

Reviews.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.

BY ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE.

SECOND NOTICE.

When the war was concluded, and the surviving troops were returned home to receive medals of honor from the hand of Her Majesty the Queen, both Houses of Parliament were still debating the question of, why Britain had gone to war with Russia, and why she had gone to war imperfectly prepared; the commissariat department disorganized; land transport department not created; medical department defective? In the House of Lords the Foreign Secretary of State, the Earl of Clarendon, said they had not originally intended to engage Russia in hostilities; 'Britain had drifted into war.' That was the phrase 'drifted into war.'

By all the lessons which history teaches; by all the analogies of circumstance; by the similitude of persons and events in 1863 and in 1812—the prudence of some, reprehensible unbelief of the majority; by the logical sequences of things standing apart from history on their own present conditions, Great Britain is, in 1863, drifting into war with the Federal United States; and Canada without military organization worthy of the name, is drifting into the same 'Long Soo' rapids of destiny. We may be piloted through. But there is no sign of precautions for safety as yet.

A few passages are selected from Mr. Kinglake's book, which have in 1863, an ominous meaning for such as have ears to hear and judgment to understand:

CONCERNING ENGLISH TEMPER.

Welcome or unwelcome the truth must be told. A huge obstacle to the maintenance of peace in Europe was raised up by the temper of the English people. In public, men still used forms of expression implying that they would be content for England to lead a quiet life among the nations, and they still clasped expectations of peace amongst their hopes, and declared in joyous tones that the prospects of war were gloomy and painful; but these phrases were the time-honored canticles of a doctrine already discarded, and they who used them did not mean to deceive their neighbors, and did not deceive themselves. The English desired war; and perhaps it ought to be acknowledged that there were many to whom war, for the sake of war, was no longer a hateful thought. Either the people had changed, or else there was hollowness in some of the professions which orators had made in their name.

Distinct from the martial ardor already kindled in England, there had sprung up amongst the people an almost romantic craving for warlike adventure, and this feeling was not slow to reach the Cabinet. Now, without severance from the German powers there could plainly be little prospect of adventure; for, besides that the German monarchs desired to free the Principalities with as little resort to hostilities as might be compatible with the attainment of the end, it was almost certain that the policy of keeping up the perfect union and co-operation of the four powers would prevent war by its overwhelming force. Like the power of the law, it would operate like coercion, and not by clangor of arms. This was a merit, but it was a merit fatal to its reception in England.

LORD RAGLAN'S PECULIARITIES.

When Lord Raglan was appointed to the command, he was sixty-six years old. But although there were intervals when a sudden relaxation of the muscles of the face used to show the impress of time, those moments were few; and, in general, his well-braced features, his wakeful attention, his uncommon swiftness of thought, his upright, manly carriage, and his easy seat on horse-back, made him look the same as a man in the strong mid-season of life.

He had one peculiarity which, although it went near to being a foible, was likely to give smoothness to his relations with the French. Beyond and apart from a just contempt for mere display, he had a strange hatred of the outward signs and tokens of military energy. Versed of old in real war, he knew that the clatter of a General, briskly galloping hither and thither with staff and orderlies, did not of necessity imply any momentous resolve; that the aids-de-camp, swiftly shot off by a word, like arrows from a bow, were no sure signs of despatch or decisive action. And because such outward signs might mean little, he shrank from them more than was right. He would have liked, if it had been possible, that he and his army should have glided unnoticed from the banks

of the Thames, to their position in the battle-field. It was certain, therefore, that although a French general would be sure to find himself checked in any really hurtful attempt to encroach upon the just station of the British army, yet that if, as was not unnatural, he should evince a desire for personal prominence, he would find no rival in Lord Raglan until he reached the enemy's presence.

In our former notice, Canadian Illustrated News, May 23, 1863, some extracts were given of the conduct of the Foot Guards, 7th Fusiliers, and one or two other English and Irish regiments in the battle of Alma. Here is Mr. Kinglake's word pictures of the Highlander regiments of

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL'S BRIGADE.

The Ninety-Third, in the Crimea, was never quite like other regiments, for it chanced that it had received into its ranks a large proportion of those men of eager spirit who had petitioned to be exchanged from regiments left at home to regiments engaged in the war. The exceeding fire and vehemence, and the ever-ready energies of the battalion, made it an instrument of great might, if only it could be duly held in, but gave it a tendency to be headstrong in its desire to hurl itself upon the enemy.

In a minute, this fiery Ninety-Third came storming over the crest, and, having now at last an enemy's column before it, it seemed to be almost mad with warlike joy. Its formation, of course, was disturbed by the haste and vehemence of the onset; and Campbell saw that, unless the regiment could be halted and a little calmed down, it would go on rushing forward in disordered fury, at the risk of shattering itself against the strength of the hard, square-built column which was solemnly coming to meet it. But he who could halt his men on the bank of a cool stream when they were rushing down to quench the rage of their thirst, was able to quiet them in the midst of their warlike fury. Sir Colin got the regiment to halt and dress its ranks. By this time it was under the fire of the approaching column.

But, moreover, the Highlanders being men of great stature, and in strange garb, their plumes being tall, and the view of them being broken and distorted by the wreathes of the smoke, and there being, too, an ominous silence in their ranks, there were men among the Russians who began to conceive a vague terror—the terror of things unearthly: and some, say they, imagined that they were charged by horsemen strange, silent, monstrous, bestriding giant chargers. The columns were falling into that plight—we have twice before seen it this day—that its officers were moving hither and thither with their drawn swords, were commanding, were imploring, were threatening, nay, even were laying hands on their soldiery, and striving to hold them fast in their places.—This struggle is the last stage but one in the agony of a body of good infantry massed in close column. Unless help should come from elsewhere, the three columns would have to give way. But help came. From the high ground on our left another heavy column—the column composed of the two right Soudal battalions—was seen coming down. It moved straight at the flank of the Ninety-third.

But some witchcraft, the doomed men might fancy, was causing the earth to bear giants. Above the crest or swell of ground on the left rear of the Ninety-third, yet another array of the tall, bending plumes began to rise up in a long, ceaseless line, stretching far into the east, and presently, in all the grace and beauty that marks a Highland regiment when it springs up the side of a hill, the Seventy-ninth came bounding forward. Without a halt, or with only the halt that was needed for dressing the ranks, it sprang at the flank of the right Soudal column, and caught it in its sin—caught it daring to march across the front of a battalion advancing in line. Wrapped in the fire thus poured upon its flank, the hapless column could not march, could not live. It broke and began to fall back in great confusion; and the left Soudal column being almost at the same time overthrown by the Ninety-third, and the two columns which had engaged the 'Black Watch' being now in full retreat, the spurs of the hill and the winding dale beyond became thronged with the enemy's disordered masses.

NOTES ON PERIODICALS.

NEW YORK ALBION.—This is an English family newspaper published at New York. Its summary of English news, its glimpses of new books, its original poetical fragments, are always welcome and refreshing. It criticises American military strategy and

government too severely, and as we, who have personally and practically learned the operations of war, think, undeservedly. If British military history were read in all its details with both eyes open, the mental and the visual eye, the present military operations in America should, with our own, serve as a terrible caution in the matter of provoking antagonisms which may end in war. The first four years of Britain's great conflict with France, beginning in 1793, yielded no military victory. The first fifteen years yielded on land only four victories, two of them questionable; and all those terrible years were distempered with frequent disaster, had generalship and British national impatience. The first four years after those barren fifteen, were 1809, 1810, 1811 and 1812, when Wellington commanded in Portugal and Spain. The events there did not raise him above the censure—undeservedly, recklessly given, yet the unsparing censure of a large parliamentary party, almost a majority, who again and again made motions in both houses accusing him of incompetence and demanding his recall. In the short, but terrible Crimean war of 1854 and 1855, did not Executive Ministers and ignorant popular opinion censure Generals and Admirals? Most unjustly, wrongfully, we admit, yet censured they were, and some of them cruelly dishonored. What naval commander in the Baltic or Famine, in that war made a reputation that survives? Two military Commanders-in-Chief are still living but are never heard of. A subordinate is Commander-in-Chief, but his position is an accident. The Generals did not fail, the Admirals did not fail, but circumstances were opposed to them all which were as insuperable as fate.

THE HOME JOURNAL.—This is a New York Literary and Domestic paper, which is always fresh and agreeable. It is either the best, or one of the very few best, of American periodicals.

THE GENESSEE FARMER and the CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST have come to hand. Both are good and worthy of a wide and generous patronage.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—This Monthly has the two-fold charm of readable literature and good illustrations. The Harpers supply Canada so largely with original American, and with reprinted English literature, that they might think it to their interest—it self-interest ever enters the mind of such as they, to spare Canada the infliction of mis-written history, which ordinary readers cannot always correct for themselves. In the Number for June, the article on 'The Players and the Puritans' treats of the licentiousness of much of the old English Drama in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries. The Puritans condemned Stage Plays in the whole, because some—too many were indecent. Harper's writer anathematizes the dramatic immoralities of such as Dryden and Wycherly, as suitable only to the 'grossness of the English mind.' He forgets that whatsoever was good, whatsoever lovely in the lives of the Puritans was also English: And that though small bands of the more adventurous of the Puritans went forth upon the world, and with much worldly wisdom founded the New England colonies, the far larger Puritan and Non-Conformist social element continued in Britain. But they whose religious lives and purer morals discredited from the imbecilities of the stage in the British Islands, were not all dissenters from the Established Church. Many Protestant churchmen, and all Roman Catholics objected to the dramatic impurities of the stage, as well as Puritan Non-Conformists. The stage is now as pure in England as in America, and something more. Whatever it is in the States, English authors and actors assisted to make it what it is.

We have this week put our hand into 'Harper's Drawer' and taken a nice-ful.—After looking them over, the following are selected as best, which, with a poetical fragment from the Albion we reproduce, as:

Pretty; and Pretty Good.

HELEISE.

Tall and stately, with an air of solemn sweetness
Veiling passion in her spirit deep and still,
Marble-moulded, with a certain fine completeness,
Eyes that half revealed, nor all betrayed, the will;
Shall I meet her walking in the golden meadows,
Shall I hear her singing through the summer trees,
Shall I see her lying in the morning shadows,
By the dazling May bloom and the humming bee?
Or, like Beatrice, in the poet's vision,
From some dreamy world of light above the skies;
Shall these eyes behold her in the life of stasis,
Standing at the open gate of Paradise?
Never more! No barren hope of after meeting
Strikes a halo of eadn glory round her head;
Sorrow, sorrow to the pulses that are beating,
But immutably blessed, are the dead!

So they dug her grave and in a shroud they wound her,
And she went full weary to her last long rest,
With her brown hair like an amber cloud around her,
And the white hands meekly folded on her breast.
Is she dreaming, is she dreaming of her lover?
Is she dreaming of the bright world overhead?
Does she hear the summer breezes pause above her,
Singing wild Aolian anthems to the dead?
Does she hear the chill rain in the winter twilight?
And the wild wind scattering the dead leaves in scorn?
Does she listen to the iron hail at midnight?
And the wild birds screaming to the lurid morn?

No—she sleeps the last sleep of the broken-hearted.
By the solemn waters of the lone sea-shore.
There are violets on the graves of the departed;
But the passion-flower is dead for evermore!

H. R.

The music of these exquisite lines was marred in the Albion by the discordant rhyming of 'scorn,' and 'dawn.' If there must be rhymes, is not 'morn' the word? Certainly 'dawn' is not a rhyme to 'scorn,' except perhaps, as a vernacular on the Thames.—ED. C. I. N.

THE HANDFUL FROM HARPER'S DRAWER.

— I have a brother—a wee, little chap—who sometimes says things we think very odd. One day, as he was disposing of some bread and milk, he turned around to his mother, and said, 'Oh, mother, I'm full of glory! There was a sunbeam on my spoon, and I swallowed it!'

— GENERAL ROSENCRANS was reviewing the lamented Brigadier-General Nelson's old division. He took unusual interest in that band of veterans, who so long and so nobly had defended their country. He rode along between the ranks, talking to the men and inquiring into their individual wants. Some wanted shoes, some blankets, some an increase of rations, etc. Finally the General stopped in front of an Irishman, apparently well pleased with his soldierly appearance: 'Well, Pat,' says the General, 'and what do you want?'

'A furlo, please your honor!' answered Pat.

'You'll do, Pat!' said the General, as he rode away laughing.

— The hero of the following exploit is a son of ex-Commodore T—, now of the rebel navy. The son is loyal:

— While ex-Commodore T— was stationed at Sackett's Harbor, New York, young T— had a fine opportunity of indulging his passion for fishing and hunting. He was called a very eccentric fellow, and was considerably addicted to the 'ardent.' One day young T— came in from the Bay (Black River) in his row-boat, having been out duck-hunting, in a decidedly happy state, and informed the crowd of by-standers on the wharf that he had lost his gun overboard while out in the bay. The gun was a very fine double-barreled one. Many expressions of sympathy were offered him of course, by his friends, whom he effectually silenced by saying with the greatest gravity and an air of self-gratulation, 'Oh, gentlemen, the gun's not lost. I had the presence of mind to cut a notch in the gunwale of the boat just where the gun fell overboard,' and pointing proudly to a large, bright notch which, sure enough, was there, he added: 'Now get us some grappling-irons and a rope, and we'll go out and get it!' It is needless to say that that crowd laughed some, and that young T— never heard the last of his notch and presence of mind.

— Here is an epitaph which I do not remember seeing in print, of one 'Mathew Tolup,' a stone-mason, who on commencing life was very poor, but by prudence, industry, and economy managed to get money enough together to purchase a piece of ground rich in stone. In due time he built him a nice house from the material which was abundant on his premises. As old age crept upon him he thought of where his body should rest; and in the rear of his house he built a vault, and caused a statue of himself to be placed upon it, with one hand pointing to the house. The inscription read thus:

'Here lies Mathew Tolup.
Who made you stones role up;
And when God took his Sole up,
His body filled the hole up.'

— STEVE WILSON was the most self-important young man in my neighborhood. Though recommending others to volunteer, he could not be prevailed upon to enlist until fear of the draft drove him to it. It runs in the Wilson family to be dark-skinned, and Steve is decidedly the nearest to black of all. I received a letter from a little girl of fourteen which thus mentions Steve:

'Steve Wilson wrote home that he was not going to fight by the side of a nigger. I don't know why it is, unless he is afraid if he gets mixed up with them he won't be known?'