the mouth of the yawning pit, where the party who dug it await the coming of the cart.—There is no time for ceremony; each poor corpse is hastily lifted off, and, doubled up, limply in cases of recent death, or stiff and stake-like where it has been longer cold, is handed down, nameless, unknown, and void of all the dignity of death, to its appointed station in the crowd. One row being laid, the next covers it, and the feet of those who deposit them necessarily trample on the forms below, leaving muddy foot-prints on the blanket-shrouds. Sixty-one (about the daily average number at the time) were buried together on the day I visited the spot. Noticing one corpse on which the lower part of the outline was unusually thin, I remarked to the corporal in charge that the deceased must have been long ill, to be so wasted; but he pointed out to me that one limb had been amputated. A clergyman waited till all were deposited, to read the funeral service; close by, another pit was being dug for the requirements of next day, and we had seen in the hospital many of those unmistakably destined to fill it. The scene reminded me of Defoe's accounts of the burial about London the time of the Great Plague. I have mentioned elsewhere the trenches dug on the battle-field to contain rows of dead. But there they lie like soldiers, with an awe and glory on their blood-stained uniforms and upturned faces which no pall, nor coffin could bestow. In the pits of Scutari, death is deprived of its sanctity, majesty, and mystery, and retains only those elements which constitutes the grotesque. Officers are buried singly in graves close to the edge of the bank, where cross-headed slips of wood, like those which mark plants in a green-house, and not much larger, are labelled, sometimes with the name of the occupant below, sometimes less specifically—as “a woman,” “a Russian officer.”

The author being desirous of visiting the French hospital at Constantinople, thus describes that establishment:—

A HOSPITAL AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

The building standing on a high point of ground above the new palace of the Sultan, and conspicuous from the Bosphorus was originally intended as a school of medicine. It is very large, new and fresher, and the wards and apartments loftier than these of our hospitals. At the door was a covered cart, with a cross in front, filled with coffins, and drawn by oxen. In the first room we entered, besides some French officers, there were a Russian captain and two subalterns, wounded at Inkermann, playing at some game like draughts. In the next room, a very spacious one, with a painted ceiling, and windows opening to the floor, looking on the Bosphorus, were five or six French officers apparently very comfortable. The corridors, like those of our hospitals, were filled with patients, in the wards, the beds on each side were raised on a platform above the floor—there was a very thick palliase, under each man; across the rail at the head of the bed was a shelf with his medicine bottles; and on a card at the foot was a description of his case. The surgeon who accompanied us round, pointed out a very remarkable case, that of a man who had received a bullet in the head, which entering on one side had gone out near the opposite ear, passing close to

the lobe of the brain; he was sensible, apparently suffering but little pain, and would, the surgeon thought, live. Opposite him was another with his skull fractured by a sabre-cut from a Russian officer; the surgeon removing the dressing with tweezers, tabbed them audibly, without pain the man on the bare skull-bone which was cleft for about an inch, and surrounded by a gaping wound in the scalp. The poor fellow whined dolefully as the instrument case was unfolded; but the surgeon reassured him, saying he was only going to move the dressing; he told us afterwards, he thought it would be necessary to trepan him. Sisters of charity, with the freshest of complexions and the snowiest of caps, moved to and fro among the beds; one of them was an Irish woman from Meath, who had left Ireland, as she told us, five years before to join the sisterhood. One corridor was filled with convalescent Russians in their uniforms of grey or blue, surmounted in many instances, by a French cap; they stood up respectfully and grinned approval when the good doctor patronized them by a tap on the back or a pull of the ear. The chief distinction between this hospital and ours seemed to be that here the patients were classified according to the nature of their ailments; one ward was filled with cases of frost-bites, another of wounds, another of fever, a plan tried at first in our hospitals, but broken in upon by the throng of sick arriving.

RUSSIAN ATROCITIES.

DURING the summer of 1848, while the imperial court was at Odessa, Colonel — was suddenly sent away, in charge of a gendarme, to Kief, with orders never to return nearer to Odessa than the distance between these towns. The occurrence excited a great deal of talk at the time, from various circumstances, the colonel was guilty of no political offence; but a report existed that he had been criminally intimate with a married lady of high rank, resident in Odessa, and that his connection was followed by the birth of two children, which, it was also said, he had threatened to claim; whereon the friends of the lady employed their influence with the Emperor to procure his banishment from the town; and, in consequence, this was at once effected in the manner before mentioned. No one can for a moment defend the colonel's conduct, though the lady being of much higher rank and older than himself, it may be imagined that he was not the most culpable of the two: but what a monstrous system is this! No sooner has a man become obnoxious from any cause to those in power, than secret representations are made in the highest quarter; and without trial,—without perhaps, the accused knowing what he is charged with, or having the means of defending himself,—he may be suddenly seized by a gendarme, placed in a telega, and, at a moment's notice, hurried off to Kief, or perhaps to Siberia!

Who but must shudder at such reckless tyranny? The following occurrence is, in some respects, of a similar character:—One night, an officer of lancers, while waltzing with a young lady, at one of the governor and general's balls, happened to fall with her, or at any rate the circumstance appeared accidental. The next morning, or very soon afterwards, he was hurried off, as I was informed in custody of a gendarme, notwithstanding that he owed at the “Hotel du Nord,” a considerable sum. Where he was sent I never had an opportunity of learning. The third instance of despotism I shall mention is that of a father towards his son, and which could have taken place in no other country. The present Count—, now resident at Odessa, was imprisoned in a monastery for a period of twenty years, by order of his own father; the reason of which was as follows: the old count during the lifetime of his wife, kept a mistress, which rendered the countess exceedingly unhappy; and the son, having strongly advocated his mother's cause, and expressed his opinions pretty freely with respect to the misconduct of his other parent, was, by the latter's order, secretly conveyed to a monastery, where he remained imprisoned until his father's death restored him to liberty. The horrors of so suddenly and protracted a confinement have considerably affected the present count's mind: he seldom goes into society; and his dread of again experiencing similar treatment is such, that he has caused subterraneous passages to be constructed in his garden, communicating, by secret doors, with his house, into which, when he perceives persons approaching the latter, he often retires until they have taken their departure.—The Court of Russia.

PAT AND THE ALPHABET.—The following rich scene occurred recently in one of our private schools:

“Ah Pat! Pat!” exclaimed the school mistress to a very thick headed urchin into whose muddled brain she was attempting to beat the alphabet—I'm afraid you'll never learn any thing. Now, what's that letter eh?
“Sure I don't know, ma'am,” replied Pat.
“I thought you recollected that.”
“Why ma'am?”
“Because it has a dot over the top of it, I.”
“Och, ma'am, I mind it well, but sure I tho't it was a fly-speck.”
“Well, now remember Pat, it is I.”
“You ma'am?”
“No.—not U, but I.”
“Not I, but you, ma'am—how's that?”
“Not I, but you, blockhead?”

Communications.

COUNTY RESTIGOUCHE.

To the Editor of the Gleaner,

Friend Pierce.—Your Gleaner still comes to hand pretty regular in spite of blows, snowstorms, hard times, and all the other train of evils which we poor mortals are heirs to. You complained a short time ago of flour being so dear in Miramichi, no man could afford to buy. You may thank God your lot is cast where it is, if you were here at present you could not get a barrel of flour for 20 dollars. I know myself of 15 being offered and refused; and the common price this winter has been 15 dollars in cash; and do not start when I tell you that starvation is actually staring a great many of the inhabitants of this quarter in the face, especially those who, in any way are depending on the lumbering, and were in the habit of neglecting their farming; even some of the farmers will see hard times this spring; the early frosts last summer in this quarter hurt the grain and potato crops very much. This has been a favourable winter for lumbering here on account of the snow which, for a wonder, has been light; according to appearance here at present, there will be nothing for our lumbermen to do next summer but volunteer for the Crimes, or go to Dalhousie for the benefit of their health, and I believe their minds appear to be pretty well made up on the subject. We have the old quantity of ships building (viz: 3), not so bad, you will say, considering how Quebec and St. John have fallen from their high estate in that respect. Our mill business here appears to have some strange fatality attending it: Mr Travis's mill is in “statu quo,” and the most sanguine have given up all expectations of it ever being of any benefit in its present position or under its present proprietor. I believe Messrs. Ferguson & Rankin, or some of that firm, have purchased a site for a steam mill within a couple of miles of Dalhousie; it was once understood it would be in active operation by the ensuing fall, but I hear there is some stoppage about it; I should think for men of capital like them, the poorer the times the cheaper any kind of works can be contracted, and I am sure the present hard times cannot continue long—they are not over burdened with a very heavy stock of our staple commodity at home, and the quantity produced this season will not be over one-third the usual amount; it is to be hoped, likewise, that our neighbours across the line will take some of our surplus produce. I have been told timber now would bring more in New York and Boston than in Britain, if so, we will soon have an alteration in the face of things. I see you are making out 3 or 4 pages of advertisements, I wish you much joy with them, I suppose they help you along a little, besides showing a “go-a-head” spirit quite commendable to Miramichi; some of the farmers grumble a little at losing the first page, but for all the use they made of it when they had it, I think it is just as well employed; some of our merchants ought to give you a little patronage, I think they will too, but you must have patience until the spring arrivals, it would puzzle them just now to send you an advertisement. Mr Hamilton, especially among our merchants, deserves credit for the manner in which he has distributed provisions through the country this hard winter, and in many cases, without a prospect of proper remuneration. There is nothing political; we do not care what they do in our assembled wisdom, it is to be supposed, however, each one will try to get all he can to their own mill. Nothing more at present; when the times gets worse, I will write you again.

I am, Sir, yours

SAM SUCKE.

Mission Point, Restigouche, March 28, 1855.

P. S. If my 12s. 6d. do not come to hand when my subscription is out, you will stop my paper, as I will be “a gone sucker,” and I am determined if I cannot pay for it I will not read it.

THE LIQUOR LAW.

[The following are the cogent reasons which Mr. ——— assigned to one of his constituents, for voting against the Liquor Bill, which has passed the Legislature of this Province.]

House of Assembly, March 27, 1855.

My Dear Sir,—I had the pleasure of receiving your letter, requesting me to vote in favor of the “Maine Liquor Law Bill,” and I make no doubt of the sincerity and purity of your opinions respecting it, nor do I for any moment suffer myself to doubt the sincerity and purity of that considerable number of good and worthy people who are found at its side all over the Province; but at the same time, I must retain my own opinion, and I must act upon it. I must be permitted to apply my own experience, and the experience of others to this question. I have no sort of hesitation in declaring my conviction, that historically—religiously—and politically—this measure is bad and wrong: no cure for the evil complained of, but on the contrary, sure to aggravate it. The difficulty in the case is—that people in their abhorrence of the sin of drunkenness, and their zealous desire to root it out, seem to think that it is proper to use any sort of means—to break down any principle—to subvert any right. If this argument be good, it must be good in all things, and under all circumstances; and yet I need not tell you how short and feeble the secular arm has ever been found in the eradication of any evil, real or imaginary.—What did the tyranny and bigotry of Henry, or his daughter Mary, do for religion? What did the fires of Smithfield and the penal laws of Ireland accomplish? What the Crusades? What the whipping of Quakers? The secular arm has never effected a change. You must get to men's heart, and not to his back. All experience teaches us the wisdom of the Divine command “put up thy sword.” So much for history.

As to the Religion of the law, I hold it to be wicked, blasphemous, and profane. I have been nurtured in the belief that Jesus was the Lord, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. I believe that “he was without sin,” “neither was evil found in him;” and “that he went about doing good.” I read, and believe, that his first of miracles, on which “he was glorified,” was in making a quantity of wine—a very large quantity too—for the use of that marriage feast, which was honoured by his Holy presence. Shall I then, support a law which declares the same time to be a crime. God forbid—subjecting a man to fine and imprisonment, and infamy—oh!—no. Do I not read among the blessings, the chief temporal blessings of God, that “the corn, the wine, and the oil shall increase.” Shall I denounce “the blessing,” a curse. Do I not find the sale of it directly recognised in many parts of the old Testament. Shall I then go with the multitude to denounce, poor and short-sighted wretch