

A FEDERAL AND CONFEDERATE CAMP.

Here stands a Federal camp. A thousand and ten thousand snow-white tents sweep farther than the eye may reach. The Star Spangled Banner of richest silk floats on the breeze, which swells with the Hail Columbia or Yankee Doodle of some grand band of brass, which has figured in the saloons of the metropolitan cities. Sleek and well-fed war horses neigh and prance; great herds of lowing cattle are seen in the rear. In yonder tent, officers with blazing insignia and rich in broadcloth, send the jest around over all the viciands of Fulton Market and wines of France. The champagne pops; the fumes of regalias scent the air; velvety mats and cushions, and cunningly devised camp equipments are spread around; books, newspapers and stationary, maps, charts and pictures! Enter again. This time you are in the soldier's tent. What comfortable blankets and oil-cloths, and overcoats which might defy the cold of Greenland; what well-filled haversacks; a little stove warms him, good coffee cheers; all those oxen bleed for him, and well-baked bread crowns his board! See that yellow flag. It covers the hospital. Enter, if you please. There are piles of bandages, pills and potions, and specifics in neat boxes, and vessels of glass crown the shelves. Those cases are the most exquisitely fine instruments of surgery. Those surgeons and those nurses are practiced and expert. There are cordials and wines in those bottles. There are lemons and ices, and all the delicacies of the tropics in those inclosures. Those sick men are clothed in fine linen and repose on genial couches. That body is being embalmed to be sent home.

Oh, dreary contrast! We are now in a Confederate camp; no tents are here; the war has worn them out. No silken banner floats—it is shreds and patches, and cannot be replaced. The solitary fife and drum discourses the inspiring strains of "Dixie." Lank and worn, the war horse plucks the leaves and barks the trees; a few cows, tough and old and attenuated, await their fate. Under that tree, faded and worn, with some lace and embroidery, an old newspaper printed on one side, an old map and a spy-glass, which was used in the Mexican war, tell that Stonewall Jackson or Forrest is there.

Around the fire, smoke dried, reclining on the naked earth, two or three on a blanket, as a matter of economy; the overcoat is in tatters, the haversack is turned inside out, the canteen has been traded for from a Yankee prisoner, the cloak has been picked up on a battle-field; you have the Confederate soldier! Those boots gape and let in the cold and rain; that hat has been shot to pieces; those pantaloons have lost six inches of the extremity—but when can they be replaced? The soldier cooks his hard meal bread and toasts his bacon on the embers, and in his tin cup he has contrived a substitute for coffee, which is not honored by either milk or sugar. Noble soldier! He is not cursing the commissary or the quartermaster, but recounting the adventures of yesterday, in which many a dear comrade went down, telling rough jokes of the day, or rejoicing in the glorious conflict of arms which the morrow will bring forth.—[From DeBow's Review.

MILITARY.—The first regular meeting of the officers of the Haldimand Rifles was held at the Regimental Head-quarters, on Wednesday last. The attendance was all that could be desired, all the companies being well represented, except No. 2, and the state

of the roads will account for their absence. The following officers were present.—Capt. Jackson, Davis, Stewart, Ryan, Steele, McKinnon and Moussen; Lieuts. Thorburn, Parker, Hull and Rogers; Ensign Thompson, Glenn, Murray, Chrystal and Rushton; Quarter-master Nellis; Drs. McPherson and Baxter; Majors Thompson and Scoble, and Col. Davis. The meeting was a most harmonious one, marked by the utmost courtesy and good humor, and a large amount of business was rapidly transacted. We give the names of the two chief committees struck, and we are authorized to announce that the minutes of the meeting in full (in the form of a circular) will be forwarded to each of the officers, without delay.—Band Committee—Capt. Davis and Mussen, Chairman, Paymaster Harcourt. Battalion Rifle Match Committee (to be held in June)—Captains Jackson and Steele. Chairman, Captain Stewart.—[Caledonia Sachem.

MR. RAYMOND'S "BUNCOMBE" RESOLUTION.

No sooner had the news reached Washington that the national movement north of us had received the formal sanction of the Imperial Government of Great Britain, and actually been christened as a "Kingdom," than Mr. Henry J. Raymond sprang to his feet in the United States House of Representatives, and hurriedly asked leave to offer a resolution, declaring that the establishment in the immediate proximity of the United States of a powerful monarchy, under the support of a foreign nation, cannot be regarded otherwise than as being hostile to peace, and menacing the safety of this republic, and requesting the President to inform the House whether any remonstrance has been made by this government against the proposed consolidation of all the British North American Provinces into a single confederacy, under the imperial rule of an English prince, and whether the consent of this government has been given in any way to the consummation of that project.

While it is complimentary to the Canadians to be termed "a powerful monarchy" by an honorable—and would be leading—United States Representative in Congress, we submit that Mr. Raymond's course lacked both dignity and good judgment, and received a fitting rebuke by the House, in its promptly refusing to suspend the rules in its favor. The following day, we observe, the "resolution" was received, and referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, where it will no doubt rest for the present. We imagine Mr. Raymond will find few thoughtful men in the United States who will agree with him in considering the rising kingdom "as being hostile" to the United States, and fewer still who will believe the movement to be "menacing the safety" of this republic. We can assure the affrighted gentleman that the Canadians have not the faintest idea of attacking the United States, or of attempting to force their peculiar views of government on an unwilling people.

As to the suggestion that the President should "remonstrate against the proposed consolidation of the British North American Provinces into a single confederacy," it is not only the height of impertinence, but ridiculously absurd, and will be pronounced so by even the "Young American" element, which this weak buncombe resolution was undoubtedly intended to win the support of

in the next election. If the honorable Representative from New York would win back his lost laurels, we recommend him to bear in mind that a fair show of good common sense is the surest stepping stone to lasting political honors in this as well as all other civilized countries, but we see very little sense in the resolution now before us. We would, however, recommend the following sentiments, which we extract from an evening contemporary, to the perusal of the honorable gentleman representing the eighth district, and any others of his way of thinking. The editor, after reviewing the details of the Confederation scheme, sensibly adds: "It may be somewhat too centralizing in its tendencies according to the American idea, but it will probably be acceptable to the provincialists. It is reaching in its views and objects, and is intended by its authors to establish a great and powerful nationality, larger and vaster even than the present boundaries of the United States. We hope that it may answer the desired ends, and that it may be the means of developing the industrial resources of British North America. The time has happily gone by forever when it was supposed that national prosperity depended upon the ruin and misery of surrounding and rival nations. The continent is wide enough for the new 'Kingdom of Canada' and the United States, and there is no reason why our neighbors should not be allowed to seek life, happiness and prosperity in their own way with our best wishes."—[New York Albion.

VOLUNTEER BALL.—One of the most successful affairs of the kind ever held in Belleville was given by the non-commissioned officers and men of the 15th Battalion, under the patronage of Lieut. Cols. Campbell and Brown, and the officers of the 15th and 49th Hastings Militia, in the armory on Pinnacle street. Nearly 100 couples were present, and notwithstanding the heterogeneous masses who composed the assembly, the greatest good humor and sociability prevailed. The Hall was very tastily fitted up, and decorated under the supervision of Sergeant Blaind. The gasolier was ornamented with bayonets and ramrods, and formed a very brilliant centre. At the west end of the room was the Royal Standard, a full-sized portrait of Her Majesty, and the Canadian Standard, also the mottoes "The Kingdom of Canada," "Confederation and British Connection," and "God Save the Queen, as well as two very pretty stars, formed of bayonets and ramrods. Opposite was a transparency of Prince of Wales Plumes, at each side of which was the 15th Regimental flags, and V. R. in jets of gas; underneath, 15th Batt." and "Welcome to Our Guests." On the north wall, "Army, Navy, and Volunteers," "H. M. 100th Royal Canadian Reg't," and "Rifles and Infantry—shoulder to shoulder." On the south wall were "Ready, aye ready, 15th and 49th." "Our country's defender's" "Cherub," "Heron," "Britomart," and "Britannia rules the waves." In a diamond on the ceiling were "the battle grounds of the 15th and 49th," "Amberstburgh," "Niagara," "Prescott," "Aultsville," and "Cornwall." The supper was hastily got up by Messrs. Greatrix and Deacon, in the Town Hall, and received ample justice. Dancing was kept up till nearly 4 o'clock, all entering heartily into the night's amusement, and leaving highly pleased. The floor was nicely waxed and in good condition, but the music was not strong enough for the size of the Hall.—[Chronicle.