

have fallen since the day that splendid army poured itself, like a great western wave, along the shores of Eupatoria, and dashed up the heights of the Alma; and breaking over the embattled ridge, with a loud roar of defiance, swept onward to destroy the mighty fortress, no power on earth being able to say, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther!'—(Cheers.) Those who have fallen were gathered, as no troops ever were before, from different regions of the earth. The soldier from the banks of the Nile and Jordan sleeps beside those from the Po and the Seine, the Tay and the Treml, and from a circumference which sweeps from the deserts of the East to the forests of the far West—from Australia to the North Sea, more than ten thousand times ten thousand mourners turn their weeping eyes to one common centre dear to them all—the teeming grave-yard around Sebastopol—where beloved ones lie interred, "in one red burial blent." Among the fallen are men of almost every age and rank. Veterans are there who had grown grey in the service of their country; whose names are familiar in the history of the last war; who might have lived and died with honour unstained amidst the sweet scenes and domestic quiet of their happy homes, but who, with that splendid chivalry which never beat higher than it now does among our military men, went abroad at the call of duty, braved the dangers and the sufferings of the campaign with their comrades, meekly bore many a hard speech uttered against them with the quiet dignity of conscious integrity, and the self-respect that will now explain itself to injustice—until at last some, like Cathcart or Strangways, were killed in the midst of battle; others died from their wounds, or, like the noble Raglan, exhausted in body and mind, yielded to the fierce assault of disease. The young, too, are among the fallen—the pride of many a home—their ardent enthusiasm, their brilliant courage, and bright hopes and honourable distinction suddenly arrested by the cruel cannon ball: most attractive young spirits, like one who came to me to remember the Lord, who died for him, ere he went himself to die, clasping his colours to his breast on the field of Alma. Christian men are among the fallen, good soldiers of Jesus Christ, who were not ashamed of the Cross while they grasped the sword, but who, in keeping their own spirits as they did, were even greater than those who take a city. Oh, my Lord Duke, from being secretary of a society here for supporting missionaries in the hospitals, reading all their journals sent to me, and also from being the minister of the largest parish in Scotland, I have many sad opportunities of realising the breaches which have been made by war in the homes of the humble, of whose losses, however, the busy world hears little. During the last few days only, I can recall a widow bowed down with grief for a most kind husband, who had survived the campaign till the last terrible assault,—and a sister, who had there, also, lost her only support,—and a mother, who had always brought me with pride her son's letters, but who now, with sobs of agony, gave me one to read, written by a warm hearted comrade, who told her how her son died beside him near the Redan, and who heard him say, with his latest breath, "Oh, my poor mother!" I mention these things because I know that you intend the humblest soldier among the fallen to be remembered to-night as well as the most distinguished officer. (Cheers.) And can we, my Lord Duke, let me ask, in conclusion, for one moment believe that those men have died in vain; and that the best blood of Europe has been poured out like water on the ground, never in any form to be gathered up again? It cannot be. I think it would be inconsistent with our faith in the wisdom and goodness of the universal Governor of the world. History itself contradicts so hopeless a view of the future, and connects too closely with righteous wars such enlarged measures of good obtained by the human race, to make us doubt for one moment that the blood of the army, as well as that of martyrs, will prove to be the seeds of the church. And it is because I believe this; because I believe that this great war, whether it ends soon or after many years, will be overruled by the Prince of Peace for advancing that "kingdom which cannot be moved," the kingdom of righteousness, peace and joy. It is because I believe that the very justice with which we have treated Turkey, and fought for her, will but more clearly demonstrate the fall of Islam to be from circumstances of the most disinterested character on our part. Because I believe that the deaths of the thousands who have perished, and whose graves may be typical of more beautiful spots in the moral wilderness, and may ultimately prove the life of thousands, hundreds of thousands of the human race in coming generations. But as a Christian pastor and a Christian patriot, I can propose with cheerfulness a toast to the memory of those who have fallen in the Crimea."

#### THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

The English papers tell us how the royal family received the news of the fall of Sebastopol. They were at Balmoral, in Scotland, when the joyful tidings arrived:

"At ten o'clock in the evening the Queen received the glorious intelligence that Sebastopol "was in the hands of the Allies." Her Majesty directed that the intelligence should be generally communicated.

The Prince, attended by Earl Granville, Major-General the Hon. C. Grey, Colonel the Hon. C. Phipps, and E. Becker, Esq., immediately proceeded to the summit of Craig Gorbain, where a quantity of fire-wood had been collected. The joyful tidings had circulated rapidly through the neighborhood, and the Highlanders were seen approaching in groups in every direction. The main body was led by Ross, her Majesty's piper, late of the 42d Highlanders, playing the favorite national airs. A considerable number of people was soon assembled, and the creation of a bonfire was but the work of a few minutes, and upon the arrival of the Prince and the party accompanying him it was lighted, and blazed high into the air, amid the loud and oft-repeated cheers of the assemblage. Some whisky having been procured. "The Health of the Queen and the Prince," and of "The Brave Armies of the Crimea," were drunk, while the air rang with acclamations. The Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, attended by Mr. Gibbs, shortly after arrived. The Queen and the Duchess of Kent, with the ladies of the suite, viewed the distant scene from the windows of the castle. It was one of surpassing wildness and beauty. The country for a considerable distance was lighted by the vast bonfire, the ruddy gleams from which were reflected from the windows and walls of the castle. The picturesque figures of the Highlanders, who had now collected in considerable numbers, were seen against the flames, and their shouts were heard far and wide through the glen, while the occasional sound of the discharge of fire-arms from distant localities proved how rapidly the long-wished for intelligence had travelled. A little before twelve o'clock the whole concourse of peasants, workmen, gillies, and others descended from the craig, and, assembling before the castle windows, sang "God Save the Queen;" and, after three hearty cheers, gradually dispersed."

#### THE GRAVES IN THE CRIMEA.

In times to come it will be a chosen terminus of Saxon pilgrimage, this Cathcart's Hill. Whether the traveller beholds from its humble parapet the fair aspect of the imperial city guarded by threefold mightier batteries than now, or sits upon the broken wall to gaze upon the ruins of Sebastopol, he must, if he has any British blood in his veins, regard with emotion that little spot which encloses all that was mortal of some of the noblest soldiers who ever sprang from our warrior race. He will see the site of those tedious trenches where the strong man waxed weak day after day and the sanguine became hopeless, and where the British soldier fought through a terrible winter with privation, cold, frost, snow, and rain, more terrible and deadly than the fire of the enemy. With the Redan, the Malakhoff, the Quarries, the Mamelon, Gordon's attack, Chapman's attack, under his eyes, he will revive with the aspect of the places where they stood the memories of this great struggle, and renew the incidents of its history. How many more of our gallant officers this cemetery may hold it is impossible to say; it is too full already. It is a parallelogram of about 40 yards long by 30 yards broad, formed by the base of a ruined wall which might in former days have marked the lines of a Tartar fort, or have been the first Russian redoubt to watch over the infancy of Sebastopol. Although many an humble tumulus indicates to the eye of affection the place where some beloved comrade rests till the last reveit, the care and love of friends here and at home have left memorials in solid stone of most of those whose remains are resting here. The first of the graves towards the front and west of the cemetery consists of a simple mound of earth. I know not who lies below. The second is marked by a simple slab, with the following inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of Lieutenant H. Tyron, Rifle Brigade, killed in action on the 20th of November, 1854." He was a thorough soldier, brave, cool, and resolute, and in the terrible crisis of Inkermann he used a rifle with more deadly certainty and success than any of his men. In the struggle for the "Ovens" or "Quarries," on the 20th of November, in which a small body of the Rifle Brigade dislodged a force of the enemy much greater than their own, he displayed such gallantry ere he fell that General Canrobert paid him the rare honor of a special mention in the next "General Order of the Day" for the French army. Next to him repose the remains of a lamented officer. The stone records his name, "Sacred to the memory of Brigadier General Thomas Leigh Goldie, commanding the first brigade of the fourth division of the British army, lieutenant-colonel of the 57th Regiment, who fell at Inkermann, November 5th, 1854." No. 4 is a rude cross of stone, without mark or name. The 5th grave is distinguished by a stone cross at the feet, and at the head is a slab with an ornamented top, beneath which is written "Sacred to the memory of Brigadier-general Fox Strangways, killed on November the 5th, 1854." A few lines in Russian ask the Christian forbearance of our enemies after we have gone for the bones of one whom they would have admired and loved had they known him. No. 6 is conspicuous by a large tombstone, with an ornamental cross at the top, and some simple efforts of the chisel at the sides and base. Come here and read! "Here lieth the mortal remains of Captain Edward Stanley, 57th Regiment, killed at the battle of Inkermann, November