

THE DRESS OF OUR SOLDIERS.

If the soldier is to carry a spade (remarks the *Globe*) he must be divested of some portion of the burden which is already placed on his back. In the opinion of most officers this burthen is utterly useless, nay, worse than useless, for it is a pernicious weight with which out of kindness to our enemies, and perhaps as a sort of safety-valve for the extraordinary marching powers of the British soldier, we handicap our men. All that a soldier really requires daily on a campaign is his cloak, waterproof sheet to sleep on, his rifle, ammunition, water bottle, canteen, and haversack; if his clothes are in order at starting, and repaired or replaced in those frequent halts which must ever occur in the most rapid campaigns, the transports of any wardrobe in the immediate vicinity of the fighting man is a mistake. During a halt—and halts must occur every few days—the kits of the regiment can be brought up by transport or railway, and deficiencies repaired or replaced. If to the articles enumerated above, a spade or pickaxe be added, and they all are carried on the person of the combatant, he ought to be perfectly efficient, and fit to keep the field for many weeks, if properly supplied by the commissariat with food. All other articles, which at present are carried in the kit of the fighting man, are mere luxuries which he does not require and which weigh him down and impede his operations. Nor is the evil of superfluous baggage exhibited in the infantry alone. In the cavalry it has a still worse feature, for it entails a valise which cannot be carried on horseback on an ordinary hunting saddle, but requires to be borne upon a weighty contrivance very near akin to the massive saddlery of the mediæval knights. The consequences of this is, that, for the sake of carrying a few brushes, a pot of blacking, and some clothes which he never changes for those on his back, the cavalry soldier, who weighs about ten stone rides about fifteen; while his officer, who can hunt comfortably under twelve stone, when taking the field, in a military seat, rides nearly sixteen stone. Of course those who advocate the abolition of the useless articles at present carried in the soldier's kit must be prepared to face the arguments of those who will assert that the pipeclay of the belts will get dirty, that the boots will not shine without blacking, and that altogether the appearance of the troops will be untidy. In war there is not much reason that they should not appear untidy, yet even this may be avoided. Why should the belts be pipeclayed? Why should the boots be blackened? Plain brown leather is used to make the boots of all sportsmen who penetrate into wild countries; there also are belts of brown leather which never look untidy or dirty; while everyone who has travelled much in wild parts knows that to blacken boots is ruinous, and that grease is the only emollient with which they should be treated. Why should not brown leather be adopted into the army? The soldier should be better equipped for wild life than either the traveller or the sportsman. The latter can pause if their supplies fail them. In advance or retreat the soldier should be ready to move. Brown leather belts have actually been adopted into the army, and have been found to answer admirably in the Military Train. They might with advantage be made universal.

All recruits joining the Royal Marines are to be taught to swim. So they ought to be.

NAPOLEON THE THIRD—A PORTRAIT.

The event of the hour in Paris is the biography of Napoleon III., which will appear in a few days, by Louis Ulbach, better known under the pseudonym of "Ferragus," editor of *La Cloche*—which scarlet-bound weekly pamphlet has replaced the flame-coloured and fiery *Lanterne*. "Ferragus" begins by a description of the Sovereign's physiognomy. "The head (writes Louis Ulbach) would indicate obstinacy were not persistence in hesitation revealed by particular signs. The forehead is clouded; the eyes sweet, dull—of a hue peculiar to China—implying more imagination than judgment, and yet more dreaminess than imagination; the pupil has the dull tint of the wing of a blue butterfly, and possesses a misty hue; the nose is long, prominent, and indicates no vivacity. I do not like a statesman to wear mustachios, especially such long ones as those of his Majesty. By concealing his mouth he easily hides the impotence of his smile and the weak point in his thought. Moustachios are too often adopted by people whose characters are void of any originality. You never see them worn by men of genius." Louis Ulbach next explains the well-known mystic tendencies of Napoleon's mind. But the Emperor, according to him, is not only mystic, he is also a fatalist. The President of the republic, when inaugurating in 1849 the Chartres line of railway, drank a toast to "Faith," and in reply to an address from the Senate, in 1855, he said:—"I have no fear of assassins. There are existences which are the instruments of the decrees of Providence. Until my mission is fulfilled I am not in danger." The Emperor, he proceeds, does not like discussion. He listens without answering. He interrogates in order to prepare his reply, but not to receive advice. It is often at night that he makes up his mind, and as soon as he awakes he writes to dismiss a Minister or issue a manifesto. He believes in himself—which is strength; but in himself alone—which is weakness. Nevertheless, he is accessible to all modern ideas, against which he never raises an objection.

MUSEUM AT SEBASTOPOL.—The *Invalide Russe* says.—"The committee charged with organising the new museum of Sebastopol has decided on placing in it oil portraits of Nicholas I., Alexander II., and the Grand Dukes Nicholas, Michael, and Constantine. The first acquisitions to be made for the museum will be the lithographed portraits of the defenders of Sebastopol, models of the Russian and foreign ships which took part in the defence and siege, the Russian and foreign publications, engravings, stamps, &c., relative to the Crimean war, pictures representing the defence of the place and all the siege work—in a word, models of all the arms employed during the struggle of which Sebastopol was the theatre. The museum will be opened, if possible, for the 15th of August, when General Todleben, the president of the committee, will visit Sebastopol."

General Rawlings, the late Secretary of War of the United States, whose death at Washington on Monday has been announced, was quite a young man, the youngest man, we believe, who has ever filled that office. His death appears to have been sudden. At least we had heard nothing of any protracted illness. General Rawlings owed his elevation to the personal favor of General Grant, upon whose staff he had served during the late war. He had no opportunity of greatly distinguishing himself in separate commands; but was a useful staff officer, a good

soldier, and we believe has shown excellent administrative abilities during his occupancy of the War Office. By his death, President Grant loses a strong personal friend and admirer.

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