BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

MARSHAL ST ARNAUD'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATALE.

Field of Battle of the Alma, Sept. 21.

Sire,—the cannon of your Majesty has spoken—we have gained a complete victory. It is a glorious day, sire, to add to the military annals of France, and your Majesty will have one name more to add to the victories which adorn the flags of the French army.

The Russians had yesterday assembled all their forces, and collected all their means in order to oppose the passage of the Alma. Prince Menschikoff commanded in person. All the heights were crowned with redoubts and formidable batteries. The Russian army reckoned 40,000 bayonets, from all points of the Crimea; in the morning there arrived from Theodosia 6000 cavalry and 180 pieces of heavy and field artillery. From the heights which they occupied the Russians could count our men man, by man, from the 19th to the moment when we arrived on the Bulganac. On the 20th, from six o'clock in the morning, I carried into operation with the division of General Bosquet, reinforced by eight Turkish battalions, a movement which turned the left of the Russians and some of their batteries. General Bosquet manœuvred with as much intelligence as bravery. This movement decided the success of the day. I had arranged that the English should extend their left, in order at the same time to threaten the right of the Russians, whilst I should occupy them in the centre;b ut their troops did not arrive in line until half-past ten. They bravely made up for this delay. At half-past twelve, the line of the allied army, occupying an extent of more than a league, arrived on the Alma, and was received by a terrible fire from the tiraileurs.

In this movement the head of the column of General Bosquet appeared on the heights, and I gave the signal for a general attack. The Alma was crossed at double quick time. Prince Napolean, at the head of his division, took possesion of the large village of Alma, under the fire of the Russian batteries. The Prince showed himself worthy of the great name he bears. We then arrived at the foot of the heights, under the fire of the Russian batteries. There, sire, commenced a real battle along all the line—a battle with its episodes of brilliant feats of valour. Your majesty may be proud of your soldiers, they have not degenerated; they are the soldiers of Austerlitz and Jena. At half past-four the French army was everywhere victorious. All the positions had been carried at the point of the bayonet, to the cry of "Vive l' Empereur," which resounded throughout the day. Never was such enthusiasm seen; even the wounded rose from the ground to join in it. On our left the English met with large masses of the enemy and with great difficulties, but everything was surmounted. The English attacked the Russian positions in admirable order under the fire of their cannon, carried them, and drove off the Russians. The bravery of Lord Raglan rivals that of antiquity. In the midst of cannon and musket shot he displayed a calmness which never left him. The French lines formed on the heights and the artillery opened its fire. Then it was no longer a retreat, but a rout; the Russians threw away their muskets and knapsacks in order to run the faster. If, sire, I had had cavalry I should have obtained immense results, and Menschikoff would no longer have had an army; but it was late, our troops were harassed, and the ammunition of the artillery was exhausted. At six o'clock in the evening we encamped on the very bivouac of the Russians. My tent is on the very spot where that of Prince Menschikoff stood in the morning, and who thought himself so sure of beating us that he left his carriage *there*. I have taken possession of it, with his pocket book and correspondence, and shall take advantage of the valuable information it contains. The Russian army will probably be able to rally two leagues from this, and I shall find it to-morrow on the Katcha, but beaten and demoralised, while the allied army is full of ardour and enthusiasm. I have been compelled to remain here in order to send our wounded and those of the Russians to Constantinople, and to procure ammunition and provisions for the fleet. The English have had 1500 men put *hors de combat*. The Duke of Cambridge is well. His Division and that of Sir G. Brown were superb. I have to regret about 1200 men *hors de combat*, 3 officers killed, 54 wounded, 253 sub-officers and soldiers killed, and 1033 wounded. General Canrobert, to whom is due in part the honour of the day, was slightly wounded by the splinter of a shell which struck him in the breast and hand, but he is doing very well. Gen. Thomasson, of the division of ths prince, is seriously wounded by a ball in the abdomen. The Russians have lost about 5000 men; the field of battle is covered with their dead, and our field hospitals are full of their wounded. We have counted a proportion of seven Russian dead bodies for one French. The Russian artillery caused us loss, but ours is very superior to theirs. I shall all my life regret not having had with me my two regiments of African chasseurs. The Zouaves were the admiration of both armies; they are the first soldiers in the world.

Accept, sire, the homage of my profound respect, and of my entire devotedness.

MARSHAL A. DE ST. ARNAUD.

FURTHER DETAILS OF THE BATTLE.

THE RUSSIANS ENGAGED.

The Russian regiments engaged against us, judging from the numbers on the caps and buttons of the dead and wounded, were the 11th, 12th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, and some of the Imperial Guard. The Russian regiment consists of four battalions, and each battalion may be said to be 650 strong. The soldiers were mostly stout, strong men. Several of the regiments, 32nd and 16th, for example, wore a black leather helmet, handsomely mounted with brass, and having a brass cone on the top, with a hole for the reception of a tuft, feather, or plume; others wore simply a white linen foraging cap. They were all dressed in long drab coats with brass buttons, bearing the number of the regiment. These coats fitted loosely, were gathered in at the back by a small strap and button, descended to the ankles, and seemed stout comfortable garments, though the cloth was coarse in texture; the trousers, of coarse blue stuff, were thrust inside a pair of Wellington boots, open at the top, to admit of their being comfortably tucked down; the boots were stout, well made, and serviceable. Their knapsacks astonished our soldiers. On opening them, each was found to contain the dress uniform coatee of the man, blue or green, with white facings, and slashes like our own, a pair of clean drawers, a clean shirt, a pair of clean socks, a pair of stout mits, a case containing a good pair of scissors marked "Sarun," an excellent penknife with one large blade, of Russian manufacture, a ball of twine, a roll of leather, wax, thread, needles, and pins, a hair-brush and comb, a small looking-glass, razor, strop, and soap, shoe-brushes, and blacking. The general remark of our men was that the Russians were very "clean soldiers;" and certainly the men on the field had white fair skins to justify the expression. Each man had a loaf of dark brown bread, of a sour taste and disagreeable odour in his knapsack, and a linen roll, containing a quantity of brown coarse stuff broken up into lumps and large grains, which is crushed biscuit or hard granulated bread prepared with oil. This, we were told by the prisoners, was the sole food of the men. They eat the bread with onions and oil; the powder is "reserve" ration; and if they march, they may be for days without food, and remain hungry till they can get fresh loaves and more "bread-stuff." It is perfectly astounding to think they can keep together on such diet—and yet they are strong muscular men enough. The surgeons remarked that their tenacity of life was very remarkable. Many of them lived with wounds calculated to destroy 2 or 3 ordinary men. I saw one of the 32nd Regiment on the field just after the fight. He was shot right through the head, and the brain protruded in large masses at the back of the head and from the front of the skull. I saw with my own eyes the wounded man raise his hand, wipe the horrible mass from his brow, and proceed to struggle down the hill towards the water! Many of the Russians were shot in three or four places; few of them had only one wound. They seemed to have an idea that they would be murdered: possibly, they had been told no quarter would be given, and several deplorable events took place in consequence. As our men were passing by, two or three of them were shot or stabbed by men lying on the ground, and the cry was raised that "the wounded Russians" were firing in our men. There is a story, indeed, that one officer was severely injured by a man to whom he was in the very act of administering succour as he lay in agony on the field; be this as it may, there was at one time a near chance of a massacre taking place, but the men were soon controlled, and confined themselves to the pillage which always takes place on a battle-field. One villain with a red coat on his back, I regret to say, I saw go up to a wounded Russian who was rolling on the earth in the rear of the 7th Regiment, and before we could say a word, he discharged his rifle right through the wretched creature's brains. Colonel Yea rode at him to cut him down, but the fellow excused himself by declaring the Russian was going to shoot him. This was the single act of inhumanity I saw perpetrated by this army flushed with victory and animated by angry passions, although the wounded enemy had unquestionably endangered their lives by acts of ferocious folly. Many of the Russians had small crosses and chains fastened rouud their necks. Several were found with Korans in their knapsacks—most probably recruits from the Kasan Tartars. Many of the officers had portraits of their wives or mistresses, of mothers or sisters, inside their coats. The privates wore the little money they possessed in purses fastened below their left knees, and the men, in their eager search after the money, often caused the wounded painful apprehensions that they were about to destroy them. Last night all these poor wretches lay in their agony; nothing could be done to help them. The groans, the yells, the cries of despair and suffering, were a mournful commentray on the exultation of the victors and on the joy which reigned along the bivouac fires of our men. As many of our wounded as could be possibly picked up, ere darkness set in, were conveyed on stretches to the hospital tents. Many of the others were provided with blankets, and covered as they lay in their blood. The bandsmen of the regiments worked in the most cheerful and indefatigable manner, hour after hour, searching out and carrying off our wounded. Long after night had closed faint lights might be seen moving over the frightful field, making the spots where friendship directed the steps of some officer in search of a wounded comrade, or where the pillager yet stalked about on his horrid errand. The attitudes of some of the dead were awful. One man might be seen resting on one knee, with the arms extended in the form of taking aim, the brow compressed, the lips clinched—the very expression of firing at an enemy stamped on the face and fixed there by death; a ball had struck this man in the neck. Physiologists or anatomists must settle the rest. Another was lying on his back with the same expression, and his arms raised in a similar attitude, the Minie musket still grasped in his hands undischarged. Another lay in a perfect arch, his head resting on one part of the ground and his feet on the other, but the back raised high above it. Many men without legs or arms were trying to crawl to the waterside. Some of the dead lay with a calm, placid smile on the face, as though they were in some delicious dream.

Of the Russians one thing was remarkable. The prisoners are generally coarse, sullen, and unintelligent-looking men. Death had ennobled those who fell, for the expression of their faces was altogether different. The wounded might have envied those who seemed to have passed away so peacefully.

The soldiers are all shaven cleanly on the chin and cheek; only the moustache is left, and the hair is cropped as close to the head as possible. The latter is a very convenient mode of wearing the hair in these parts of the world. The officers (those of superior rank excepted) are barely distinguished from the men, so far as uniform is concerned, but the generals wore sashes and gold epaulettes. The subalterns wore merely a lace shoulderstrap, instead of the cloth one of the privates. Most of them spoke French, and the entreaties of the wounded to be taken along with us, as the officers moved up the hill were touching in the extreme. The poor fellows had a notion that our men would murder them, if the eye of the officer was removed from them. An old general, who sat smiling and bowing on a bank, with his leg broken by a round shot, seemed principally concerned for the loss of his gold snuff-box. This, I believe, has since been restored to him. The men say they were badly handled, and had no general to direct them. Menschikoff lost his head, in a figurative sense. The officers displayed great gallantry, and the men fought with a dogged courage characteristic of the Russian infantry, but they were utterly deficient in *elan* and dash. I am not quite sure the names I sent you per last list of the generals commanding was correct, but I believe it to be so now. Our loss is 2,196 killed and wounded; of the French between 1300 and 1400. The enemy have lost upwards of 6000. Had we had but a little brigade of cavalry more, we might have converted the retreat into an utter rout, and taken 5000 prisoners, guns, and standards as trophies of our victory. The troops bivouacked on the field, not far from the scene of their triumphs. The Rifles (2nd battalion) were sent in front as usual. The cavalry videttes scoured the country and fell back at nightfall on their main bodies in advance of the Rifles. The tents of Lord Raglan's head-quarters were pitched on a flat close to the bridge, and to the left of the hill on which were lying the bulk of the killed and wounded.

THE ENGLISH BORE THE BRUNT OF THE BATTLE.—People have felt rather puzzled to understand how the English troops should have failed in turning the right wing while the French troops turned the left. True, it was perfectly understood that the English carried by downright pluck the heights they might have turned, but why prefer the direct and costly attack to the artful strategy by which life might have been saved? We see in some journals attempts to answer such questions by remarks on the comparative slowness of English movements! We are told with expressions of admiration that the English never quickened their step in advancing, but marched as if on parade, whilst the balls fell in showers about them, while the more impressionable French rushed against their adversaries, and so lost fewer. This we take to be a gratuitous, however complimentary assumption. The French turned the left with the aid of Admiral Hamelin's war steamers, which moreover were the cause of throwing towards the right the cavalry which could not advance on the left, and thus of presenting to the English gross masses, which, having little cavalry themselves, they could meet in no other way than the old downright fashion of going up directly to the mark. This shows, too, that the English bore the brunt of the battle.

THE FRENCH HARD PRESSED IN THE BATTLE.—It so happened that twice or thrice during the action, the French were so hardly pressed that they sent urgent messages to us for aid, and our guns were directed with such good effect on a mass of infantry which threatened their left that they were relieved from all embarrassment, and enabled to gain a position from which they rendered us material aid in return, by directing their guns against the Russian reserves above the battery.

MAGNIFICENT WORK OF THE FRENCH.—The French had to scale the sides of steep ravines covered with dense masses of infantry, supported by clouds of skirmishers; they had to clamber up rocky steeps defended by swarms of sharpshooters; they had to gain a most difficult position with quickness and alacrity. Delay would have been fatal; slowness of movement would have lost us the battle, for without the French on the heights on our right we must must have been driven across the Alma, as they would have been swept into the valley had we failed in carrying our batteries. Their energetic movements, their rapid flame-like spread from crag to crag, their ceaseless fusilade of the deadly rifle, were all astonishing, and paralyzed the enemy completely. We, perhaps, could never have made such a rapid advance, or have got over so much ground in the same time.

FEARFUL CASUALTIES UNDER THE ENEMIES' FIRE.—The Rifles got over the stream in such loose order that they were wonerfully preserved, in spite of the tremendous storm that rattled over them. Col. Lawrence had his horse killed under him. Major Norcott's charger received no less then five mortal wounds. When the 7th got out of the stream Col. Yea found himself and his men at once under range of the battery before they could form, and were obliged to advance pell-mell against the guns. Poor Monok and Hare soon fell! The colours were lost for a time, for thrice did the enemy's shot strike down the officers who carried them; but Capt. Pearson, Aide-de Camp to Sir G. Brown, passed the last poor fellow who bore them, and he was enabled to restore them to the gallant colonel. They are torn to pieces with shot.

THE RETREAT AND REVENGE ON THE HILL.—The 30th, 55th, and 95th left long lines of dead behind them, and just as they came to the battery on the hill a sheet of lead passed through them like a sword. They were utterly broken up. It was necessary to retire to re-form; and the Russians, seeing their retreat, leaped out of the embrasures and breastworks, and actually charged them down the hill with the bayonet. But few exchanges of the steel were made, probably not more than half-a-dozen bayonet wounds were inflicted, and bitterly did the enemy repent his temerity. The shattered regiments re-formed, and drove the enemy like a herd of sheep up the hill to the shelter of their earthworks, and then sent them flying beyond the hill pursued by remorseless volleys of Minie balls.

THE RUSSIANS' MISTAKE ABOUT THE GENERALS.—The Vulcan brought two Russian prisoners; one is a young man of good family and education, who was serving in the ranks as a common soldier, in order to win his position of officer by service, according to the Russian usage. He said he had been three months on the march from the neighbourhood of Moscow, and that previous to the defence of Silistria the Czar had entertained no fears for Sebastopol, where there were then scarcely any troops. Large forces had been sent off from the interior at that time, and more were on their way, although they are likely to arrive too late. The other prisoner is a brigadier-general, who will not disclose his name. He has received four wounds in the leg, and is not out of danger. He mentioned a curious circumstance. In conversation on the subject of the battle, it was observed by some one to be singular that, though the loss of English officers had been very great, yet no general officer had received a hurt, although they are conspicuous by a white plume, and the Russians confessedly singled out the officers while the British were advancing across the river and the valley in a clear day and free from smoke. The Russian replied that the Generals were not aimed at, because they are thought to belong to the Commissariat. In the continental armies, the higher officers are surrounded on all occasions by a brilliant staff, but our own Generals ride attended only by one or two aides-de-camp. They were therefore in this case indebted for their safety to the unobtrusiveness of their habits.

THE FIELD AFTER THE BATTLE.

The field of battle was crowded on the 21st with officers from the fleet, carrying flasks of brandy and water, visiting the wounded, and giving them all the relief in their power. The doctors from the ships were on shore all night giving medical aid. So many soldiers from each regiment were told off to bury the dead: the Russians were buried outside the mounds; the English and French inside. There was great spoil on the field—coats, dresses, swords, guns, rifles, &c., &c., and in some instances large sums of money. Every body brought off some memento—either a sword, casque, or musket. The Highland bonnets we regret to say, formed quite a heap.

It appears, that a certain class of visitors made a profitable day's work by visiting the field of battle, almost every one "found" something. One boasted that he had picked up nine revolvers and fifty sovereigns; and one, a Maltese, is reported to have realised upwards of £150 in gold. Coats, boots, &., were all taken off by pillagers, and in many cases, the gold lace ripped off the uniforms of the dead.

All muskets that have been found have been destroyed, except those taken off by visitors, as trophies, and few ships but have many mementoes of this sort, My share of the spoil is a helmet with an eagle shot through completely by a musket ball; and a sword, quite enough to carry a long distance on a warm day.

THE MARCH TO BALAKLAVA.

The following is an extract of a letter from an officer of the Brigade of Guards:—

"Camp near Balaklava, Sept. 27.

"You will scarcely be more surprised than we are ourselves at the English army being here, in possession of a perfect seaport and new basis of operations for both armies. On leaving the bivouac south of the Katscha river, we marched to the river Belbek, through the village of the same name. It is extraordinary that the Russians should not have attempted to stop us at either place, for there are stronger positions even than on the Alma; but the Russians are so completely cowed by our brilliant victory, in which they own to a loss of 6000 or 7000 men, that we may venture upon acts and movements that could not be done without madness under other circumstances. As for their farfamed Cossack cavalry, we have scarcely seen 100 of them. The French admiration of our attack and advance in line continues, and is only exceeded by the astonishment of the Russian officers, prisoners, whom we have since seen. A French officer remarked to me two days ago that it was '*trop majestuerix*.' I certainly do not wonder at the Russians not attempting to meet us in the open field, after seeing how we could march against them in an entrenched position. The battle field was dreadful to walk over in the evening and following day; the battle ended too late for us to remove even our own wounded that day, and the fearful spectacle of heads blown off, shattered limbs, broken arms, the groans and sighs of the wounded, altogether made a scene I never wish to see again. I have a few trophies in the shape of brass plates representing the double eagle worn on the helmet of all regiments of the line; their 31st and 32d Regiments were the two more immediately opposed to us.

"To continue our march. The day before yesterday (September 25th.) having had a false alarm during the night of an approach of the Cossacks, we were under arms at 5 o'clock, ready for a move. A reconnaisance was made towards the Inkerman Lights, with the view of finding a crossing practicable for the army. Colonel Alexander only found a single causeway over a morass, and a bridge over the river with a force on the opposite side. Lord Raglan, with Sir J. Burgoyne's advice, then determined upon one of the boldest flank marches perhaps ever performed in the face of an enemy. The whole country between the Belbek and the Tchernaya, which runs into the Sebastopol inlet, is covered with one uninterrupted extensive jungle or forest, intersected by no road but that leading towards Sebastopol and another narrow one on which it would have taken perhaps days for a large army to advance. We received orders to march south-south-east, through this forest, in order to strike the high road from Simpheropol, near Khutor Mackenzie. Our guides led us in too southerly a direction, towards the head of the valleys near the Inkerman Lights, upon which we had to make a flank movement towards Khutor Mackenzie. The wood was so thick that the men could hardly see each other; not only did men of the some brigade get mixed together, but Highlanders and Guards. Guards and line, formed for an hour an apparently inextricable mass of confusion. In the midst of it we heard firing and several rounds of cannon in our front, just where we wanted to go; we continued our march, however, and soon found that the cause of the firing was the Scote Grays, and some of our artillery in advance coming upon the high road near Khutor Mackenzie, where they intercepted a Russian army (of some say) 15,000 men and a large convoy of provisions and ammunition. The party of Grays was only 20 strong, but so cowed were the Russians and taken by surprise, that half their army cut off towards Simpheropol, the rest to Sebastopol. We all came out of the wood about 2 or half past 2, at the very spot where this took place. Every waggon was destroyed, the flour given up to our men, powder scattered, cartridges destroyed, camp equipments thrown over the precipices, clothing accoutrements, barrels, and articles of every description strewn along three miles of road along which we marched towards the bridge over the Tchernaya. The whole appearance of the road was more like the result of a battle than anything else. Their army, in short was cut in two and so divided that they must have spread terror and increased the already great demoralization of the Russian forces, both in Sebastopol and in other parts of the Crimea. After halting at this spot for an hour and a half, to rest the men after their fatiguing forest march, we continued along the high road to the bridge across the Tchernaya, a march of six or seven miles further, leading to Balaklava, and we reached our bivouac at half past eight p. m., having been under arms more than 14 hours. Next morning early we pushed on towards Balaklava, and halted at the entrance of the pass. The Rifles were sent forward to crown the heights on each side the bay, supported by a brigade of the Light Division; on each side, also, these again were supported by the two brigades of the 1st Division, the Guards going to the right, and the Grenadier Guards taking possession of the village of Radakoi. Here they remained while the Rifles and Artillery attacked the small post, which is of very little strength—an old ruined Genoese castle. A few shells soon brought them to reason, and the white flag was hoisted. Lord Raglan had a very narrow escape, for, on first turning an angle of the road with all his staff, a shell from the fort flew among them and wounded one of the staff. When this little affair was settled, the troops retired, except two companies of the Grenadier Guards, who were sent to protect the houses of the inhabitants and the small town of Balaklava. So little did the Russians expect us, that the wives and children of many officers who are in Sebastopol had gone there for safety. The harbour is quite landlocked, with rocky and very precipitous hills on each side, but so deep that even the Agamemnon steamed in this morning.

"When we were at our Belbek bivouac, and it was decided we should come on and take this place, young Maxse was sent back to the mouth of the Katcha, where the fleet was lying. Having to ride through the country which we had crossed, he only took a verbal message from Lord Raglan, for fear of his falling into the hands of the Cossacks. He reached the fleet at four yesterday morning, and before twelve the fleet was off Balaklava.

"THURSDAY, Sept. 28—The meeting of the fleet and army here was most cordial. I saw Sir Edmund Lyons meet Lord Raglan on the quarter-deck of the Caradoc; Lord Raglan's face was beaming with joy at the success that has hitherto attended our arms. I believe we shall remain here again to-day, for unless the garrison of Sebastopol gives in without resistance, upon being summoned, we shall not attempt anything without landing all our siege guns."

A large plan was found in the house Lord Raglan slept in at Katcha, and in Menschikoff's carriage were found the full particulars of the English army, their strength, &c. showing how well the spies in the English camp must have done their treacherous work. In this despatch Prince Menschikoff assures the Emperor that he could make good the defences of the Alma for three weeks against 100,000 men. They were carried by the allies, of whom not half that number were actually engaged, in three hours.

THE STEAM FLEET.

OFF THE RIVER KATCHA, CRIMEA, Sept. 20.

This morning the whole steam squadron, with the Agamemnon at the head of it, and accompanied by several transports carrying siege guns, steamed off at 7 o'clock, with the intention, it is said, of co-operating with the army, which is expected to reach the creek of Balaklava in the course of the day. The crews of the huge line-of-battle ships looked after the steaming squadron with a heavy heart, seeing vanish with it their hopes of glory and prize-money. Especially since the battle of the Alma, which the fleet, sailing close to land, could witness very well, a wish to emulate the heroism of the land troops has seized hold of the crews, and not all the horrors which the fatigue parties, sent on shore the next day to help in transporting the wounded, saw on the field of battle have cooled their ardour. Two days ago, the rumour was spread in the Agamemnon that Sir Edmund Lyons, the idol of the fleet, was to go in the Highflyer to undertake something against Sebastopol. The crew sent a deputation, requesting the Admiral not to forget the Agamemnon; as they had borne all the trouble and fatigue, they wished also to have some of the fun. Sir Edmund is said to have assured them that they should go wherever he went, and the Agamemnon could go. This is not a little to say, for the Agamemnon goes about in places where certainly no line-of-battle ships ever thought of going before. Sir Edmund Lyons's brougham, as it is sometimes called, is not at all a bad name for her.

OFF BALAKLAVA, Sept. 28.

Early yesterday morning the transport steamers, taking in tow the vessels containing siege implements, began to go down in the direction of Balaklava. The Agamemnon came up to the entrance of the creek, and when the Rifles appeared on the heights the 150 men who formed the garrison, after firing a few shells, surrendered.

Balaklava Creek is one of the most curious anchorages imaginable. The shore of the Crimea rises gradually eastward, until about Balaklava it reaches a height of scarcely less than 1000 feet of perpendicular chalk rock. The creek is so narrow that it is scarcely perceptible at a couple of miles off. Two ruined Genoese fortifications crown the entrance, which gradually enlarges itself into a space where a score of ships can lie, with water deep enough for the largest line-of battle ship. At the righthand side of the entrance is the village of Balaklava, a few hundred houses, and at the bottom of the bay is another village, near to which some French troops are now encamped; a few hundred of our own men are also distributed in different places, the rest being some miles off, in the direction of Sebastopol. The inhabitants, who at first had left their houses, are gradually returning. Several of the transports carrying the siege guns have already been towed in and are discharging.

As the transports lie quite close to the shore, the guns, lowered on barges provided with a kind of drawbridge, have only a few yards to go. A dozen sailors and artillerymen put their shoulders to it, and the huge machine is landed. A dozen horses take the place of the sailors, and the cannon is moved towards Sebastopol. The greatest difficulty is to get the transports into the bay, on account of the narrowness of the entrance. Steamers are towing them in one by one. A dozen are already landed (12 o'clock.) The shore teems with specimens of nearly every corps of the allied armies, from the colossal Highlanders down to the little vivandieres, whose steps Jack is eagerly following with his spyglass. Camels, oxen, mules, and horses of every shape and size help to animate the scene.

In passing yesterday before the entrance of the harbour of Sebastopol we saw the gunboat Arrow, in company with a French and English steamer, trying her new guns. She fired several shots, but I saw none of the shells falling, so I cannot say whether they were successful or not. The northernmost shore battery of Sebastopol, which carries very heavy guns, opened her fire on her, splashed the water at her bows and stern, but failed to touch her. The batteries of Fort Constantine and the harbour batteries could not be provoked to fire, in spite of the bold approach of the diminutive Arrow. The fortifications of Sebastopol to the south appear to be but a single loophole and embrasure wall, without any outworks.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL ON IRISH EDUCATION.—The Dublin Protestant Publication Committee have succeeded in obtaining from the President of the Council a letter in reply to an address forwarded to his lordship from that body on the subject of religious education in Ireland. Lord John thus expresses his views:—"My support of the British and Foreign School Society has been publicly given as a member of that society. My support of the national system of education in Ireland, as introduced by Lord Derby, has been also publicly defended by me as a Minister and a member of Parliament. In supporting both systems, I have endeavoured to promote education in a manner that was practicable. The great majority of the people of England are content to read the Bible in the authorised version, and accept that version as a true exposition of the word of God. This is unhappily not the case in Ireland, and hence has arisen the system of the National Board, which, since its establishment by Lord Derby, has done great good, and will, I trust, by the blessing of God, diffuse still more widely than it has hitherto done very useful, although very imperfect, instruction."

MONETARY REVIEW.—The Revenue returns for the year and quarter ending the 5th inst. have been presented this week to the public, in a new and more simplified form—and afford ample proof of the satisfactory progress of the commerce of the country—exhibiting a net increase on the quarter of £550,188, and on the year of £16,580. During the quarter, the returns under the head of Excise, Stamps, Property Tax, Post-office, and Crown Lands, show an increase, amounting in the aggregate to £1,056,266, while a decrease appears in the Customs, Taxes, Miscellaneous, Imprest, and other moneys, and in the repayment of advances, to the extent of £508,078. For the year those departments showing improvement are Excise, Property Tax, Post-office, and Imprest and other moneys. These have increased to the amount of £1,803,827, while in the Customs, Stamps, Taxes, Crown Lands, Miscellaneous, and repayment of advances, there has been a decline of £1,787,274—making up the figures above quoted. The returns also show an increase of £77,897 for the last half-year, when compared with the previous corresponding period,

In the Money market the recent failures in Liverpool and London have caused a feeling of caution on the part of bankers and money-lenders, which has led to considerable inconvenience, but in other respects the market may be considered easier—still long-dated paper is difficult to negotiate. Parcels of gold continue