

It must not be imagined that this powerful naval armament has left our dockyards bare, or even sensibly diminished the maritime resources of the country. Our national establishments could yield far greater results than the last few months have exhibited. When it comes to the pinch, the energies of the Islander afford startling statistics; in running our eyes over the above force, and when we call to mind how the nation was taken by surprise about a couple of years ago, by the announcement that our gallant rivals had produced a "screw" line-of-battle ship, the equipment of the Baltic fleet reflects the highest credit upon the present Board of Admiralty. The "Napoleon" came upon us like a thunder-clap, and we were unprepared; for when she first made her appearance in the Mediterranean, we had no steam-ship capable of coping with her.

Since then, we have not been idle. We soon produced a rival man-of-war in our Duke of Wellington of 3700 tons, 780 horse-power, and 131 heavy guns; and, as this is the ship that can throw 1 ton 1 cwt. 42 lbs. of shot as broadside-force, we think she is well entitled to be called the "Iron Duke." In addition to her, we have now in the Baltic eighty heavy-armed ships from 60 guns and upwards, and four spanking frigates, all screws, equally available as steamers or sailing ships, or both combined. The latest specimens turned out of our yards in the first division of the Baltic fleet are, the Duke of Wellington, 131 guns; the Royal George, 120; the St. Jean D'Acre, 101; the Princess Royal, 91; the Cressy, 80; the Imperieuse, 51; the Euryalus, 51; and the Tribune, 30; while the Amphion, 34, and the Arago, 47, are among the earliest ships fitted with the new motive power in our navy. The Hogue, 60; the Blenheim, 60; the Edinburgh, 50; and the Ajax, 58, have long been familiar to us as screw block-ships at our different naval arsenals.

The grand review at Spithead in August last, was the first exhibition of a screw fleet upon a large scale; and a great many of the ships of the Baltic fleet were in that remarkable demonstration. But our force, great as it was considered then, is very much increased since that display; for after despatching the Agamemnon, 91 guns, to the Black Sea, we have four screw ships of the line to add to the Spithead fleet as assembled in August last; viz., the Royal George, 121 guns; St. Jean D'Acre, 101; Princess Royal, 91, and Cressy, 80; and these ships are soon to be followed by the Nile, 84; Monarch, 84; and Majestic, 80. Thus, in seven months, we shall have increased the screw ships of the line in commission from eight to fifteen. And from the speed with which the first division of the Baltic fleet has been sent to sea, a guarantee is given, that by the volunteer system the training of the second division will present but few deficiencies. When Admiral Corry's fleet forms a junction with Sir Charles Napier's "early lambs," the force in the Baltic will consist of about 43 or 44 ships of all classes, manned by 22,000 fighting-men, 2,200 heavy pieces of ordnance, and possessing steam-power equal to 16,000 horses. And when it is remembered that of this vast force only seven ships will be unaided by the screw, some idea of the tremendous power Great Britain has sent to declare her will to the Czar may be formed.

But it is necessary, in estimating the destructive ability of this monster fleet, to demonstrate its resistless force by some other means than a bare enumeration of ships, men, and guns. The new agent which it carries, gives an unknown, but at least, a terrible efficiency to its thousands of "hearts of oak," as well as thousands of heavy guns. The evolutions of this squadron should not be compared with the performances of any previous fleet, as it is not dependent upon the caprice of the winds; Admiral Napier will be enabled to assert his own free will and control over the motions of his ships. He is now in march of the deep, and really "rules the waves." His ascendancy over the elements gives him the power of offering battle to his human foe or declining to fight, as he thinks most expedient; and a victory over the Russian in his eastern fleet seems a necessary consequence. For he can plant, wherever a ship can float, when he likes and how he likes, any number of his tremendous batteries.

Imagine the effect of the broadside of the "Iron

of convincing him, as well as our own *Doves*, that the money expended upon our "screws" has been judiciously invested.

An "old man-of-war's-man's" parting salute to the fleet would be imperfect without an allusion to the difference between the tonnage and armament of our screws, and the best ships of the last war. The art of destruction has kept pace with the rest of the sciences. It was the first to blossom of all the branches of the tree of knowledge, and whether we recognise its fruit as sprouting from the club of Cain, or in the desolating havoc of "grape, canister, and shell," it is still teaching us a significant lesson. If we compare two ships, the one built in 1800, of 104 guns, and the other in 1850, of 91 guns, the first a three-decker, and the last a two-decker, we shall find that the schoolmaster has been abroad in our dockyards and foundries, and that the heaviest shot we won our sovereignty of the seas with are mere toys compared with those now in use.

A British ship of 104 guns, of the year 1805, was armed as follows:—20 long 32-pounders on the lower deck; 30 18-pounders on the middle deck; 30 12-pounders on the main deck; 8 12-pounders on the quarter deck; 2 12-pounders on the fore-castle; and 6 18-pounder carronades on the poop—broadside force 1,012 lbs.

Contrast this ship's power (and she played a most conspicuous part at Trafalgar), with any of our modern "screws." Take the Agamemnon, 91 guns, as a familiar example. Her armament consists of thirty 68-pounders, and fifty-nine 32-pounders, besides one 19-inch pivot-gun, and one 8-inch ditto on her upper deck. Both of these pivot-guns throw 68-pounder ball. This ship's force can be known to an ounce; and as she is one of a numerous class now in the Navy, we may congratulate the nation, in having at this period, such a fleet of *persuaders*, as these fine vessels must prove to be, whenever their weighty arguments are brought to bear upon the Eastern, or any other vexed question. Thus her thirty-two 68-pounders, which include her two pivot-guns, will throw 2170 lbs. of shot, and her fifty-nine 32-pounders will throw 1878 lbs., making a grand total of 4048 lbs. for her entire armament, or 2032 lbs., or nearly one ton of metal as her broadside force. These figures may not be exactly correct, as 68-pound shot are "cored," or partially hollow; but the loss in weight is more than compensated as a destructive missile, by the extra size of the ball. So that after making an allowance, we find that our "screws" are no niggards with their shot, but that they throw an excess of 1000 lbs. of iron at every broadside, over one of Nelson's best ships of 104 guns. When in addition to this startling disparity in the destructive force of the ships of the two epochs, it is remembered that the modern Ninety possesses a motive power in the screw that renders her terrific batteries doubly effective, we can form a rough idea of the resistless power now concentrated in ships of war of the Agamemnon class.

Let us hope, however, as science increases our powers of destruction, that war may become next to impossible. Viewed through this medium, it is gratifying to reflect that the first division of the Baltic fleet belongs to an age of mechanical invention; and the study necessary to make a good officer, has produced a compensating advance in the character of the service. Educated officers have already effected many beneficial changes, and especially in forming a better class of seamen. The old vices of the profession are fading away, before the elevation of character, that seems inseparable from an age of general improvement. A constant supervision of skilled labour is requisite to manage huge re-hot furnaces in our wooden walls, and to restrain the "volcanic" fires of a "screw" within harmless bounds, when in proximity to the powder magazine. And yet, though but a few yards apart, a strict discipline secures to 1000 men refreshing sleep over both, in a modern "screw" line-of-battle ship.

It may be thought premature to speculate upon the operations of our fleet in the Baltic before a shot has been fired. But we are told that the sympathies of the people of Northern Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, are enlisted on the side of the Western Powers, and that they flock to their coasts to witness our "screws" as they go "hammering" along under

THE GOVERNOR'S VISIT TO GEELONG.

This long-expected event took place on Tuesday, and the reception of His Excellency was conducted in a manner most satisfactory to all parties. Triumphant arches of massy foliage, intermingled with flags, devices and mottoes of every hue, met the eye in all directions, and in combination with the lively tints of the holiday dresses of the spectators made a *tout ensemble* of the gayest description imaginable. Tier above tier, from the level of the wharves to the elevated ground in front of Mack's Hotel and the Custom House and stretching a considerable distance on both sides, rose the many colored groups, whose eyes converged on one little spot in the distance, which was recognised as the vessel which bore "Caesar and his fortunes." Up to the hour appointed for the mustering of the various bodies who were to constitute the procession in the order appointed by the committee, many of the societies paraded through the streets in separate bodies, preceded by their banners and insignia. Previous to the arrival of His Excellency, the volunteer rifle brigade was formed in line at one side of the door of Mack's Hotel, the other side being similarly occupied by the German Volunteer Rifle Corps. Their uniform was of that dark green color, with black braid facings, usual amongst rifle corps, and affording the least conspicuous mark to an enemy in skirmishing. The arms of the corps consisted of the rifle and the short sword, which is used in place of the bayonet by troops of this armament. On the Moorabool wharf were stationed a guard of the 49th regiment, under the command of Lieutenant Pennefeather, and a party of mounted police, intended to escort His Excellency's carriage. At about half past two the guns of H. M. brig *Panama*, stationed at Point Henry, delivered the customary salute of seventeen guns, announcing the arrival there of the Duncan Hoyle, with His Excellency and party, and in somewhat less than half an hour afterwards the steamer arrived at the Moorabool wharf.

The wharf was covered with matting, and at its inner end was erected the first of the triumphal arches under which His Excellency was to pass. This arch was tastefully constructed, and covered with a profusion of foliage. On the summit was the Union Jack, and immediately beneath this the initials V.R. and the Crown. On either side were the English ensign, the French tricolor and the national flag of the United States. Above these were figures of the Kangaroo and Emu, and in the centre the arms of Sir Charles Hotham, with the motto "Lead on." Immediately on the arrival of the Duncan Hoyle, a general rush took place to that portion of the wharf from which the public were not excluded. His Worship the Mayor of Geelong received His Excellency and Lady Hotham on landing, and the guard of honor having pre-

THE BANQUET.

Three hundred guests sat down to a handsome repast provided by Mr. Hooper.

The serious occupation of dining having been satisfactorily accomplished, the cloth was removed, and his Worship the Mayor performed the first toast. "The Queen," "Prince Albert and the Royal Family."

His Worship then proposed—"His Excellency Sir Charles Hotham."

Sir Charles Hotham rose and made following speech—The peculiar positions in which I am placed will, I am sure, excuse me, on such occasions from not trespassing upon your time. I am peculiarly situated, I occupy a position between two systems of government, the past and the future, and it is my intention to wind up the past and commence the other. (Tremendous cheers.) I intend to carry on the government of the colony in accordance with the constitution framed by the representatives of the people, now awaiting the sanction of the Imperial Legislature, a constitution accepted by the people, and applauded by the Press; and when you adopted that constitution you adopted the principle, by which the Government is bound, that all power emanates or proceeds from the people. A Government cannot continue without appreciation of that principle, for upon it you have based your constitution. It was upon this consideration that I accepted office; and when the government of this colony was offered to me I accepted it under these views, with the intimation that I was offered the government of a province of the British Empire, the third in importance. The names of the other two I am not called upon to designate, but this I will say that in commercial importance they are not to be compared to this colony. Accepting the office, I endeavoured to learn my lesson, and knowing the commercial magnitude of Victoria, I went to the merchants of the city of London; and I feel it my duty upon this occasion to state that seven or eight of those gentlemen, stated to me that the affairs of Victoria were in an unsatisfactory state, and that they expected a crisis. Not, gentlemen, that you were to blame, but that the fault lay with the importers; that was the opinion stated at the dinner in Melbourne, in which I agree. The second difficulty was, that the colony was in debt; but looking at the unexampled position of this country, and the changes which had so rapidly occurred, requiring unexpected outlay, from unforeseen changes, it was no wonder that a government should be in debt. But there is nothing easier than finding fault. Victoria is a rich and wonderful place, but subject to changes and trials which my predecessor never could have anticipated, and those changes and trials necessitated a great expenditure; for gold-field after gold-field was discovered, and interests shifted; and it would be unjust to charge upon government the results, and compare the position of this country with

but will do my best in acting justly with the conflicting interests of this colony. I am proud of the demonstration made in Geelong to-day, as a demonstration of loyalty to her Majesty, and although I wear blue and silver to-day, yet I hope, at some future time, to don again the blue and gold, and whatever, gentlemen, you may think of my administration when I resign, you shall say of me, as was said of the Palad in of old, that I was "SANS PEUR, ET SANS REPROCHE."

Mr. Byrne proposed the toast of "the Gold-diggers of Victoria," and in doing so commented upon many of the dissimilarities under which they laboured. He particularly alluded to the fact, in connection with what had fallen from His Excellency respecting contracts, that the gold-diggers of Ballarat had had to pay £75 per ton for cartage of supplies, instead of £40, merely because the government had failed to forward the supplies for the camp at the proper time of the year.

Mr. A. Clarke returned thanks on behalf of the diggers.

Mr. Sandford gave the toast of "the Press."

Mr. Harrison briefly responded. In doing so, he remarked that the Press was an institution of four centuries standing, and yet its importance as an auxiliary to good government was only beginning to be understood. He was not an old man, and yet he could remember the day when there was no medium between servility and sedition—when the liberal press was seditious, and the loyal press was servile. He was happy to say that a better state of things now existed, and was likely to continue. With respect to the Colonial Press he could only say, that, from knowledge acquired during his connexion with it, extending over sixteen years, he was convinced that those connected with it had generally been actuated by a desire to promote good government.—*Geelong Advertiser*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Sir Charles Hotham's visit to Geelong, Aug. 15, 1854.

Hark to the booming gun, the loud acclaim
What do those shouts from bay to land proclaim?
What mean the throng on every hill around,
That to those ringing shouts eager resound?
Bright as the day, joy beams in every face,
What Hero's triumph do the people grace?
Tis one—that worthy of a world's applause,
E'en fights for truth—and steadfast in her cause }
Crushing the power that would subvert her laws }
The man of upright heart and open deed,
Comes to relieve us in our urgent need,
Comes to arouse the gold enthralled mind,
That to aught else of good is sordid blind,
Instruction 'tis a people's noblest aim,
By virtue, 'tis that world's achieve their fame,
Then let the loud shrill trumpet's notes again,
Send forth, to welcome to this wide domain,
Our future guide to happiness and peace,
Securing to us—all true wealth's increase,
Three times a welcome, let it three times be

as he thinks most expedient; and a victory over the Russian in his canvas fleet seems a necessary consequence. For he can plant, wherever a ship can float, when he likes and how he likes, any number of his tremendous batteries.

Imagine the effect of the broadside of the "Iron Duke," throwing its ton of metal into another ship of war under canvas! Let us say, for instance, that the great three-lecker can throw six great broadsides in four minutes; or, in other words, that she can hurl six tons of iron shot in four minutes, upon a given point in that brief space of time. It is evident, that if flesh and blood can be found to stand this sort of smashing, we know of no frames of wood and iron that can; and as the "screw" can worm herself into any position most favourable for attack, every shot would tell, and the work of destruction must be done in a few minutes. There will be, as there always has been, great scope for personal daring, and much will depend upon physical superiority and courage; but the days of the old tacticians are past, and weight of metal, and good gunnery, will, for the future, be the real agents to bring matters to a shiner and more decisive conclusion.

The power of bringing an enemy to close quarters, and avoiding long chases, is one of the greatest advantages a "screw" fleet possesses, and is, moreover, well adapted to our peculiar bull-dog mode of fighting. Long shots and long chases are "Jack's" abomination: he is at home when the fight is warm, sharp, and severe. But while estimating the probable consequences of the next naval encounter, we must not blind ourselves to the fact, that our "screws" are, up to this time, not only a novelty in war, but an experiment; they have not yet earned their "spurs." But that steam will prove itself a giant in war, as it has done in peace, no one doubts, and that rapidly too, for the strides of this colossus bring within the compass of a life the most startling contrasts. Only forty-seven years ago, a crowd of gaudy idlers met upon the quay at New York to jest and ridicule the madcap who had wasted his time and capital in constructing an engine to propel a vessel against the current of the Hudson. It was conveyed from the quay, and contempt was changed into astonishment, when the New Yorkers beheld the first tremendous steps of the infant giant upon their waters. Since then, under the fostering care of science, steam has all but deprived the ocean of its perils, and now, the dearest interests of Western civilisation are entrusted to the efficacy this motive power has given to our line-of-battle ships.

Without being alarmists, may, in the full confidence and belief of certain triumph, we must not overlook the possible chance that the first severe fight may demonstrate the weakness of our "screws," at present constructed. It has not escaped the sagacious eye of naval engineers, that their sterns are much weakened by the loss of the "dead wood" taken away to allow for the working of the fun, and that an unlucky shot in this tender part may lay one of the main masts, a mere hull, at the mercy of the foe; and that the machinery which has been found to be out of order and "whimisted," when being tested in the calm waters of the "measured mile" in Stokes Bay, may be as unable to fail us in the shock of battle, and in the hurry of the chase or retreat. It is quite as well, then, that the second division of the Baltic fleet should win a few sturdy liners, depending upon canvas alone under the flutter of which our gallant tars have been accustomed to conquer.

There is sound policy, therefore, in a transition state, like the present, from canvas to steam, in being armed at all points. But the comparative efficiency of the two classes of ships, "screws" and "canvas," will very soon be put to the test, for the admiral who commands the Baltic fleet is as ready coming to blows as most men. In the confined sea in which the Russians lurk, the squadrons must soon furnish us with the terrible statistics of the game of war, played out with 60 pounds. Let us hope, for the sake of peace, that the foe will give us an opportunity

of the operation of the "screws" in the Baltic. But we are told that the sympathies of the people of Northern Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, are enlisted on the side of the Western Powers, and that they flock to their coasts to witness our "screws" as they go "immering" along under "easy" steam, to take up their births at Kiel. A glance at our map will show the position of the Prussian ports, which have already taken umbrage at the timid policy of their Government.

The work cut out for Sir Charles Napier is said to comprehend an attack upon Riga. The capture of the "frozen-up" Russian ships at Revel—the bombardment of Sweaborg—and even the destruction of the "submarine" fortress of Condradt is hinted at, but these are all conjectures, and it is better to let events speak for themselves. We must not forget that the ports in the Baltic are most of them bar harbours, over which heavy ships cannot pass, consequently the duty our blue-jackets will have to perform assumes a different aspect when this fact is known. No one doubts the determined gallantry of Admirals Napier, Corry, and Chads; wherever their ships can go, they will take them; but if the Russians skulk under their guns at Condradt, it must be left to the judgment of the Admiral to determine the propriety of attacking them under such circumstances.

With respect to the foe he will have to contend with in the tideless waters of the Baltic, very little is known. The Russian fleet is numerous, and said to be a hobby of the Emperor's. Hitherto its enterprises have been confined to making voyages of discovery to Riga and Revel, and an occasional cruise to the waters of Copenhagen. The tactics learnt in a short summer's cruise in an infernal tideless sea cannot be equal to those required in the broad oceans navigated by our mariners. The Baltic has its own peculiar dangers, no doubt, one of which is ice, hitherto the most formidable enemy the Russian fleet has had to contend with. It will now have to stand the fire of the united navies of the two greatest powers in the world.

But, perhaps, no feature connected with the opening of the Baltic previous to our engagement a more pleasing novelty than that the navies of Britain and France, whose rivalries have hitherto disturbed the peace of the world, should now go forth, armed with mighty power as the champions of freedom, to fight for the liberties of oppressed nations, and the peace of mankind. A squadron of French ships-of-the-line and frigates was originally intended to rendezvous with the British Fleet, in the waters of the Baltic; but the French contingent is at present employed in transporting troops to the Black Sea, and France will, in the first instance, be represented in the Baltic by the *Austerlitz*. At a later period the Squadron of Admiral Paravel Deschamps, consisting of the *Heracles*, *Duquesne*, and *Trident*, is expected to join the fleet under Admiral Napier, and it will be their care, that not an inch of Russian hunting shall flutter in any part of the globe. It will be a proud reflection for both nations, to date the era of a lasting friendship from the day when their sons stood, "shoulder to shoulder," to defend the weak against the strong, and to establish upon a safe and permanent basis, the balance of power and the independence of Europe.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ENGLISH COINAGE.—The total value of the English coinage of the year 1853 was £12,663,000—or more than three times the amount for the previous five years. This amount included 10,527,993 sovereigns, 2,703,796 half sovereigns, 4,256,188 shillings, 3,837,930. sixpences, 1,021,440 pennies and about as many half-pence farthings and half farthings.

His Worship the Mayor of Geelong received His Excellency and Lady Hotham on landing, and the guard of honor having presented arms, the Lieutenant-Governor was conducted to the carriage which was in waiting to receive him. The carriage which was an open barouche, drawn by two magnificent chestnut horses, proceeded at a rapid pace to Mack's Hotel. His Excellency remained uncovered during his progress, and bowed repeatedly in acknowledgment of the cheers of the crowds who lined the way.

The first of the triumphal arches under which the procession was to pass after leaving the hotel, was erected at the bottom of Moorabool-street. It was subdivided into one large central arch, and a smaller one on either side. Upon the summit of the central arch was a crown, and immediately beneath it the arms of Sir Charles Hotham and motto as before.

At the upper end of Yarra-street was erected the third arch, beneath which the cortege was to pass on its return to its starting points. Along both sides of Yarra-street, as indeed in every direction, a profusion of flags enlivened the scene. At the lower end of the street was another arch similar to that in Moorabool-street, previously described, and bearing the arms of the Melbourne corporation, with the motto, "*vires acquirit eundo*." Somewhat higher in the street was an inscription extending the entire breadth of the street, "Don't forget Geelong."

The procession traversed Moorabool-street amidst the frequent acclamations of the crowds who lined the way, and which were as frequently responded to by his Excellency and Lady Hotham, his Excellency, as before, remaining uncovered. After having proceeded thus through the greater portion of the street, the horses of the carriage became somewhat restive, owing to the crowd and acclamation, and it was considered prudent to remove them. From this point was seen the spectacle, unexampled in the colony, of the Lieutenant-Governor's carriage drawn by the people through the crowded thoroughfares, where but a few years since reigned the silence and solitude of the wilderness.

On arriving at Mack's his Excellency alighted amidst loud cheering and entered the hotel. Immediately afterwards he reappeared at one of the windows accompanied by Lady Hotham; and, having bowed to the assemblage in front, addressed them in a few words, the substance of which was, that "he accepted the demonstration as the expressed wish of 20,000 people for an honest government, and they should have it. He would refer them to the public journals for a further exposition of his intentions." His Excellency concluded these few words amidst renewed cheering.

interests shifted; and it would be unjust to charge upon government the results, and compare the position of this country with that of the Cape of Good Hope, or any other colony not subject to similar changes. The question now is, what is to be done for the future? My conviction is, that you have within the bowels of this earth inexhaustible wealth upon which you can borrow any money. (Cheers and hear.) I think that there may be, and there are men who think it improper, and object to handing down a debt to posterity—(hear, hear, and cheers)—but, there are occasions, gentlemen, when it is perfectly justifiable to contract a debt, such as war, or for beneficial political purpose. I do not for a moment mean to justify borrowing money to meet a reckless expenditure. (Cheers.) I mean raising loans for permanent improvements, for the benefit of the present and of posterity, to be expended in great national works, and the more especially where a population is increasing so rapidly, and where a revenue must correspondingly increase also, and by which a burthen created can be paid off little by little. I would refer you, gentlemen, to an illustration of the working of this principle to a country very poor as compared with this colony, I mean Belgium, which has contracted a large debt for internal improvements, and the results have been highly favourable; her stocks stand high, and everybody is anxious to invest in them. I would refer again to America—I say nothing of repudiation, which has nothing to do with the question; but those states have gone upon the plan I refer to, and the only result has been that such system has tended to promote public prosperity; and it is a question, gentlemen, for you to consider whether some scheme for promoting public prosperity here in the same way should be adopted. (Cheers and hear.) I may remark with regard to contracts which are somewhat connected with loans, that where great public works are projected, as far as possible those should be thrown open to the competition of all Australia, and in accordance with that view the Government has written to the editors of many of the colonial papers to arrange for advertising tenders. I would next remark in reference to public works, that there has been an endeavour to check public works. Gentlemen, that is twaddle; the case stands thus—I speak to you, gentlemen, as to men of business, and I ask you is there any man amongst you who, going into partnership, would not like to look over your partner's books? Gentlemen, I am a partner, and will look at the books, and when that is done, I shall be happy to assist the legislature to promote colonial works in every way that lies in my power, (cheers.) Gentlemen, I will not further occupy your time,

Send forth, to welcome to our wide domain, Our future guide to happiness and peace, Securing to us—all true wealth's increase, Three times a welcome, let it three times be 'To the sole voice of the community, 'The sterling worth of Hotham clear is seen— When chosen for us by our much loved Queen— For the great good Victoria will gain— Let us all honor on Sir Hotham's name, And as his fair, accomplished, gent a bride, Her equal due,—shares his fame, world-wide, To her we'll give an equal meed of praise, (As one Heaven—sent, our moral worth to raise), Our heart felt cheers for both repeat once more, Loud as the trumpet's or the cannon's roar, That heralds them to Geelong's crowded shores, And soon may Ballarat, Victoria's pride, Be honor'd with Sir Hotham and his bride. ELLEN F. YOUNG, Golden Point, Ballarat.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN "INFERNAL MACHINE" FROM ELGIN.—A correspondent of the *Elgin Courier* states that a tradesman belonging to that town has, in compliance with a summons from the Board of Ordnance, proceeded to Woolwich for the purpose of submitting to the military authorities there the principles of a destructive engine designed and constructed by him. The instrument is denominated a "Longitudinal Projectile;" it is about four feet in length, may be fired from a cannon, and will "hit to a hair" any object at a distance of five miles. On being shot from the cannon it expands like an umbrella, explodes the moment it alights, and causes instant annihilation to every material for many yards around. It will, it is said, cause the immediate destruction of the largest ship in the world; and one or two charges would in a few seconds extirpate the finest army that ever marched to music. No substance beyond an "inflammable matter" is used.—*Edinburgh News*.

PNEUMATIC TELEGRAPH.—Mr. Joseph Huxley, of Lisbon, has taken out a patent in England for a system of telegraphic apparatus, to be worked by a column of atmosphereic air, by which he purposes to supersede the employment of electric currents. A column of air is confined in a tube, extending from one station to another, to each end of which is to be adapted an air-pump, whereby the air may be rarefied or compressed, and thus made to actuate a signal or an indicating apparatus, placed also at each end of the tube. The indicating apparatus consists of a close chamber, provided with a strong glass cover, and is constructed precisely on the principle of the Aneroid barometer; or the index hand may be moved by the action of the air on a column of mercury, similar to the common mercurial barometer. The claim is for a telegraph acted on by a column of air, worked by a piston enclosed in a cylinder.—*Mining Journal*.

ANNABEL ANNESLEY'S FIRST VALENTINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

I.

It was late one Saturday afternoon, the 12th of February, 1853, that a pretty young girl, richly dressed in satins and furs, stood at the window of a West-end shop, gazing at the Valentines there displayed.

"There's a love!" she exclaimed to her companion, a lady, looking young also, but who was at least twenty years older in steadiness. "I wish some one would send that to me!" She pointed as she spoke, to one of the conspicuous "loves," an embossed affair, of heartseases and forget-me-nots, shining forth in the brightest colours from a wreath of green, enclosing a tabernacle in which altars, hearts, doves, cupids, and a lady and gentleman with rosy cheeks and a gold ring between them, formed the most conspicuous points.

"It is getting late," observed the elder of the two. "Your mamma will wonder what is keeping us."

"That's a beauty!" continued the young girl, indicating a very large picture, in a corner, all scarlet and purple. "Which do you think the prettiest, Sarah?"

"I see no difference: the one's as good as the other," was the rather impatient answer. "Come, Annabel; if we keep cipher waiting, your mamma will be displeased."

"Who cares for that?" was Miss Annabel's dutiful rejoinder. And she was whirling into the shop, when her cousin caught her dress, and spoke.

"What are you going to do?"

"To look at the Valentines. Don't bother."

Miss Annesley had no resource but to follow; and there stood Annabel, glued to the counter, turning over the Valentines.

"Not any of these," she said, tossing them back to the shopman, a very young gentleman in a white neckcloth, to whom was confided the business of the Valentine department. "Have you none of a different nature?"

"Adverse ones, ma'am?" asked the youth, in a confidential tone.

"Adverse! I suppose so," replied the young lady carelessly. "Something that would do to send to an old Guy."

Other epistles, consecrated to the saint, were laid before her, and she finally selected one.

This Valentine, you see it's true,
At last has got its home with you:
It has been in and out, and round about,
Till it has found the rarest donkey out.

And in the corner was an image of a respectable old gentleman, in a red nightcap, and donkey's ears.

"That's the very thing!" cried the young lady, in a joyous giggle. "How much is it?"

"One shilling," said the youth; and Annabel threw down the money.

A gentleman had followed them into the shop. He had been standing at the window, and had heard their conversation: though unobserved by them, for he was mixed up in the crowd collected there to stare at the Valentines. He was a tall man, and passably good-looking; with a black moustache, too much for one; and great whiskers, fierce enough for two.

"What can I have the pleasure of serving you with, sir?" inquired another shopman, coming forward.

"I want some paper," said the gentleman, in a foreign accent. "Bath post."

That accent was quite enough to cause Annabel to look up. She was one of those young ladies—and there are such—who adore foreigners, and dote upon back whiskers. The whiskers were very handsome, she thought, and the black eyes were fixed admirably upon her.

She had been going away before, but now a little by-play ensued. She took one of her gloves off and

sparkling curls at the window, on which a street gas-lamp, recently lighted, threw its rays, with the blue velvet ribbons of the banner streaming amongst them. He took off his hat, and bowed respectfully, and she, impulsive and thoughtless as she was, scrupled not to return it.

"I would give the world to know where he lives!" she exclaimed, gazing after the whiskers long after they had taken themselves out of sight. "I'd give every farthing of my next quarter's pocket-money!"

"Annabel, what are you doing?" exclaimed her cousin, entering. "My aunt is as fidgety as possible, and the dinner is all cold on the table. Why, what have you been at—you have not taken off a single thing! What is there to see in the street?"

Miss Annesley advanced, suspicion in her mind probably, and put her head out at the window. She could see nothing.

"What were you looking at, Annabel?"

"A street row," answered the young lady. "Two boys fighting; or something of that. It's gone into the square now."

"I heard nothing," returned Sarah, incredulously.

"Oh, you never do; I think you are deaf half your time. Just put this plat straight."

Down she went to dinner, caring little for its being cold, and still less for her mother's remonstrances at her having rendered it so. A laughing, blue-eyed, darning thing, with snaky features, a lovely complexion, all roses and lilies, and more blue velvet ribbons sporting in the mass of her light, glossy hair. That hair was exactly like what you see adorning the head of a wax doll in the toy-shops, very fanciful and pretty; and if you came to analyse her face, there was little more mind to be discovered in it than a wax doll's displays.

If Annabel Annesley had brains for anything, it was music: she did excel in that, and sang sweetly. Harp and piano, she played well on both. And in the after part of the evening she was singing away, when the door opened, and a servant announced "Mr. Dunn," who entered.

Now, between ourselves, reader, this was the "old Guy;" but don't let the secret out yet.

Yet he looked as little like a "Guy" as possible. A good-looking personal man, approaching middle life, with intellectual features, and hair beginning to be tinged with grey.

"There is no passion fools us like that of love!" it has in fact been well said. Here was this steady, sensible man, one of the most respectable both in position and character in all the mercantile world of London, burning to lay himself and his wealth at the feet of that flighty child. He had been caught by the winning ways, the laughing eyes, the dancing curls, and the blue ribbons of this little fairy; and all the sages that the world ever produced could not have convinced him that she was an unsuitable wife for him. He would go there in an evening, when the toils of his business were over, and sit listening to her songs, and fancy himself—not in Paradise-terrace, but in a real Paradise.

She knew his love; she saw his intentions. When does a woman, and a vain one, ever mistake such? And though she ridiculed him behind his back—his person, his commercial pursuits, his name "Dicky Dunn," his age, every thing connected with him—she practised all sorts of little arts and coquetries before his face, which she knew were but entrancing his heart the closer. Sometimes she would attract him, sometimes repel; indeed, for a young lady of eighteen, it may be said that she was apt in the art of lover-teasing. Did she mean to marry him? She did not know herself. She was fond of money, for she liked to spend it, and she knew she would have plenty as his wife; but love him she did not.

Mrs. Annesley, the mother, interfered but little. She considered Annabel was yet too young to think of marrying; though she hoped to see her well married sometime, for her fortune would be but small. She enjoyed an ample income herself, but still

"It's—it's—what do you call these things, mamma?—a Valentine."

"A what! uttered the astonished Mrs. Annesley, doubting her own.

"Don't you call them Valentines, mamma?" inquired Annabel, all innocence. "I thought that was the name."

"That any one could have sent such a thing here!" ejaculated the dismayed lady, when she found speech. "That my house should not have been sacred from such a ridiculous insult! So ill-bred! so common!"

"So vulgar!" chimed in Annabel.

"Fit only for servants," continued the ruffled Mrs. Annesley. "Servants and low people."

"Green-grocers and the like," said the young lady, stealing a glance at her cousin's face, however, was sitting with a composed countenance, looking at the tea-pot.

"Put it in the fire, Annabel," said her mother peremptorily.

"Yes, mamma, I will," was the dutiful rejoinder of Miss Annabel, who, with alacrity, Valentine in hand. "But," she hesitated, stopping short within an inch of the fireplace, "I think, mamma, I will keep it for an hour first, and study the direction, so as to know the writing, and get a clue to the sender. The inside's not worth looking at," she added, disdainfully throwing the offending epistle into her work-box.

But when Mrs. Annesley left the room, up jumped Annabel, and dashed round and round her cousin.

"I know it's your hip," she exclaimed, "that handsome foreigner! He must have gone back to the shop and got it. It looks ten times more beautiful than it did in the window. Throw it in the fire, indeed! It's such dear little handwriting, the address—I could kiss it for ever!"

"What did you do with your Valentine?" demanded Miss Annesley, composedly. "You can tell me now, perhaps."

"Oh!" cried Annabel, in a paroxysm of delight, as if the words recalled to her some happy thought, "he's got it by this time! I sent it to the post on Saturday night. I wonder what he thinks of his picture! I wonder if he does wear a red nightcap! I wonder—"

"Whom do you honour with it?" interrupted Miss Annesley; young Jeffries!"

"Dicky Dunn!" she cried, laughing at her cousin's angry start: "I bought it for nobody else."

"For shame! for shame! Annabel," exclaimed Miss Annesley, indignantly. "It may be well to play such jests upon your young dandies, who are no wiser than you are, or upon your whiskered foreigners: but Mr. Dunn! A merchant of high standing! A man hard upon forty year! For shame! for shame!"

"I wonder if he opens his letters himself?" continued the incorrigible girl, not so much as hearing the reproof, much less listening to it. "I say, Sarah, what fun if his clerks open it thinking it a business letter. How they'll gripe over the donkey! What a passion Dickey will be in. Do you think he was ever told before of his similitude to that patient animal?"

But at this juncture the door opened, and down dropped Annabel upon a chair, the very personification of sobriety. Instead of its being her mother, however, it was the housemaid who entered, the same servant that had brought in the Valentine. She sprang up again.

"Harriet!" she angrily exclaimed, "how could you have been so stupid as to bring in that letter this morning before mamma? If ever you do such a thing again, I'll get you turned out of your place. Sarah, mind your own affairs! You are not mistress here: you have no right to control me."

The evening brought, as usual, Mr. Dunn. And whilst he was in a long discussion with Mrs. Annesley about some popular topic of the day, Annabel suddenly spoke.

"Mr. Dunn, did you send me a Valentine?"

He hesitated in answering, almost stammered, as if the question called up some disagreeable reminiscence.

we relied upon the press-gang and an iron discipline for raising men and making our force effective; but now that we are about to have a tug with the great Northern Bear, we have reserved our plan, instead of issuing "Press Warrants," the Press warrants that fair wages shall be given to our seamen to man our ships and fight our guns. Of the two modes of raising men, force and choice, we have hitherto chiefly relied upon the first; we have now tried the last upon rather an extended scale—compulsion has given way to solicitation, and "Jack" now stands with akimbo, makes his bargain with the nation, and selects his favorite ship, without the fear of the tyranny of the Press-gang.

If the new system of manning our fleets exhibits the social advance of the people, so does the application of the "screw" attest the progress of science applied to warfare afloat. Liners under canvas, that once settled the fate of empires, are now considered "slow-coaches," without the aid of the modern auxiliary, and we are beginning to look forward with real (salt-water) sorrow to the day when the "white-hoson'd sail" will be numbered amongst the glorious visions of the past. Black grimy stokers supply the place of neat sail-trimmers and active topmen and the opening and shutting of a valve give and takes away the motion of a line of battleship; a few curt sentences, such as "Ease her," "Stop her," "Go-a-head," "Back her," cut short the labours of hundreds of men at the halyards, braces, bowlines, sheets, clew-garnets, and buntlines. The glorious tactics of the quarter-deck are past, and a stern, naked, uncanvassed rig has supplied the place of the swelling sail, with its intricate tracery of ropes, peeped with lithe and sinewy topmen. Our three-deckers have become floating bastions, and gunnery, murderous gunnery, has superseded the professional skill of the seaman, and land and sea artilleryists now, one as good as another, man the side-tackles of our sixty-eight pounders.

This is evidently a period of transition, and consequently open to doubt and conjecture, but we have no fear about the result. A noble spirit has manifested itself amongst the maritime population, and although few men in the Baltic fleet, under fifty years of age, can have much experience in naval war (and the same must be said of our foe,) yet who doubts that our blue jackets will fail to show the Russian serfs the difference between volunteers and pressed men? Besides, we have an earnest of what may be done, if we make the service palatable in the manning of the present fleet. It has been assembled in an incredible short period, and yet it is acknowledged to be the most efficient that ever floated upon any sea. We should have been laughed at, if, at Michaelmas last, we had talked about sending such a squadron to seal up the Baltic in the early part of Spring, and so put a "stopper over all," upon the designs of Russia, in that quarter. And yet Sir Charles has led the "Duke of Wellington," "Royal George," "St. Jean D'Acce," and a score more of his flock of "early lambs," to the Russian pastures, to get a nibble as soon as the ice melts. Then, this fleet has been manned in defiance of the attractions of a "run out to the gold-fields," with unprecedented wages—manned, too, without the aid of the press-gang.

Whether we consider this mighty force in its new character as a "steam squadron"—the magnitude of the ships—the symmetry of their form—their prodigious broadside force—the rapidity with which it has been named—and the deadly target practice of our "excellent" seamen,—feelings of national pride arise at the reflection, that such daring specimens of human ingenuity and Titanic power should have been turned out of our dockyards. Without trespassing upon the discussion of political questions, we cannot but be silent witnesses of this immense preparation for a naval struggle. We are deeply interested in this matter, so far, at least, as the character and conduct of British seamen are concerned; for we have no doubt, that a material change will be found to have taken place in them for the better since the last war. I mean, who remember

vain for the men of experience, who manned our ships in the last war,—men who in the midst of wind and storm could mount aloft, and if the ship was in difficulties possessed the heads to plan, and the hands to extricate her from her perils. Still there yet remains abundant raw material for our use, if it is but properly "worked up;" and that we have made a step in the right direction is exemplified by the rapid manner in which the Baltic fleet has been equipped and manned.

This superb fleet then may be regarded as the result of a new plan upon an extended scale, and is entitled to be considered as the first grand experiment of the volunteer system of manning a fleet upon an emergency. For some time past, different Admiralty Boards have bestowed their attention on various plans for inducing seamen to enter the navy for long instead of short periods. It was found that the training of large bodies of men for short periods of three years, and then disbanding them, operated most injudiciously against the best interests of the navy; many of our ablest hands were thereby lost to the service, and no small portion of our most expert gunners and quarter-masters were prevailed upon to serve under foreign flags.

It is true that now and then these men find their way back again, for "Jack" soon discovers that the Yankee are so fond of their stripes, that they score them upon his back as well as upon their own ensign. But his return to the flag of his allegiance is generally subservient to his own inclination and convenience, seldom the result of any patriotic impulse.

It was to remedy this state of doing and undoing that the recent regulations were put in force establishing new ratings for petty officers and leading seamen, awarding additional pay and good conduct gratuities. Inducements of better pay are now offered to boys under eighteen years of age, stout landmen, and seamen, to enter the navy for ten years' continuous service. By entering for this period, the seaman is enabled to embrace that branch of his calling which holds out the most advantages without risk of disappointment. Formerly, however well inclined a man-o'-war's-man might be to "stick to the service," there was no certainty that he could do so, for it often happened that, owing to the reductions of "effective force," whole crews were prematurely paid off, and the best seamen went a begging. When the great national importance of the objects to be obtained by efficiently manning the navy, and thereby increasing the maritime strength of England, is considered, the increased cost should be regarded as a wise and profitable investment of public money.

But it is imperative that the pay and emoluments of the British man-o'-war's-man should at least be equal, if not superior, to those of the American navy and our own commercial marine, if we wish to retain our best blood and most skilful hands behind our own guns. The last war with brother Jonathan showed us the impolicy of training men at great cost, and then sending them adrift when the ship was paid off. It was a miserable "cheese-paring and candle-end" economy, as we found to our cost. A few extra dollars soon lured a man, cosmopolitan in habits and profession, whose feelings had been blunted by neglect—speaking, too, the same language, owning a kindred race—from his allegiance, and induced him to fight under a flag supposed to protect the "sailors' rights;" so that when we wanted him, we found him squinting at us over the breech of a Yankee thirty-two pounder.

The best possible results may therefore be confidently expected from the new system of entering men and boys for ten years of continuous service. We now shall always have a reserve of seamen—a standing navy as well as a standing army.

So much for the men, and now for the materiel. Here again, upon the very threshold, we are met by another novelty; for there is not a single ship in the 1st division of this fleet, which put to sea

to look up. She was one of those young ladies—and there are such—who adore foreigners, and do not upon black whiskers. The whiskers were very handsome, she thought, and the black eyes were fixed admiringly upon her.

She had been going away before, but now a little by-play ensued. She took one of her gloves off and put it on again; opened her purse, and counted its contents; and, finally, unclasped her eard case, and went—by accident or by design, it would have puzzled anybody to tell which—all the eards flying on the floor. And there she stood, shaking back those fair ringlets of hers, and bending her saucy blue eyes upon the eard's in consternation.

"Allow me, mademoiselle," cried he of the whiskers; and, stooping down, he collected the eards, managing to transmit one of them up his sleeve.

The elder lady's face glowed, but she politely thanked the tall gentleman, and left the shop somewhat peremptorily, drawing Miss Annabel after her.

"What made you rush away like that?" exclaimed the latter. "I wanted some music."

"We will get the music another day," returned Miss Annesley, laconically.

"Of all precious old maids, you are the worst, Sarah!" uttered the young lady. "Were you afraid that handsome young fellow was going to eat you?"

"Now tell me, Annabel," pursued the more sober of the two, taking no notice of her remark, "what are you going to do with that Valentine you have been buying?"

"What I said in the shop," answered Annabel sullenly: "send it to an old Guy."

"I know you said so. What Guy?"

"You!" screamed Annabel, laughing out, in spite of her all-humour.

"I wish you were," returned the other. "It would be better than insulting any one else. Come, tell me the truth."

"Wouldn't you like to know?" returned Annabel. "You won't get it out of me if you talk till to-morrow morning. And don't you go tale-telling to mamma."

"I never do tell your mamma," sighed Miss Annesley. "I think sometimes it would be well for you if I did."

"You had better," answered the daring girl: "you'd see how well it would be. I should, if I were you."

They continued their way. Miss Annesley, walking steadily forward, looking neither to the right nor left, and her young cousin mincing, ambling, flirting along. Now twirling about to display her pretty figure, now raising her dress to show her slender ankle, and now turning her beaming face right round; for she knew, though her cousin did not, that the black whiskers were dolging in the rear, at a cautious distance.

They reached a house in a quiet neighbourhood of the West-end, one of a tolerably handsome terrace, and entered it. Annabel flying up stairs, and calling out to her cousin that she was going "just to rush her things off, so as not longer to keep the dinner."

The bedroom she entered faced the street, and instead of "rushing" off her things, she made for the window; and, softly opening it, leaned out as far as she could stretch. Where, looking eagerly up and down in the fading light, she had the satisfaction of seeing the whiskers, and the face they adorned, brought to a stand-still at the corner, in a nearly horizontal position, apparently studying the name of the locality, as it was there written up, and then glancing at a card he held in his hand.

"Miss Annabel Annesley, Paradise-terrace, Paradise-square," he exclaimed to himself, "that will be it. And now for the de number."

"Of all the loves of whiskers that ever were sported, they are the most divine!" she murmured.

"I wonder who he is? A foreign count. Or, perhaps, a prince! I do believe he's taking down the name. He must be going to write to me!"

On came the gentleman towards the hoise, at a slow pace. He looked narrowly at the door, and almost at the same moment, he caught sight of those

Mrs. Annesley, the mother, interfered but little. She considered Annabel was yet too young to think of marrying; though she hoped to see her well married sometime, for her fortune would be but small. She enjoyed an ample income herself, but, at her death, a great portion of it went to a male relative of her late husband's. She knew that a union with Mr. Dunn would be a good match for Annabel, but scarcely a suitable one. So she let things take their course. She was a woman, the very essence of cold propriety, and how she came to have such a giddy girl as that daughter of hers, was a wonder to everybody. If she knew half the flirting serapes Annabel got into, she would have done it—except you.

Annabel continued her singing, after Mr. Dunn entered, scarcely giving him a nod of recognition. Presently he produced a small roll of music from his pocket, and placing it before her, asked if she would sing it for him. It was a new song just out, and he came along. But the young lady was this night in a repelling humour; she glanced over it, said something about its looking "stupid," and threw it on the table behind her.

"Do you not recognise it, Annabel?" whispered her cousin. "It is the new song: the one you were wishing for to-day. Do let us hear it."

"What a pity you don't sing yourself!" retorted Annabel on her cousin. "You might give us the benefit of every senseless bugatle that comes out. And striking the keys of the piano, she burst out with a merry trifle she had recently picked up, beginning

An old man he went a wooing,
A young girl his wife to make.

Mr. Dunn was near sighted, and sometimes wore his glasses in-doors. He had them on again—it was an unconscious action of his, when anything disturbed him. Perhaps the song told him, for it was a saucy trifle: perhaps the thought was crossing his mind that Annabel would be more attractive had she a share of her cousin's sweet temper and good sense.

But who ever thought of Miss Annesley by the side of Annabel? She had no beauty to boast of—a quite, pale girl, with an open countenance and earnest eye; and she was "getting on" besides, as Annabel was fond of expressing it, for she was seven-and-twenty, if she was a day. Her father, the elder brother of the Annesley family, had died as he had lived, a poor clergyman. Since which time, his only child Sarah, had been indebted for a home to Mrs. Annesley: in which she lived, partly as a relative, partly as a humble companion, partly as a kind, anxious overlooker of her young cousin, whom, in spite of her follies, she loved fondly. Mrs. Annesley had little notion to what extent that overlooking was necessary.

Monday morning dawned, Valentine's Day. And the Annesley family were seated at breakfast, when the postman's knock was heard at the door.

"Miss Annabel Annesley," said the servant entering, and placing a letter before her young mistress.

"Miss Annabel Annesley!" repeated Miss Annesley, in surprise, for the young lady's correspondents had hitherto not been numerous. "Who can it be from? Open it, Annabel."

Annabel did open it: there was no evading the matter, in spite of her blushing reticence; that it was Valentine's Day, and that—perhaps; Mrs. Annesley sat in all stately unconsciousness of the fact: she would have been just as likely to recollect the birthday of Cardinal Wolsey.

"Who a it from?" she asked, watching the slow unfolding of the paper.

Annabel's colour grew deeper, for she found that she held in her hand the identical Valentine, with its wreaths of heart-roses and forget-me-nots that had adorned the shop-window; the one she had audibly wished somebody would send to her.

"What is it?" repeated Mrs. Annesley, impatiently.

He hesitated in answering, almost stammered, as if the question called up some disagreeable reminiscence.

"Indeed I did not. Did you expect me to send one?"

"Because somebody has" continued Annabel, glancing out of the corners other eyes at Sarah, and shaking her pretty curls. "Such a thing—arrived this morning,—all nonsense and cupids. And," she added, turning the same corners towards her mother, "mamma could not think of any one likely to have done it—except you."

"Upon my word!" ejaculated the lady, when her scornful surprise allowed her to speak, "you are strangely mistaking matters, Annabel. I forget the respect due to Mr. Dunn,—forget my own self-respect, in supposing him capable of sending a low, vulgar Valentine. You must have been dreaming."

"Did you send one to me, Annabel?" inquired the merchant, half seriously, half jokingly, so that she might take the question it which light she chose.

"I write a Valentine!" exclaimed Annabel, her mouth open with astonishment. "I hardly knew there were such things till that painted letter came this morning—mamma knows I could not at first recollect their name. You might as well ask if I had sent you Somerset House! Have you had one then?"

"Am I a likely subject, think you, to be the object of such child's play?" he answered, parrying the question as the colour rushed to his cheeks. Not that a Valentine, even the one he had been favoured with that morning, could have brought a deeper shade into his face, but for the unwelcome suspicion that it had come from her.

"Pray let us drop the subject," interposed Mrs. Annesley, with dignity: "it is only fitted for the ignorant and foolish—quite unsuited to us."

"You are quite right, madam," observed the merchant: "and you, Miss Sarah, I see, think as we do."

Sarah Annesley looked at him as he spoke, a quick, reciprocating glance betraying more of sympathy, more of congeniality with him than she would have done in a less unguarded moment. He thanked her for it in his heart, but his head was full of Annabel and her charms.

It was many weeks elapsed, Annabel Annesley and the gentlemen of the whiskers—we do not yet know how to designate him—had become upon speaking terms. How it had been managed, without mutual friends to introduce them, may perhaps be surmised by those susceptible dumsels and blades who understand such matters,—the sober reader can, of course, only set his wits to work, like ourselves, and wonder. Mrs. Annesley was about this time laid up with indigestion on the chest, and Sarah constituted herself head nurse, and never left her. Annabel sometimes went out alone, to call upon friends living near, or to purchase any article of shopping she might require, or perhaps she would be attended by a maid; and there's an old saying, "Where there's a will there's a way." She would come home in a flow of spirits, and whisper all sort of nonsense to Sarah. [To be concluded in our next.]

THE BALTIC FLEET.

BY AN OLD MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN.

Thanks to the Emperor of all the Russias, we shall soon have an opportunity of trying our "screws" and our "Aloorsun shells," and so commence a new and important era in naval warfare. We have almost forgotten those glorious days when our tars were "pig-tails," drank rum instead of tea, sported silver buckles in their shoes; and, of course, minded not no more than they did peas. Many alterations since then have taken place in the service; amongst others, a new mode of manning the navy, and the introduction of steam, as a motive power. Formerly

we were interested in this matter, so far, at least, as the character and conduct of British seamen are concerned; for we have no doubt, that a material change will be found to have taken place in them for the better since the last war. Those who remember that death-struggle for foreign mastery, must also recollect, that our naval arsenals were then full of men who had earned for themselves a world-wide reputation for invincible courage as well as reckless folly. Things are altered now; not that "Jack" has forfeited his character for indomitable and self-denying heroism, but that his moral character has been greatly amended, bringing the peace, by legislative enactments adapted to his necessities; and, to some degree, by the general social improvement of the people.

What a jumble of press-gangs, "Nancy Dawson's," drain-shops, brothels, jolly Jacks, Jews, crimps, and fiddlers, the fitting out of a few ships of war brought together five and twenty years ago. But we hear and see little of these things now. There is no press-gang; and though there may not be any sensible diminution in the number of "Benbow's Heads" and "Admiral Keppels," yet if "Jack" dances his horripole, it is done in an orderly way, and to the "goutekst of times." Whatever the result may be in the forthcoming struggle, it must be admitted by all those who have the welfare of our seamen at heart, that the alteration in their habits is as agreeable to witness as it is an evidence of their future comfort. Order, sobriety, and obedience, and the influence which these qualities exercise upon the conduct of men acting together in large bodies, cannot fail to render our tars more effective than they were when riot, drunkenness, and insubordination were their besetting sins. Admiral Chads, no mean authority, is of the same opinion; for he says, that "Jack's" target-practice is not impaired by having his eyes cleared of the vapours of the rum-bottle.

In the Royal Navy, under the new regulations, a seaman obtains a pension for limited service as well as for long service. Thus the victualling of the ships under the Crown insures food of good quality, while the quantity is abundant, and it is always well cooked, and the meals are eaten with regularity and order. Moreover, the new orders and regulations encourage every opportunity for the men to improve and qualify themselves for promotion; nor must it be forgotten, that the ratio of their share of prize money has been increased, and in the distribution the men in the higher ratings receive proportionally more than the unskilled. Compensation is allowed for loss of clothes or effects by shipwreck; the seaman has good medical attendance in sickness; support in Greenwich Hospital when crippled or worn out—where, indeed, his children are educated free of expense, and trained for any employment.

Considering the very important part that the "screw" is likely to perform in all future naval operations, a few brief allusions to the effect it has already had upon our resources for manning the navy will not be inappropriate. That steam has altered the character of our seamen so one can doubt; and, indeed, we generally overlook the fact, that important changes, all to be traced to this new motive power, have been silently undermining what were formerly considered "our resources" for manning the navy.

Steam has alone have almost annihilated one of our greatest nurseries for seamen, which formerly existed in the coasting trade. The Scotch snacks, each with its twenty or thirty of the best seamen in the world, are gone. The sailing packets from Liverpool, Bristol, Glasgow, Weymouth, Southampton, Dover—in short from every port within the four seas—have been entirely superseded by steam. Railways again in bringing coals to London will ultimately destroy the collier trade. And what is offered to the nation in lieu of the men raised in these hazardous and hardy services? A steam-bred man, who is useful in hauling at a rope—on man a capstan bar—leave the load—steer—who has a pair of sea legs—and a sea stomach; serviceable qualities as far as they go. But we look in

We now shall always have a reserve of seamen—a standing navy as well as a standing army.

So much for the men, and now for the materiel. Here again, upon the very threshold, we are met by another novelty; for there is not a single ship in the 1st division of this fleet, which put to sea from Spithead on the 11th of last month, that is dependent upon sails alone for motion. The subjoined tabular statement of the ships, number of men and horse-power, will not be out of place here.

FIRST DIVISION.

SCREW LINE OF BATTLE SHIPS.

SHIPS.	GUNS.	MEN.	HOR. P.
The D. of Wellington	131	1100	780
The Royal George	120	990	400
The St. Jean D'Acre	101	990	600
The Princess Royal	91	850	400
The Cressy	80	750	400
The Edinburgh	60	600	450
The Blenheim	60	600	450
The Hogue	60	600	450
The Ajax	58	600	450

SCREW FRIGATES.

The Imperieuse	51	530	360
The Euryalus	51	530	400
The Arrogant	47	456	360
The Amphion	34	320	300
The Dauntless	33	320	250

PADDLE-WHEEL.

The Leopard	18	300	560
The Dragon	6	200	560
The Valorous	16	220	400

TOTAL:—17 ships—1017 guns—9870 men—7570 horse-power.

SECOND DIVISION.

SCREW LINE OF BATTLE SHIPS.

SHIPS.	GUNS.	MEN.	HOR. P.
The James Watt	91	850	600
The Nile	91	850	400
The Majestic	80	750	400

SCREW FRIGATES.

The Miranda	15	175	250
The Archer	14	160	202
The Conflict	8	180	400

SAILING LINE OF BATTLE.

The Neptune	120	970
The St. George	120	970
The Waterloo	120	970
The St. Vincent	101	900
The Prince Regent	90	820
The Monarch	81	750
The Boscawen	70	730

PADDLE-WHEEL.

The Odin	16	220
The Bull Dog	6	160
The Gorgon	6	160
The Driver	6	160
The Rosamond	6	160
The Prometheus	6	145
The Alban	3	60
The Lightning	3	60

SLOOP.

The Frolic	16	130
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GRAND TOTAL:—14 vessels—3200 guns—16,000 horse-power—22,000 men.