

If evidence of American snobbery were required, it could scarcely be found more rampant than in the public notices of Miss Sherman's refusal to dance with Prince Arthur. Miss Sherman has gained great credit, says one paper, (in substance) for her independent action. Ye Gods! what a subject. Miss Sherman is doubtless a lady, and, being engaged for the dance which the Prince proposed, said so. Had she done otherwise she would have committed a snobbish act. G. W.

To the Editor of THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

SIR,—As a means of raising the *esprit du corps* among our Volunteers, I beg leave to suggest a review of all the forces in Canada this spring, in some central locality, similar to the Easter Reviews in Brighton, England. Such a measure, I feel sure, would be most acceptable, to all the Volunteer battalions throughout the Dominion.

Yours, respectfully,

MILITAIRE.

Montreal, 3rd March, 1870.

NOTES FROM MY CRIMEAN JOURNAL.

THE IRREGULAR CAVALRY CAMP AT THE DARDANELLES.

(Continued from page 131 of last issue.)

The durbar tent in which I now found myself was situated nearly on the extreme verge of the high bank overlooking the Straits of the Dardanelles, the waters of which were covered with the ships and steam vessels of all nations, plying up and down to or from Constantinople and the Crimea: all this relieved and thrown out in strong contrast by the vine-clad hills and bold mountainous coast of Europe, so near that a round shot could easily reach it, gave these famous straits an air of beauty I have never seen equalled and rendered still more picturesque by the glittering uniforms and superbly caparisoned horses scattered around.

Whilst General B——n was hastily perusing the Dispatches I had placed in his hands a strict silence was preserved, broken only by the bubbling of the narguili, or water pipe used by some in preference to the chibouque while each inhaled the fumes of his favorite narcotic. The silence was broken by the General desiring Colonel G——, the Chief Interpreter, to translate word for word as he proceeded—"Let the native officers know," said the General, "that I have requested their attendance here this evening on account of certain reports which have reached me; rumours have been going the round of the camp, that it is my intention to alter entirely the character of this force, to make it a regular army, to put men and officers into strict uniform; in short, to carry on the service by cut and dried rules, and destroy that feeling of independence, of self-reliance, and of noble chivalry, which now exists among its members. Translate that first and mind you do it to the very letter."

"Now, let them look at me! (Translate each sentence as I utter it.) Do I look like a man who would do all this? Is this the sort of dress (and he struck his chest with his hand) that sort of man would wear? Are these the kind of uniforms (and he glanced proudly round on both English and native officers) by which that sort of man would be surrounded? Do we look like a regular army? Do our very chargers appear as if they had gone through the very hum drum lessons of a riding school? No, Colonel G——told them that this is an irregular cavalry force, regarded as such by the Government of England, who expects much from it; that I, their chief, have been accustomed to irregular cavalry forces and know what they are; that in me they have an officer in whom they may confide; and I hereby promise them, that as long as I am at their head, that as long as they follow me, whether as now over these plains, or later against the serried columns of the Russians, irregular they are and irregular they shall be. And now let those stand forward who have said the reverse. I'm d—d but I'll see whether their word or mine will be believed!"

He struck the camp table with his gauntleted hand as he concluded, and looked proudly round on his followers. The scene was a remarkable one and I shall never forget it. The native officers excited at the speech made to them, were eagerly addressing each other and as if actuated by one common purpose, all withdrew from the tent, mounted their horses, and waited to do honor to their chief when he should come forth; this he soon did, and having bestrode his splendid charger led the way towards home. Shouts rent the air, the masses of horsemen swayed to and fro, as if under the influence of an all-absorbing passion. The text of his discourse had been picked up by those nearest to the tent, who had repeated it again to those behind for a great crowd of cavalry had now collected, and the General was accompanied to the crest of the high ground by the whole assembly to the sound of tom-toms, the firing of pistols, the hallowing of the Albanians, the yelling of the Arabs, and the neighing of the horses, who indeed seemed to partake of the general excitement.

Certainly there never was a man who, in all respects was better fitted to engage the affections of a wild and irregular soldiery than General B——n. When he presented himself before their chiefs, the murmur of applause and the respectable manner in which he was greeted, showed how well and how wisely he had calculated on the effect to be produced on them by the magnificence of his attire, as also how their admiration would partake of affection when they observed that, European as much of his dress was, the Oriental character of the remainder, and the easy contour of the whole accorded well with their own costumes, and showed that he, their General and Chief, was anxious to demonstrate how completely in his interests, nay, even in his habits and customs, he identified himself with them. -- R. L.

A WONDERFUL SQUARE MILE.

In twelve hours in one day in 1865, there were (in round number 4000 vehicles passed a particular spot in Aldersgate street, 4500 at Barbican the same number at Gresham street, 5000 at Finsbury street, 6500 at Finsbury pavement, 7500 at Bishopsgate street, 8000 at Aldgate, 9000 at Holborn hill (before the disturbance of traffic at that point by the works of the Holborn-hill Viaduct,) 10,000 at Blackfriars Bridge, 12,000 at Fleet street, and—marvel of marvels—19,000 at London Bridge! On one day of twenty-four hours (not specially selected as being more or less busy than usual,) 38,000 vehicles passed over the Thames at London, Southwark, and Blackfriars Bridges. As there is comparative greatness in the great, we may be prepared to believe that the passenger traffic in the metropolis is still more wonderful than the vehicular—vast as the latter admittedly is. Mr Haywood tells us that on nine hours out of one day in 1848 (8 a.m. to 5 p.m.) 315,000 persons entered the city; that on twenty-four hours of one day in 1860, the numbers reached the stupendous figures of 707,000, of whom 528,000 were between 7 a.m. and 7 p.m.; and that about three-fourths of the people came on foot, the remainder being in or on vehicles. In reference to foot passengers only—those who walk on the side pavements—the following numbers were presented at eight of the principal inlets into the city, in one day of twenty-four hours:—Aldersgate street, 16,000; Finsbury pavement, 21,000; Bishopsgate street, 23,000; Blackfriars Bridge, 24,000; Temple Bar, 25,000; Aldgate, 29,000; Holborn Bar, 30,000; and London Bridge, 42,000. All these were persons who entered the city; and as about an equal number left it there were 420,000 persons who walked into or out of the city at those eight arteries alone. But great as this throng is at the city boundary, it is still greater in the heart of the city itself, enabling us easily to understand how it is that Smith and Brown and Jones, or Jack and Bill and Dick, are always knocking up against one another. Just look at the significance of the following figures. They relate to twelve hours (8 a.m. to 8 p.m.) of one day in 1867, and they include the foot-passengers only, disregarding those who were riding in or on vehicles. Particular spots were selected, in the following thoroughfares, and the number of passers-by counted:—Walbrook, 17,000; Throgmorton street, 18,000; Threadneedle street, 22,000; Lombard street, 30,000; Newgate street, 33,000; Leadenhall street, 36,000; Cornhill, 44,000; Frenchchurch street, 46,000; Fleet street (near St. Bride's church), 62,000; Poultry, 75,000. The busiest spot in the city—perhaps in the world—for foot-traffic, is the north side of the Poultry; it overpowers the south side in the ratio of about eight to seven. Along that wonderful foot-pavement of nine feet in width, there pass by more than a hundred persons per minute in a continuous stream for twelve hours!

LONDON, 25th.—The Mordaunt divorce case concluded to-day. The verdict rendered by the jury was that Lady Mordaunt was insane, and not responsible for her words or acts.

The Duke of Richmond has accepted the Tory leadership of the House of Lords.

LONDON, 26th.—The *Pall Mall Gazette*, referring to Washington's birthday, says: "Though Washington was a man of narrow views, neither wise nor acute, he would be lost and ashamed at the present spectacle of the present state of affairs at the national capital."