

its artillery; the woodlouse gets up again. In vain the hunter redoubles its blows; the woodlouse escapes.

"A gnat, in its turn, contrives to fall into the snare; but it expands its wings and escapes, in spite of the shower of sand which its enemy launches at it. The woodlouse, in escaping, made great chasms in the tunnel; and this, no doubt, together with the ill-success of the last two hunts, determines the ant-lion to go and lay his ambushes elsewhere. He reascends his pit, and goes away, always travelling backwards to seek a spot more favourable to his views."

One short chapter is entitled *The Enriched Woodman* :—

"For some short time past, a circumstance that appeared strange has attracted my attention. I dare say you remember my speaking to you of a house covered with thatch, of the thatch covered with moss, of the ridge of the roof crowned with iris, which was to be seen from a certain point in my garden. Well, for several days I perceived the house was shut up, and I asked my servant, 'Does not the woodman live up yonder now?'"

"No, sir; he has been gone nearly two months. He is become rich; he has inherited a property of 600 livers a year, and he is gone live in town."

"He is become rich!"

"That is to say, that with his 600 livers a year, he is gone to live in a little apartment in the city, without air and without sun, where he can neither see the heavens, nor the trees, nor the verdure, where he will breathe unwholesome air, where his prospect will be confined to a paper of a dirty yellow, embellished with chocolate arabesques."

"He is become rich!"

"He is become rich! that is to say, he is not allowed to keep his dog which he has had so long, because it annoyed the other lodgers of the house."

"He lodges in a sort of square box; he has people on the right hand and on the left, above him and below him."

"He has left his beautiful cottage and his beautiful trees, and his sun, and his grass carpet so green, and the song of the birds and the odour of the oaks. He is become rich!"

"He is become rich—Poor man!"

In describing the weeds of the garden plots the common chickweed is thus referred to :—

"Behold in all parts of the grass the margeline and the white chickweed, which present to the little birds, all the year round, a well furnished table; and in order that they may never want, the chickweed is endowed with a fecundity that no other plant possesses: in the course of one year, the chickweed has time to germinate to shed its seed, and bear others, seven or eight times. Seven or eight generations of chickweed cover the earth every year: it occupies the field naturally, and invades our gardens; it is almost impossible to destroy it; besides, of all the herbs naturally inhabiting the earth, which dispute the soil with the usurpers which has been introduced, by man, the chickweed is that which injures our cultivation the least; one would say that it wished to be tolerated, it scarcely has any hold on the earth, with its few and slender roots."

Another common wild flower calls forth this defence against the sneers of the critical :—

"But it is so common! Thanks, O Lord, for all that thou hast created common! thanks for the blue heavens, the sun, the stars, murmuring waters, and the shade of embowering thanks for the corn-flowers of the field and the gilly-flowers of the walls—thanks for the songs of the linnet and the hymns of the nightingale—thanks for the perfumes of the air and the sighing of the winds among the trees—thanks for the magnificent clouds gilded by the sun at its setting and rising—thanks for love, the most common sentiment of all—thanks for all the beautiful things thy stupendous bounty has made common!"

A Reply to Mr. Bright's Letter on the War. By John Coleman. Hatchard.

The following remarks on the position of the allied armies in the Crimea, and the prospects of the war, will be read with interest at the present time :—

"When once the design of taking Sebastopol by a *coup de main* after the Battle of Alma was relinquished, the future prospects of the enterprise assumed directly a dark and sombre complexion. The Allied Generals were, according to the opinion of competent military critics, perfectly right in not attempting to carry the fortress by an immediate assault, since failure under such circumstances must have subjected their armies to a disastrous retreat, if not to a complete annihilation; but they were probably equally wrong in proposing to reduce it by an organised siege with forces totally inadequate, in point of numbers, of materials, and of provisions, for the accomplishment of such a mighty work. Instead of 50,000 soldiers, 150,000 should have been thrown in the course of a month, upon the Crimea; and that month instead of being September, ought to have been March. The first step in the enterprise should have been to obtain the complete command of the Crimea, instead of uselessly wasting ammunition in battering the walls of a fortress which

were repaired as soon as they were injured. To accomplish successfully the main purpose of the campaign, it was essential for the Allies to compass two objects,—first, the total defeat and rout of the Russian army of observation in the field; and secondly, to effect a total investment of the fortress at all points. The secret of successful sieges appears to me to lie in a very narrow compass,—an overwhelming superiority in the assailing force, a perfect investment, and an early and determined assault. I am not conversant with even the rudiments of military science; but it requires little penetration to perceive that the failure of the Allies has hitherto arisen from the numerical inferiority of their force as compared with that of the enemy, and their miscalculation as to the amount of *material* essential for the reduction of his redoubtable stronghold. In the siege of Sebastopol, instead of the besieging army becoming more and more numerous as the works progressed and the besieged diminishing daily, the reverse has taken place; and in that marked degree of disproportion as to leave it questionable whether it would not have been more economical if the allies had abandoned the trenches in November, after the failure of their first bombardment, and retired to Balaklava during the winter, so as to renew the siege in the spring with adequate forces and materials. The army originally sent by the allies to the Crimea was insufficient; and the dribble reinforcements have scarcely been more than sufficient to fill up the vacancies made by the battle and disease.

"All the trifling reinforcements sent out here," writes an officer on the spot, are but as a drop in the ocean. The duty is so hard and harassing, that the same men who came up from the trenches at day-dawn in the morning, shivering and wet, have to return frequently to the same post in the evening. Sickness, mismanagement of the commissariat, and excessive labour, have acted and reacted upon each other until the English force has become reduced to a mere skeleton. A feature still more disheartening is, that the signal and irretrievable error of choosing the winter half of the year for the enterprise remains at present an insurmountable difficulty; for if 10,000 men were despatched from England to the Crimea to-morrow, not 3000 would remain in a state of efficiency a month after they had landed. Nevertheless, and energetic Minister would have raised 50,000 men by this time and have posted them at Portsmouth, Cork, and the Mediterranean garrisons, so as to throw them en masse into the Crimea on the return of spring, to renew the siege with a vigour worthy of the importance of the crisis. Instead of this, our Ministers appear paralysed by the dangers which surround them; they do not display that unconquerable energy which belong, or ought to belong, to high intelligence and superior genius. 'Ministers,' said Burke, 'are placed upon a lofty eminence to command the whole expanse of the political horizon, and if they cannot direct us we have no other guides upon whom we can rely.' The people have supplied them ungrudgingly with the sinews of war, and continue to do so. Let them but show the determined will of a Chatham and the indefatigable energy of a Louvois, and they will find the English nation ready to second their efforts with all that a Minister can ask. The present is not the time to waste in angry and useless recriminations. The mischief has been done, the danger is pressing; and to spend precious days upon a vain investigation of past errors, is only to multiply the difficulties against which we have to contend.—Let us, then, at once abandon this gloomy and dejected air, and survey our position in a firmer and more masculine spirit. Let us not be frightened by mere bugbears, but turn round and forge new weapons for the conflict in which we are engaged. If our ranks diminish, we must close them up and show a more resolute and undaunted front. We were slow, hesitating, and reluctant to enter into this war; but being in, let us prosecute it with a vigour, an energy, and a constancy worthy of our national traditions. It is not by timid counsels, irresolute aims, and feeble preparations that fortune can be courted or fame acquired. Nothing now remains before us but the single alternative of a dishonourable and ignoble retreat, or such a succession of glorious victories as will lay the foundations of a just, a solid, and an enduring peace."

The Crimea and Odessa: Journal of a Tour with an account of the Climate and Vegetation. By Dr Charles Koch, author of *Travels in the Caucasus*. Translated by Joanna B. Horner. Murray.

Dr Koch's tour in the Crimea was made in the autumn of 1844, at the close of a more extensive journey in the Caucasus, undertaken for scientific purposes, and for which he received assistance from Russian Government, and the Academy of sciences in Berlin. Political events having turned the attention of the whole world to this region, the author naturally deemed that the record of his observations would not be unwelcome. Accordingly, in the autumn of last year, as soon as the expedition to the Crimea became known, Dr Koch published the narrative of his tour, retaining the form of a journal in which it was originally written. The fact of this journal having been prepared without reference to any political events, renders it the more valuable as a record of personal observations and a faithful account of the country.—There is no book which, within the same com-

pass, contains so much information concerning the Crimea and its inhabitants. Political discussion are almost entirely avoided, the author only professing, as a man of science, to give a description of the natural features of the country. But besides giving an account of the physical geography, geology, climate, and vegetation there are many interesting notices of the condition of the people, their customs, manners, and occupations. In the general condition and resources of the country there have not been great changes during the last ten years, and the information in this book might be turned to practical account, both for political and strategical use, if the allied armies do not confine their efforts to the reduction of Sebastopol. Kertch was the point at which Dr Koch commenced his Crimean tour, having crossed the straits from Taman. At Kaffa, the ancient Theodosia, he spent some time, exploring the antiquities of the place, and the natural history of the surrounding country. From Kaffa he proceeded to Simpheropol, the chief city of the Taurian government, the journey of 108 versts or 72 miles occupying about 8 hours.

"Simpheropol is situated to the north of the Crimean chain of mountains. We left these on our left hand, and presently once more entered the open steppe. I had read much and heard more, of the fertility of the Crimea, so that I really could not understand, while traversing the Peninsula to the above mentioned capital, how the chief portion of the way was a dreary bamba, in place of a fertile and uncultivated soil. The country between Theodosia and Simpheropol does not indeed properly deserve the name of steppe, at least during the autumn season. If the soil of which the Peninsula of Kertch is composed had an ashy grey and disagreeable appearance, this was more the case in the interior of the Crimea. It is true I saw the same plants prevalent here as there, but they were more miserable in appearance, and did not grow so thickly. Besides this, the nearer we approached Simpheropol, the ground consisted of a dazzling and very friable white limestone, only here and there covered with a slight crust of vegetable soil. The surface was rapidly dissolved by the wind and weather, and a fine dust was driven by the wind into our faces.—Now, if the sight of such a dazzling white limestone surface made a most unpleasant impression of the sight, the limestone-dust which was flying about in the air was still more painful, as it is very apt to produce inflammation in the eye, which lasts for a long time. Even the inhabitants of the steppe, who are more accustomed to it, do not unfrequently suffer from an epidemic, the so-called Egyptian ophthalmia."

"Wherever a spring of water flows out of the ground, it produces a more pleasing and verdant aspect, but these fertile spots, true oases, did not fall to the lot of the Tartars, the original proprietors of the Crimea; because, having no fixed abode upon them, the land was pronounced to belong to no one, and was accordingly seized by the Russians, and Russian nobles now hold these oases for the benefit of their estates, or only for farms."

"There is only one great Tartar village on the whole extent of road, and it is said to contain 15,000 inhabitants. It is called after the little river on which it is situated, 'Black Water Market' (and not Red Water Market, as is stated by Kohl), for this is the meaning of the Tartar word 'Kara-Su-Basar.' We here seem again to be suddenly transported to the East, even more, indeed, than in almost all the Grusian and other Trans-Caucasian places. Catherine II. only left two places, Kara-Su-Basar and Baktehi-Sarai, where the Tartars might live undisturbed, following their own customs. Hitherto the promise of the great empress has been faithfully kept, and Tartars alone venture to make these two places their constant residence. Kara-Su-Basar, reminded me also of Trebisond, at least of the actual inner town.—Narrow, crooked streets, which could be partly traversed with carriages, also occurred here.—High white walls separate the court-yard from the street; the dwelling house of the family is situate behind, and a garden, in which the females can enjoy the open air, without being gazed at by strange men."

"Kara Su Basar is rich in mosques; it is said that two-and-twenty are now in existence; and also in minarets, of which I counted seven.—The first had generally large square chambers, exhibiting, externally at least, nothing but white walls; the latter, on the other hand, were particularly slender and ornamental, and looked extremely beautiful amidst the complicated throng of houses, and the fresh verdure of the gardens. A Tartar village of this description is unquestionably far more picturesque than a Russian town, where unfortunately the large and otherwise handsome churches and towers frequently leave an unpleasant impression on the eye, owing to their varied colours."

(To be continued.)

TRUE COURTESY.—Nothing is a courtesy, unless it is meant for us, and that friendly and lovingly. We owe no thanks to rivers, that they carry our boats; or winds, that they be favouring, and fill our sails; for these are what they are, necessarily. Horses carry us; trees shade us; but they know it not.—Ben Johnson.

The Politician,

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From the London Times.

THE VISIT OF THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

No one who knows anything of the British people would be surprised at the scene yesterday presented here in this metropolis. Friend and foe, the most insular Englishman and the most enlightened refugee from any or all the despotisms in Europe, would be equally prepared for the sight of a countless multitude standing for hours, wherever they could stand, to catch a sight of the Emperor and Empress of the French, and to contribute such slight manifestations of good will as their overpowering curiosity would allow. We shall expose ourselves to the imputation of flattery when we express our simple belief that from the moment their imperial Majesties left their own palace on Sunday morning till 7 o'clock last night, when they entered that of Queen Victoria, they were never for one moment out of the sight and sound of one continued ovation. We can answer for all between Cahais and Windsor Castle. The most striking part of this progress was the five miles, for it was little more, from the South Eastern to the Great Western station, and this was traversed so slowly that an hour and a half had elapsed between the arrival at the one stage and the departure at the other. At every point of easy distance the populace, the carriages, the spectators from the windows, were as numerous and as eager as if the spectacle was confined to that one spot and as if the occasion had been one of the proudest in the annals of our own country. Of course, much of this must be set down as the merest and sheerest curiosity—to the circumstance that an Emperor, and, still more, an Empress, is seldom seen in England—to the prominent positions which these personages have occupied in the talk of the day for several years. Yet there remains the question, what it is that has so wonderfully moved our curiosity in this instance?—why do we, a constitutional people flock in crowds to do a species of homage to one who has raised himself above constitutions and laws; and why are we ready to doff the hat, and bow the head, to wave the handkerchief, or, at all events, assist with our presence, the triumphant progress of a self-raised absolute sovereign, the sole source of law, the single type of political unity, and the only pledge of honour, to forty millions of our nearest neighbours, once our enemies now our allies? Question, indeed, there is actually none, for, as we have observed no one is surprised. Given all the conditions, including the thoroughly summer's day breaking upon us after an unexampled length of ungenial weather, and the event might have been confidently predicted. The truth is, that when everything is said that can be said to the disparagement of the Emperor, his is a character and career thoroughly, and indeed singularly, appreciable by the British people. In no country is decision of character, singleness of aim, fixedness of purpose, and useful ambition, more in honour. We hold up to our children the instances of these who have raised themselves from a humble position, or forced their way through great difficulties and discouragements. In the face of that precept in the Catechism which piously inculcates that we should be content with that station where God has placed us, even our religious societies diffuse little story books expressly adapted to foster youthful ambition. Our most popular moralists urge decision of character by almost every motive, and for almost any object. We point with pride to the comparatively recent or lowly origin of our great families. Every father in the middle ranks of life tells his children how the sons of cheesemongers and publicans become bishops, and the sons of barbers become lord chancellors, and the son of a country parson the great Lord Nelson. Even in the career of Wellington, we choose to forget that he was born and bred in a court, with unbounded influence at his back, and merely remember that he was for a time in small lodgings, and obliged to borrow money from his landlord. It is carefully noted where the King of the Belgians lodged when he first appeared in this country, and what was his income, not so much for envy of his rise, but because this is the favourite type of British biography. Whether this be not carried too far, and whether many minds are not early disgusted with appeals to what their own instinct tells them are inferior motives, we will not now inquire. It is enough that this is the habit of this country, and that it is the tendency of the British social state to leave no alternative, and to compel men to rise or sink lower still. The mode of rising may not be quite the same as in other countries for very few rise here by the military or civil service of their country. The more open and frequented paths of ambition are, perhaps, the mercantile, the legal, and the clerical. Yet, on the whole, we make it a point to rise by fair means, or by those that are less fair, and our moral and religious authorities are always ready to commend the energy and decision that are rewarded with success. So, though we have only one Cromwell, and