THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE ON THE WAR.

Many speeches have been made within the last fortnight, but few in which there has been anything to notice, and still fewer which have deserved any word of praise. It is therefore with some pleasure, that we refer to the remarks made by the Duke of Cambridge at Liverpool. A royal duke and a general not long returned from active service could hardly address an audience at the present time on any other subject than the great events which have lately occupied the nation. On the past campaign and our military system, which has so completely collapsed, the Duke of Cambridge gives his opinion freely, and with a candour and good sense which may well shame older men. There is a certain class of speakers who always "have seen with great regret" the observations made on those who allowed a uoble army to perish of cold and sicknes, or thrust forward a doomed band to destruction, while the comrades who could have saved them were kept inactive in the rear. These are generally men belonging to some clique which has a friend in command, or who think to display superior discernment by proclaiming the general judgment of their countrymen to be unfounded and unjust. Those, however, who have a position to lose cannot venture to display this arrogance and affectation. Even the Cabinet has tacitly admitted the justice of all that has been said both on former and recent shortcomings, and now we hear a personage of the highest rank, and with the best means of forming a judgment openly proclaiming the reality of the delinquencies which have been so stoutly denied. "At the beginning of the Crimean Campaign," says his Royal Highness, "deficiencies manifested themselves which made every one impatient. Officers were made impatient. men were impatient, I was impatient." Because the nation was impatient too, and found an expression for its feelings, a set of loudmouthed underlings has ever since kept up a cry about calumny, falsehood, and the injustice of attacking absent men. It was said that persons at a distance could know nothing of what really passed, and that even civilians on the spot ought not to presume to give a judgment on military affairs. We have now a General of Division who fought during two months of the campaign and those the most disastrous and depressing, and his opinion coincides with that which the public has long since formed.

The Duke speaks of the late disasters as due to our military system, rather than to any individuals actually engaged in the Crimea. This is, no doubt, to a great extent true. The defects are of ancient date. Every officer and every department can throw with justice considerable blame on other persons and other branches of the service. But the public condemnation cannot be averted by this mutual shifting of responsibility. The result remains the same—that the British army was ruined by the incompetence of its heads and the anarchy of its departments. Each man has done his best, but his best has only been to fight with the untutored bravery of his race. Head-skill, a keen eye, and a calm judgment are wanted, and we owe the deficiency to the system which the Duke of Cambridge openly condemns. It is of no use to recur to the past. It remains to profit by past errors, and we are glad to find that among the highest in the State, they are so justly appreciated.

The remarks of the Duke of Cambridge on the political question of the war will be received with satisfaction. "A peace at the present moment," says his Royal Highness, "would not be an honorable, durable, and lasting peace. Until such a peace could be concluded, he was for carrying on the war with all possible vigor and determination." It is, perhaps, unnecessary to give special praise for an opinion at which the Duke has arrived in common with the great body of his countrymen, but the people will be glad to find that they have in him one who shares their patriotic feelings, and will give no countenance to the unworthy coalition with which we are threatened. This is a time when the co-operation of every rank is necessary for the success of the common cause, and the knowledge that a near relative of the Sovereign feels and expresses the sentiments of the country, will give confidence to those who labor to uphold its dignity, while abroad it will discourage any ignorant hopes, that may be founded on what are called dynastic influences. It is some consolation to have a Prince of this manly mind. All orders of the State seem now united to prosecute the war through victory and disaster until its objects be won. Sebastopol will not satisfy a people who are in arms for the security of Europe. Victories and captured cannon are not the results for which we bade farewell to a peace of forty years. We fight for a principle, and not for the point of honour. The Duke of Cambridge is as sensible of the blessings we have lost for a season, as any Lancashire peacemaker. "Every one," he says, "who had witnessed, as he had, the actual miseries of war would rejoice at the return of peace, and cherish a state of peace as one of the greatest blessings a nation can enjoy." Yet his conclusion is that of almost every reflecting Englishman. He urges the nation to make no peace at present, nor at any time to cease from the struggle, until ample guarantees be given that it shall not be renewed. This we believe to be true wisdom; the men who would enforce these views are the most earnest labourers for future security. Though success came slowly, though the progress be painful and won step by step, it is the duty of the nation to persevere with vigor, patience, and self-denial, until the darkness which threatens Europe shall pass away. Perhaps the brightness which will succeed it is nearer than the most sanguine dare to hope.—*London Times.*

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POLITICAL INTRIGUES IN TURKEY.

We do not know whether we may rely upon the report, that Lord Stratford has been recalled, and we certainly do not wish to place implicit belief in the accounts of the Ambassador's recent conduct in the affair of Mehemet Ali Pacha. It is said, that he refuses to recognize the appointment, that he sent an attache or dragoman to the Sultan with remonstrances, and that in personal interview, he addressed the feeble but not spiritless Sovereign with such want of courtesy as to throw him into a nervous fit. These things may be true or they may be exaggerated statements, arising, like other mythical narratives, from the known character of the actor. If correct to the letter, they would only be a repetition of what has often happened before, for it is well known that in the last resort the British Embassy has always relied on the personal terror of its chief's menaces acting upon the weak mind of a Monarch who has few on whom he can rely. Whatever may have been the violence of Lord Stratford, his mistake in a diplomatic point of view consists only in not perceiving that the age for such forcible representations has passed, and that if the Sultan loses independence by admission into the European brotherhood of kings, he also gains by becoming entitled, in the opinion of the world, to that personal deference which is customary in civilized Courts. No one sees more clearly than Lord Stratford that his power is not what it was in days, when the attention of nations was but partially given to the East. He has learnt that his long experience and the influnce he wielded through the belief of the Turks that his embassy would end only with his life have not saved him from the checks the most galling, and he must see that in the Sultan's regard he has never had a place. Only the conviction that his power was dangerously menaced would, in such circumstances, lead him to recur to the bold policy of former years, in the presence of a new and highly distinguished French Ambassador, and at a time when the position of the Western Powers requires great caution and great dignity in their representatives. The occasion of this last struggle for revived importance is, however, wanting in interest to the world and elevation in itself. It is the enmity and the intrigues of two rival Turkish politicians which have nrged the Ambassador of the Queen of England to personal disrespect of an allied monarch at the moment when common dangers were succeeded by a common triumph.

The public knows that this Mehemet Ali Pacha is a strong-minded but unlettered Turk, who rose from a low origin, was brought up in the late Sultan's palace, and married his master's daughter. This was an honor, from which every sensible man who was above absolute want endeavored to escape in the olden times. The daughters of the great reforming Sultan have generally resembled in temper the two queens who sprang from a very similar potentate in England. Achmet Fethi Pacha who, married one of them, hardly dared to express an opinion—he did not even smoke in her presence. Mehemet Ali seems to have gained the best, and by her help he rose through various gradations, until he attained the same post he now holds. In this position, he made large sums by such devices as drawing on the Treasury for the construction of large steamers, and then ordering small ones at Blackwall, substituting 32-pounders for 48-pounders, or building vessels of inferior wood, bought cheaply at half the sum mentioned in the contract. Let it not however, be thought, that these little failings at all lowered him in the eyes of the diplomatic body, or even of Lord Stratford himself; for long after, they were excellent friends. Mehemet Ali received small gratifications from other quarters, and, though a strict Mussulman, interested himself warmly in behalf of every Christian who was rich. At last he became a sharer in the transactions which have furnished his subsequent opponents with a pretext against him. Djezairli, an Armenian, farmed the customs of Constantinople. He was extravagant, built a splendid mansion, plundered the State, bribed on all sides, but without skill, and was overthrown by Mehemet Ali, because of his increasiug connection with Redschid Pacha. When his accounts were examined there was a deficiency. "I gave," said the unfortunate man, "£50,000 to the Sultan's motner and £40,000 to Mehemet Ali." The insolent Giaour was ordered back to prison for this calumny. Then came the Mentchikoff mission. Mehemet Ali behaved very well, and was supported by all the influence of Lord Stratford, to whom the Pacha was pleasingly deferential. But the prudence of the Porte substituted Redschid for Mehemet Ali in the Cabinet, in order not to break entirely with Russia. As war became more imminent, and the authority of the Western Powers was evidently rising to supremacy, Redschid Pacha determined to go every length in subserviency to at least one of them, and the veteran who had helped to negociate the peace of Bucharest seemed a more powerful protector than the unworldly and hasty soldier who for the moment represented France. Redschid, therefore, became in a most undignified manner the partisan of Lord Stratford. Even the confidence of the Porte was violated that the British representative might have early intelligence of all interviews or official documents. If this power had been really used to advance the interests of England the attainment of it might have justified the means by which it was acquired; but all acquainted with the East know that personal importance and personal display have always been the chief objects of him who represents England at Constantinople. Even during the present year this old ambassador, instead of giving the results of his long experience to the common cause, has been engaged in unseemingly disputes, about the most trivial matters, with the French Charge d' Affairs, a young man placed in a most difficult position at little more than 30 years of age. Redschid Pacha being now the most useful instrument, the desire of Mehemet Ali to return to power was viewed with alarm, for he was not likely to be as friendly as before. He had of late fallen back on the old Turkish party and become its leader. To his popularity with the Sultan and the people he looked more than to diplomatic support. So far as he was linked with an embassay it was with the French. He was an energetic man who must be combated and crushed. The old affair with Djezairli was again opened, and the acceptance of illegal presents by Mehemet Ali was published in all the Turkish journals, His exile was then wrung from the Sultan after a long resistance. It now appears that he was too strong for both Redschid and his protector. He had been recalled, and resumed office with, it is said, the concurrence of the French Embassay.

Such is a piece of political history in the present day. These are transactions in which a representative of western civilization is engaged. Any one curious in past politics may turn to the various blue-books connected with the East. There he will find a number of despatches written somewhat in imitation of the *Rambler Rasselas.* The style is not loftier than the morality. They represent a man who abstains from political intrigue as from pollution, who is on terms of mutual goodwill with all around him, and whose only thoughts are for the good of the country he represents and of that to which he has been sent. Let the enquirer then listen to the opinions of men of any nation who know the East and the politician who penned those lofty documents, and he will fully admit that men are not always what they seem, and perhaps be enlightened as to the cause of many failures that were before inexplicable.

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PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.—The following letter has been addressed to the editor of the *Times* by a correspondent who signs "One who stood by:"—Less than three years since, an illustrious assemblage stood within the walls of St. Paul's Cathedral. The occasion was the interment of the great commander who had so often led the legions of England to victory. There were present representatives of all the great monarchies which had been the allies of this country in the war which the dead hero concluded. Among these was a general past the prime of life, but distinguished by the energy and firmness which his countenance expressed. In the interval which preceded the funeral car, this foreigner was observed to be strangely occupied. He passed along the line of soldiers chosen from the various regiments, and, turning up their trousers, attentively examined the make of their shoes. "What is the matter, Prince Gortschakoff!" said some one. "It is said at home," returned the Russian, "that your Guards are fitted with strong and well-made shoes, but that those of the line are inferior. I wished to learn the truth of the matter, and therefore examined them. There does not seem to be any difference." This minute disciplinarian was but an imitator of his master, who with his own imperial hands would open soldiers' coats on parade, to see that their shirts were clean. But a few months passed, and the cloud which betokened another tempest rose on the horizon. The representative of the Russian armies at the funeral of Wellington was placed in command of a powerful force. It remained to be seen how far the higher qualities of a General were united to those of the martinet. Gortschakoff had no great success in the Principalities, and had his career closed with that campaign, he would speedily have been forgotten in the West. But, as it is, his name is joined to the longest, the fiercest, the most deadly struggle in modern warfare. The last act of the late Czar was to appoint him to the command which age, failing health, and weakening resolve induced Mentschikoff to relinquish. Nicholas knew the man. You may well say, "A quarter of a century before, he had carried on war in Poland with fearful severity." The case was this: He proposed to his prisoners on all occasions the alternative of the Russian service, or the knout. Once a body of 2,000 insurgents were defeated, and took refuge in the Austrian territory. The Austrians disarmed them and sent them to Gortschakoff. He gave them the usual choice of entering the Russian ranks; they desperately refused. It is said, that the general was present at the execution which followed. The flogging lasted many hours; ten died under the lash; seven more yielded after terrible tortures and were borne to the hospital. Gortschakoff stated his determination to go through the whole number, if the execution lasted a month. The Poles then bowed the head, and were drafted into the Russian legions. Such was the stern nature of the man whom Nicholas sent to defend Sebastopol. You may well say that he was "wise in his generation."

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ROYAL ALLIANCES.

During the last few days a discussion which commanded some attention two or three weeks back has been revived,—namely, the probability of a marriage between the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, the Princess Royal, and Prince Frederick William of Prussia, heir to the throne of Prussia when his uncle and father cease to exist,—presuming always, that the Prussians will endure the family so long. This contemplated union, which was regarded in the light of Court gossip when the subject was first mooted, assumes now the form of an actual fact, and has been treated as such by the leading paper of the empire. In private life, the discussion of such affairs is confined to the family circle; but in the case of sovereigns, this family circle embraces the entire nation, and the people have a right to discuss arrangements which so materially concern their future liberty and happiness.

We see many things in the influential organ, which has warmly taken up this subject, to which we cannot always subscribe, but its tone for the most part is an excellent reflex of the national mind, and we believe it to be in the main honest. It has been said, that it is dangerous to see a single paper possess the power and the weight of the *Times,* but its influence is at least legitimate, and it derives its prestige from its uncompromising exposure of abuse; and unhappily, there are constantly arising abuses which could not be put down with a leverage less potent. In treating of this contemplated marriage, a remark is put forth which opens a wide vein of thought. "In one sense," says our great contemporary, "an alliance with Prussia may be considered *as a step towards an alliance with Russia.* The two royal families are inextricably entwined in the bonds of relationship, of sympathy, and of mutual interest; and it needs little argument to prove, that the present is, at any rate, an ill-chosen time for bringing us into contact with the Court of St. Petersburg, or raising a suspicion of its influence over any portion of the Royal family of England. In humbling Russia, we are not only reducing a barbarous and aggressive power, but plucking up from the very depths of the ocean that mighty anchor upon which all the anti-popular dynasties of Europe hope to ride out the storm of public indignation and contempt." This is well and powerfully put, and its truth will strike the sense of the great democracy of England. Our contemporary adds, "Why should we place a daughter of England in a situation in which devotion to her husband must be treason to her country—why distract her mind between wishes for the welfare of the family which she has left, and that into which she is to be received." Exactly so. This is what is vulgarly called "hitting the right nail on the head," and, in this instance, the nail has been driven home. But why not go a step further, and advocate the total repeal of the absurd and iniquitous law which prohibits the alliance of the Royal family with Englishmen and Englishwomen. This is the real source of the evil, and against the repeal of the law, so little can be urged that it is an annoyance to see the *Times* stop short of the inevitable conclusion to which its own reasoning leads. The German alliances have been both expensive and unpopular, and the retort of the stout English Yeoman, nearly a century and a half back, when the consort of George the First landed at Portsmouth, is as applicable at the present day as it was then. The lady, whose English was very indifferent, put her head out of the carriage, and said in her German *patois*, with a patronising air, "I am come for all your 'goots' "[good].