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A SOLDIER'S WIDOW'S LAMENT OVER HER HUSBAND, WHO FELL AT ALMA

He has gone, and has gone for ever
My soldier has gone, he has gone
He'll return to me, never! no more
Will he visit the home he has known,
So blissful in sweet days of yore.
Brave was my soldier, now lowly he lies,
Where Alma's cold waters so peacefully flow;
He fought and 'mid victory closed his eyes,
The glory of Britain alone car'd to know.
I knew that my soldier's thoughts were of me
That amid battles dun, its carnage so red,
When trumpets sounded a bright victory,
His last dying blessing homeward was sped.
Ah! thee, my poor soldier, all could I spare,
Lonesome, alas, is my widowed home
Thou art gone from me Willie, fore'er,
Oh why, why didst thou waring thus roam?
Far, far away my soldier now lies,
No stone have they rais'd to point to the place;
But Willie still lives in yonder bright skies,
Within a dear Saviour's forgiving embrace.
Oh cease my lone heart, cease now thy weeping,
I'll meet my soldier, yes meet him again;
Though lowly, forsaken he is sleeping,
In heaven we'll meet and each other claim
My soldier has gone, has gone forever,
And he will return, return no more to me;
The cruel fate of war, true love will sever,
God willed it so though sad it be.

C. M. D.

December 24th, 1854.

THE BLUE JUNIATA.

Wild roved an Indian girl,
Bright Alfarata,
Where sweeps the water.
Of the blue Juniata;
Swift as the Antelope
Through the forest going,
Loose were her jetty lock,
In wavy tresses flowing.
Gay as the mountain song,
Of bright Alfarata,
Where sweeps the water
Of the blue Juniata;
Strong and true my arrows are,
In my pointed quiver,
Swift goes my light canoe,
Down the rapid river.
Bold is my warrior, good
The love of Alfarata;
Proud waves his snowy plume,
Along the blue Juniata
Soft and low he speaks to me,
And then his war cry sounding,
Rings his voice in thunder loud,
From height to height resounding.
So sang the Indian girl,
Bright Alfarata;
Where sweeps the water
Of the blue Juniata.
Fleeting years have borne away
The voice of Alfarata,
Sill sways the river on,
The blue Juniata

THE MATE OF THE CRIMEA.

(From London News Nov. 29.)
One of the interesting topics at present to the greatest number of people is the climate of the Crimea. Most contradictory statements are put forth by the opposite reporters and immense faults are laid on each other, as if no such thing as a partiality had ever been heard of. Yet, who is laying down the law about the climate of the Crimea, or any other mountainous country without saying what region, in the earth or in the air, he is talking about? A man, talking about the climate of the Crimea, will give a very different account of the climate of the Alps from a summum at Interlecken; but both are right, and do not hear that they call one another romancers. Yet when one man tells of the Crimean cold frosts, and another of the Crimean fruit flowers, the vine, pomegranate, myrtle, and other productions, it seems not to occur to either that both may be right. The truth of the matter will be welcome at such a time; and here it is.
The Crimea remarkably diversified in the climate for its extent—and its extent is considerable. Its width between east and west is above 200 miles, and from north to south it measures 120 miles. In a peninsula of such an extent as this, winter or summer prospect of any army depot where they are to be placed within its area would be so, even if the surface were as uniform as such an extent of sea-side country can be; but when, as in this case, there are more elevations than we can find from the shores of Lake Azov to the top of Mount Pilate, the one great question is what locality we are thinking of when we talk of the winter prospects of our troops in the Crimea.
There is no doubt about the cold over the larger proportion of the area. There is no doubt about the icy character of the winds which blow, without being tempered, from the Arctic Ocean to the higher hills and gardens of Simpheropol. There is no doubt, from Kertch to Simpheropol, and onward above Sebastopol, the steppe is exposed to intolerable winds; nor that the rising ground at Perekop to Simpheropol is the last place where a commander would think of for encamping soldiers, either in tents or huts. This is the ground of our constant assurance that they cannot be further reinforced for some months to come, and that the recent reinforcements are not of a kind to be dreaded, after they have been (as they have been gloriously) once before repulsed. Nothing can be plainer than the accounts that have reached us of those reinforcements—that they were brought very rapidly, and which means in the light carts of the country, which are the very latest kind of carriage, can traverse the steppe in autumn and spring and which, from the very lightness which enables them to do so, are incapable of carrying more than that bullock waggons were not used there—not only because they cannot pass the neck of the Taurida steppe, but by the speed with which the troops were conveyed from Odessa. The truth is, in fact, all agree that the Russian troops in a state of torment, if not dissolution, from cold and hunger; to which is added, with the appearance of probability, that they are very short of ammunition.
At another season, nobody might say that the Czar's way of making war is to show away his dead, and pour down fresh masses; but, at this season, not even the wind can drive on that business. The mountain Perekop, and the north and south of it, is a sandy mud. It is so viscid that carriages brought to a complete stop; and the heaviest transport. As to its depth—it is commonly called "bottomless." And when it gets frozen, the ice is still impassable, because the snow is like that of the interior steppe, hard and smooth, but so hill, shifting, and unequal in height, that it rarely becomes fit for traffic, and in any degree, before January. Through the winter, the period of tempests and snows is such that the idea of sending troops and ammunition to need consideration at present. That the one force or the other must come, there is no doubt, there is no doubt that the alternative to the Russians is unconditional surrender. Reason surely decides that, at this season, the only question about which it shall be, is the fact whether there is or is not ammunition enough in Sebastopol for all Russian purposes in winter. All the evidence that has reached us seems to show that there is not. The fact is, the discommoding position of the city that they can take care of. As to the leading to Sebastopol, it is a matter of course that the reinforcements must be sent in winter, at the

same time the means of retreat, if the season were so much against us as it is, in fact, in our favor. Our army has suffered much, and is no doubt suffering much at the present moment; but a rational judgment of the circumstances seems to show that the chief danger is over, and that the 5th of November will prove to be the date of our gradual ascendancy over the evils of our enterprise in the Crimea.
To return to the matter of the climate there. True as it is that the heights on which our armies are entrenched are barren and stony, with only thistles and a scarcely visible grass at best, it is also true that the valley of Balda, near at hand, is one of the most fertile and temperate in Europe. It is an oval basin sheltered by hills, wooded to the top; and in that valley lie, in time of peace, twelve thriving villages, embosomed in orchards and surrounded by corn lands and vineyards. It is true, indeed, that the cold winds lose their power when they reach the precipice (from hundreds to thousands of feet high) which the steppe terminates. Under the whole range of these precipices, from Balaklava to the Bay of Kassa or Theodosia, the productions of the coast, and the nature of the residences, speak for the climate better than any other testimony. The inhabitants of the towns and villages—Yalta, Alushta, and others—will bear testimony to the rarity of any frost whatever; and they are borne out by the evidences of their own vineyards, olive groves, and even orange and citron groves—for there are places where these fruits grow in the open air. Besides this renowned south coast, where storms are scarcely known but as a spectacle in the offing, and where the thermometer rarely sinks below 40 degrees, there are lateral valleys which are, though not so genial as to climate, well sheltered from the blasts of the steppe—valleys enough to harbor more troops than the belligerents will ever have in the Crimea at one time. Such is the truth, we say with confidence, as to the climate of the Crimea.
What follows? The allies must take Sebastopol as soon as their reinforcements permit. Considering the want of water there, and the alleged failure of ammunition to the Russians, the speedy and successful storming of the place seems to be a rational expectation. The heights above it are no place for our soldiers to spend December in. Whether there or in the town, we earnestly wish they could have the assistance of a large body of our stout navvies, for whom there is plenty of work in either place. In camp, they might do the work of housing the troops, if all the trenching is finished, and in the town they would have only too much to do in removing the dead, and otherwise purifying the place, in restoring the water supply, and clearing away the debris of the siege.
On such an occasion as the critical point of a virtuous war, we should not think of saying any thing but the plain truth, according to our view of it. Our view is what we have given, and we know it to be the same that is held by military authorities, whose opinion must be respected on all hands. We are as much grieved as any body at the suffering which attends the struggle, but we have all the confidence that the case admits of that the issue will be good, and we therefore say so. About the vital importance of that good issue there are no two opinions.
One of the popular commercial errors indulged in this country last year, on the declaration of the European War, was, that the United States were to be benefited in the carrying trade of the world, during the struggle between the Western Powers of Europe and the Czar of Russia. This country had received such advantage in former wars, say from 1796 to 1807, though it can scarcely be said that the advantage was a substantial one or long enjoyed, as it was followed by embargoes at home, and non-intercourse acts abroad, and ultimately paid for the expensive war, on our own side, growing out of the carrying trade and right of search, of 1812-15. But the mistake in the present instance is, that the Eastern War is not at all a matter between nations, as in the time of the great NAPOLEON. The belligerent Allied Powers are commercial States to be sure, but not so the commercial States in the North of Europe. The commerce of Great Britain and France is secure as against Russia. It could scarcely be safer, though it would undoubtedly be more profitable, in a time of peace. No additional share of the carrying trade of the world therefore falls to the lot of the United States, and the war will be a matter of no consequence to us, unless it should be followed by a general commercial war, which is a possibility, but which is not at all a matter of course.

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

This article will be interesting at this time.
Out of the sixty-three millions of population which are contained within European Russia, nearly fifty millions are of Russian blood; and of these thirty-six millions speak the same identical language. It was an erroneous impression conveyed by a lecturer of last winter, that the characteristic population of the Empire was in any respect Teutonic origin. The posterity of the followers of Rurik was entirely absorbed and became inappreciable in the mass of Slavonian blood, and the language bears no traces of German influence. Ivan II. slaughtered some sixty thousand of the Teutonized inhabitants of Novgorod, and by such means they were gradually worn away. The Russians are a homogeneous people, speaking one of those unmixed languages which are in themselves epitomes of history. The language of the Church is the ancient Slavonian; and this ecclesiastical dialect although now unintelligible to the people, has been, as it were, an anchorage for the Russian speech, so that it has not swayed far from the simplicity and native vigor of the original tongue.
Out of the fifty millions of the strictly Russian population there are twelve million serfs. And there are nearly as many more serfs of other blood. These together constitute a servile population of nearly twenty-five millions. Russian serfdom is by no means an original condition of the empire. Some foundation, indeed, was laid for it under the Tartar dominion by the servitude of the prisoners of war. But it was not in any degree extended over the Russians themselves until 1001, when the reigning Czar attempted to subdue the roving propensities of the population, by requiring them to stick to their homes; and it was not fairly instituted till the times of Peter the Great. By the existing law every peasant, out of certain privileged communities, must be either a serf or a crown-peasant. The crown-peasantry amount, it is said, to the prodigious number of twenty-two millions.—If, therefore, it is true that the military levies of European Russia be made upon a population of forty-five millions, it is plain that the army is fed almost entirely from the serfs and crown-peasants, who must amount together to nearly if not quite that number.
Military conscription is the terror of the Russian peasant. "The military ukase spreads abroad universal mourning and consternation." "Families lose their best workmen, their fathers, and their brothers." "As soon as the recruit has his hair and beard cut off he is considered as separated from the family, they are no longer put in irons as they used to be but it would be dangerous to let them return provisionally to their homes. Despair frequently seizes the young soldier. The stick is already so familiar to the Russ that he cannot be drilled without a vast amount of beating; but many officers have assured me (Baron Haxthausen) that men who cried on entering the regiment, soon resign themselves to their condition." Twenty-five years being the term of service, of course there is extremely little hope that the poor wretch will ever see his home again. In fact some die very soon, many on the march, and almost all have perished in the hospital or on the field, long before their term expired. No wonder that the Russian peasant has a contemptuous regard for the military service. The people do not hate the military service, but they do not regard it as a noble profession. The Russian peasant is a very different creature from the French