

but goes in some measure beyond it, by providing it with all the means for assuring the triumph of a cause, the justice and grandeur of which are equally understood by both people."

We have called this document unprecedented; and we believe it to be so; for we can call to mind no other instance in which the ruler of one nation, acting in alliance with another, has so loyally and so generously laboured to set before the eyes of his own people a true and just exposition of their confederates, and to make them distinctly and clearly understand that they can claim no triumphs to themselves, nor boast of any sacrifices they have made in which the people with whom they are allied have not participated to the utmost. It is by this admitting the people of the two countries to a competent knowledge and appreciation of each other, that the union between them will become permanent and indissoluble.

Captain Wm. Peel, the hero of the *Diamond* and Naval Brigade, has met with an enthusiastic reception at Tamworth, where he has returned with Sir R. Peel. Replying to addresses of congratulation, both brothers dwelt on the pleasure it would have given their father to have witnessed so gratifying a scene. Captain Peel appeared to have suffered severely from fatigue since he left England. The gallant sailor commenced his reply, evidently labouring under strong emotions, by observing that he thanked God for His mercy in having allowed him to return in honour to his native land, and to receive from their hearts, in a place so dear and so sacred to the memory of his father, their appreciation of his conduct in the field. He could not allude to that mercy without first thinking of the gallant men, less fortunate but more glorious, who were lying in their peaceful graves by the side of the battery where they fought together; and he trembled whilst he stood there, lest in speaking of himself he should seem to rob them of one atom of their glory. Rather than do that he would enter with them their graves. A sad, sad distinction existed between them; theirs was the glory, whilst ours was the reflection. (Cheers.) It had been his good fortune and his pride in war, that although a sailor by profession, he had been associated with the army. He had learnt from them how to fight with honour; and as those who now heard him took a deep interest in what was going on in the Crimea, he would relate to them a scene or two which he had witnessed there. (Cheers.) It had been his good fortune to be present at the battle of the Alma, to fight with the Guards at Inkermann, to witness, as a spectator, the charge of Cavalry at Balaklava, and to go daily to the trenches, and to witness the gallant, but unsuccessful attack on the 18th of June. He would take, however, the battle of Inkermann, as one of the most interest to them. But before he referred to it, he felt bound to mention the heroism of a midshipman, an aide-de-camp of his, named Dalzell, and another named Wood; two youths who fought like heroes. (Lieutenant Dalzell was on the platform, and was loudly cheered.) He was awake on the morning of the battle by a heavy cannonade, when he immediately dressed himself and went out. It was a thick fog and a wet morning. Not knowing the ground, he went to the line where they were holding with a few men a position against a large number of the enemy. He went to look, and discovered that on the right the ground fell rapidly down to the Tchernaya, so that there was no danger by turning there. They could not see the enemy, and the bullets as they came flying past tore up the bushes. He got to the two-gun battery—that famous place—where there were a few of the Guards with the colors of the regiment. None of the enemy could then be seen, although the bullets continued to fly amongst them; but suddenly a fire came on from the rear, and the men were dropping. They formed to meet this fire, but at the same instant a shout was heard, and a mass of Russians appeared before us. A cry was raised, "Firm on the colors!" and they prepared to meet them. A rush, however, was made on the enemy in the rear, and they engaged them so ardently that they forgot altogether about the men who were coming down in dense masses in front. At that moment an officer on horseback said to him, in a whisper, "The Russians are in front and in rear." Not knowing the danger of their position, and to show the little military skill he possessed, he replied, also in a whisper, "Then I hope we shall take them all." He now looked up, and to his surprise saw thousands of Russians shooting them down, not daring to attack them with the bayonet. They turned the men round to let them fire, and continued firing on and fighting the Russians to the rear, which was their proper position. They moved on with Her Majesty's Guards, and got to the redoubt

with the colours safe. (Cheers.) They were at that moment closely pressed by the enemy, when they heard the bugles sounded, and up came a gallant French regiment with their Colonel at their head. With their aid they drove the Russians back, who immediately after came up in overwhelming numbers, and retook the position, but only to be again driven back with immense loss. On the following day, on going over the field, it was said by many who saw it, that the slain round that battery were more than at any other position. He had given them that little episode of the battle of Inkermann, and he would not take up more of their time. One matter, however, which referred to himself, he would notice. It might be asked how it was that he stood there when there was still war and others were fighting. The reason was that the navy was not governed like the army. The service of the latter was continuous. On the evening of the 18th of June he was wounded, and had to go in the hospital. After six weeks the wound continued in the same state, and that circumstance alone deprived him of his command. He was ready, notwithstanding, to return and serve again. (Cheers.) The gallant Captain then referred to the opinions which had been expressed—that the navy had had nothing to do, because the Russian ships were behind their batteries—and remarked that there was one Russian ship lying at anchor in the Gulf of Finland, which must be taken by the navy, and that ship was Cronstadt. (Cheers and laughter.) He concluded by saying that he would not tell them how deeply sensible he was of the reception they had given him in that spot, so sacred to the memory of his father—a reception deeply touching to Lady Peel and to all his family, and in their names, and in his own, he thanked them. (Continued applause.)

RUSSIA.

A letter from Odessa, of the 20th ult., in the *Constitutionnel*, says—"The winding up of affairs of the houses of commerce, warehouses, and shops goes on without interruption. Doors are closed in quick succession, and the emigrants emigrate. Merchandise becomes exhausted by degrees, and begins to fail every day for the wants of that part of the richer population which is forced to remain here, and who have been accustomed to a luxury equal to that of the capital. In a word, the greatest ruin and desolation exists. The authorities, however, pretend to perceive nothing of this, and endeavour to assume an air of comfort and security which must be very far from their real feelings. The last affair on the Tchernaya caused the greatest consternation here, and the bombardment of Sveaborg produced a complete panic. Odessa may well fear the same fate, for no one has been the dupe of the fable circulated here, that we have repulsed a landing of the enemy. It is not our earthworks and our few batteries in wretched masonry, and armed with twenty-one or twenty-five guns, that could prevent the allies from taking our town, which is open on every point. General Liders and Governor Stroganoff, although putting on the appearance of feeling perfectly secure, have warned us to hold ourselves in readiness to evacuate the town at the first notice. It is impossible, however, to suppose that they can expect a population of from 15,000 to 20,000 souls, and composed for the most part of the heterogeneous and foreign elements of Holy Russia, can encamp in the real desert which surrounds Odessa. Will you believe that there are still here some very respectable English merchants who have been refused permission to leave, on the pretext that they pay to the Crown the duty for exercising the profession of a merchant, and that that constitutes an engagement from which they cannot be released. Since the last disaster in the Crimea, by which, in the opinion of well informed persons, we had 10,000 men put *hors de combat*, and eight Generals killed or since dead of their wounds, workmen have been busily employed in erecting batteries on several points of the shore round our roadstead. I, however, think that this is more a pretence than a real defence, for we have not guns enough to arm all these works, or artillery enough to serve them. At Nicolaieff things are going on more seriously; from 30,000 to 35,000 men, most being part of the reserve, labour actively in throwing up fortifications and entrenchments, and, as the allied fleet do not disturb them, everything goes on well. It is really colossal, and also very imprudent, the agglomeration which has taken place at Nicolaieff of warlike stores of all kinds and provisions; a flotilla of boats established at Woznesensk brings all the provisions which are brought to that place from the interior of the country, and another flotilla on the Dniéper brings to the same point the military stores drawn from the

fortresses of Bobrouk and Keis. It is only, therefore, from Kherson that the cartridges, collected by the aid of requisitions in the Governments of Kherson, Charkow, and in the Taurida, convey the provisions into the Crimea. When we see all this, and think of Kertch, we feel what a dangerous game we play."

The *Frankfort Post Gazette*, of Sept. 18 has the following respecting the fortifications on the north side of Sebastopol:—

"The fortifications bordering the roadstead of Sebastopol on the north form two distinct sections; some being situated to the west and directed against an attack made from the Black Sea, while the others lie to the south and converge their fire on Sebastopol and the roadstead. The space separating the two sections of intrenchments is defended by Fort Constantine, the guns of which command both the roadstead and the sea. On the western coast we first meet with the Vesp Battery and that of the Telegraph; then, turning near Fort Constantine we find ourselves before Fort Catherine, armed with 120 guns, and two other batteries 'razantes' on the border of the bay. The rocky ground, so cut up with ravines, of the southern table-land, rises from the centre of the sea by an abrupt ascent. The table-land was, before the invasion, crowned with several batteries, partly cut into the living rock, but since then the whole shore of the bay, as far as the Inkermann lighthouse, has been covered with earthen intrenchments. Further in the background, in the centre of these works, the summit of the table-land bears the star-shaped fort named Siver-naya, but also called 'the Citadel.' Of the fortifications on the line of the Belbek we have no details whatever. All we know is that when in 1854 the allied army, after the battle of the Alma, marched on Sebastopol, it found the north side unassailable, and was obliged to make the flank march recorded at the time, for the purpose of turning Sebastopol and reaching the south side of the town, which was known to be weakly fortified. This proves that even at that date North Sebastopol was in a rather formidable condition. Since that period they have certainly extended and strengthened the defences of this position; while prolonging them as far as Upper Belbek, they have formed an intrenched camp for the Russian army of reserve. At the mouth of the Belbek the allies found even last year a regular fort. The forts on the north side are capable of containing a garrison of 25,000 men.

The *Daily News* correspondent says:—Plunder was the order of the day with our allies. "On gaining the summit of the opposite slope, on and beyond which the main body of the town is situated, French, nothing but French, were to be met with, and all laden with every conceivable kind of plunder. Chairs, tables, looking-glasses, church ornaments, poultry, kegs of brandy, mattresses, bed-clothes, cooking utensils,—every domestic moveable, in fact, that ever figured in the catalogue of the City auction mart, was being carried or dragged along by our light-fingered allies, whilst only at long intervals was an Englishman to be seen with a single article, and in three instances I found Frenchmen disputing their right even to these. More than one lament on our failure before the Redan was also uttered, and in one case in which reproach was thrown into the teeth of a brawny Irish Grenadier by a diminutive Chasseur with more impudence than discretion, I take to myself the credit of having saved a subject of the Emperor from summary annihilation. Pat had laid hands on a bundle of crockery-ware, and was proceeding comfortably along under the influence of a double allowance of rum, when the Frenchman, still worse off for liquor, came reeling by with a looking-glass under one arm and a couple of ducks under the other. 'Ha! Redan no, Malakoff yes; Ingelese no bono!' spouted out the son of France, tapping the Irishman with impudent familiarity on the elbow. The 'whirroo!' that followed was worthy of Donnybrook, and, in an instant, dashing his crockery to the ground, Paddy grasped the Frenchman by the most capacious part of his pantaloons, sent the looking-glass to divers, and would have made work for the doctor out of its owner if I had not at that moment come up to the rescue. Seeing Frenchmen hurrying to the scene of this tragedy from all points, I deemed it best, for my countryman's own sake, to prevent his administering a chastisement, which, however amply deserved, might have endangered the safety of its bestower, and so liberated the chastened impudent, and endeavored to calm down the wrath of the infuriated Kerryman. This, however, was no easy task; but my endorsing his declaration, 'I am able to beat ten Frenchmen any day, I finished the storm,