

greater massiveness in his accoutrements, for the increased weight of the same.

Again, the Light Cavalry Trooper ought to be armed and equipped so that "celerity" shall be his chief excellence, and any excess of weight, trappings, arms, ammunition, or clothes, that oppose this primary object are against principle and common sense. We see, however, the Heavy Dragoon so armed, mounted, and equipped that his weight may crush through all obstacles and inflict as heavy a blow as his sword.

It must be remembered that although weight is desirable in some cases, there is one rule that applies to both man and horse, in every case and under every circumstance, and that rule is, that if any man or horse are overburdened, it is impossible that either can fulfil their duties in action, or even bear the fatigue of marching; neither can carry beyond a certain weight with any hope of being able to keep their condition or sustain the hardships of a campaign.

The necessity of constant attention and improvement to the arms of the soldier is universally acknowledged, particularly in England, and Government expend much time, money, and talent for this end, and we doubt whether any other nation is in a state of greater efficiency as regards "arms" generally.

Clothing has, unfortunately, never met with the same consideration as arms. Why this is, and how it should be remedied, is the question. We should consider ourselves negligent if we did not take precautions to protect our troops as much as possible by covered ways and fortifications, and to take pride in making their dress as conspicuous as possible.

What are the requisites of clothing? That an even bodily temperature may be sustained. That the increased wear, friction, or liability to diminished or increased temperature of any part of the body may be provided for and diminished. That it may have a tendency to give a man pride in his own superior personal appearance, and be slightly an object of envy, thereby increasing the position of the soldier in the social scale.

Existing absurdities will be so readily called to mind that it is scarcely worth while to bring many prominently forward. There is one, however, that must strike all who have ever seen an East Indian Sepoy. On guard he looks and feels, in many instances, half-crippled; so much is this the case that his first action on being relieved is to take off all his clothes and straps, breathe again, and clothe himself in the much more appropriate and sensible costume that he has been used to all his life. Many European nations have adopted a loose, and in many cases rather Eastern, costume, for their Light Infantry and Rifles, in order that an excessive freedom of limb may be attained, and we see the Zouaves, Chasseurs de Vincennes, Bersaglieri, and many other Corps, clothed and equipped for comfort and convenience in the performance of their duties. In the face of all this the poor Sepoy, having the same duty to perform in a hot climate, at variance with his personal comfort and early acquired habits, is stripped of his comfortable native dress, and done up in clothes and trappings that worry him dreadfully, and render him uncomfortable and comparatively inefficient.

The consideration of equal bodily temperature applies to "housing" soldiers as much as to clothing them. Shelter from wind, rain, and sun are the first considerations; light, ventila-

tion, and equality of temperature the next. All of these requisites are indispensable for a perfect state of bodily health, but in the field the last considerations are difficult to attend to, and we are exposed to all kinds of diseases, which are, and which always must be, one of the greatest dangers of the "soldier's life," but which we ought to guard against with every possible precaution that experience can devise and circumstances admit of.

Tentage can only fulfil the first of these requisites, or shelter, and these only in favourable weather, which consideration ought to be of great weight in hastening, or procrastination, the commencement of a campaign, but which does not always appear to strike the powers that deal with any degree of force.

However, in cantonments there is no reason that all considerations may not be fulfilled; and the greatest attention should be given to such a construction of barracks, that an even temperature may be kept up, and that the men may not be affected at one time by cold, draft, or at another by a close, confined atmosphere, which are both most deleterious and fit a hospital to a great degree.

Sufficient wholesome food, light, freedom from excessive moisture, equality of temperature, and purity of air are the things necessary for the fullest development of all animal organization, and if these are secured as much as possible for the soldier, little more is wanted to render the physical man most efficient.

The "mental existence" of every human being has so much to do with his bodily health, and happiness or unhappiness so greatly affects his physical as well as his mental organization, that this subject requires much consideration.

Without soldiers are employed mentally and bodily they are not contented, and without they are contented they cannot be said to be in a highly-efficient state. They must have provided employment and amusement for all sorts, as it cannot be supposed that means of "professional study" and knowledge would exclusively satisfy the calls of youth in every grade for recreation.

Among the great body of different sorts of men in the Army, there are many with strong mental energy and little inclination to bodily exertion—therefore they require a large field for the exercise of that energy. Soldiers of large intellects, unless they have some means afforded them of employing their minds usefully, will do so unprofitably both to themselves and their comrades. They often become plotters of schemes prejudicial to Military discipline.—We see another large class of men with fair intellects and great animal energy, who, if not in a state of employment of some kind, producing some little mental and bodily excitement, are prone to get into every scrape and indulge in every kind of debauchery. There is also a class of men who live but in the exercise of animal energy, and who, unemployed, are always in trouble. To rectify these evils something must be provided for the amusement of men in cantonments that will suit every organization, and the necessity of literature, art, science, theatricals, gymnasiums, athletic games, rackets, single sticks, boxing gloves, &c. &c., all being introduced, when possible, for the amusement of the men, and the profitable or at least harmless development of their mental and animal energy becomes apparent to every body.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE has some charming illustrations and some attractive articles in it, and it is the best of the kind. Mrs. Crowe's story has a common-place ending. A tale of "Moy," "John Pike Yipp," is not out of the usual order of things, while "My Diamond Studs" is of a smart rosy, gasconading character. Mr. Thorbury has a happy knack of describing

LONDON CHILDREN.

The London child's world is one of blank squares, with black bushes like worn-out brooms, and leaves on which the lamplight shows the black dew; foot-dripped statues on sooty pedestals; silent by-streets and noisy courts, where everybody seems washing and no one washed, where half the population are children and the rest women and thieves. He plays with oyster-shells, or builds palaces of mud. Walls particularly with "landbills" are his delight, and the Temple gardens are his idea of rural retirement, if it wasn't that he had been to Rotherham. He is always watching, whether he is an errand-boy studying the "Buzzer," or a butcher's boy with a salt-cassene on either side—now it is a school of black lads are watching, or a boy being lured; or, the same fashioner's bulk and a prime-colored macerel, or a bucket of eels, who will let them live into dark in very kno's. Today he rubs his nose, that against the window of a shop by St. Paul's, and is the stolen vanities that flume in mockery of the church and its stone sermons and protesting saints. Tomorrow, the purple sun and the yellow tiffanies that stream in colored catinacts in other windows are better to him than a peep-show. For him the street ballad-seller tapes the black and flags with fluttering song; and in the square of Leicester the itinerant ashmower offers men a view of another world for "one penny."—Every one who passes him is to his eyes a sight, an amusement, whether porter with white apron or shining badge, lawyer with friz-wig and blue-bag, brewer with quilted doublet and copper-nailed shoes, shoe-black in scarlet, or even the small man in livery who deals out handbills as if he were dealing at whist. The jewellers' shops, with their golden trophies; or the cobbler's stall, where the busy dwarf jerks the thread—it is all one to him, for he is a child-philosopher, and from all things draws inferences. The London boy is generally a cynic, and contemptuous of foreigners, particularly the shivering Hindoos; and quizzical Germans with red mops of beards are to him guys—just that—guys. He is all eyes, and 's as quick as a spy, keen as a detective. I still look on London children, I repeat, as so many fallen angels driven from the paradise of the country to the purgatory of the town. Exiled from all pleasant sights, scents and sounds, to inhale the exhalations of sewers, to batten on fogs, and to toil through mud, deafened by the brute violence of the endless roll and roar of trade. To live only, and not to live well, is the object of the poor in cities. The flowers he sees are cut and dying flowers; the birds, the pouter's. His sky is a lurid vision; his air, bearable miasma. He is thrown cheek by jowl with vice, as poverty always is in cities. His life will be toil, and its end the workhouse; his grave will be in a dripping corner of that grassless burial-ground that makes rich men shudder to look at or to think of. Do London sights compensate children for the loss of their country birthright? I trow not. No, not even those great globes of crimson blood that invade the common pavement with rich reflections cast through the chemists' windows; not even the Zoclu's skull and the alligator's jaw at the old curiosity shop; nor the medieval upholsterer's helms armour and china teacups;—no, not even the blue-eyed portraits next door to the dentist's, nor the miles of tapeworm put in pickle in the enterprising medicine-man's window in Long-acre.

A grand field-day took place on Wednesday morning on Southsea Common, by the 23d Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the 82d Foot, and the 90th Light Infantry, being brigaded with the Royal Horse Artillery from Hilsa. The regiments engaged on the occasion are those ordered for China. The fineness of the morning caused thousands of visitors to assemble.