

You may see them, women of all ages, tramping by the flanks of the marching regiment. One hand of the soldier in his wife's the other holds his musket; the sergeant kindly, never minds, and martinetts are for once short sighted. The band plays cheerily "The girl we left behind us," until the ship receives its living freight, and the women wretchedly pace the pier—a mournful company. Still there is a struggle: they work and work incessantly. They live on next to nothing. They scrape and save, in a manner all but incredible. Many of them is some way—I never can ascertain how—find means to join their husbands aboard. I have known them make their way to Gibraltar, Malta, India, apparently without means. A few of those who are left, return to their parents or their friends. They may be received, for their manual services are valuable; at the worst, there is the poorhouse. But some hover about the precincts of the camp, and gradually sink step by step. Nor, until the circular of Lord Longford was issued last week, could the condition even of the women "married with leave" be deemed desirable. They were "on the strength," to be sure. The ladies of the regiment looked after them; there were schools for their children, medical assistance, and opportunities of adding to their husbands' scanty means, by such labor as willing hands and anxious hearts can execute. Yet how were they housed? From four to six men, with their wives and children, stowed away in a narrow hut, without means for privacy or even for decency. A little curtain, when it could be obtained, nominally screened off bed from bed. Efforts were made to alleviate the shames and discomforts of the married soldiers' life, but in vain. The want of a separate room for each family frustrated the most zealous Christian interference. But the Horse Guards' circular makes marriage a prize for service and good conduct. Seven men out of every hundred, rank and file, can now obtain permission to marry provided they have each served in the army for seven years, and obtained at least one good conduct badge. Seven in every hundred is about the proportion of those who at present marry; with and without leave, together. The wife will have, if possible, a separate room in the camp or barracks; she will receive light, fuel, and rations at the cost of the state; but what may be more important than all, she will be under the eye of the ladies of the garrison. By this arrangement they will be a help rather than an encumbrance to their husbands. Marriage becomes a reward, not a military crime, and marriage "without leave," and all its attendant miseries, will be to a great extent prevented. More than one-half of the sergeants in a regiment may at once marry with leave, and become entitled to these privileges.—*Soldier's Weddings, in all the Year Round.*

GRANT'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

A Hartford correspondent, who has been on a trip with Gen. Grant, writes:

"Gen. Grant's personal appearance has been so fully and so often given by both pen and pencil that nearly every one seeing him for the first time says: 'Just as I expected.' At first you cannot, of course, disconnect his presence from the valorous deeds with which his name is identified, and therefore you behold him surrounded with victorious garlands, and he is a hero on the spot. Then you scrutinize his person—see him smaller in stature, perhaps, than you expected, yet

compactly built, a man of iron constitution, with a balanced compound of the nervous, sanguine, and bilious temperaments, every nerve under strict control. The most remarkable thing about him—that which impresses you to reflection—is the almost entire absence of facial expression. Most people have ways of enforcing or illustrating thought fully as much by the muscles of the face as by verbal expression, and many, we all know, will talk louder and say more with a smile or a wink of the eyes than by the fiercest declamation. But Gen. Grant appears to have none of this expressive utterance, so to speak, except sometimes the wave of a smile pass over his face only to be lost in a moment in the fixed rigidity of his countenance. There is nothing of glumness or stupidity, or fierceness, in his looks: rather, he wears an expression of calmness, repose, and child-like simplicity, entirely devoid of all cunning. You find it difficult to tell what his immovable features, which by the way are never unpleasantly ruffled, are more impressive than the conviction you have that he is a man entirely above and free from anything that borders upon affectation—for, in this, he is a wonder."

SHALL THE 'COLONIES GO?

The subject of withdrawing the British forces from the colonies, has attracted considerable attention, both at home and in different outlying dependencies. The *Broad Arrow*, a paper by no means partial to the miserable policy of the Manchester party, under the influence of the prevailing feeling, thus refers to the subject:

Looking the question fairly in the face the interpretation seems to be simply this, that the Imperial government (and we are not now alluding to this or the other party) would thank God if only they could get rid of those troublesome appendages which hang on the skirts of the national robe, like burrs on the train of a fashionable lady promenading on a common. It is not quite consistent with what remains of national dignity to offer them for sale; if they should be attacked, we could not for very shame abstain from striking at the assailant—but if only some dark night, and during a heavy gale, they would only "cut the painter!"

And yet there has been the time when "Ships, Colonies and Commerce" was a standing toast at every festival: when Englishmen felt proud of their brethren, who swarmed from the parent hive to scatter abroad the seeds of British institutions, British energy and British perseverance, and when communities so founded were regarded, not as the parasite extracting the strength and vigor of the trunk, but as those shoots which strike the ground, and raise up trees forming a guard and bulwark around the central stem. It was not then supposed that the British soldier was incapable of enduring risks which his civilian brother voluntarily encountered; but then there was a tingling of gratified pride in the breast of every Englishman, that the echo of his country's roll call was heard around the circumference of the habitable globe.

We are, however, encouraged to anticipate halcyon days of universal peace, for are not "Peace Congresses" in almost permanent session? Are we not straining every nerve to acquire new customers for our productions, even if they require, like ignorant and obstinate fools as they are, for application of the *argumentum baculicum*, to

make them comprehend and appreciate the purity and benevolence of our motives? And, above all, is not John Bright tapping at the door of the Cabinet—standing on the tip toe of expectation—with strained attention, listening for the welcome sound, Come in?

Let the colonies go?

The *Quebec Chronicle* says:—

We are happy to learn that the volunteer movement has taken root in some of our country districts. During the past ten days six companies have been organized in the County of Dorchester, and one in the parish of Lotbinière. Several of the *cures* explained to their parishioners the principal features of the Militia Act, which may be looked upon as a reason for the present excitement.

The Muster.—On Wednesday evening fortnight the companies of Capt. Burk and Michael mustered at the Town Hall for re-enlistment. The muster, owing to various circumstances, was not a full one. Besides the company officers, Lt. Col. Fairbanks, Major Warren, Capt. and Adjutant Jones, and Capt. Dartnell, were present. They addressed the men, and explained the provisions of the new Act, after which about fifty men, nearly every member of the old companies present amongst the number, signed the service roll. These, with the men whose time is not out nearly fills the companies. There will not be much difficulty here to keep up the force.—*Oshawa Indicator.*

PROSECUTION UNDER THE NEW MILITIA LAW.

—One of the provisions of the new Militia Law, was called into operation, on Monday last, upon the information of Captain McCenaghan. The complaint was that a resident of the town named Smart, had worn a pair of military trousers unlawfully. It was proved by Sergt. Adams, of No. 7 Co. 22nd Battalion, that on two separate occasions Smart had worn the trousers in question. In defence, a pair of old trousers were produced to show the valuelessness of the article; and it was contended that as clothing was not specially mentioned in Sec. 81 of the Act, conviction could not follow. The magistrate took the proper view of the case and imposed the penalty, stated in the Act, \$20 with costs. It is but right, where the country has to submit to an expence of \$75,000 annually, for the clothing of Volunteers that some respect should be had to the law. The case of Smart, will be a warning to others who possess themselves improperly of military clothing. The public will do well to bear in mind that any breach of this law inflicts, on detection, a fine of \$20; and the offender may be still further punished, if the magistrate, in his discretion may proceed.—*Woodstock Times.*

The *London Times*, speaking of the six new Baronets lately created says:—"Sir G. Etienne Cartier, of Montreal, Canada, who has also been recently raised to the honor of a baronetcy in recognition of his services as Minister of Militia in the Privy Council of Canada, is a gentleman of French Canadian extraction. He is a son of the late Jacques Cartier, of St. Antoine, by Marguerite, daughter of Mr. Joseph Paradis, and was born in 1814; he is a member of the Bar of Quebec, and a member of the Local House of Commons. He married in 1846 Hortense, daughter of Mr. Edouard Raymond Fabre, of Montreal.