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The South Ontario Rifle Association held an adjourned meeting last week. It was thought too late to get up a County match before the Ontario Rifle match, to be held on the 23rd inst. Arrangements were made to furnish tickets, etc. to members attending the Provincematch at Toronto. A meeting, to get up a County match, will be held on the 1st of July.—*Vindicator*.

A CONCERT, under the auspices of Lieut Col. Fairbanks, and the Officers of the 34th, is advertised to be given in the Drill Shed, on the evening of Friday, the 18th instant, for the benefit of the Band of the Battalion. We have not yet seen the programme, but it is to be worthy of the object.—*Ibid*.

### THE CRIMEA AND RUSSIA.

No city cursed by prophetic lips has over encountered a more appalling destruction than Sebastopol. It is now not only no fortress; it is not even an ordinary trading seaport. A miserable and half beggared population, reduced, perhaps, to a tenth of the old number, still haunts the ruins to talk of the old times, and wonder if the Czar will ever give the word which is to re-establish the fallen greatness of the city. The beautiful Southern coast of the Crimea is still the resort of noble and wealthy Russians; the coast of the Black Sea is receiving every year more and more of the influence of civilization; that great basin has become the scene of a commerce of which no one can foresee the limits; and Sebastopol, which but a few years ago was the most famous city of its shores, and possesses natural advantages such as belong to few others, still lies in the ruins of 1856. There has been seemingly no attempt even to encourage the stay of the old population, or to give the place a new chance as a seat of trade. We must, therefore, do the Russians the justice of admitting that they have honorably abided by the stipulations of the Treaty of Paris. There remains not a fort, not a dock which can give umbrage to the Porte or its Allies. If it were lawful for a ship of war to float in the waters of the Black Sea, it could find no means of equipment or repair at the place which, fifteen years ago, had one of the finest arsenals in the world. The Russians, we are told, are wonderfully candid and outspoken. They do not pretend to extenuate the loss they have suffered. They are proud of the heroism of their army in holding the town so long under such a storm of shot and shell as was poured upon it, and they count the Crimean campaign as one of the most glorious in their annals. But the reality of the defeat and the important consequences of the Treaty which followed are too present to their minds for them to seek to persuade others of their insignificance.

The destruction of Sebastopol has changed the relations between the Russian Empire and the Porte. In the time of Nicholas it was believed that the next war with Turkey would be a very simple affair. The naval power of the Ottoman had declined, while that of Russia was especially formidable in the Black Sea. The ships, if not numerous, were of great size, and in good condition; and of the resources of Sebastopol it is enough to say that they astonished even those, both English and French, who had

formed the highest opinion of the strength of Russia. The colossal scale and completeness of the works, the immense stores of guns and material of war, are too well known to be recapitulated. There would have been little doubt as to the result of a war between the Czar and the Sultan if the Sultan had been left to his own resources. Former Russian campaigns against the Turk had been comparatively difficult from the necessity of a regular advance by land; but had Turkey been opposed to Russia after the creation and completion of Sebastopol, the case would have been very different. One or two such victories as that of Sinopo would have given the command of the Black Sea and the Bosphorus entirely to Russia. The Turkish Empire would have been cut in two, the soldiers furnished by the Asiatic provinces would have been confined to their own side of the strait, Constantinople itself would have lain open to a naval expedition, and the European provinces might have been revolutionized and conquered with comparative ease. This was, beyond a doubt, the forecast of the late Czar. He had no idea that the Western nations would ever send troops to Turkish soil. He had rather reason to think, they would some day turn their forces against each other. In that event Sebastopol would have become the base of operations against Constantinople; and Turkey without an ally to support or encourage her, would have fallen before the long prepared attack.

These probabilities are the measure of the sacrifice Russia has made in the destruction of Sebastopol; they indicate the immense and solid advantages acquired by the Crimean War, and they also enable us to do credit to the good faith with which Russia has submitted to be bound by the stipulations of the treaty. Of the future it is difficult to speak. A railway to Sebastopol would no doubt develop the capabilities of the place as a seaport for Southern Russia, and it may be that the present desolation will be succeeded by a period of peaceful prosperity, in which a harmless Sebastopol will be visited by the unwarlike squadrons of trade. In the meantime the town and district remain as they were on the morrow of the war, except that time and neglect are destroying even what war has spared. In this desolation we too have objects which should receive attention. Not only all the British graves in the Crimea, sacred to hundreds of English families, but the national reputation is concerned in their decent preservation. The visitors to the Crimea may at present be few, but each one who sets foot there, witnesses, it seems, a spectacle which Englishmen can only regret. We need not repeat the remarks made upon this subject in our letters; suffice it to say, that there has been gross negligence or worse, and that any reasonable sum for the maintenance of these national monuments ought not to be grudged. The expense would be very small if, as has been suggested, the whole were brought together and placed under the care of a proper guardian.—*London Times*.

### A HINT TO TOURISTS.

Dr. Russel, in a letter to the *Times*, recommends English tourists to turn their attention to the Crimea. He writes:—

It has always been a matter of surprise to me that the beauties of the south coast of the Crimea, quite unrivalled in their way, do not tempt more of our yachting and travelling world to visit them. Sebastopol is an admirable port, and, in addition to Balaklava, there are harbours at Kaffa, or

Theodosia, and Kertch. The Black Sea, notwithstanding the bad name it bears and the character given to it by Byron, is no worse than its neighbours. The battle-fields of Alma, Inkermann, and Balaklava, and the scene of the great struggle on the plateau, must be deeply interesting to Englishmen, and to military men and engineers they present much to study, although the art of attack and defence has been so much modified by recent artillery improvements that the old trenches and batteries there may be considered to belong to a system as obsolete as that of the Greeks or Romans. The principles, indeed, may in the main be very much the same, but the modifications are so vast that the forms and appliances of siege works which were then in use are no longer available. But, to all, the scenery must be ever attractive and delightful. To drive or ride from Sebastopol or Balaklava, through the Valley of Baidar, by the Phoros Pass to the sea coast on the south, can scarcely be equalled. We were a little too soon, for the foliage in the valley was not out in all its glory, but on the south coast the vines were beginning to put forth their green shoots, and flowers bloomed in all the lovely gardens, though the tops of the mountain ridges above them were covered with snow. The peculiarity of the scenery lies in the contrast between the most savage mountain and cliff and the most soft and tender *paysage*, running in folding curves downwards to the sea. From the pass to Aloushta and farther the road runs near the foot of an indented chain of beetling cliffs and rocks of the most fantastic form, and of great variety of colour; and on the other side there is a tumbling slope of verdure—vineyards, native forest, wooded glens, ravines, and fields, with gigantic boulders and rocks hurled down the sides, amid which now and then there is some princely castle, with gardens, towers, and battlemented walls, like Alupka; or some imperial palace, like Levadia; or some exquisite country seat, like Orianda. From the sea the view is almost equally lovely, and I cannot imagine a much more delightful tour than that which could be made along the coast by land or water.

An extraordinary scene was witnessed in the market square at Nottingham. Mrs. H. Law, a lady who professes herself a free-thinker, addressed a congregation of upwards of three thousand persons, denouncing in vehement terms all forms of religion and creeds. Mr. Dupe, "a converted butcher," who is the leader of a sect of Christians having a conventicle in Canaan street, got on a cab and called upon his followers, who had mustered in great force, for a hymn. The call was responded to, and the free thinking lady's voice was drowned for a few minutes. Three other preachers placed their stands around the cab from which the lady was speaking, and the din was literally deafening. Some of the Canaanites collected a quantity of cabbage heads, and one was flung at Mrs. Law with so true an aim that she only escaped being knocked out of her cab by dropping her head. Two well-defined hostile parties were now drawn up. The lady's supporters seemed more numerous than her opponents, and each seemed equally determined on a fight, when the Mayor, with a body of police, appeared on the scene, and compelled the crowd to disperse. The lady free-thinker, not to be defeated, repaired to the new market in Burton Leys, where she preached upon the French Revolution as a noble attempt to enfranchise the mind of man, until a smart shower dispersed her congregation.