

## MILITARY CIRCUMLOCUTION.

The *Vie Parisienne* has an amusing squib directed against the "Circumlocution" system which prevails in the French Army as well as our own:—

Forty-five thousand men, infantry, cavalry artillery, appeared on the plain of—. The Emperor passed them in review, the Empress and the Prince Imperial are at his side, and around him the staff, all the dignitaries of the army, flashing with gold and steel, dance and sparkle in the bright sun. Suddenly the Empress starts with surprise. Her practical eye distinguishes a lancer, with his blue and red uniform, among the ranks of her green and white dragoons.

"Why is this lancer in the ranks of my regiment?" demands the Empress of the Emperor.

"I had not noticed it. Marshal!" The Minister of War approaches.

"What is that lancer doing amidst the dragoons?"

"I will inquire, Sire."

"The Minister of War, leaving the Staff, trots off smartly to the marshal in command of the Imperial Guard.

"My dear Marshal, the Emperor sends me to inquire what that lancer is doing in the ranks of the Empress's Dragoons."

"My dear Minister, I really do not know; I will gather information and give you a proper reply."

And the marshal in command gallops off to the general of the division, commander-in-chief of the cavalry of the guard.

"Sacrebleu, general? why the devil is that lancer among the dragoons of the Empress? The Emperor is very angry."

"Mon Dieu, my marshal! I had not remarked it. I will inquire."

Off trots the general of the division, and asks, palpitating with heat, the same question of the general of the brigade. In his turn the General of the Brigade departs in quest of the colonel of dragoons. But here the regiment begins to file off and leave the plain. For ten minutes the general of the brigade is seen galloping frantically, gesticulating, and yelling.

"Colonel! colonel! The Emperor wants to know what that lancer is doing in your ranks?"

"I cannot leave the head of my regiment to inquire," replies the colonel, as he gallops past, sword in hand. "Ask the captain of the second squadron; he will, perhaps, know more about it."

The regiment continues to march.

The general of the brigade signals an aide-de-camp, and sends him full tear after the major of the second squadron of Her Majesty's Dragoons. After a long gallop.

"Major," cries the aide-de-camp, "their Majesties wish to know what that lancer is doing in your ranks?"

"A lancer in my ranks! Well, this is news, and the truth as well. I did not notice it before."

But the major cannot leave his command, and refers the aide-de-camp to Capt. Grindevesce. Here we get at last a little local information. The captain explains that it is probably an idea of Lieutenant Clodomir who is always playing those sort of pranks. The captain admits that he thought the appearance of the lancer, very strange, but of course he was not the colonel, and it was not his business to interfere. The regiment marches on, and the captain gallops off.

"Sub-lieutenant Casquapole, where is Lieutenant Clodomir?"

"The major has called him."

"Go, go after him; say the Emperor is in a great rage that a lancer should be among your dragoons."

Clatter, clatter, the sub-lieutenant flies in search of his superior officer, but returns, after five minutes, covered with mud and dirt, charged with the agreeable intelligence that Lieutenant Clodomir suggests the advisability of questioning the Brigadier Cornemusette. At this moment Clodomir quits the departing regiment to inform them that, on second thoughts, he remembered that Cornemusette was in the hospital. The case becomes hopeless. The sub-lieutenant, however, as cunning in counsel as brave in battle, (old motto) cries out as if by inspiration—

"Suppose we ask the lancer himself?"

"The idea is not so bad, though against custom and discipline; but, bah;—we must obey the Emperor."

During all this the regiment was marching and marching on.

Sub-lieutenant Casquapole starts at a *grandissimo* gallop, and, seeing the lancer, shouts.

"Eh!—lancer! yes, you there, what is your name?"

"Griespach, of Colmar, my officer."

"Why are you in that uniform?"

"My proper clothes were not ready, my officer."

"You should have spoken about it! I must sentence you to two days' arrest."

And Sub-lieutenant Casquapole rejoins Lieutenant Clodomir.

"My Lieutenant, you can reply that the lancer had not received his uniform."

"Well! of course I guessed that; I shall suffer ten days' arrest."

Lieutenant Clodomir joins Captain Grindevesce.

"Captain, you can inform their Majesties that the lancer they remarked so unfortunately has only newly joined, and had not yet received his clothes from the ordnance."

"Do you think I wanted your information to know that! The man shall have a month's arrest."

And Captain Grindevesce gallops up to the commander of the second squadron, who, in his turn, bluntly qualifies the captain as a fool for thinking he did not know that, condemns the poor soldier to six weeks' incarceration, and then accosts the colonel of the regiment.

"What!" says the colonel; "it took you all this time to guess that; I compliment you on your shrewdness; let the lancer be put in irons."

The news then passes to the general of the brigade, who condemns the lancer Griespach to appear before a court-martial. The general of the division is also indignant at being told what he professed to have known before, and passes a sentence by which the lancer will be incorporated in a company of refractory soldiers, and then addresses himself to the marshal commanding the Imperial Guard.

"The lancer."

"What lancer?"

"You know; the one the Emperor noticed."

"Well."

"He has not yet received his uniform."

"Oh! I know that a long time ago; let him be degraded."

And the Marshal approaches the Minister of War.

"Your Excellency, I have just heard that the lancer—"

"What lancer?"

"The lancer Griespach."

"Let him be shot."

"It appears that he had not received his uniform from the ordnance, and therefore—"

"His Majesty is occupied in distributing the prizes; I ought not to disturb him."

"In speaking to His Majesty concerning the lancer Griespach you will only be executing his own orders."

"Very well."

The Minister of War gallops to the side of the Emperor.

"Sire!"

"What do you want?"

"I would speak to your Majesty of the lancer Griespach."

"Oh! very well; let him be decorated."

It is thus that the lancer Griespach, native of Colmar, since dragoon of the Guard, wears the star of the brave, which he has won by his gallant conduct, and indeed all the rest of the army are just as worthy of it.

## THE CESSION OF GIBRALTAR.

Even if we allow that Spain has a better moral right to Gibraltar than England has, are we to consider the patriotic sentiment of each of our neighbors to the extent of giving back to every one the conquests we have made? In that case it is clear we cannot stop at Gibraltar. We are bound to abandon Canada to the French, the Cape of Good Hope and Ceylon to the Dutch, Trinidad also to the Spaniard, Singapore to the Malays, New Zealand to the Maories, Hong Kong to the Chinese, the Punjab to his Highness Dhuleep Singh. There is a still better argument for restoring Jersey to France. Nay, it is certain that we ought not to hold Ireland; that the possession of Wales is an insult to its Celtic inhabitants, and our title to Cornwall only moderately equitable. If we are to retain nothing but what is not desired by some of our neighbors—nothing but what is not an insult or an offence, or a menace to some one, we shall hardly escape with our thirty nine counties. If through the advance in military science, or a change in the circumstances of the Mediterranean, or from any other cause, Gibraltar has ceased to be as valuable to us as a fortress seaport as it once was, that is no sufficient reason for giving it up to others, who may or may not be able to make it of more worth to themselves. If Gibraltar is still a place the possession of which is of use in the time of war, we shall best consult the peace of Europe by keeping it in our own hands. Whatever our enemies or rivals may say of us, we are unquestionably the least aggressive and least warlike of all the European powers. We have no ambitious designs against any of our neighbors—we have nothing to desire of any one of them, and have no thought or hope of territorial aggrandizement at their expense. For this reason, therefore, unless better cause can be shown than any which has been hitherto produced, Gibraltar is safer in our hands than in the hands of any one else—safer not for English interests only; but for the interests of European peace and harmony.

Captain Brown, of the Japanese ram Stonewall, writes home that "the Japanese are the slowest people to think and act in world. The seat of war is only about a hundred miles from here, and any news in regard to fights is always a month old when we get it. Their faith requires them to lie even when the truth would better answer their purpose, and I really don't believe that any of the Ministers who reside here know anything more of what is going on outside of Yokohama than I do, and I know nothing."