BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

DETAILS OF THE GREAT VICTORY.

[BY AN EYE WITNESS.]

BANKS OF THE ALMA, SEPT 19—Last night orders were given by Lord Raglan that the troops should strike tents at daybreak, and that all tents should be sent on board the ships of the fleet. Our advance had been determined upon, and it was understood that the Russian light cavalry had been sweeping the country of all supplies up to a short distance of our lines and outlying pickets. At 2 o'clock in the morning the camp was roused by the reveille, and all the 30,000 sleepers woke into active life. The boats from the ships lined the beach to receive the tents. The commissariat officers struggled in vain with the very deficient means at their disposal to meet the enormous reaqirements of an army of 26,000 men for the transport of baggage, ammunition, and food, and a scene, which to an unpractised eye would seem one of utter confusion, began and continued for several hours, relieved only by the steadiness and order of the regiments as they paraded previous to marching. The French, in advance on our right, were up betimes, and the camp fires of the allied armies, extending for miles along the horizon and mingling with the light of the ships, almost anticipated the morning. The order of march was follows:—

Cavalry,
8th. 11th, 17th.
Light Division. Artillery. Second Division.
First Division. Artillery. Third Division.
Cavalry. Commissariat Train.
Fourth Division. Fourth Division.
Rear Guard.

7,000 Turkish infantry, under Suleiman Pasha, moved along by the sea-side; next to them came the divisions of Generals Bosquet, Canrobert, Forey, and Prince Napoleon, Our order of march was about four miles to the right of their left wing, and as many behind them. The right of the allied forces was covered by the fleet, which moved along with it in magnificent order, darkening the air with innumerable colums of smoke, ready to shell the enemy should they threaten to attack our right, and commanding the land for nearly two miles from the shore. It was 9 o'clock in the morning ere the whole of our army was prepared for marching. The day was warm, and our advance was delayed by the wretched transport furnished for the baggage. Everything not absolutely indispensable was sent on board ship. The naval officers and the sailors worked indefatigably, and cleared the beach as fast as the men deposited their baggage and tents there. At last the men fell in, and the march of the campaign began. The country beyond the salt lake, near which we were encamped, is perfectly destitute of tree or shrub, and consists of wide plains, marked at intervals of two or three miles with hillocks and long irregular ridges of hills running down towards the sea at right angles to the beach. It is but little cultivaied, except in the patches of land around the unfrequent villages built in the higher recesses of the valleys. Hares were started in abundance, and afforded great sport to the men whenever they halted, and several were fairly hunted down among the lines of men. All oxen, horses, or cattle had been driven off by the Cossacks. The soil is hard and elastic, and was in excellent order for artillery. After a march of an hour a halt took place for 50 minutes during which Lord Raglan, accompanied by a very large staff, Marshal St. Arnaud, Generals Bosquet, Forey, and a number of French officers rode along the front of the columns. The men spontaneously got up from the ground, rushed forward, and column after column rent the air with three thundering English cheers. It was a good omen. As the Marshal passed the 55th regiment he exclaimed, "*English, I hope you will fight well today!*" "*Hope!*" exclaimed a voice from the ranks, "*sure you know we will!*" The troops presented a splendid appearance. The effect of these grand masses of soldiery descending the ridges of the hills rank after rank, with the sun playing over forests of glittering steel, can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Onward the torrent of war swept: wave after wave, huge stately billows of armed men, while the rumble of the artillery and tramp of cavalry accompanied their progress. At last the smoke of burning villages and farm-houses announced that the enemy in front were aware of our march. It was a sad sight to see the white walls of the houses blackened with smoke—the flames ascending through the roofs of peaceful homesteads—and the ruined outlines of deserted hamlets—Many sick men fell out, and were carried to the rear. It was a painful sight—a sad contrast to the magnificent appearance of the army in front; to behold litter after litter borne past to the carts, with the poor sufferers who had dropped from illness and fatigue.

THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE ENEMY.

Presently, from the top of a hill, a wide plain was visible, beyond which rose a ridge darkened here and there by masses which the practised eye recognized as cavalry. It was our first sight of the enemy. On the left of the plain up in a recess formed by the inward sweep of the two ridges lay a large village in flames, right before us was a neat white house unburnt, though the outhouses and farm-yard were burning. This was the Imperial Post-house of Boulijanak, just 20 miles from Sebastopol. A small stream ran past us, which was an object of delight to our thirsty soldiers, who had now marched more than eight miles from their camp. The house was deserted and gutted. Only a picture of a saint, bunches of herbs in the kitchen, and a few household utensils were left; and a solitary pea-hen stalked sadly about the threshold, which soon fell a victim to a revolver. After a short halt for men and horses by the stream, the army pushed on again.

THE EVE OF BATTLE.

When the Russians had retired beyond the heights, orders were given to halt and bivouac for the night, and our tired men set to work to gather dry furze and weeds for fuel. As soon as the rations of rum and meat were served out, the casks were broken up, and the staves served to make fires for cooking, aided by nettles and long grass. At night the watchfires of the Russians were visible on the left. Great numbers of stragglers and arabas came up during the night, and were sent off to their several divisions. The night was cold and damp, but the men were in excellent spirits; looking forward to the probability of an engagement with the enemy with perfect confidence as to the result. Sir George Brown, Sir D Lacy Evans, the Brigadiers-General, and staff-officers, went about among their divisions and brigades ere the men lay down, giving directions for the following day; and soon after dusk the regiments were on the ground, wrapped up in great coats and blankets, to find the best repose they could after the day's exertions.

THE MORNING OF BATTLE.

On the morning of the 20th, ere daybreak, the whole of the British force was under arms. They were marshalled silently; no bugles or drums broke the stillness, but the hum of thousands of voices rose loudly from the ranks, and the watch-fires lighted up the lines of the camp as though it were a great town. When dawn broke, it was discovered that the Russians had retired from the heights, but had left their camp-fires burning. The troops lay on their arms for about an hour, while the Generals were arranging the order of advance. Lord Raglan had made his dispositions the previous evening, and the Generals of Division, Sir George Brown, Sir De Lacy Evans, Sir R. England, and Sir G. Cathcart, aided by their Brigadiers-General, went from Colonel to Colonel of each regiment under their command, giving them instructions with respect to the arrangement of their men in the coming struggle. It was known that the Russians had been busy fortifying the heights over the valley through which runs the little river Alma, and that they had resolved to try their strength with the Allied army in a position giving them vast advantages of ground, which they had used every means in their power to improve to the utmost. The advance of the armies this great day was a sight which must ever stand out like the landmark of the spectator's life. Early in the morning the troops were ordered to get in readiness, and at half-past six o'clock they were in motion. It was a lovely day; the heat of the sun was tempered by a sea-breeze. The fleet was visible at a distance of four miles, covering the ocean as it was seen between the hill, and steamers could be seen as close to the shore as possible. The Generals St. Arnaud, Bosquet, and Forey, attended by the staff, rode along the lines, with Lord Raglan and his Generals at second halt, and were received with tremendous cheering.

ADVANCE TO THE ALMA.

The order in which our army advanced was in columns of brigades in deploying distance, our left protected by a line of skirmishes of cavalry and of horse artillery. The advantage of this formation was, that our army, in case of a strong attack from cavalry and infantry on the left or rear, could assume the form of a hollow square, with the baggage in the centre. The great object was to gain the right of the position, so that attacking parties could be sheltered by the vertical fire of the fleets. As soon as the position of our Allies could be accurately ascertained, the whole line, extending itself across the campaign country for some five or six miles, advanced. At the distance of two miles the English army halted a little to gather up the rear; and then the troops steadily advanced in grand lines like the waves of the ocean, with the left fritted away as it were into a foam of skirmishers under Colonel Lawrence and Major Norcott of the Rifle Brigade, 2d Battalion, covered by squadrons of the 11th and 8th Hussars, and portions of the 4th, and 13th Light Dragoons, and 17th Lancers.

The French occupied the high road, nearest the beach, with the Turks; and the English marched to the left. At about one o'clock in the afternoon the Light Division of the French army came in sight of the village of Almatamak, and the British Light Division descried that of Berliuk, both situated on the right bank of the river Alma—a tortuous little stream, which has worked its way down through a red clay soil, deepening its course as it proceeds seawards, and which drains the steppelike lands on its right bank, making at times pools and eddies too deep to be forded, though it can generally be crossed by waders who do not fear to wet their knees. The high banks formed by the action of the stream in cutting through the soil are sometimes at one side, sometimes at another, according to the sweep of the stream.

THE STRENGTH OF THE RUSSIAN POSITION.

A remarkable ridge of mountains, varying in height from 500 to 700 feet, runs along the course of the Alma on the left or south side with the course of the streams, and assuming the form of cliffs when close to the sea. This ridge is marked all along its course by deep gullies, which run towards the river at various angles, and serve no doubt to carry off the floods produced by the rains and the melting of the winter snows on the hills and table-lands above. If the reader will place himself on the top of Richmond hill, dwarf the Thames in imagination to the size of a Hampshire rivulet, and imagine the lovely hill itself to be deprived of all vegetation and protracted for about four miles along the stream, he may form some notion of the position occupied by the Russians, while the plains on the north or left bank of the Thames will bear no inapt similitude to the land over which the British and French armies advanced, barring only the verdure and freshness. At the top of the ridges, between the gullies, the Russians had erected earthwork batteries, mounted with 32 lb. and 24 lb. brass guns, supported by numerous field-pieces and howitzers. These guns enfiladed the tops of the ravines parallel to them, or swept them to the base, while the whole of the sides up which an enemy, unable to stand the direct fire of the batteries, would be forced to ascend, were filled with masses of skirmishers armed with an excellent two-groove rifle throwing a large solid conical ball with force at 700 and 800 yards, as the French learnt to their cost. The principal battery consisted of an earthwork of the form of two sides of a triangle, with the apex pointed towards the bridge, and the sides covering both sides of the stream, corresponding with the bend in the river below it, at the distance of 1,000 yards, while, with a fair elevation, the 32-pounders threw, as we saw very often, beyond the houses of the village to the distance of 1,400 and 1,500 yards. This was constructed on the brow of a hill about 600 feet above the river, but the hill rose behind it for another 50 feet before it dipped away towards the road. The ascent of this hill was enfiladed by the fire of three batteries of earthwork on the right, and by another on the left, and these batteries were equally capable of covering the village, the stream, and the slopes which led up the hill to their position. In the first battery were 13 32-pounder brass guns of exquisite workmanship, which only told too well. In the other batteries were some 25 guns in all.

THE BATTLE AND THE TRIUMPH.

Large masses of cavalry, principally Lancers and heavy Dragoons, manœuvred on the hills on the right of the Russians, and at last descended the hills, crossed the stream, and threatened our left and rear. As we came near the river our left wing was thrown back, in order to support our small force of cavalry, and a portion of our artillery was pushed forward in the same direction. Our danger in this respect was detected by the quick eye of Sir George Brown, and I heard him give the order for the movement of the artillery almost as soon as he caught sight of the enemy's cavalry, and just as we were coming to the village. As I have already said, our plan of operations was that the French should establish themselves under the fire of the guns on the heights on the extreme of the enemy's left. When that attack was sufficiently developed and had met with success, the British army was to force the right and part of the centre of the Russian position, and the day was gained. When we were about three miles from the village, the French steamers ran in as close as they could to the bluff of the shore at the south side of the Alma, and presently we saw them shelling the heights in splendid style, the shells bursting over the enemy's squares and batteries, and finally driving them from their position on the right, within 3,000 yards of the sea. The French practice commenced about 12½ o'clock, and lasted for about an hour and a half. We could see the shells falling over the batteries of the enemy, and bursting right into them; and then the black masses inside the works broke into little specks, which flew about in all directions, and when the smoke cleared away, there were some to be seen strewed over the ground. The Russians answered the ships from the heights, but without effect. A powder tumbril was blown up by a French shell; another shell fell by accident into an ambuscade which the Russians had prepared for the advancing French, and at last they drew off from the sea-side, and confined their efforts to the defence of the gullies and heights beyond the fire of the heavy guns of the steamers. At 1 o'clock we saw the French columns struggling up the hills, covered by a cloud of skirmishers, whose fire seemed most deadly. Once, at sight of a threatening mass of Russian infantry, in a commanding position above them, who fired rapid volleys among them, the French passed, but it was only to collect their skirmishers, for as soon as they had formed, they ran up the hill at the *kas de charge*, and broke the Russians at once, who fled in disorder with loss, up the hill. We could see men dropping on both sides, and the wounded rolling down the steep. At 1 50, our line of skirmishers got within range of the battery on the hill, and immediately the Russians opened fire at 1,200 yards with effect, the shot ploughing through the open lines of the Riflemen, and falling into the advancing column behind. Shortly ere this time dense volumes of smoke rose from the river, and drifted along to the eastward, rather interfering with the view of the enemy on the left of our position. The Russians had set the village on fire. Our troops halted when they neared this village, their left extending beyond it by the verge of the stream; our right behind the burning cottages, and within range of the batteries. It is said the Russians had taken the range of all the principal points in their front, and placed twigs and sticks to mark them. In this they were assisted by the post signboards on the road. The Russians opened a furious fire on the whole of our lines, but the French had not yet made progress enough to justify us in advancing. The round shot whizzed in every direction, dashing up the dirt and sand into the faces of the staff of Lord Raglan, who were also shelled severely, and attracted much of the enemy's fire. Still Lord Raglan waited patiently for the developement of the French attack. At length an aide-de-camp came to him and reported the French had crossed the Alma, but they had not established themselves sufficiently to justify us in an attack. The infantry were, therefore, ordered to lie down, and the army for a short time was quite passive, only that our artillery poured forth an unceasing fire of shell, rockets, and round shot, which ploughed through the Russians, and caused them great loss. They did not waver, however, and replied to our artillery manfully, their shot falling among our men as they lay, and carrying off legs and arms at every round.

CROSSING THE ALMA.

Lord Raglan at last became weary of this inactivity—his spirit was up—he looked around, and saw men on whom he knew he might stake the honour and fate of Great Britain by his side, and, anticipating a little, in a military point of view, the crisis of action, he gave orders for our whole line to advance. Up rose these serried masses, and—passing through a fearful shower of round, case-shot, and shell—they dashed into the Alma, and "floundered" through its waters, which were literally torn into foam by the deadly hail. At the other side of the river were a number of vineyards, occupied by Russian riflemen. Three of the staff were shot down; but, led by Lord Raglan in person, they advanced, cheering on the men. And now came the turning point of the battle, in which Lord Raglan, by his sagacity and military skill, probably secured the victory at a smaller sacrifice than would otherwise have been the case. He dashed over the bridge, followed by his staff. From the road over it, under the Russian guns, he saw the state of the action. The British line, which he had ordered to advance, was struggling through the river, and up the heights in masses, firm indeed, but mowed down by the murderous fire of the batteries; and by grape, round-shot, shell, canister, case-shot, and musketry, from some of the guns in the central battery, and from an immense and compact mass of Russian infantry.

STORMING THE HEIGHTS.

Then commenced one of the most bloody and determined struggles in the annals of war. The 2d Division, led by Sir De Lacy Evans, in the most dashing manner, crossed the stream on the right. The 7th Fusiliers, led by Colonel Yea, were swept down by fifties. The 55th, 30th, and 95th, led by Brigadier Pennefather, (who was in the thickest of the fight, cheering on his men), again and again were checked, indeed, but never drew back in their oward progress, which was marked by a fierce roll of Minie musketry; and Brigadier Adams, with the 41st, 47th, and 49th, bravely charged up the hill, and aided them in the battle. Sir George Brown, conspicuous on a grey horse, rode in front of his Light Division, urging them with voice and gesture. Gallant fellows! they were worthy of such a gallant chief. The 7th, diminished by one-half, fell back to re-form their columns lost for the time; the 23rd, with eight officers dead, and four wounded, were still rushing to the front, aided by the 15th, 33rd, 77th, and 88th. Down went Sir George in a cloud of dust in front of the battery. He was soon up, and shouted "23rd, I'm all right. Be sure I'll remember this day," and led them on again; but in the shock produced by the fall of their chief, the gallant regiment suffered terribly while paralyzed for a moment. Meantime the Guards on the right of the Light Division, and the brigade of Highlanders, were storming the heights on the left. Their line was almost as regular as though they were in Hyde-park. Suddenly a tornado of round and grape rushed through from the terrible battery, and a roar of musketry from behind it thinned their front ranks by dozens. It was evident that our troops were just able to contend against the Russians, favoured as they were by a great position. At this very time an immense mass of Russian infantry were seen moving down towards the battery. They halted. It was the crisis of the day. Sharp, angular, and solid, they looked as if they were cut out of the solid rock. It was beyond all doubt that, if our infantry, harassed and thinned as they were, got into the battery, they would have to encounter again a formidable fire, which they were but ill calculated to bear. Lord Raglan saw the difficulties of the situation. He asked if it would be possible to get a couple of guns to bear on these masses. The reply was "Yes;" and an artillery officer brought up two guns to fire on the Russian squares. The first shot missed, but the next, and the next, and the next, out through the ranks so cleanly, and so keenly, that a clear lane could be seen for a moment through the square. After a few rounds, the columns of the square became broken, wavered to and fro, broke, and fled over the brow of the hill, leaving behind them six or seven distinct lines of dead, lying as close as possible to each other, making the passage of the fatal messengers. This act relieved our infantry of a deadly incubus, and they continued their magnificent and fearful progress up the hill. The Duke encouraged his men by voice and example, and proved himself worthy of his proud command and of the Royal race from which he comes. "Highlanders," said Sir C. Campbell, ere they came to the charge, "I am going to ask a favour of you; it is, that you will act so as to justify me in asking permission of the Queen for you to wear a bonnet! Don't pull a trigger, till you're within a yard of the Russians!" They charged, and well they obeyed their chieftain's wish. Sir Colin had his horse shot under him; but he was up immediately and at the head of his men, shouting, "We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!" but the Guards pressed on abreast, and claimed, with the 33rd, the honour of capturing a cannon. They had stormed the right of the battery ere the Highlanders had got into the left, and it is said the Scots Fusilier Guards were the first to enter. The Second and Light Division crowned the heights. The French turned the guns on the hill against the flying masses, which the cavalry in vain tried to cover. A few faint struggles from the scattered infantry, a few rounds of cannon and musketry, and the enemy fled to the southeast. leaving three Generals, drums, three guns, 700 prisoners, and 4000 killed and wounded behind them. THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA WAS WON.

THE WANT OF CAVALRY.

The battle of Alma was perfect in all respects except one—the cavalry arm was inoperative. The Russian cavalry covered itself with disgrace. It never gave our horse a chance of a charge, and the nature of the ground forbade our attempting a demonstration against a very superior force manœuvring in a higher position. The Russians, indeed, barely covered the retreat; and our squadrons were too weak to try a dash at them. As an exemplification of the several uses of light infantry skirmishes, heavy infantry, and of horse and field artillery, the battle was complete.

PECULIARITIES OF THE CONFLICT.

There is this very peculiar feature about the action—that we had the very thing to do which we alone could have done, and that the French had to do work for which they were particularly suited. Ours it was to face steadily the fire of tremendous batteries; to advance with a rush, steady and sure, and resistless as the swell of the ocean, against a wall of fire and solid masses of infantry; to struggle on, at one time overwhelmed by crashing volleys of grape and musketry, at another disorganized by round shot winning the ground from death at every pace; to form tranquilly and readily when thrown into momentary disorder, and at last to nail victory to our colours by the never failing British bayonet.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Among these of the 23d Regt. are Capt. A. W. Wynn, killed. Capt. E. Evans, killed. Capt. W. P. Campbell, wounded severely.

WHAT GEN. CANROBERT COULD WISH TO DO?

It is said that several French officers have declared, since they viewed the ground, that they thought their men would not have been able to carry the position as the English did. General Canrobert, in a moment of enthusiasm, exclaimed to one of our Generals, at the close of the day, "All I would ask of Fortune now is that I might command a corps of English troops for three short weeks; I could then die happy!"

MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

"*Head Quarters, Bivouac of Menkendie, 26th September*, 1854.

"Soldiers—Providence denies your chief the satisfaction of continuing to lead you in the path of glory which opens before you.

"Vanquished by a cruel malady, with which he has vainly struggled, with profound sorrow he contemplates, but he will know how to fulfill, the imperious duty which circumstances impose upon him—that of resigning the command, the weight of which a state of health ruined beyond remedy no longer permits him to support.

"Soldiers—You will pity me, for the blow which strikes me is immense—irreparable—perhaps unexampled.

"I hand over the command to the General of Division Canrobert, whom the Emperor, in his careful soliditude for this army, and for the great interest it represents, has invested with the necessary powers in a sealed letter which I have now before me.

"It is an alleviation of my sorrow to place in such worthy hands the flag which France has intrusted to my care.

"You will surround with your respect and your confidence this general officer, for whom a brilliant military career and eminent service rendered to his country have procured the most honourable renown in the country and in the army.

"He will continue the victory of lhe Alma and he will have the happiness—a happiness I had dreamt for myself—to lead you to Sebastopol.

"MARSHAL ST ARNAUD"

A WELCOME SUPPLY OF CLEAN LINEN.—A soldier of the sixth company of the 50th Regiment, writing to his father in Manchester says:—The Russians left a good many knapsacks behind, so precipitate was their flight, and they evidently were half-drunk, as the place was strewed with wine casks. Our chaps availed themselves of the opportunity of changing their linen, as all the knapsacks belonging to the enemy had a clean shirt and trousers in them.

THE COLOURS OF THE SCOTCH FUSILIER GUARDS had 26 bullets through them. The staff of the colours was broken; but Mr. Lindsay held fast, as cool as a cucumber, and escaped without a wound.

REPORTED BURNING OF SEBASTOPOL BY THE RUSSIANS.

It is reported that the Russians set fire to the town on the morning of the 28th. Up to twelve o'clock (when the despatch was closed) a dense column of smoke and flames issued from the place, as if from a crater, when a dreadful explosion was distinctly heard at the distance. There is no doubt that the Russians are at the old game, but nobody knows, if they areburning their vessels or destroying the town.

TERRIFIC CONFLAGRATION AT NEWCASTLE.

The most disastrous and extensive conflagration that any town in England has sustained since the great fire in London occurred on Friday, the 6th instant, in the adjoining boroughs of Newcastle and Gateshead, situated as our readers are aware on the opposite banks of the Tyne.

THE RUSSIAN OFFICERS IN DISGUISE.—It has been remarked that not one Russian officer wore the marks of his rank during the battle; all had put on the soldier's great coat. This measure was ordered by the Emperor himself, who had seen how his officers were picked off at the Danube by the crack marksmen in the Ottoman army.

TRUE BRAVERY.—An immense number of acts of bravery might be mentioned. An English soldier had to fix a camp flag, to indicate to the division which was coming up the position it was to occupy. A Russian left his ranks, and running up to the Englishman, shot him, and was carrying off the flag, when a non-commissioned English officer rushed forward, attacked the Russian, and with his revolver killed him. He then returned to his ranks with the flag he had recovered; but a fire of Musketry from the Russians had been opened upon him, and at moment when he was close to his comrades with the flag in his hands, he fell dead, pierced with seven balls.

THE FIGHT FOR THE COLOURS OF THE 95TH.—Ensign Braybrooke, of the 95th' writes to his mother to the following effect:—"My dearest mother: Well knowing how anxious you will be to know how I am, after the terrible struggle of the 20th, I have to tell you, that I have been shot through my thighs in the fleshy part. The bullet or grapeshot entered my right thigh and passed through both. Thank goodness I have saved my legs, but much fear that I shall be lame. We had a fearful fight for the heights, and had 250 men and 16 officers in our own regiment alone killed and wounded. Five officers shot dead. Bazalgette and myself were shot down together, with the colours. My colours got cut in two with a grape shot, which glanced off and tore away my epaulette."

THE SULTAN AND THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS.—The Sultan and his ministers allow no opportunity to pass of coming to Scutari to the assistance of the wounded. The medical authorities, feeling the want of more beds in the hospitals, and wishing to obtain some spot near the sea, that it might be easier to convey without danger such as are severely wounded, fixed on the Sultan's kiosque on the point of the Seraglio. The ministers hesitated a little about consigning this imperial residence to the service of the sick. They addressed the sultan himself, and his answer came promptly: "Take this kiosque; if necessary, I will give one of my palaces for these poor wounded men."

THE SHIP BUILDING INTEREST.

It is beginning to be feared that Canada is on the brink of another commercial crises. The position of the ship-builders of Lower Canada is reported "gloomy," and this is one of the principal branches of industry pursued in that section of the Province Owing to the impetus given to ship-building from the demand for vessels, which the discovery of gold in Australia and California created, that branch of production has quadrupled in importance, more especially in Quebec; the annual value of the ships built in that port being not less than between three and four millions pounds sterling.

"But the ships recently sent thence to England have not realized anything like the price expected. From £14 a ton, the price of Colonial-built vessels has, in a very short space of time sunk to £10. The ship-builders generally do business on capital furnished by commission brokers who charge five per cent, for endorsing for the ship-builders. While the wages of ship-carpenters have been unprecedently high—reaching $3 a day—it is quite possible, that the brokers may have advanced on many vessels more than they will bring when they come to be sold to English buyers. In such cases the loss will fall on the brokers who advanced the money. Against the contingency of loss by any other means, they take good care to provide by insuring the vessels while in course of construction, and when ready for sea, by taking a mortgage upon them, besides insuring both vessel and cargo. But against such a fall in the value of vessels as will prevent their bringing on sale the amount advanced upon them, they have no security. These ships, constructed for sale in the Liverpool market, leave Quebec in the middle or toward the end of May, laden with timber. They are paid for in bills generally at six months by the English houses that purchase them; and these bills are in danger of being dishonored, whenever heavy losses have been suffered by the English purchasers on the vessels."

The state of the Lumber Trade is not less discouraging. Cargoes lately sent on speculations, have "realized a loss" of from $3,000 to $4,000 each. Timber purchased at 8d per cubic foot, and which 1s. freight was paid, did not bring in Liverpool over 1s. Stg.

"The intelligence of the great decline in the price of ships and lumber was the signal for all the banks in Quebec, whose customers are chiefly engaged in these branches, to stop discounting at one. Holders whose necessities obliged them to realize were compelled to do so at a great sacrafice. Of course the rich firms refuse to sell in the present depressed state of the market. Ship-owners are losing money, owing to the low figure to which freights have sunk. Last year 40s per load (50 cubic feet) was paid for timber to Liverpool; now the figures are down as low as 27s to 30. The decline in freights, ships and timper, came simultaneously, and it assailed all the chief interests of Quebec."

A CARPET OF IVORY.—Amongst the curiosities to be transmitted from India to the Great Exhibition in Paris next year, is a carpet of ivory. It is 20 feet long by 6 feet broad, and made of long strips of ivory, plaited like matting. The price fixed upon it is $1500, and it may yet become the fashion. Such a carpet would be nearly indestructible, but we fear it will have the inconvenience of being slippery.