the strata containing fossil remains of organic forms extend to the depth of between 6 and 7 miles wholly exclusive of the older, non-fossiliferous rocks—these rocks all appear to be composed of the fragments or detritus of other rocks which have been decomposed and deposited at the bottom of seas or lakes enveloping as they were gradually precipitated, the bones of such animals and plants as were strewn on the submarine surface. These stratified rocks, by which term is simply implied the fact of their having been thus deposited in successive layers, bear irresistible evidence in their formation of having been gently and slowly deposited just as the sediment of muddy lakes or seas is deposited at the present hour. The animals and plants for the most part appear to have lived and died on or near the spots where they are now found—in many instances the most delicate vegetable organs or animal remains are found exquisitely preserved, showing that the matter which enveloped them, must have been strewn as gently around them as flakes of falling snow, until at length they were entirely embedded, and finally the surrounding mass with its enclosed remains became what we now find it, a solid rock. Countless millions of these remains are often found succeeding each other in layer after layer, forming strata of many hundreds, or even thousands of feet in thickness—if a piece of chalk is pulverized and thrown into water, and the sediment submitted to a powerful microscope it will be found to consist of an inconceivable number of the cases of an animal so minute that one cubic inch has been calculated to contain many millions. Let us for an instant conceive the time which must have elapsed while all the incalculable myriads of these little creatures lived out their day, died, and so fell tranquilly on the floor of the ocean, until the accumulation produced the formation of many hundred feet in thickness, known as the Chalk.

Again the coal fields which are the result of vast masses of vegetable productions, lie at a great depth having many distinct formations above them, which have accumulated since the period of their deposition. Sir Charles Lyell, in one of his recent visits to this continent, ascertained the coal measures of Nova Scotia to be many hundred feet in thickness—under these again lie formations of thousands of feet in depth; the silurian rocks alone have been ascertained to be 30,000 feet in thickness—while above the coal the deposits contain in regular succession whole genera of animals and plants which have occupied the earth for their allotted time, and then disappeared to make room for another race, destined to run its course also, and then in its turn yield to a new order of organisms. Let it be borne in mind, that the remains of plants and animals are not found mingled together in a state of wild confusion, but arranged for the most part with as much regularity as in a well ordered cabinet, just indeed as we should expect to find them, if various races had lived and died, as geology affirms, leaving the memorials of their existence scattered on what then constituted the surface of the earth. The enormous number of 30,000 species of animals and plants have been found in the rocks, and among these, very few living species can be detected, and even these few have been found only in the recent formations, while in that group of rocks which are called the Secondary, and which are not less than 6 miles in thickness, not a single species now on the globe has been discovered.

From this fact it is evident that the races which now inhabit the globe did not exist until all those embedded in this vast depth of 6 miles of the Secondary group had died. Again it is evident that the temperature of the climate in the earliest periods in which animals and plants existed, must have been as high, or even higher, over the whole globe, than it now is between the tropics. In the lower strata of the most northern regions are found embedded, the remains of plants and animals, such as are now only found at the tropics, and which could not exist in a cold climate.

In a collection of the fossils of Nova Scotia contributed to the recent Industrial Exhibition by that accomplished geologist, Mr. Dawson of Pictou, were some specimens of Calamites and Lepidodendra and other vegetable forms characteristic of the carboniferous period, as the age of the coal formation is termed, in an exquisite state of preservation. Such vast forms of the particular class to which these belonged could not survive the storms of one of those rigorous winters which now sweep over the plains of Nova Scotia.

There is an extensive formation of Limestone in the neighbourhood of Windsor which is literally a vast agglomeration of marine shells embedded in the rock which binds them together; and I have in my possession a fragment of a nautilus which I picked up with other fossil shells at the foot of a cliff not far from the College, composed entirely of this rock: but no species of the nautilus now inhabits our waters being confined to the limits of those seas whose temperature is very high. It could not have been a solitary individual of its tribe cast by some impetuous current on our inhospitable shores in former ages, for its remains are abundant and lie scattered through this formation which must have occupied uncounted ages in its deposition. We are led then to the conclusion that at the period of the world's history when these ancient rocks were being slowly deposited, a climate prevailed over the whole world nearly resembling that which now characterizes the tropics.

This gradual change of climate from warmer to colder, appears to have been the principal cause of the successive destruction of the different races, while new species were created, adapted to the altered condition of the world—at a comparatively recent period the northern and southern regions were swept over by torrents of water charged with ice bergs and boulders of rock, whose direction appears in general to have been towards the equator, and which has left its ineffaceable record on the rocks, which then formed the surface of the earth; on the flat surface of the rock which is exposed near the Tower at Point Pleasant, there is a most remarkable example of the erosions caused by the torrents which once swept over it, which are generally known as glacial furrows. If you stand at the northern end of the exposed surface and look towards the south, you will see unmistakeable evidence of the existence in some bygone age of a powerful torrent sweeping onwards and bearing with it some substances which ground along the bottom, indelibly engraved on the surface of the rock. I have noticed these glacial furrows, always having the same direction, in every part of the peninsula wherever the surface of the rock is exposed: on the road leading to Margaret's Bay across the head of the Arm, they may be seen at every step, and not long since I saw them sharply and clearly defined on the rock at the northern part of the peninsula, where an excavation had been made for the foundation of a house, and where the soil had probably lain undisturbed from a period long anterior to the creation of man.

Again it is a most remarkable fact, that until the most recent period, no remains of man or of works of art can be discovered.—Human bones, as we learn from ancient battle fields, are as capable of preservation as those of horses, and still more would works of art and architectural monuments have resisted the effects of time, and been discovered side by side with those more fragile animal or vegetable remains whose forms in many instances have been preserved in all the freshness and clearness of outline which they possessed when living. But not only have the stratified rocks preserved in their impenetrable storehouses, the remains of these organic forms themselves, but they even contain indelibly engraven on their pages, the records of their existence and actions. Until very recently, it was supposed that the old red sand-stone formation contained no remains of any higher order of animal than fish, and it was a generally received opinion that reptiles were not created until after the close of the carboniferous epoch; but several years since, the footprints of a quadruped were discovered in the old red sand-stone, both in Pennsylvania and Nova Scotia. Dr. Harding, of Windsor, is entitled, I believe, to the honor of first discovering these fossil tracks; and the slab of sand-stone on which they appear—now in his possession—and of which casts have been sent to the British Museum, and to several eminent European geologists, is, with one exception perhaps, the most interesting fossil yet discovered in Nova Scotia. On many of the ancient rocks may be seen also the waved and ruffled surface known as the ripple mark, just as it may be seen at the present day on any sandy shore exposed to the ripple of the tides. The very showers of rain which fell in remote ages of the world have left their undying impress on the rocks, whose surface may sometimes be found pitted and indented with the drops of some primeval shower. That these tracks and indentations were imprinted on the surface of the sand while it was newly deposited and soft, and that it was then encrusted with another deposit of sediment, and then another, which eventually became hardened into rock, we have abundant evidence in the very same process going on daily before us; every time the tide ebbs in the Bay of Fundy, it leaves a large surface of mud flats exposed to view—on this numbers of birds alight and pass over it, leaving the impress of their feet distinctly marked; in the interval which elapses before the waters again cover it, the surface becomes partially hardened, and when a fresh coat of sediment is deposited the indentations are enveloped in a monument capable of preserving them for ages. Sir Charles Lyell, when in this Province some years ago, took up blocks of the mud from the flats at Horton, on which the tracks of the tringa minuta, or sand piper, are thus impressed—they were then, I believe, baked in order to harden them sufficiently to bear transportation; and they may now be seen in the British Museum, indisputable evidences of the similarity of the causes which operated at the two periods so widely separated. The same eminent geologist possesses also a very fine example of the impressions made on the mud flats at Kentville by a heavy shower which fell on the 21st day of July, 1849, sent to him by Dr. Webster of that place, and which speaks as unanswerably to the similarity of the cause which produced the fossil rain drops, and those recent impressions as the slabs just alluded to prove in the case of the footprints of animals.

Can we in view of these facts believe that man existed at the period of the deposition of these older formations, and yet left no trace of his existence? Is it possible that the reptiles of the old red sandstone have left imperishable records of their passing to and fro upon the earth; that the very tides which ebbed and flowed have left engraven as on adamant, the impress of what we should deem the most fleeting and evanescent of all things, the ripple of their waters, or that when a cloud arose on the horizon of the primeval world, and discharged itself in showers on the earth, it should have left an undying monument, not merely of the fact but of the very direction in which the wind impelled the drops, and yet that man, intelligent, restless, ever active man, who now stamps his impress on every portion of the globe, should have lived contemporaneously and left no evidence however feeble of his presence? Impossible. We are driven to the conclusion that man had not then been formed.

Reviewing all the facts which I have adduced, my own mind is led irresistibly to the result that a period of incalculable length has elapsed since the beginning in which God created the heavens and the earth; that the stratified rocks are the accumulation of countless ages during which the same laws of life and death, the same succession of one generation following another and the same process of the entombing of their remains has gone on in ceaseless course.

But I set out with stating that Scripture as ordinarily understood, expressly limits the whole work of creation to the period of six literal days; and here so far from any corroboration of the truth of Scripture, is a deduction from geology directly at variance with it. Let us see whether this be really so or not; or whether it is not possible on the contrary to elicit some positive proof from the stony records of the earth, of the truth of the Scriptures. I believe the great error has arisen from our assuming the mosaic account to have a particular meaning, and then denouncing any fact or inference from science which militates against that meaning.

It does not appear anywhere in the Bible that God revealed scientific knowledge to the inspired writers in anticipation of the discoveries of man, but that language was used by them adapted to the state of knowledge as it then existed among mankind: Thus David speaks of the world being established that it cannot be moved; of the foundations of the earth being laid that it should not be removed forever, so also he says that the sun knoweth his going down; and Solomon says that the sun also ariseth and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose. Now, every child knows that so far from the earth being immoveable it has a ceaseless motion both on its axis and in its orbit; and that the sun neither rises up nor goes down, but remains fixed in the centre of our system; and yet what child ever dreams of doubting the truth of his Bible because the language of appearances has been used instead of that of strict scientific accuracy? Do we not ourselves every day speak of the sun rising or going down when we know that it really does neither, but remains stationary and only appears to rise or descend? Just so, I believe, has Moses used language in describing the work of creation, which we shall greatly err if we interpret literally.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth: this declaration announces generally the great fact of the creation of the universe before the account in detail of the 6 days work commences. How far back in the remote antiquity of time, the beginning may carry our thought is not stated; the declaration appears to have no connection with the detailed account which follows, and altho' the results of geological investigations should lead us to assign untold millions of years to this period, there is not any clashing with the initiatory sentence of the Bible.

What a magnificent view is here opened to us of the infinite character of the Creator. Astronomy had already laid before us the boundless regions of space; we had heard of the stupendous volume of planets and suns, we had learned the distance of stars so astonishingly vast, that the mind could not grasp the amount, and when we had thus as it were staggered to the verge of the visible universe, we discovered that we had but penetrated to the threshold of the mighty empire, and that away far down in unknown regions of boundless space millions of worlds and systems revolved in their appointed spheres, until the mind of finite man could no longer grasp the limits of the empire of the infinite Creator. but while we thus acknowledged and admired the infinite nature of his works in space, we presumed to limit the extent of his dominion in duration and to assign 6000 years as the utmost age of all these wondrous works. Here then I believe, geology has stepped in to rescue the God of revelation from this narrow and unworthy view of his attributes, which had insensibly grown almost universal; we see His creative power in operation far back in the dim antiquity of countless ages past, and instead of viewing Him as a God whose empire in space is indeed boundless, but whose works in duration hardly exceed the limits of a human dynasty, we now learn to behold Him as displaying his infinite nature equally in both, and as being in the fullest and most absolute sense, the God of revelation, Almighty in the works of his hands, and who is from everlasting to everlasting.

A difficulty has been felt in reconciling the days of the scriptural account with the vast periods demanded by geology—while several modes have been proposed, my own judgment is most satisfied with the view which looks on the day as the representative of a whole epoch, and which has been well said by Hugh Miller, to bear just such a proportion to the actual period represented as a painting of a few inches in breadth bears to the actual extent of the landscape it portrays.

We see in that account three distinct periods in which organic forms were created—first the vegetable kingdom; grass, and herbs, and trees—2ndly, fish and fowls of the air; and thirdly cattle, and creeping things, and beasts, and, to crown all, man—the other days were occupied with the creation of the light, the firmament and the heavenly bodies, and it is not the province of geology to take note of these; now geology shows us that the first great epoch distinguished by the remains of organic forms is the carboniferous age when the whole earth was overspread with a gigantic flora, whose enormous tree ferns and luxuriant calamites even the tropics of this age cannot rival. It is true as I have already stated tracks of quadrupeds have been discovered on the sandstone of this early period; and in the year 1852 Sir Charles Lyell, and Mr. Dawson first discovered the bones of a small animal of the Batrachian class, imbedded in a hollow fossil tree at the Joggins mines in this Province. But these rare exceptions do not militate against the truth of the position that the grand characteristic of this first act in the great drama of creation was the formation of the vegetable world. Then comes the reign of fishes, during which vast monsters armed in impenetrable coats of mail and possessed of a very high organization, lorded it over the earth; and lastly appear those strange forms of reptiles and mammalia whose bones long hidden from the light, have at length been reanimated by the genius of Cuvier and Owen, and which now joined bone to his bone, stand forth as witnesses, who cannot lie, to the truth at once of scripture and geology—If this interpretation be correct, and it runs wonderfully parallel so far with the bible, we should expect at this epoch to see the lord of all this creation appear; and how remarkably does geology here corroborate revelation, for just at this time and not before, the remains of man begin to appear on the earth.

Time would fail me were I to adduce all the evidence which geology affords to the benevolence of the Creator which is also his distinguishing feature in revelation; how in ages past He was preparing the inexhaustible coal measures for man's use; how the terrific eruptions of volcanoes and earthquakes of primeval ages upheaved the ridges and mountains which now diversify the surface of the globe and drain the waters on their acclivities which would otherwise stagnate, and render the whole earth a fit habitation only for reptiles or fish.

I trust I have said enough to show that even with our present knowledge of the geological history of the earth, there is not only no conflict between its teachings and revelation, but that rightly viewed it wonderfully and unexpectedly corroborates the authenticity of the Scriptures, and affords abundant ground for hope that with the advancing light of discovery, the harmony of nature and revelation may be seen with such increased lustre and distinctness that geology will take its place side by side with astronomy in the great armoury of weapons whence the champion of Scripture shall be furnished for the conflict with the sceptic.

(To be Concluded.)

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1854.

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There is perhaps no quality which men more generally affect than that of benevolence. Every one feels a secret ambition to be esteemed for the goodness of his nature and the liberality of his disposition. There is something so noble in the spirit of self-abnegation, so attractive in the disinterested care for others, which true generosity imparts, that it is no wonder the hearts of men should thrill with emotions of pleasure at the thought of having attributed to them the possession of such characteristics. When we contemplate the conduct of a Clarkson, the moral heroism of a Howard, the unfaltering philanthropy of a Wilberforce, we are irresistibly impressed with the conviction that a career immeasurably more worthy of emulation than that of the most untiring and successful enterpriser for renown in the struggles of Statesmanship or of the most brilliant defender of the right in the ranks of war, has embalmed the names of those men in the memories of their race to the end of time. And yet how few does even the prospect of securing incalculable benefits for their fellow men stimulate to strenuous exertions in the cause of humanity! Yea, how few of those on whom the providence of God has lavished wealth, are willing even to spare from their superfluous stores to supply the wants of the perishing in a degree at all commensurate with their necessities. It is, we know, the boast of our age, that in it private and public benevolence have been carried to a higher pitch than ever before. It has been said that "numerous as are the evils to which man is naturally subject, and industrious as he is in creating others by his own follies and indiscretions, modern charity is still present to them all, and accommodates itself to the many various shapes in which human misery appears. It feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, visits the sick, protects the widow, relieves the stranger, educates the orphan, instructs the ignorant, reclaims the sinner, receives the penitent." But how inadequately after all does it perform all this? On how many hearths in this city, we might ask, in the bitter days we have lately experienced, has hardly a single ember glowed to nourish the expiring heat of poverty-stricken frames? How many in our midst feel keenly the pangs of hunger as well as the pains of cold?—We ought never to forget in our works of charity, that they who most deserve our sympathy are frequently to be found suffering in silence.—Merit in misfortune is unobtrusive, and even shrinks from observation, whilst the clamorous importunity that so often prevails is the accompaniment of worthlessness, and not seldom more the language of pretence than of real poverty. This leads us to remark, that the habit of distributing alms to all comers at the doors of private dwellings, and leaving the needy virtuous to pine and suffer in secret without attempting to discover their retreat and afford them relief, is not compatible with Christian charity. If we would aspire to a character of genuine liberality we must be generous on principle, on system, and to an extent as great as our means will admit of. There is much reason to fear that the custom of giving to beggars at the door and on the street springs far less from feelings of charity than from a desire to be easily rid of unwelcome applicants. We heartily wish that some adequately extensive organization for the purpose of discovering those who really require and deserve to be relieved, could be brought into play in this city. Here is a field for those who are ambitious of the character of benevolence. The institutions already existing among us, presided over by the ladies of the various denominations, are entitled to our warmest praise; but they are limited in their resources, and consequently confined in the sphere of their operations. We have the severity of winter yet to meet, and may we not trust that at this appropriate season, when the close of the year reminds us of the gratitude we owe our God for his manifold mercies to us, the piety of those who profess to recognize his claims will be manifested in some sufficient attempt to provide support for those who are in distress.

Wesleyan Missions.

At the Annual Meeting of the Branch Missionary Society, new north Road, London, recently held, the Rev. Henry Bevis Steinhaur a North American Missionary was present. Seconding a resolution he said,—somewhere about twenty-six years ago, when he was about ten or twelve years old, he was wandering about with his parents, miserable, and poor, and naked, and cold, because they did not know any of the great things derived from the Gospel. Some time in the year 1828 or 1829, while he was in that state, a stranger came amongst their tribe, telling them that there was a great God above, and that this great God had pity upon all men,—not only upon the white man, but also upon the red man of the wood,—that He had therefore sent His Son into the world, who had died not only for the white man, but for the poor wandering Indian. The stranger told them, that the reason why God sent His Son into the world to die was, because men had sinned, had departed from the good ways, and would certainly have perished if his Son had not come to save them. Some few of the tribe believed in the report, and used to assemble for worship. He was much attracted by the singing, which was so unlike the songs he had been in the habit of hearing. He pressed in at the door on one occasion, but was afraid to enter. He saw the children with books in their hands, and some one teaching them, what he found out afterwards was the alphabet. After a little while, the teacher looked at him, came up to him, took him by the arm, led him in, and gave him his first lesson in the English language. It was three months before he could master the alphabet. He was not so bright a scholar as his friend Jones, who learned it in a day. However, he soon got on with more rapidity; and the teacher who had been left by the Missionary, taught the people to read, and preached the Gospel to them; and when the Missionary, (the Rev. Wm. Case,) returned, he baptized the whole of the tribe, 200 of them, in one day. He (Mr. Steinhaur) left his tribe, at the request of a kind gentleman in Philadelphia, along with the Missionary, who had been asked to bring with him an Indian boy, who could spell and read the New Testament, and to give him the name he now bore—Henry Stienhaur. He was brought up by the Missionary Society in Canada, and was educated and employed by them till the year 1840, when he was sent into the north-western part of America, called the Hudson Territory. Concerning that mission he could not give a very encouraging account; but, upon the very spot were the savage incantations and idolatry of heathenism used to be practised, there were now heard songs of praise to the Saviour. There was a church there of nearly two hundred members, and between seventy and eighty children in the school. The Gospel of St. John, which he held in his hand, had been translated into the native language, and many other portions of Scripture, including nearly the whole of the Old and New Testament. Several works of a religious character have also been translated and printed in the Cree language, and had gone farther into the interior than the Missionary could go. Those engaged in the work in that part of the country had indeed fancied themselves neglected; but they had endeavoured to do as well as they could. The first Superintendent of the Missions had invented a set of characters, which were sent to this country for the types to be cast; but, after the types were received, they had some difficulty in carrying on the printing business, because none of them knew anything about it. The types were soon spoilt; and he (Mr. Steinhaur) set to work from information he obtained in a sort of Encyclopedia, and made some more, because it was not right that they should stand still, after having once begun the work. They then printed the Wesleyan Cathechism, the Discipline of the Wesleyan Methodist, and also the Sunday Services, which were read every Sabbath-day. Still there was a great deal to be done in that part of the country. It was only this Spring that assistance had been received from Canada, by the arrival of three more Missionaries, who had taken the place of Missionaries that were sent out from this country. His friend Mr. Jacobs, occupied one station, but with very little or no success, and it was thought not proper to give up that Mission altogether, so the Canadian Conference had placed another Missionary on that station, which was amongst the Chippewas. There was also an important field of labour, perhaps the most important, between Edmonton and Rocky Mountain House. It was at present occupied by three different bodies, the Roman Catholics, the Missionaries of the Church of England, and the Wesleyans. He believed the Roman Catholics were not making very great progress there; the Indians would not go and listen to them, because they would not learn them to read, as the other Missionaries did. Some one belonging to the Roman Catholics once said to him—"Your way is the proper way of searching; because, when you come to the people, you have your books, and while you tell them about God and Jesus Christ, you do not stop there, after baptizing them, but you teach them to read for themselves; but our Missionaries, our praying chiefs, never teach us to read, so that we are as ignorant as we were." It was to the Mission at Edmonton that he (Mr. Steinhaur) had been appointed. It was a very dangerous Mission, amongst a tribe who would not scruple at all to scalp a man; but such men needed the gospel most, and to them must be imparted the knowledge that bringeth salvation. The Mission needed help. He had himself been compositor and pressman, and occupied all the other departments of the printing business, as well as type-founder; but the press now tumbling to pieces, and a new one was wanted. He asked for money to buy one. And not only for the Hudson's Bay Mission, but for the Mission cause, he bespoke their generous contributions.

Progress of the War.

The Royal Mail Steamship *America*, arrived at this port on Saturday last, bringing English dates to the 9th inst. In previous numbers of this paper we have conveyed to our readers intelligence of the battle of the 25th of October, that day memorable for the melancholy loss of life through mistaken orders, when a portion of the brave British Cavalry 600 strong, rushed upon the foe, and returned with less than 200 of their number. We have also chronicled the battle of Inkerman fought on the 5th of November, but for the sake of presenting a connected summary we shall resume the accounts at this date, copying the statements of the *Christian News*. On that day according to Raglan's estimate, 60,000 men (later advices say 70,000,) on the side of despotism and slavery, met 14,000 on that of freedom. What fearful odds! The great mass of the Russian troops stole along the valley of Inkerman during the mist of the morning. They formed in dense columns and prepared to overwhelm the British on the heights by force of numbers. Their system of attack presupposed that hundreds would fall in front, but that thousands would remain to march over their dead bodies, until the indomitable troops assailed would be compelled to fall before the mere weight of moving flesh and blood, urged incessantly upon them How marvellous that they should maintain these heights in defiance of all! It was the triumph of *mind over matter*. It is true that the Russians had to attack at great disadvantage, as the British had to do at Alma, rushing up a steep in the face of tremendous fire; but when they had incomparably greater advantage in numbers, and the British carried and kept the heights of Alma, while the Russians had to flee from those of Inkerman. When they rushed back to the fortress it could not be less than 45,000 men fleeing from 11,000! No wonder that the British loss has been great in officers as well as in men. It could be by nothing less than action in which high and low took equal share that such a victory was secured. At the time the British were so fearfully engaged, about 8000 Russians sallied out of the south of Sebastopol and attacked the French siege works These were pursued back close to the very walls It had evidently been arranged that Gortchakoff should also assail the marines above Balaklava, but it would appear as if this had failed, from some cause, in being effected. 30,000 fresh troops had arrived to reinforce the Russians just the night before. Poor fellows! they had been allowed but little rest, ere thousands of them were called to die a sacrifice to the deplorable ambition of their unworthy master. The dispatch of Prince Menschikoff announcing this encounter and published in brief in the Journal of St. Petersburg, is the most desponding he has yet written. The sons of the Emperor were mingled in the fray; they saw with their own eyes what was done—great numbers of their intimate acquaintances must have been left dead on the field, or borne dead into the city. Menschikoff, in these circumstances, could not write a very cheering report next day.

The Russians left 5000 dead on the field to be interred by the Allies, and in wounded and prisoners they lost, at least, 10,000 more. The result of this victory to the Allies seems to be twofold. Strongly fortifying their position at every point, and conscious of their immense superiority as soldiers, they feel secure of their footing, and have made up their minds to make the most of it as winter quarters. Considering, however, the tremendous masses of troops by which the place is defended, they seem also to have abandoned the design of taking it suddenly, or even speedily by assault. The fact is, instead of the expedition to the Crimea proving a clever stroke by which the fleet of the Czar might be destroyed, or taken in its stronghold, it turns out to be the commencement of a struggle, having that peninsula for its field, and either the fall or triumph of Russian supremacy in the East as its issue. It is encouraging to observe that, as yet, every step of progress on the part of the Allies has been crowned with success. The work at first was so rapid, and the success so wonderful, that men feel as if a retarding of the climax were defeat. It should be remembered that though Sebastopol is not yet taken, not only is the siege not raised, but not a foot of the advance has been lost. The work is simply more difficult than was imagined, at least, by the majority of men. The battle of the 5th was a stupendous step in advance, and will be seen to be so if rightly considered. The Czar had concentrated 70,000 of his best troops: he had sent his two sons to inspire his men; rousing himself in one tremendous effort, he aimed a deadly blow, as he imagined. It fell upon the army of freedom in its weakest hour, yet his hosts were rolled back over the heights they had scaled, and driven with ignominy within the walls. Such a blow does not merely fail when thus averted, it recoils. In less than ten days after that dreadful trial the Allies had an addition of 13,000 men or just about the number engaged above Inkerman, thus doubling their strength for defence or aggression, should such another effort be attempted. Besides this, the terrible nature of the risk incurred by the Allies on that day has aroused the spirit of the three nations concerned, and with a wonderful unanimity they are bracing themselves for a gigantic struggle

A correspondent of the Times under date of Nov. 7 says:—I am happy to say there was not a man whose wounds had not been dressed, and there seemed to be more system in the whole thing than must have prevailed after the battle of the Alma—a difference which is very easily explained, if one considers that this time the army was in a regular established camp, whereas, after the battle of the Alma, the army was advancing and had therefore to get rid, as soon as possible, of all men unfit for active duty.

Writing from Constantinople Nov. 12, he says:—The elements which at first favoured the expedition are now adverse to the allies. Wind and rain day after day, thick fogs, and cutting sleet have prevailed during the past fortnight, and the health of the men is correspondingly deteriorated. There seems now no doubt that the allies must either storm the place regardless of loss, or prepare to winter in the Crimea, either carrying on the siege at all hazards and during all weathers, or abandon it temporarily in order to resume it in the early spring. The course most likely to be adopted is, for the allies to entrench themselves so as to bid defiance to all attacks from without, and then to endeavour to carry the place by assault. Nearly 13,000 men have been added to the allied army within ten days. The French receive 400 or 500 men by every mail steamer, and the total addition to their forces during the present month, cannot be short of 10,000 men.

Subsequent to the battle of Inkernan nothing of importance is recorded in connexion with the operations of the siege. On the 14th of Nov. a fearful hurricane passed over the camp. All the tents were blown down and the men exposed to rain and cold and hunger for the day. At night the Russians attacked the French lines and were repulsed The gale and rain abated at night.

On the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th, the fire of the siege was slack. Flags of truce had passed between the generals, and it was agreed to exchange Lord Dunkellin, by desire of the Czar, for a Russian captain. The French had repelled several sorties. There was very little heavy firing, but constant affairs between the pickets French reinforcements were arriving daily. On the 20th the Orinoco landed the 97th Regt. all well. On the 21st the Queen of the South landed strong drafts of the Guards and other regiments. The position of the allies was much strengthened, particularly towards the right and flank. The men were busy butting themselves Wood was scarce.

SEBASTOPOL, Nov. 25.—The Russians made a sortie, and were repulsed by the English. While pursuing the enemy, the English got possession of a battery of nine guns, which they maintain. The transport of Turkish reinforcements from Baltschik to the Crimea continues. 146 ship guns have been landed by the allies, and will be employed in the siege.

Four generals of division are dead or *hors de combat* since the landing in the Crimea: the Duke of Cambridge, Sir G Cathcart, Sir G. Brown, and Sir de L. Evans.

In the great gale in the Black Sea said to have been the most violent experienced for the last thirty years, the loss of life and property proves to have been as great as previously reported The number at Balaklava is—British lost 18, dismasted 12; French lost 15, dismasted 4 or 5. Eighteen British vessels were also lost or dismasted at Eupatoria or Catcha. By far the most melancholy is the loss of the *Prince*, screw steamer, 2700 tons, recently purchased by the British Government for conveying troops. It appears that she had a cargo valued at £500,000 sterling, consisting of 40,000 complete suits of clothing for our soldiers in the Crimea, immense quantites of shot, shells, &c., for the siege of Sebastopol, and what was, perhaps, of much more consequence, medical supplies for the Hospitals. Out of 156 persons on board only 6 were saved. The *Prince* had touched at Scutani, but owning to the stupidity of those who stowed her cargo the Hospital supplies were placed under the shot and shell, and therefore could not be landed.

Figures are but feeble language for the description of such a catastrophe, but the value of the *Prince*, as she floated, is put at £150,000, and her cargo at half a million. There must have been nearly 200 souls on board. The thirty transports utterly lost, with most of their crews, at Balaklava, are put down at £15,000 each. So here at once a million of money went to the bottom, in a form of which money conveys but a faint idea.

By the loss of *Prince* and *Resolute* the British Army is deprived of the means of continuing the siege for the present, even if such an idea were entertained. *Bellerophon*, 80, rode out the gale at Eupatoria. *Queen*, 100, and *London*, 90, had their rudders sprung. *Sampson*, *Retribution*, and *Vesuvius* proceed to Constantinople for repairs—the latter is leaky. The full extent of disaster was not known. The British fleet will winter at Sinope. Five French line-of-battle ships lost their rudders, and they too will be towed to Constantinople for repairs. A great many ships and steamers were crippled or driven on shore near Constantinople. The *Himalaya*, steamer, dragged her anchors and nearly got on shore at the Turkish arsenal. The Cossacks at Balaclava behaved with great inhumanity to the ship-wrecked sailors, and repeatedly fired upon them while on board the disabled vessels. *Resolute* had 900 tons of powder on board. She had been moored in Balaclava harbour up to the 1st of Nov., when an attack on the place being anticipated, she was withdrawn and anchored off the coast. There was great suffering on shore also, as all the tents were blown away.

The *Watchman*, says:—

The loss of stores, provisions, clothing, medical comforts for the sick,—and gunpowder, shell and shot for the siege will be severely felt by the army for a time; but already new supplies are on their way, along that deep which, "treacherous" as poets and proverbs truly call it, may on the whole be trusted to carry the might and mercy of great nation to the desired haven.—Our Government has made good speed to replace the loss inflicted by the winds and waves, and one of its organs tells us that "a second supply, as extensive as the first, was ordered as soon as the telegraphic announcement of the storm of the 14th reached this country, and it is already on its way to the Crimea. Notwithstanding the privations which this lamentaule disaster must have inflicted on our soldiers, there is every reason to hope that they will be warmly clothed and housed before the winter has set in with severity. Neither does the unfortunate loss of ammunition practically affect the prospects of the siege. It is not to be supposed that the cargoes of the stranded vessels formed the only reserves that were at hand; it is certain that the very ample supplies of all military stores which have been already sent out will obviate every risk of a deficiency which could either embarrass the operations, or imperil the position, of the Allies."

Just as we might have expected to hear that winter had arrested hostilities, we find them resumed upon the lower Danube. The Ottoman troops have cleared the Dobrudscha of the enemy, and Achmed Pacha, fixing his head quarters at Ibraila threatens an invasion of Bessarabia. His movements may be useful as a deversion in favour of the Allies in the Crimea, but he will not think of seriously invading the Russian territory until he is reinforced by a French army, which is promised, but perhaps not likely to make its appearance in that quarter before next Spring. It is hoped that we shall then have the co-operation of Austria, and this gives a deeper import to the conclusion just reached of our long negotiations with that Power.

SEBASTOPOL.—The port of Sebastopol consists of a bay running in a south easterly direction, about four miles long, and a mile wide at the entrance, diminishing to four hundred yards at the end, where the "Tabernaia Retchka," or Black River, empties itself. The average depth is about eight fathoms, the bottom being composed of mud in the centre, and gravel at the sides. On the southern coast of this bay are the commercial, military, and careening harbours; the quarantine harbour being outside the entrance,—all these taking a southerly direction and having deep water The military harbour is the largest, being about one mile and a half long, by four hundred yards wide, and is completely land locked on every side. Here it is that the Black Sea fleet is moored in the winter; the largest ships being able to lie with all their stores on board close to the quays.—The small harbour, which contains the naval arsenal and docks is on the eastern side of the military harbour, near the entrance. The port is defended to the south by six principal batteries and fortresses, each mounting from fifty to one hundred and ninety guns; and the north by four, having from eighteen to one hundred and twenty pieces each; and besides these there are many smaller batteries. The fortresses are built on the casemate principle, three of them having three tiers of guns, and a fourth two tiers. Fort St. Nicholas is the largest, and mounts about one hundred and ninety guns.—*Exchange Paper.*

The Battle of the 5th November before Sebastopol.

The following extracts from the correspondence of the London *Times* we find in the columns of an Exchange. It presents a vivid account of the action after the retreat of the Turks from their redoubts:—

The Turks swarm over the earthworks, and run in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets as they run. Again the solid column of Russian cavalry opens like a fan, and resolves itself into a "long spray" of skirmishers. It sweeps the flying Turks, stock fishes in the air, and down go the poor Moslem quivering on the plain, spit through fez and musket guard to the chin and breast-belt. There is no support for them. It is evident the Russians have been too quick for us. The Turks have been too quick also, for they have not held their redoubts long enough to enable us to bring them help. The attacks betake themselves towards the Highlanders, where they check their flight and form into companies on the flanks of the Highlanders.

As the Russian cavalry on the left of the line crown the hill across the valley, they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at the distance of some half mile calmly waiting their approach.—The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards and run. As the Russians come within six hundred, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minie musketry. The distance is too great: the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onwards. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but, ere they come within one hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. "Bravo, Highlanders! well done!" shout the excited spectators. The 93d never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No, (said Sir Colin Campbell)—I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep."

Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment to our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons The Russians were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. The instant they came in sight the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre.

The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant looking enemy, but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Grays and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The Russian line bring forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threaten to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to the left so as to meet the Russian right, the Grays rush off with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Grays and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of the Russians The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword blades in the air, and then the Grays and the Redcoats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge

It was a terrible moment. "God help them—they are lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been utterly smashed by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage, Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already gray horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards, rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through as though it were made of paste-board, and, dashing on the second body of Russians, as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Grays and their companions, put them to utter route. This Russian horse, in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip—in the enthusiasm officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight—and thus keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again.—Lord Raglan at once despatched Lieutenant Curzon, Aid-de-Camp, to convey his congratulations to Brig