

The Church.

"Her foundations are upon the holy hills."

"Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the Old Paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

Vol. XIX.

HAMILTON, C. W., MAY 23, 1856.

No. 43

Poetry.

DEAD, YET UNDIVIDED.

They are together still—
The parted still are one!
The low our being's home can fill,
Although the loved be gone!
The mystery of the spirit's birth
Confounds our mortal mind,
Though one's in heaven and one on earth,
They are together still!

For there's a feeling that unites
The distant and the dead;
The last sweet bloom that winter blights,
Yet is not the worst that's said,
As thus affection lives beyond
Death's dark and withering veil;
Do your part to part the food—
They meet, in spirit, still!

In quiet thought, in lonely prayer,
I feel the glory to the air,
When every planet rises—
It circles all with hallowed light,
It blunts the barb of ill—
And e'en the parted it can bless,
And link together still.

CHARLES SWAIN.

IRON STEAMSHIPS.

From the Scientific American.

The loss of the steamship "Arctic," by collision with the small iron steamer "Yesta," which safely arrived in port; and the more recent loss of the "Pacific," destroyed by a fire on board, are the two latest instances of the same, and escaped almost unharmed, have been the objects of public attention in the city towards the safety qualities of iron ships.

As some of our daily papers have just been discussing the matter in a loose way—all of them seemingly being possessed of the notion that iron ships, built with bulkheads, are of but very recent origin—a brief history of their rise and progress will be of general interest.

From the "London Mining Journal," we learn that John Bellon, an engineer, of Glasgow, and brother of the inventor of the "Hot Blast," issued a pamphlet in 1827, for the formation of a company to build ships of plate iron, and he pointed out their superiority over timber-built ships. Before that period he and others had thus acquired a practical knowledge of their advantages.

He failed to form a company, but he laid down a yard in 1828, completed it in 1830, and named it the "Fairy Queen." It resulted in loss to him, but in gain to the public, for it claimed the attention of skillful engineers, and in 1835 a moderate sized iron steamer, named the "Hibernia" was launched in Glasgow, and surpassed all others of her tonnage, both in beauty of model and in speed. After this, small iron steamers became common in Scotland, but it was not until 1839, that one of large dimensions was built, this was the "Royal Sovereign," constructed by Todd & McGregor, builders and proprietors of the "Glasgow" and the "Edinburgh," iron screw steamers, which traded between this port and Glasgow.

At that time there was a strong public prejudice against iron ships; they were believed to be more unsafe than timber ones, but the success of the "Royal Sovereign" dispelled all these ideas, and large iron steamers then began to multiply.

Glasgow is the chief city in Europe for steamship building. In 1853-4, no less than 650 iron steamships were built there—some of them of great size.

Nearly from their very origin, all iron steamships have been built with water-tight compartments, yet the "New York Tribune" lately stated that this method of building vessels is quite new, and that practical engineers are ignorant regarding their construction, and that they do not know the strength of metal required for the compartments, according to the water pressure to which they may be subjected. This is certainly a mistake. The makers of iron ships (and indeed all skillful engineers who never constructed iron steamships) are perfectly conversant with the method of building vessels of metal required for every bulkhead.

The art of iron ship building is as well understood, and perhaps better, than that of wooden ship building. Iron steamships are more safe than timber ones: the principal material of which they are composed is incombustible, therefore they are not so liable to that terrific of all calamities, "burning at sea." All our ferry and river passenger steamboats should be built of iron; we should at least—as we stated last week—like to see them compelled to have their boiler rooms enclosed with iron, and constructed in the same manner as fire-proof safe. Iron can resist collisions of any kind better than timber. If by accident, however, a hole should be made in the hull of an iron vessel, it is more difficult to plug up or stop than such a hole would be in a timber-built vessel, hence there is a greater necessity for having such vessels built in compartments, to prevent their filling and sinking suddenly, when damaged in the hull. Many iron ships, however, have been lost, although built in this manner. A few years since the "Orion" iron steamer was lost on the coast of Scotland from striking a rock; it sunk very suddenly, and great number of passengers were drowned. The "City of Glasgow," iron steamer, left Liverpool for Philadelphia, about three years ago, and never was heard of more; it is believed she struck an iceberg. And no farther back than the 18th of last month, the iron steamer "Curler" struck a rock on the coast of Bermuda, and so many of the passengers and crew, however, were all saved. We might mention many other cases to show that iron ships are not perfectly safe any more. A timber-built vessel, however, if subjected to the buffeting of the "Great Britain," when wrecked in Dundrum Bay, would have gone to pieces, yet that vessel is now a regular packet to Australia, and is nearly as sound as when first launched.

We also find it stated, on page 112, Vol. 10, "London Artisan," that the chief surveyor of Lloyd's, on an examination before a Government Committee, gave it as his opinion, in the case of the "Nemesis" iron steamer that struck a rock, and was saved, that had it been a wooden vessel, and had struck in the same way, it would have been totally lost.

One great objection against iron ships, is their liability to attract the magnet compass, and thus deceive the navigator in steering, on his true course. The compasses of the "Great Britain," it was said, deceived the captain; and in 1843, the "Taylor"

a fine iron ship, was wrecked on the coast of Ireland, and the compasses were also blamed for this. Timber-built vessels are not subject to this danger; which is one advantage in their favor.

It has been stated that iron ships are not liable to be struck by lightning, but this is not correct, for Mr. Snow Harris mentions several cases of iron vessels having been struck.

In England iron ships can be built for about fifteen dollars less per ton than timber ones, and with the same outside measurement, an iron ship of 1800 tons burden will carry 300 tons more than a timber-built vessel.

The latest number of the "Nautical Magazine" recommends iron bulkheads for wooden steamers, and it also states that the sinking of a ship is its main safety, and from foundering. Iron plates, then, save immense advantages over wooden plates for the outside covering of ships; their edges can be made to fit together so tight, as to make the whole hull tight as a steam boiler, and for more of a homogeneous whole than it is possible to make the hull of a timber vessel.

No iron ship has yet been built in our country, although there have been a small iron steamers. But as ship timber becomes more scarce and dear, iron will be resorted to as a substitute, and it is a pleasing reflection that the art of iron ship building is ready made to our hands. No vast outlays of money will have to be made in experiments; they have already been made on the other side of the ocean, and we have their results before us in the construction of such steamers as the "Persia" and "Edinburgh"; the latter, in our opinion, being the most beautiful model of the two. Such vessels are not perfect, and no doubt our nautical architects and engineers will make improvements on them.

In science and art the whole world is now a republic; we learn from other nations, and they learn from us; there is a fraternity of interests and feelings among the men of science and art belonging to all nations; and their motto is "improve and progress."

CLEAN YOUR CELLARS.

By a beneficial arrangement of Providence the gases and odors most prejudicial to human life are lighter than the air which surrounds us, and, as soon as disengaged, rise immediately to the upper atmosphere, to be purified, and returned to be used again.

The warmer the weather the more rapidly do these gases generated, and the more rapidly do they hence rise, that in the most insalubrious regions of the tropics, the traveler can with safety pursue his journey all day, but to do so in the cool of the evening, or morning, or midnight, would be certain death. Hence, also, the popular, but too awfully dread of "night air." To apply this scientific truth to practical life in references to the cellar, under a dwelling, is the object of this article.

The ceilings of cellars should be well plastered, in order most effectually to prevent the ascent of dampness and noxious odors through the joints of flooring.

The bottom of the cellar should be well paved with stones, cobble stones are perhaps best; over this should be poured, to the extent of several inches in thickness, water-lime cement, or such other material as is known to acquire the same almost as the hard-ness of stone. This keeps out the dampness of the earth below.

Additional dryness is desired for special purposes, in parts of the cellar, let common settling be laid down, at convenient distances, and loose boards be laid across them for convenience of removal and sweeping under, when cleaning time of the year comes.

The walls should be plastered, in order to prevent the dust from settling on the numerous projections of a common stone wall.

Shelves should be arranged in the center of the cellar, not in the corners, or against the walls; these shelves should hang from the ceiling, by wooden arms, attached firmly before plastering, thus you make all safe from rats.

To those who are so fortunate as to own the houses in which they live, we recommend the month of June, but to renters, the great moving month of May, as the most appropriate time for the following recommendations; let every thing not absolutely needed last, be removed into the yard, and exposed to the sun, and if you please, remain for a week or two, so as to afford opportunity for a thorough drying.

A VESSEL THAT HAD DONE SERVICE.

During the hearing of a case in the Admiralty Court the other day, Dr. Lushington remarked that somewhere about forty years ago he was engaged in a suit in which the identical vessel that brought over William III. was concerned. Aided by the kindness of a valued correspondent, we are now enabled to lay before our readers the following interesting and authentic memorandum connected with the fortunes of this "ever-to-be-remembered" craft. The Princess Mary, according to the most reliable accounts, was built on the Thames in the earlier part of the 17th century, and was afterwards purchased by the Prince of Orange or his adherents as an addition to the fleet which was destined to effect the glorious Revolution of 1688. The Prince expressly selected this vessel to convey him self and suite to England, and he bestowed upon her the above name, in honor of his illustrious consort, the daughter of James II.

When the Revolution was *an fait accompli*, the claims of the Princess Mary to the royal favor were not overlooked. During the whole of William's reign she held a place of honor as one of the royal yachts, having been regularly used as the pleasure yacht of Queen Anne. By this time, however, her original build was much interfered with from the numerous and extensive repairs she had from time to time undergone. On the death of the Queen she came into the possession of his Majesty King George I., by whose order she ceased to form part of the royal establishment.

About the middle of the last century, during a fit of economy, she was sold by the Government to the Messrs. Wiltors, of London, from whom she received the name of the *Boty Cairns*, in honor, we are told, of some West Indian lady of that name. Having been long and profitably employed by her new owners in the West Indian trade, she was afterwards disposed of to the Messrs. Carlin, of London, and, alas for the mutability of fortune! the once royal craft was converted into a collier, and employed in the conveyance of coals between Newcastle and London. Through all her varied vicissitudes of fortune, however, she is still said to have retained her ancient reputation "as a lucky ship and fast sailer."

She was afterwards (circa 1825) transferred by purchase to Mr. George Finch Wilson, of South Shields, and finally, on the 17th of February, 1827, while pursuing her voyage from Shields to Hamburg, with a cargo of coals, she struck upon the Black Middens, a dangerous reef of rocks north of the mouth of the Tyne, and in a few days afterwards became a total wreck. The news of her disaster excited a very lively sensation throughout the country. She had always been regarded, especially by the sailors, with an almost superstitious feeling of interest and veneration, and at the time of the wreck this feeling was doubled in no small degree enhanced by the recollection of a "memorable prophecy" said to be associated with her for—viz., "that the Catholics would never get the better while the Betsy Cairns was afloat!" In length the Betsy Cairns was 80 feet 3 inches by 23 feet broad. She had two decks, the height between which was six feet six inches. She was stern built, with without galleries, square masted, and devoid of figure-head. She had two masts, and was square rigged, with a standing bowsprit. The remainder of her original timbering, though but scanty, was extremely fine. There was a profusion of rich and elaborate oak carvings, of the color of the wood, from age and exposure, closely resembling that of ebony. As soon as the news of her wreck became known throughout the country, the people of Shields were inundated with applications for portions of her remains. The applications on the part of the Orange Lodges were especially importunate. Shovel boxes and souvenirs of various kinds were made in large numbers, and brought exorbitant prices. Each of the members of the then corporation of Newcastle was presented with one of these boxes, which exhibit, in a marked degree, the durability and inimitable qualities of the British oak.

A painting of the Betsy Cairns was made by Mr. J. Ferguson, of North Shields. Two carved figures, part of the nightshade, are, we believe, now in the possession of the brethren of the Trinity House at Newcastle, and a beam, with mouldings covered with gilding, and forming a part of the principal cabin, is now the property of Mr. Rippon, Waterville, North Shields.—[Durham County Advertiser.]

EARLY RISING.—It is remarkable what numerous examples we have of early rising in the Scriptures.—Let any one take a Concordance and look out the passages where it is mentioned, and he will not be surprised at their number.—Are not such examples binding on Christians? Abraham rose early in the morning to offer up sacrifice; "early will I seek thee," said the Psalmist; shall not Christians early rise "to pay their vows unto God?" "Very early in the morning" the holy woman came to the sepulchre to embalm the Saviour; and shall not his disciples seek their risen Lord early in the day. Christians! when are you apt to neglect prayer, or perform it hastily and unprofitably? Is it not when you omit early rising? when are you most prone to neglect reading the Bible, or peruse its pages negligently? Is it not when you act the sluggard, and waste precious hours in repose? At what season do you persevere God's word with delight, and call upon his name with fervor? Is it not when you early rise to pay your sacrifice? Nature, then, as well as Scripture, indicates the value of the morning for religious meditation, reading and prayer.—Neglect not, then, their united intimations. Experience shows you the benefit of early rising. Profit by its voice. Let the dawn summon you from the bed of repose; let the orb of day witness you at your devotions, supplicat-

ing that the Sun of Righteousness may arise with healing in his beams. Thus your body will be invigorated, and your soul will be in health, and prosper.—Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord.

European Intelligence.

NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.

(Continued from our last.)

MORNING SCENE AT SPITHEAD.

At eight o'clock the whole fleet, as if by magic, was "dressed" in flags and ensigns, from their main trucks to the water's surface, and now the curtain seemed to have risen upon the glorious pageant of the day. But the busiest sight in the national drama about to be enacted was that presented on the land. The myriads of human beings who poured on the beach from every point and outlet were beyond all precedent, and the heterogeneous commixture of character was not the least remarkable feature of the whole affair. Gradually the walls, ramparts, ravelins, mounds, house tops, and even church steeples, entered into bold competition with the water in exhibiting their various masses, until surrounding objects, even the great fleet itself, in the distance became almost insignificant items in the animated panorama. The scene from the Southsea beach was magnificent. A violet sky, pure and unclouded as that of Italy—a rippling, dimpling, flashing, sparkling sea—a green elastic sward of the freshest verdure—dazzling uniforms, and many colored costumes—brilliant equipages, music, flags, laurel leaves, happy human faces, and ladies' laughter ringing through the air, were the accessories of a scene as gay, brilliant, and animated, as any that, with much experience of popular spectacles, we should remember to have ever witnessed. Nor should we omit to enumerate among the sources of enjoyment the aromatic sea breeze that *vi'et acre parfum de la mer* of which Alexander Dumas descants so eloquently, and which is so delightfully exhilarating to those whose fate it is to be pent up in cities.—Tents and pavilions brightly dotted the green turf, and wagons, barouches, phaetons, and all manner of things that run on wheels were drawn to the margin of the water. Thousands of people sat tiered over the sands or lay on the shingle of the beach, watching through telescopes and opera glasses the movements of the fleet.

The multitude extended from Fort Monckton on the west to Southsea Castle on the east, a distance of three miles, and many have comprised something like 100,000 persons. Near Southsea Castle a great stand had been erected in the cause of sight-seeing; and it, like other small structures of the same description, was crowded with visitors. Yet, brilliant as was the scene and exuberant with life and gaiety, it was not without its ludicrous associations; and of these the most remarkable were the hideous statues erected on the Clarence Esplanade in connection of the memories of Nelson and Wellington. Even the Londoners, who ought by this time to be case hardened in the matter of bad statues, were horrified at those atrocious figures, and expressed their indignation in no measured terms. The thought of being caricatured in this outrageous manner after death, is really enough to deter a man from ever doing anything for his country. It is not too much to say that these execrable statues are as disgraceful to the Southern Islanders of Hampshire as they would be to their namesakes of the Pacific. But strange is the fate of our great men, who live in honor, but dying leave a bust at which the world grows pale! The *coup d'œil* in the foreground was everything brilliant and delightful that fancy can imagine. The sea flashed and sparkled in the morning sun, and over its water glided every variety of craft, from the levitation three-decker of one hundred and thirty guns, and 1200 men, to the little river steamer that, by some speculative freak, found itself on the joyous bosom of the Solent. It was interesting to observe the contrast of the pictures—to compare the yachts with the frigates, and to watch the tiny craft as they picked their way quietly among the mighty ships of war. The shipping was everywhere decked in the gayest colors, and upon the breeze came the strains of martial music—the commingled melodies of France and England.

ORGANIZATION OF THE FLEET.—LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIPS.
The head of the fleet was, of course, composed of line-of-battle ships, carrying from 120 to 60 guns. Our vessel ran close alongside the leading ship of the first line, the far-famed Duke of Wellington, 131. The magnificent appearance of this noble ship as she lay upon the water, slowly rising to the slight swell, her tall, dark, chequered sides, her triple rows of massive guns, her tapering spars and taut-black rigging, relieved by the gaudy colors in which she was dressed, fore and aft, made a *tout ensemble* which it is literally impossible to do justice to by any description. A little ahead of her lay the *Duchalaya*, the French 50 gun screw frigate which had brought over some of the chief officers in the French marine to witness the review. The *Duchalaya* (like all the French screw vessels) is clean made, light, and smart in appearance. She had not her steam up, as the naval authorities at Portsmouth had placed a vessel at the disposal of her commander. This civility, we may add, disappointed many of our officers, who were anxious to see if the speed and management of the elegant looking foreigner would answer to her appearance. At the head of the starboard line, abreast with the Duke of Wellington, was the *Royal George*, 120, anchored over the very spot where, some eighty years ago, her celebrated namesake went down at her anchors, with every

oul on board. She is by no means as favorable a specimen of our naval architecture as the Duke, though that, perhaps, could hardly have been expected. Unlike other vessels she had no visitors on her poop, her guests being courteously and hospitably accommodated on the bridge ahead of the funnel.

Among the other vessels which followed in the order we have already given, the new liner, the *Conqueror*, was pre-eminent above all for her extreme beauty. Never do we recollect, even among the handsomest vessels of the French, to have seen one which would bear comparison to her in point of beauty. The *Algiers*, *St. Jean d'Acre*, and *Agamemnon* are as much distanced by the *Conqueror*, as these vessels surpass the blundering *Sanspareil*. Inferior to the *Conqueror* in size and strength, though her equals in naval beauty, were the *Impetueux*, 51, and *Euryalus*, 45. What changes have taken place in ship's lines lately could be seen by turning to the next vessel in the rank—the once far famed *Argonaut* which challenged and beat the fastest steamers in the French fleet ten years ago, but now, astern of the *Impetueux* and her consort, seemed a heavy block. Astern of these were the screw corvettes—vessels of the *Cruiser* and *Tartar* class, and last in the order of sailing the paddle frigates. Among the latter the ill-shaped, well-aided *Retribution* could be seen at a glance. Between the paddle and screw frigates came the *Vulcans* and *Seahorse*, divisional mortar vessels, and certainly of this kind the most formidable craft that ever sailed: Each carries the enormous armament of twelve 13 inch mortars. By the time we had surveyed the fleet, steam and sailing vessels of all classes and sizes, had congregated to windward of the starboard line.

THE GUNBOATS.

Twelve months ago scarcely one of the gunboat vessels maneuvered yesterday before the Queen was in existence. The majority have been ordered and completed within the last six months, and had the government found reason to think the service of more would have been required, we are informed that with perfect ease 600 could have been built, launched, armed and manned within the same time. The first class of gunboats is composed of screw ships of 200 feet in length, and carrying six long 68 pounders, provided with engines of 360 horse power, and a crew of 100 men. This class is intended as sub-divisional ships. The second class are about 150 feet long, and carry four 68 pounders, and are provided with engines of 180 horse power, and the crew numbers 80 hands. The third class are about 100 feet long, of 60 horse power engines, armed with one 68 pounder pivot gun, one 32 pound pivot gun, and two brass howitzers, 24 pounders on the broadside. This class is by far the most useful and numerous of the whole flotilla, their extraordinary light draft, generally averaging from four to six feet, enabling them to steam in the shallowest creeks and inlets, while the heavy armament renders them effective against the strongest forts. The bulwarks are provided with movable wrought iron plates, perfectly rifle proof, and reaching about seven feet above the deck, so as to protect the men from the enemy's rifle-men, in case of having to force the passage of narrow rivers defended by sharpshooters.—The very shallow draught is also a useful attribute for these vessels of close service. It comprises vessels of about 80 feet long, the engines averaging 20 horse power, each boat carrying two 32 pounder pivot gun amidships, the crew usually numbering 30 hands, exclusive of officers. These boats are very little larger than the small steamers which ply upon the Thames, though they are considerably broader, in order to admit of working the guns without danger to the craft. Their draft of water, with stores, ammunition, provisions, and guns on board, does not exceed from 3½ to 4 feet. The whole flotilla is provided with high pressure locomotive boilers—the place necessarily devoted to the machinery, rendering this expedient absolutely imperative to economize the limited area at the disposal of the engineers. Yet, small as the horse power appears, the speed of the fleet of gun vessels, is by no means contemptible, the slowest average from 7 to 8 knots, and the swiftest from 9 to 11.

THE MORTAR BOATS.

The mortar boats, under the most commercial hard working exterior, conceal a destructiveness not inferior to the iron batteries themselves. All are cutter rigged, with light and small spars.—Their tonnage average 120 tons. Their draught of water is only from four to five feet, each is about 45 feet long and 18 broad, and armed with a 13 inch mortar, weighing, with stand, and ceteras, nearly nine tons. These terrible ordnance when mounted in their places, leave no more space than two feet on each side—the most limited at which the gun can be worked. Some idea may be formed of the immense strength of the construction of these boats, when we mention that under each discharge the mortar recoils upon the vessel with a pressure of nearly seventy-five tons. To these boats there were no commanding officers, the divisional ships to which they are attached furnishing them with ten of their marine artillerymen under the command of a sergeant of bombardsers from the Royal Artillery, and a few sailors, who perform the ordinary evolutions necessary to anchor the vessel off the object of attack. Properly speaking, the divisional ships of the mortar boats on the Sea Horse and the *Forth*, which though called mortar frigates, are only lugger rigged. They are built of enormous strength, and each carry 11 13 inch mortars bedded round her bulwarks. North of these again, and in rear of the port and starboard lines of first rate frigates and corvettes, the gun boats, or stingers, as they are more generally called, lay anchored in close order.

FLOATING BATTERIES.

Though not quite in order of sailing, yet the first we could closely inspect were the floating batteries. They are most singular and striking in appearance, and by no means prepossessing. They look very like dumb barges of uncommon strength, and had their tall spars lugger rigged; but that they were very black and showed a broadside of guns of the heaviest calibre, and we should certainly have taken them for beacon ships. These, however, were the floating batteries. Their appearance nothing can be conceived more uncouth and massive looking or more indicative of unwieldy ponderous strength. Their massive wrought iron sides, huge round bows and stern, and above all, their close rows of solid 68 and 84 pound guns, show them at once to be antagonists under the attacks of which the heaviest granite bastions in the world would crumble down like contract brick work. Each of the tremendous floating batteries carries 14 68 pounders, and is sheathed from the bulwarks to three feet below the water line, with massive plates of wrought iron, 14 feet 6 inches in length, 20 inches wide, and 4½ inches thick. Each of these plates is bolted to the timber sides of the vessel with 40 screw nuts. When the French floating batteries of the same construction were used in the combined attack on the fortresses of Kinburn, one vessel was struck 58 times in the hull. But she stood this most severe ordeal without sustaining the least possible injury, except that wherever she was hit her wrought iron plates were dented to depths varying from 1½ inch to 1 of an inch.

ILLUMINATION OF THE FLEET.

The most interesting, and only novel feature in the day's movements, was that reserved for the night, as an Emeraldal would say; and this was a thorough novelty to such of the present generation as accidentally witnessed it. We say "accidentally," because no notice of an intention to illuminate was given in the Admiralty's programme, and consequently thousands who had borne the cold and labour of the day had left on their return to distant homes before the ships made this grand and brilliant demonstration. This was effected by simultaneously lighting up the yards and pivots with blue lights. At 9 o'clock gun fire, the whole fleet at anchor burst into light as by magic; the jets one above another, maintained high aloft, and the ports of each opened at once, showing a vivid glare between the decks, caused an unusual roar of cheering from the shore, which was echoed and given back with interest from the boats of the calen night. This in the stillness of the calm night, had an effect as imposing as it was rare, and cheer upon cheer applauded the spectacle. From nine to ten, rockets were sent up thickly from the ships, and rained a golden shower upon the "floating capital." The commander-in-chief, Sir George Seymour, entertaining the admiral's captains, and other officers of the fleet, at the Admiralty House in the evening, where the French Admiral and staff were the honored guests. The *Erabus* one of the three monster floating batteries built of wrought iron by Napier, arrived at Spithead, from Glasgow, just in time to be a feature in the *finale*.

NIGHT SCENE AT SOUTHAMPTON AFTER THE REVIEW.

Southampton was never so full as it was the night of the 22nd of April, and never so empty as it was that of the 23rd. Thousands slept in the docks, on board the steamers; hundreds paced the streets all night, with their carpet bags in their hands. An immense number were permitted, out of charity, to sleep in the railway carriages, in the station; and the commander of the United States mail steamer *Hermann*, lying in the docks, took pity on a goodly number, and permitted them to sleep on board the ship. Every one in the town was up at daylight, and thousands then made their way to the docks, to go on board steamers, while as many more left Southampton to go to Portsmouth by land. The Ferry Floating bridge was literally choked up by passengers on foot, and in carriages, cab, brougham, fly, and light cart, all bound for Portsmouth, or Southampton common, or any place where a sight of the naval review could be had. The spectacle at the docks was interesting in the extreme. As soon as it was light this morning the dock was seen to be thronged, steamers, gaily decked with flags all crowded and all getting their steam up. The royal mail steamer *Tay* started from the docks at 8 o'clock, with a select and happy party of eight eers. Several of her Majesty's steam frigates were riding at anchor in Southampton water, and the gigantic *Elmaraga* was reposing at ease beside them. The village of Hylthe, the princely mansion of Drummond the banker and the picturesque ruins of Netley Abbey, were rapidly passed by the *Tay*. All the steamers belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company had hove to in Southampton water, in order to pass through Spithead in a united squadron. As soon as the *Tay* reached Calshot Castle the fleet of gunboats appeared in view. The *Tay* coasted the Isle of Wight, and those on board of her witnessed a sight which will not soon be forgotten. For miles and miles the *Tay* journeyed on sparsing scores of gunboats floating batteries, mortar boats, and line of battle ships, the whole of which were gaily ornamented with flags, the line of screw battle ships reposing in majestic strength, looking pictures of magnificent power. The *Tay* passed through the fleet. Nothing ever could give so striking an impression of the strength and greatness of England as the sight of quadruple rows of splendid war ships, the centre of which was at Spithead. The fleet looked power materialized. The fleet extended from the Solent Sea to the *Nab Light*, and the beautiful Isle of White seemed providentially formed to be a breakwater and harbour for the most magnificent navy that ever floated on the waters of the earth. Despatch steamers were racing

through the splendid and liquid waves formed by the fleet, with signals flying, conveying messages. The *Tay* passed up and down by the fleet, waiting for her Majesty's arrival. As she lay to, at the eastern end of the fleet, the visitors on board had an opportunity of witnessing the most magnificent spectacle in the world. At midday the cry was that "her majesty had arrived at Portsmouth," and it was soon seen by the manning of the yards of the ships of war and the firing of guns that the Queen had embarked. Presently the Queen in her beautiful yacht, left the harbour followed by a magnificent train of steamers, which seemed to be endless, and passed through the fleet. The steamers in her Majesty's train literally extended through the ocean for miles.

As soon as her Majesty commenced passing through, every yard of every ship was manned by loyal crews, and she was saluted with cheering from tens of thousands of persons, and with the roar of artillery. Her Majesty's yacht, after passing through the fleet, hove to for a short time, while the Queen lunched. The sea was covered with ships, and five hundred steamers were crowded within the space of a few miles. Prominent amongst the ship present: witness the review, was a French ship of war, with an admiral on board, sent over by our great and faithful ally, the Emperor of the French, as a compliment to the Queen. At 3 p.m. the whole of the war fleet, accompanied by a vast number of merchant steamers, put to sea. This immense concourse of steamers was led by her Majesty's yacht, the *Victoria* and *Albert*. There was no mistake; this yacht, distinguished by her remarkable appearance and swiftness, as well as by the royal standard, the Admiralty flag, and the union jack flying from her lofty masts. It was a noble sight to see the two ad three deck screw steam men-of-war, with their sides bristling with cannon, floating rapidly to sea without any visible means of locomotion. As they arrived at the pivot ships the most interesting evolutions commenced. Each line of steamers moved majestically, and with the utmost facility, round the pivot ships, and their surmounting windings and turnings excited shouts from thousands of spectators. Soon after this the gunboats made an attack on *Southsea Castle*; and as the Queen left the fleet the whole of the ships of war saluted her. The sound of 3,000 guns was terrific. The review will be one of the most memorable events in the annals of the country. It was a complete success. The enthusiasm with which the Queen was received, the splendid manner in which the fleet performed their evolutions, the beautiful weather—all contributed to form one of the grandest spectacles ever beheld.

We hear compliments on every hand, that the English army, man for man, is now more than a match for any army in the world, and that is one proof that English resolution can remedy blunders. But we are spared the necessity of boasting of our fleet. It is there as an irrefragable demonstration; that if we have accepted less than we might reasonably have demanded, it has been rather out of the gruntness of our condescension than out of an exhausted strength; or a baffled spirit. As it is historically true that we exhausted every effort, and almost sacrificed our honor, we drew the sword; so it is now unmistakably recorded that we are the last to grow weary of war's efforts and sacrifices. Of the five powers which have taken a part in the contest, England is the only one whose strength is mightier at the close than at the beginning. The struggle, which found the others at the fall stretch of their capacities, and saw them daily diminish, has only had the effect of developing the energies of this country. At the close of a war it is not, after all, inappropriate to make a display of our strength; and if we cannot muster our regiments, we may exhibit the power of our national arm: We may do so on this occasion with a double satisfaction; 1st, in the belief that the object of the war has been gained; and 2ndly, which is of still more consequence, that the fear of national declension, which at one time was spreading at home as well as abroad, has proved to be absolutely unfounded.

In the camp in the Crimea every thing indicates that the war is over. The grass is growing in the streets of the famous city, and the air resounds no longer with the boom of guns, but with the hum of preparations for departure. Our men and the Russian soon get on good terms with each other, and the fraternization assumes the usual English form—a little drop more.

A preliminary stop has been put to the grant of any more commissions without purchase. Since the breaking out of the war, 124 commissions have been given away. The Guards are expected from the Crimea about the middle of May. A grand reception awaits them in the metropolis.—There is a report current that the vacant garters are to be conferred on Earl Fortescue and on Lord Palmerston, but we doubt the truth of it as regards the Premier.

Mrs. Mary McNab, the widow of an officer in the East India Company's service, is in rather an unpleasant position, having drawn her pension after her second marriage. She has been led to trial to answer the charge at the Central Criminal Court.

TIMBER FROM TORONTO.—A raft of 104 white pine masts and 370 square red pine logs owned by Mr. Jacob Baker of Toronto, is now building in Toronto and is to go to Quebec. The quantity of timber brought from the north and now lying in the water in Toronto bay is estimated to be worth \$70,000. It was brought down by the Northern Railway, and is evidently only the commencement of a great business.

On and after Monday, the 19th inst., the steamer *Welland* will leave Toronto for Port Dalhousie at 8 o'clock p.m. instead of 5.30 as heretofore.

The Hon. Sir Allan McNab is happily so far recovered as to be expected in his place in Parliament on Monday.

The Hon. Sir Allan McNab is happily so far recovered as to be expected in his place in Parliament on Monday.