

campaign. Would that the old man were yet alive! There have been scenes of late near Sebastopol, in which this material was but a trifling ingredient. "I hope Englishmen you will fight well to-day," said the Marshal St. Arnaud, as he rode along our lines with Lord Raglan before the battle of Alma. "Hope!" said a voice from the ranks—"and sure, general, you know we will." "We think it very hard, sir, that having had all the work, we should not have none of the sport!" was the remonstrance of the crew of the Agamemnon to Admiral Lyons, when a rumour had reached them that they were not to go into action. In such expressions there is no persiflage. There is no humbug on the part of a Highlander's charge; there is no humbug in a Lancaster gun or a Minie rifle.

We cannot admit that gaining admittance to the legislature under false pretence can be designated.

HARMLESS HUMBAG.

Let us see how members of parliament are manufactured. Let us pay a visit to the ancient borough of Fudycumpipes. It is election time, and several candidates are in the field.—The two principal aspirants are Ebenezer Gingerton, Esq., of Gingerton House, and Sir Grumbleton Growler, of Oxenholme Manor.—Gingerton was baptised Ebenezer against his will; he has no respect for the memory of his godfathers and godmothers; but his father, who was a handloom-weaver to begin with, and a class leader among the methodists, enlightened in the name. Old Gingerton, however, got on in the world, and died leaving behind him several thousands a year in bricks and mortar and machinery. Young Gingerton aspires to represent the borough of Fudycumpipes in the liberal interest. Sir Grumbleton Growler in an agriculturist of ancient family, who, on true Tory principles, regards all change as but a step nearer to the destruction. He resides within a short distance from Fudycumpipes and from his great influence there he is pretty sure of being returned. Gingerton, who is not quite so safe, makes desperate play. He coaxes the ladies, like a knowing fellow; he promises the wives of ten-pound householders that he will bring in a Bill whereby their husbands may have plenty to eat and drink, and little to do, their pretty daughters may get smart husbands, and their children may have brandy-balls.—Ormskirk gingerbread and Everton toffy for nothing; he buys up, by his agents, all the old freemen that are purchasable at 5l. ahead; he harangues at meetings over pots of beer, and on the hustings, about purity of election, vote by ballot, free trade, liberal measures, Englishmen's birthright, universal brotherhood of nations, and halcyon days of peace without end; he speaks of the operative as England's stay and England's glory—grande deus columenque rerum; he is "free to confess" that some of his projects for the good of the poor are encompassed with difficulties—may, seem to interfere with the laws of Providence and political economy, but his love for his fellow creatures expands beyond ordinary limits; he then dashes out into statistics, quotes from the report of gaol chaplains and the return of poor-law unions, ransacks the books of the Registrar-General, and draws certain conclusions on the average duration of human life; he next rushes away to central Africa for illustrative topics, and at length finds himself in the moon—in all of which excursions he trusts that he is "germane to the matter in hand;" he has a pleasant smile for the facetious parts of his address, and a fine cambric handkerchief for the affecting; and after practising every species of chicanery, deceit, and humbug, Ebenezer Gingerton, Esq., of Gingerton House, is returned, together with Sir Grumbleton Growler, of Oxenholme Manor, as a representative of Fudycumpipes. And now listen to Gingerton in the House of Commons. He possesses all that modest assurance which, notwithstanding the Domestic dictum, is the first, second, and third constituent of popular oratory; and, on the whole, he speaks respectably, as times go. As chairman, he is bringing up the report of a committee on an election petition. The member petitioned against has been unseated on the ground of treating and bribery. Hear Gingerton, how he enlarges on the demoralization of a constituency by such unconstitutional and disgraceful practices, and on the necessity of repressing them by the strong hand of the law. Listen to the responsive cheers of the house, as though every "Hear hear," came from a heart as guileless as an infant's, while probably, the pockets of nine-tenths of the assembly would utter but a hollow wail on the question if they could speak.

HURTFUL HUMBAG.

Now, if Barnum had not, in an evil hour, penned an autobiography, he would certainly have had more countenance among his neighbours. Is Phineas the only Cheap John with defective wares? No later than to-day we took off our hat to Mr Ezekiel Yarnspin—a man worth half a million, if he is worth a penny. He sends goods over the wide world, and overstocks the markets at home. Well, where is the harm? None whatever if the goods were genuine; but the faculties of man are exerted now-a-days to produce the best looking article at the smallest cost. The nineteenth century, viewed in the light of trade, is emphatically the century of devil's dust. And

Mr Yarnspin walks on 'Change' erect, and with an untroubled breast. Fine ladies are lamenting over his deceptive cambrics; servant girls are bewailing the flying colours of his prints; porters are cursing his cracking fustians; mothers are mourning over his rotten calicoes; housekeepers are sorrowing over his fading druggets; from the court of the King of Dahomey to the court of the Queen Victoria the cry of distress is heard; and yet we will answer for it that as we are now writing at midnight he is snoring soundly in the arms of Mrs Ezekiel Yarnspin. What can you do with your conscience, Ezekiel? Do you look it up in your Milner's patent anti-combustion box for safety during the week days, and bring it out fresh on Sunday as you "sit under" the Rev. Jonas Doldrum, at Bethesda Chapel?

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE RUSSIAN PEASANTRY.

The sufferings of the inhabitants of those villages situate on the line of march taken by the armies that traversed the country from north to south during the winter of 1853 and 1854 were so intense that even the soldiers themselves pitied them; and it takes something to touch the heart of a Russian soldier. The troops, in order to obtain sustenance, were obliged to disperse themselves over a large tract of country, marching in a parallel direction, and falling on the poor Russian peasantry, whose stock of winter provisions was only prepared for the wants of their own families; like locusts, eating up everything, and reducing the inhabitants to the greatest distress; while the male population, who generally earn something considerable with their horses during the winter, in transporting merchandize from one fair to another, was engaged on the main road in the transport of artillery and tumbrils, which, by the wise arrangements of the Russian Government, had to be dragged the country, covered to the depth of six or eight feet with snow, upon wheels; so that tumbrils which could have been drawn easily by four or six horses if placed upon sleds required twelve or fifteen to move them with their large wheels embedded in the snow.—During a journey I was obliged to make in February, 1854, I met more than 500 tumbrils transported in this laborious manner. It made my blood boil to see the treatment horses and peasants received at the hands of the soldiery who were with them. When they came to a hill they were frequently obliged to use double and even treble the number of horses required on the level ground. Roads had been cut in some places through the snow, to admit of the passage of the heavy artillery. The peasants are seldom kept at this work for more than a fortnight together; but they are frequently one hundred miles from their homes, so that after an absence of a month they return only to find their homes swept clean by the hungry warriors, whose fighting materials they have transported with so much difficulty. That many died of the artificial famine, caused by these preparations for glorious war I have no doubt. The Russian soldier, too, is much imbued with a strong propensity for thieving, and there is nothing he will not steal if the opportunity for so doing should present itself. Finding all the houses were they were billeted without the master, of course many of the little articles of furniture were missing after their visit. These things were generally taken to the next halting place and sold for brandy—only perhaps to be stolen again by the next party. It frequently happened that soldiers and recruits met in the same village, and the number billeted in one house was so great, that the master and his family were obliged to sleep out in the sheds with cattle or upon the snow, for SLUIBA (as the peasant calls the soldier) must have his lodging. Nor were the sufferings of the troops themselves less acute, marching as they did at such an inclement season of the year. They strive, however, to enliven their dreary marches by songs and jests, for in every company there is always a certain number of singers, who march in front, led by a man, with a tambourine or an old violin, who dances, sings military songs, of which the other singers take up the chorus, or else he cracks jokes at any one's expense. It is a curious sight to see a party of soldiers in the midst of a snowy desert, where nothing is to be seen but snow below and snow above, for the very air is impregnated with it. These armed men are wending their way to destroy or to be destroyed, as the case may be.

In allusion to the silence which is enforced respecting the calamities of the war at St. Petersburg, the writer gives the following anecdote:—

A DANGEROUS TONGUE.

Everybody is afraid to speak on these subjects, except to aud all the measures of the paternal Government. I remember an anecdote that was current in Russia in the spring of 1854. A Russian, who had attained the rank of general in the Russian service, spoke in the theatre of the absurdity of the killed and wounded published in the Russian papers. The police master, who was present, overhearing what was said, observed that he should be obliged to report his works to the Count Orloff; for if he did not, somebody else present might, and he would fall into disgrace. The next day the general received an intimation that it was the

Emperor's pleasure that he should join the army on the Danube immediately, in order to satisfy himself of the truth of the returns, by counting the killed, and wounded after each battle, and that his military rank should be that of a major. The same day there appeared in the official gazette—"The Counsellor of State"—was received by his own wish, into the army with rank of major!" It is extremely probable that, had these remarks been made in private, and reported, the consequence might have been worse.

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS AND OFFICERS.

The life of a Russian soldier is so miserable that I think half of them would prefer to be killed to dragging on such a wretched existence. They are torn from their homes by the arbitrary hand of despotism and made to form part of an immense machine called a regiment, which again forms part of another called a division; but they have not the remotest idea why they are made to execute certain movements. The English officers, who were taken prisoners at different times, admired the severe discipline of the Russian army, little thinking that it was purchased at the expense of every moral feeling; for the soldier is brutalised by the treatment he receives, every officer having the right to buffet and cuff him as he might think proper. An old cavalry officer once told me that if a horse died, there was a rigid inquiry into the cause of his death, and if the least thing appeared to show that he had been neglected, the subaltern in command of the squadron was placed under arrest; but if on the other hand, a man died, on his death being reported to the colonel, he would say, "Poor fellow! I hope he is in heaven!" This may be accounted for easily enough. The colonel receives an annual sum to provide horses for his regiment so that every loss affects directly his pocket; whereas the men cost him nothing. The men are allowed meat by the government three days a week, except during the fasts, and brandy on Sundays and great holidays. The officers generally propose to the men to accept, instead of meat, the money, and to provide themselves. To this, of course, the poor fellows agree, as a proposal from an officer is tantamount to an order; but they never see more than one-fourth of the money, which is disposed of as follows:—The colonel takes one-fourth, the majors commanding battalions another, and the captains of companies a third, while the other goes to the soldiers! This may account for the finding only black bread in the knapsacks of the killed and wounded. Notwithstanding the immense establishments for the education of military men that exist in Russia, great difficulties are experienced in obtaining officers for the new levies. All the officers must be nobles, and undergo an examination in various branches of science. A colonel, sent to obtain officers to a certain town in the south, persuaded a number of copying clerks from the Government offices to enter the army. These men though of noble birth, only knew how to read and write. As they were earning a miserable pittance, they were glad to embrace the offer, which opened to them a prospect of advancement; but they expressed their fears of not being able to pass the required examination.—They were, however, reassured by the colonel, who said that he would examine them himself. This he did in the following manner:—Col.: "What is geography?" Ans.: "I don't know; I never heard of it before." Col.: "Nonsense! you must know! On which bank of what great river is situated the town of E (the town they were in)?" Ans.: "On the right bank of the river D." Col.: "There, I was sure you knew all about geography! you are passed." Another time the subjects was mathematics. Col.: "What are mathematics?" Ans.: "I never saw them." Col.: "Add two to two." Ans.: "Four." Col.: "There, that will do; you are passed." Of course I was not present at either of these examinations, but I had the facts upon good authority.

The splendid engineering skill displayed by the Russian officers at Sebastopol belies the above statement, which we really think would be more applicable to the English system of passing an examination than the Russian.

EXCLUSIVE LIFE IN LONDON.

A squirrel in a cage, which pursues its monotonous round from summer to summer, as though it had forgotten the gay green wood and glorious air of liberty, is not condemned to a more monotonous existence than the fashionable world in the unvarying routine of its amusements; and when a London beauty expands into ecstasies concerning the delights of London to some country neighbour on a foggy autumn day, vaguely alluding to the 'countless' pleasures and 'diversified' amusements of London, the country neighbour may be assured that the truth is not in her. Nothing can be more minutely monotonous than the recreations of the really fashionable; monotony being, in fact, essential to that distinction. Tigers may amuse themselves in a thousand diverting ways; but the career of the genuine 'exclusive' is one to which a mill-horse would scarcely look for relief. London houses and London establishments are formed after the same invariable model. At the fifty or sixty balls to which she is to be indebted for the excitement of her season, the fine lady listens to the same band, is refreshed from a buffet prepared

by the same skill, looks at the same diamonds hears the same trivial observations; and but for an incident or two, the growth of her own follies, might find it difficult to point out the slightest difference between the fete of the countess on the first of June and that of the marquis on the first of July. But though twenty seasons' experience of these desolating effects might be expected to damp the ardour of certain dowagers and dandies, who are to be found hurrying along the golden railroad year after year, it is not wonderful that the young girls their daughters should be easily allured from their dull school-rooms by fallacious promises of pleasure.—Mrs Gore.

The Politician.

THE COLONIAL PRESS.

From the Pictou Eastern Chronicle.

HINCKS AND HOWE.

After an unusually long period of political quietude, the public mind in the Provinces has been roused into something akin to excitement by a pen and ink encounter between the two master minds who have for years directed the energies and controlled the destinies of British North America. The speech of the Hon. Joseph Howe, on the Union of the North American Provinces, &c., noticed at some length in our last, has been reviewed by the Hon. Francis Hincks of Canada, and the review has been again replied to by Mr Howe in a letter which will bear comparison with his best efforts of former days, exhibiting that grasp of intellect and clearness of mental vision which has never yet failed him in time of need. Apart from the importance of the argument on either side, these documents possess an interest which will cause them to be extensively read, the vigorous thinking they display being absolutely refreshing in the midst of the mental sterility which has for some time characterised the colonial press. The reason of Mr Hincks taking the field, may be found in a single sentence in Mr Howe's speech in which he affirms, with reference to the failure of his railway negotiations with Earl Grey, that "enough is written upon stock-books, and in the records of Courts in Canada to give us the proportions of that scheme of jobbery and corruption by which the interests of British America were overthrown." This very broad allusion the ex-premier of Canada takes, and perhaps justly, to himself, and hence his review. It cannot be denied, however, that considering the smart under which he must have written, his paper betrays a less acrid temper than might perhaps have been expected. The portions of his review of more immediate interest to the people of this Province, are his arguments respecting the Mining question, and the intercolonial railway negotiations. On the former subject, notwithstanding his assertion that he has made himself sufficiently acquainted with that question in Nova Scotia to form an opinion of its merits, he is quite abroad both in his facts and conclusions. So far from there being, as he asserts, mineral deposits of vast extent and value in Nova-Scotia, not covered by the lease of General Mining Association, it is well known that there is not a vein of coal of any value, that is not held by that monopoly, and the high price at which the Association keeps the indispensable article of fuel, effectually prevents the manufacture of iron, at such a rate as to meet the current market price in Britain or the United States. With respect to the latter point, he attempts to prove that Mr Howe is guilty of treachery towards Canada and New Brunswick and, what few colonists will believe, that he wilfully and without a shadow of an excuse, misrepresented Earl Grey's views to the Colonial Governments, and gave a forced construction to his Lordship's Despatch which it was not intended to bear.

Mr Howe's letter will not fail to convince the people of British America, any more than did his speech, that their interests are to be materially advanced by more intimate connection with their worthy progenitors across the water; or that it is a duty incumbent upon them, natural or national, to furnish their 'contingent' to the Crimea holocaust now bereaving England of her noblest and manliest youth. But on the subjects noticed above, with respect to which Mr Hincks is more immediately personal, his rejoinder is clear, able and conclusive. We make one extract. In reply to Mr H's assertion that Earl Grey's silence as to Mr Howe's reading of his despatch, could not be construed into a tacit expression of approval, as he had never read the speeches or letters of the latter in which his views of that despatch were brought before the country, he says:

"On my return to Halifax in the spring of 1851, I made a speech, in the Mason's Hall, in which I not only expanded my views of Imperial and Colonial policy, as connected with internal improvements, of immigration, and the employment of destitute British subjects on British soil, but described the proposition made by Mr Hawes, as I understood it, with unmistakable distinctness. * * * I must have been a bold man to have made that speech, believing that I was in error. He will be a bolder, who asserts if Lord Grey read it in June, and never info-