

waves with high cliffs of dark red and ochre colour. As we sailed on, two beautiful doves alighted on our taffrail, emblems of peace, with burnished wings of yellow and bronze. We listened for the sound of cannon as we dropped our anchor outside Balaklava Harbour, we soon heard the solemn boom of a large gun, then others at intervals, "the deep breath of the cannon's mouth." We knew then that we were in time, that the great siege was still going on, and that though peace might be expected eventually, yet from all the preparations we saw around us for the vigorous prolongation of the contest, scenes of great excitement and interest must ensue before we could expect the end of the Russian War.

END OF VOL. I.

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