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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 in no more  
 Will he visit the home he has known,  
 So cheerful 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 can't to know.

I know that my soldier's thoughts were of me  
 That amid battles din, its carnage so red,  
 When trumpets sounded a bright victory,  
 His last dying blessing homeward was sped.

Ah thee, my poor soldier, ill 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 DATE OF THE CRIMEA.**

(From London News Nov. 29.)  
 One of the most interesting topics at present to the greatest number of people is the climate of the Crimea. The most contradictory statements are put forth by the opposite reporters and immense faults are committed. As if no such thing as a partiality could be heard of. Yet, who is laying down the law about the climate of the Crimea, or any other mountainous country about saying what region, in the earth or elsewhere, he is talking about? A man, talking about the Bernard Convent, will give a very different account of the climate of the Alps from a summering at Interlaken; but both are right, and do not hear that they call one another romancers! Yet when one man tells of the Crimean snows and frosts, and another of the Crimean fruits, flowers, the vine, pomegranate, myrtle, and delicate productions, it seems not to occur either that both may be right. The truth of the matter will be welcome at such a time; and his is.

The Crimea remarkably diversified in the climate for its extent is considerable. It stretches 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 and summer prospects 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 possibly be; but when, as in this case, there are more elevations than we can find from the shores of Lake Caspian to the top of Mount Pilate the one greater question is what locality we are thinking of when we talk of the winter prospects of our troops in 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 Kerch to Simpheropol, and onward above Sebastopol, the steppe is exposed to intolerable winds; nor that the single mountain of Perokop to Simpheropol is the last place any 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 time 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 and repulsed. Nothing can be plainer than accounts that have reached us of those reinforcements—that they were brought very rapidly a long way, which means in the light carts of the country, which are the very latest kind of carriage that can traverse the steppe in autumn and spring, and which, from the very lightness which enables them to do so, are incapable of carrying much. That bullock waggons were not used was not only because they cannot pass the roughness of the Taurida steppe, but by the speed with which the troops were conveyed from Odessa. The accounts, in fact, all agree that the Russian troops are in a state of torment, if not dissolution, from cold and hunger; to which is added, with every appearance of probability, that they are very short of ammunition.

At another season, a body might say that the Czar's way of marching is to shove away his dead, and pour down fresh waves; but, at this season, not even this will can drive on that business. The mountain of Perokop, and the north and south of it, is ordinary mud. It is so viscid that carriages brought to a complete stop; and the heaviest loads. 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 solid, but so hill-sky, shifting, and unequal in height, that it rarely becomes fit for traffic, and in any degree, before January. Through the winter, the peril from tempests and snows is such that the idea of sending troops and ammunition is too wild to need consideration at present. That the one force or the other must conquer is no doubt, but at the

same time the means of retreat, if the season were as 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 times 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) with which the steppe terminates. Under the whole range of these precipices, from Balaklava to the Bay of Kaffa 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, Alusheta, 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, about 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 anything 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 1795 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 mis take in the present instance is, that the Eastern War is not altogether between maritime nations, as in the time of the great Napoleon. The belligerent Allied Powers are continental States to

**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 of 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 Novogorod; 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 out entering the regiment, soon resign themselves to their condition." "Twenty-five years being the term of service of a man, they are extremely little bene-