

language, such as occur when people replace the words of their indigenous language by those of another tongue. The result is an intermixture, in which the idioms of the older are overlaid by the outward or vocal elements of the adopted one. Old idioms remain in the mind, though new words fill the mouth.—*Colonization Herald*.

The Admiralty have issued a circular to the fleet, having for its object the reduction of extravagancies in officers' messes—long a crying evil of the service. The superior officers, constituting the ward-room mess, are simply desired to "adopt such measures as will enable their messes to be maintained with credit and comfort, and free from extravagance, and thus set a becoming example to the junior officers;" but in regard to gun-room messes, stringent regulations are prescribed:—

"My lords direct that the subscriptions to the gun room messes shall never exceed the sum of eight pounds for entrance, and that the monthly subscriptions, including all extras, shall not be more than thirty shillings. Their lordships further desire that no wine, except port and sherry, or wine of the same class and price, and no spirits, except the ship's allowance, be used in the gun-room messes, and no wine, spirits, or beer are to be received on board of any of her Majesty's ships without the written approval of the officer in command."

A very singular circumstance has resulted from the destruction of Christ Church, Montreal. Mr. Warren, for 18 years the organist, became so depressed by the destruction of his favorite instrument, that he died suddenly soon afterward. He had been previously apparently in good health.

News Department.

Extracts from Papers by the Steamer Arabia.

SIR ROBERT PEEL ON RUSSIA.

At the inauguration of the museum and library in Adderly Park, near Birmingham, on Monday night, Sir Robert Peel delivered a lecture on "Moscow," which, says the *Times*' reporter, "if not instructive," was at least "highly amusing." He said:—

You are aware that last summer I went, in company with many others, to that distant country called Russia. I had the proud satisfaction of being carried thither on board one of those magnificent vessels which plough the ocean like queens, and gloriously assert the independence and greatness of our country. (Cheers.) I proceeded up the Baltic, where, in the year preceding, such mighty mighty fleets were assembled. I passed along the shores of Finland, and arrived within gun-shot of that great fortress which Sir Charles Napier did not take. (Loud cheers, laughter, and hisses.) Some gentlemen express dissent from what I state; but I believe it is strictly and literally true. (Laughter.) I saw that mighty fortress rising before us. I reflected naturally upon the past, and upon the great distinction that might have resulted from any successful operations against it. We then advanced up the Neva, that great and mighty river which flows by St. Petersburg. We arrived at St. Petersburg sufficiently tired by the journey, and expecting to be overcome by the heat. Although it was in the middle of summer, it was bitterly cold; the weather was very changeable like everything else in Russia, and I had the greatest difficulty to keep myself warm. St. Petersburg is built on piles, and is always very subject to the east wind. (Laughter.) When the east wind blows, St. Petersburg has a chance of being done away with, as the public expected Sir Charles Napier would do away with it—(laughter)—at all events, it then stands a good chance of being sunk in the water. It is not a very magnificent city, and does not strike one by its fine streets and buildings after all. It has nothing else but granite floors, with outside all paint and stucco. Its edifices are a great deception, as are most things else we have heard of in Russia. (Laughter.) The Admiralty is a remarkable building situated next to the Winter Palace, which palace is the residence of the Czar. It is in this palace that the Emperor Nicholas lived in the simplest manner, great as was his mind; and it was in a poorly furnished room on the north-east room that he breathed his last. The square before this palace is one of the largest in the world, and the monolith in the centre is one of the largest in the world, consisting of a single stone, on the top of which is placed a monument of the Emperor Alexander, who died in 1825. In the Winter Palace are deposited the Crown jewels. I have travelled a good deal, and seen many fine sights, but I never saw anything like the splendid jewels belonging to the Sovereign and people of that Court and coun-

try. They are something beyond belief. Another palace is called the Hermitage. It is, however, no thing like a hermitage, for it is in the middle of the town, and holds a most famous collection of pictures, originally from this country, and known as the Walpole collection. It is a misfortune that no private individual could be found to secure such a collection for our country; and it is quite out of the question to expect governments to be liberal on such a matter. (Hoar, and laughter.) I went to view the pictures one Sunday afternoon. The man in charge of the collection pointed my attention to a quantity of works of art, and said, "Here is the Keritch collection." I said, "I thought they were all taken by our people." (Laughter.) To which he replied, "Oh no, they were removed by order of the Emperor two years ago." That shows the premeditation of the man. These pictures had been removed, at great cost and difficulty, from Keritch to St. Petersburg two years before; and this proceeding leaves little doubt on my mind that there was a great design against the liberties of Europe. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) The next palace is called the Marble Palace. In everything there is deception, and in this instance there is almost another deception. It is called the Marble Palace because it is built of granite. (Laughter.) The Marble palace is the residence of that "frank and open hearted sailor" Constantine. How I laughed when I read that description of Constantine's character. You may remember what has been said about the distinguished Admiral Constantine. With all respect to his Highness, I must say that I never saw a man who gave me less of the impression of a "frank and open hearted sailor." (Cheers and laughter.) It is all soft sawder you know. (Laughter.) Having finished the palaces, I will turn to a more serious subject, the churches. The Izik Church is the chief church of Russia, and £200,000 were spent in preparing for it a foundation of piles, before a single stage was raised. It was commenced nineteen years ago, and is not yet finished. In the interior are eight magnificent malachite columns, given by a rich Russian proprietor, Demidoff, and valued at one million roubles. There was not much to keep us in Petersburg, for we were so horribly fleeced by our innkeeper. (Laughter.) I have lived a great deal in that way, but I never in my life came across a man with such enormous ideas of the principles of "doing." (Loud laughter.) I am a man who is satisfied with little, but our dinner every night cost us £60 sterling. (Roars of laughter.) It was perfectly monstrous. If I had not been in Russia I should have lived with the police, but I gave up that notion after witnessing the manner in which Russian constables knock people about. [Laughter.] The police use a sort of great antique fork, which they stick into their unfortunate victims, and then leave them on the ground, instead of taking them to a lock-up, or something of that kind. [Laughter.] We were glad to get away to Moscow, that being the great goal of our anticipations. When we got to the station to start off, our luggage was so enormous that the station could not hold it. We took a most extraordinary quantity of clothes, and all sorts of fancy dresses; and as there were twenty of us with twenty servants, and more than twenty other attendants, you may imagine what a tremendous amount of moveables are carried about. At last we started, leaving what we could not take behind. They are in the habit of stopping every quarter of an hour, and remaining a quarter of an hour when they do stop. [Laughter.] When we arrived in Moscow, we were wearied but not hungry, having had plenty to eat, for the quarter of an hour stoppages were apparently made for the express purpose of eating. [Laughter.] During the whole time I was in Russia I never saw such a brick as the Governor was. [Roars of laughter.] While quietly walking over an immense bridge at Nishni, smoking a cigar, I was seized by a Cossack, who nearly wrung my neck off, and who, holding his great weapon over my head, took me prisoner along the streets. [Laughter.] I could not speak a word to the fierce soldier, and was in something like the same position as the Englishman in France of whom Hood or Matthews sang:—

Never go to France, unless you know the lingo,
Or else you will, like me, repent of it, by jingo—
Staring like a fool, silent as a mummy,
There I stood, looking 'nation like a dummy.

(Bursts of merriment.) We had nothing to sleep on, but had plenty to drink. I never saw a man with such a capacity for drinking as this brick of a governor—and no matter how much champagne he drank, I did not notice that he ever appeared affected by it. He gave us a *fete* on the Volga. What delighted us most was going into the fair. We

saw there Kalmucks and lovely Circassians, the latter being particularly engaging; and I was nearly engaged twice by some of them. I saw, among the crowded and varied people, men from Manchester and Birmingham, a Staffordshire yeoman, and a Scotch lassie; and, as I gazed upon them, I felt proud of my country. (Cheers.) The Emperor Alexander is a fine-looking man, his appearance and the expression of his physiognomy being mild—in fact, nothing desperate-looking about him. The homage he receives from his subjects is God-like, and such as could scarcely be conceived in a free country. At the unearthly hour of 6 o'clock in the morning I had to dress in uniform, to commence a series of presentations, which lasted every mortal hour of the whole week. The fatigues we underwent in this duty was enormous; indeed, so great was it that our uniforms hung about us, and we all lost that reputable rotundity which so peculiarly characterises Englishmen.

We were presented at the coronation by Count Morny, the French Ambassador, a spick and span man of considerable *aplomb*, and who, by the way, is one of the greatest speculators in the world. He speculates in everything, and bought a lot of pictures to sell again and make a profit of. Next to Count Morny stood the representative of a country which deserves the sympathies of all civilized people, Sardinia—General Dabormida. Then came the ambassador of the smallest kingdom in Europe—Belgium—the Prince de Ligne, the very picture of swelling insignificance; so swelling, indeed, that he could not, for the life of him, look down from the contemplation of his own importance. Then there was that fine specimen of a man, Prince Esterhazy, the representative of Austria. Then the representative of Naples, of whom, in ch. i. v. I will say nothing. Then the Turkish representative, a clever Turk. Of course he was not admitted into the church. At the same time, you could not look at him without feeling that he was the representative of an effete and worn-out nation. It was impossible for Turkey to long resist the aggression of Russia without assistance. Then came the Papal representative, and, finally, that of this country. Lord Granville, than whom no one could more thoroughly represent a true Englishman. He was the representative of the most powerful nation in the world, yet plainly dressed. When I saw him standing amid the decorated group around him I was reminded of the lines of Burns—

A king can make a belted knight,
A duke, a lord, and a knight;
But an honest man's above his might—
A man's a man, for a' that.

(Loud cheers.) Then, casting the eye across the cathedral, you saw the distinguished generals of the Russian army—Todleben, Gortschakoff, and others—and, just beside the Emperor, Count Orloff. I believe he was in the palace when Paul was assassinated, and has been the favorite of three great emperors. He possesses quality of heart and hospitality for which I am much indebted. As the Empress entered she fell flat on the floor, I supposed by accident. It was, however, to kiss some sacred stone or other; and then she came in with her hair dishvelled, looking like Norma in the opera. The ceremony then took place, and the Emperor and Empress were duly crowned. At this moment when the Emperor placed his crown on his head the imperial ermine fell to his feet, while that of the Empress fell from her head, and was broken into pieces.—These accidents in Rome would have been deemed ill omens. In the evening their Majesties went out to see the illuminations, which lasted three days, and were most magnificent, so much so as to make one wonder where the Russians got their supply of candles. Then there was a review of 140,000 men, where I figured in the full uniform of a captain of the Burton Yeomanry, who would be well pleased to see their commander in the imperial cortege. The next grand spectacle was an enormous dinner.—There is an account of an enormous feast somewhere in the Bible, which I looked for and couldn't find, but which must have been very like the one I beheld at Moscow. Unfortunately the officer who had the management of the feast thought the people would not behave themselves without a rehearsal, the result of which was that it was all demolished prematurely. Of course, he was tried by a drum head court martial, and, if he did not lose his head, was, at all events, disgraced. He went on to say, looking back to history, and contemplating the present position of the Russians, they could not but feel that they were a brave people, who, under a better government and more liberal institutions, might become a mighty and flourishing nation. "What I wish to impress upon you is," said Sir Robert, "that you should not throw away your money to improve the internal condition of any country, which will turn the benefits you confer to their own advantage."