

mass of events, and treasuring them up for future use. We have learnt much, and have paid dear for our knowledge; let us hope that we shall not require to pay the price a second time in order to fix the lesson on our minds. Of the Turkish army and Government we have not much to say. The experience of the last six months has shown us that the Turk, when well led, fed, and disciplined, possesses some of the highest qualities of the soldier, but when left to the undisturbed routine of Oriental management is worthless for almost any purpose. The inference is that which we have so often drawn, that if we would derive any advantage from the services of these people, it must be by training and officering them ourselves, by a system similar to that which made the Portuguese such valuable auxiliaries during the latter part of the last war. The Russian foot soldiers have probably, fairly considered, neither gained nor lost much reputation during the present campaign, for if at Oltenitza, Citate and Silistria they fell below their reputation, their resistance at the Alma, their attack at Inkermann, and the coolness and good order with which they effected their retreat after two such defeats, their obstinacy in defending their works, and repeating sallies after so many sanguinary repulses, show them to possess many of the most useful qualities of the soldier, and make them fit instruments for that steady and obstinate policy which wears out its adversary by courting and sustaining repeated defeats. The Russian cavalry has at present done little to justify its reputation. It has suffered itself to be repeated by defeat by far inferior numbers, and proved on the day of Balaklava utterly unable to cope with the fiery charge of our gallant brigades. It is in the artillery, as might be expected from a Power which has employed the forty years which we have spent in cultivating the arts of peace in unremitting application to war, that Russia appears most formidable. Her field-guns are of a size and manoeuvred with a facility for which we were not prepared, and our siege train, though wonderfully heavy as compared with the batteries of the last war, is encountered by ordnance of at least equal weight and power, and apparently inexhaustible in number. The lesson we have learnt here is to seek, especially in our field pieces, for a material stronger than cast iron, and which will therefore give us a far greater power with an equal weight. Such a material wrought iron would seem to be, and we therefore hope that no time will be lost in placing us in this most important respect on an equality with our antagonist. On the other hand, if we have been overmatched in artillery, we owe the Minié rifle enormous obligations. Without that invaluable weapon it would have been impossible for a mere handful of infantry to repulse the charge of cavalry at Balaklava, or a few English regiments to have kept at bay an army consisting of five or six times their number. The use of the revolving pistol also, as shown in the charge of the Light Cavalry at Balaklava, from which it is said not a single officer returned with a single barrel loaded, shows how the efficiency of the regiments would have been increased had every trooper been furnished with a similar weapon; and the same remark applies with almost equal justice to every foot soldier. It deserves consideration, also, whether it might not be worth while to arm some regiments with the repeating rifle so long in use in the United States, and thus to give them a power of absolutely annihilating any dense mass of troops that ventured well within their range. When we have added that the experience of the campaign has been such as greatly to increase the discredit of sailing ships for the purposes of war, to show the necessity of a great number of small vessels propelled by steam and carrying a few heavy guns, and to verify all that has been predicted of the immense increase to our national strength derivable from our mercantile steamers, we have said all that practical experience yet warrants with regard to the machinery required in the active operations of war. Of the armies of the allies we need only say that their valor, conduct, and discipline have been, fully equal to their reputation; and more than this no one could expect. It is with regard to our duty to the soldier, not his to us, that we have learnt much. The nation that is the clothier of the world must never again allow her troops to be ragged and barefooted within a fortnight's sail of her inexhaustible warehouses. We must contrive to get our ships loaded, so that their cargoes may be accessible, and not bury our valuable drugs, as in the case of the Prince, under a mountain of shot and shell. Any one who reads the account of the poor soldier, faint from nine hours of battle, tearing his ration of raw pork with his bloody hands, or considers the absurdity of sending out raw coffee to men who have neither cooking utensils to roast it nor mills to grind it, must admit that, at any rate, under the pressure of such service some assistance in preparing the soldier's food—some system better than that of forcing every man to cook for himself—might be and ought to be contrived. We have learnt also that the plan of forcing the assistant-surgeons of the navy to mess with the midshipmen, with the miserably inadequate payment of the medical assistants in the army, reduces these branches of the service to a state of numerical insufficiency, and purchases a very slight economy at the expense of valuable lives. We have learnt also that the easiest and simplest things are not always done because they are easy and simple, as, for instance, our soldiers in the hospital at Scutari have their pullets still laid on the stone floor, although to provide them with stretchers would be to the Turkish Government the work of a single day. All this, and much more, we have learnt in the few months of this war; let us hope that when we next take stock of its lessons we may find that our present experience has been carefully and diligently turned to account.—*Times, Dec. 4.*

HORRORS OF THE FIELD AFTER THE BATTLE. In every bush on every yard of blood-stained ground

—lay a dead or dying Russian. The well known bearskins of our Guards, the red coats of our infantry, and the bright blue of the French Chasseurs, revealing each a silent horror in the glades, and marking the spot where stark and stiff a corpse lay contorted on the grass, pointed out the scenes of the bloodiest contests. The dead were happy—the dull cold eye, the tranquil brow, the gently opening lips, which had given escape to the parting spirit as it fled from its bleeding shell, showed how peacefully a man may die in battle pierced by the rifle ball. The British and the French, many of whom had been murdered by the Russians as they lay wounded, wore terrible frowns on their faces, with which the agonies of death had clad them. Some in their last throes had torn up the earth in their hands, and held the grass between their fingers up towards heaven. All the men who exhibited such signs of pain had been bayoneted; the dead men who lay with an eternal smile on their lips had been shot. But the wounded—for two days they had lain where the hand and ball had felled them. There were very few, it is true, but all our searching had not discovered the secrets of that blood-stained hill-side, and it was towards noon to-day ere the last of our soldiers had been found in his lair and carried to the hospital. But Russians, groaning and palpitating as they lay around, were far more numerous. Some of these were placed together in heaps, so that they might be more readily removed. Others glared on you from the bushes with the ferocity of wild beasts as they hugged their wounds. Some implored in an unknown tongue, but in accents not to be mistaken, water or succour; holding out their mutilated and shattered limbs, or pointing to the track of the lacerating ball. The sullen angry scowl of some of these men was fearful. Fanaticism and immortal hate spoke through their angry eye-balls, and he who gazed on them with pity and compassion could at least, (unwillingly) understand how these men would in their savage passion kill the wounded, and fire on the conqueror who, in his generous humanity, had aided them as he passed. It was a relief to see that their arms were broken—that their cartridges were lying opened in heaps on the ground.

BURYING THE DEAD.—Litter-bearers, French and English, dotted the hillside, now toiling painfully up with a heavy burden for the grave, or with some subject for the doctor's care; now hunting through the bushes for the dead or dying. Our men have acquired a shocking facility in their diagnosis. A body is before you; there is a shout, 'come hero boys; I see a Russian!' (or 'a Frenchman,' or 'one of our fellows!'). One of the party comes forward, raises the eyelid if it be closed, peers into the eye, shrugs his shoulders, says quietly, 'He's dead, he'll wait,' and moves back to the litter; others pull the feet, and arrive at equally correct conclusions by that process. The dead are generally stripped of all but their coats. The camp-followers, and blackguards from Balaklava, and seamen from the ships, anxious for trophies, carry off all they can take from the field. At particular spots you see a party of men busy at work. Groups of them are digging away all along the hill-side, at the distance of 40 or 50 yards apart. Go over and you find them around a yawning trench, 30 feet in length, by twenty feet in breadth and 6 in depth, at the bottom of which, in every conceivable attitude, lie packed together with exceeding art, some 30 or 40 corpses. The grave-diggers stand chatting on the mounds by the sides, waiting for the arrival of some bearers to complete the number of the dead. They speculate on the appearance of the body which is being borne towards them. 'It's Corporal—, of the—th, I think,' says one. 'No! it's my rear rank man, I can see his red hair plain enough,' and so on. They discuss the merits or demerits of dead sergeants or comrades. 'Well, he was a hard man; many's the time I was balled through him, but it's all over now!' or 'Poor Mick! he had fifteen years' service—a better fellow never stepped.' This scene is going on all about the hillside. Frenchmen with litters, are also busy looking out for their dead and wounded, and in sharing the sad labors of the day. At last the number in the trench is completed. The bodies lie as closely as they can be packed. Some of them have upraised arms, in the attitude of taking aim; their legs stick up through the mould as it is thrown upon them; others are bent and twisted into shapes like fantoccini. Inch after inch the earth rises upon them, and they are left alone in their glory. No, not alone, for the hopes, and fears, and affections of hundreds of human hearts lie buried with them.

For about one mile and a-half in length by half a mile in depth, the hillside offers such sights as these. Upwards of 2,000 Russians have been buried by these men; few remain above ground now. Mr. Romaine, Deputy Judge-Advocate General, came down to Balaklava yesterday, by order, to collect evidence against the Russian Major accused of killing and inciting his men to kill our wounded officers and soldiers, but he found, unfortunately, that the witnesses had gone to Scutari. This will only defer the investigation for a few days. Dr. Spence, Deputy Inspector of Hospitals, arrived in the 'Prince,' from England, and with him Dr. Marshall and six or seven assistant surgeons. We hear that Mr. Maxwell has been sent to inquire into the state of the medical department at Scutari, and that Dr. Marshall will attend at the investigation, and watch the case for Dr. Smith.

The conduct of the Russians towards the wounded Guards' officers was brutal in the extreme. Colonel Mackinnon would, no doubt, have lived but for bayonet wounds received while lying on the ground. His leg was broken, and the was so weak from loss of blood that he died under the operation of removing it. Sir R. Newman was stabbed all over. Russian officers were seen passing their swords through the bodies of our men as they writhed in agony on the

ground, and pointing to their men to bayonet them as they passed. Such are the armies of the Czar!—These are the men to whom the Kings of Europe are to be indebted for their thrones, and it is to such allies that Prussia would give the hands of those whose ancestors fought under the Great Frederick! A major of the ruffian soldiery who perpetrated these deeds is, however, in our hands, and evidence can be brought against him to show that he is one of the principal actors as well as one of the chief instigators of atrocities which will make Europe shudder with horror. Mr. Romaine, the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General, has received instructions to prepare a case against this man. There are several men to swear to his identity, and, if it can be satisfactorily proved that he has committed the acts laid to his charge, he will be swung on a gibbet in front of the walls of Sebastopol. He is a Baron—a man of rank—and it is suspected he has already used the gold which was left on his person to purchase silence.

SCUTARI, NOV. 10.—Most gladly did we welcome good Miss Nightingale and her party, and before evening they were all comfortably lodged and provided for. They will be invaluable in severe cases of illness, and in any emergency. Our surgeons last one and all confessed that they were of the greatest use in attending to 600 wounded who came in during the afternoon. These were the wounded of the 5th, when the Russians gave us a hard day's fighting; but we held our own, and they lost, it is said, 10,000 men. Miss Nightingale appears fully qualified for the noble work she has undertaken, and I trust she may have strength so to carry it out. Her labors will spare the clergy many a very sad sight of men sinking for want of proper nursing, and because food cannot be administered often enough. This is impossible with only hospital orderlies; but, with the nurses, all who need will be supplied with every comfort. Mrs. and Mr. Bracebridge I welcomed as friends, and their labors of love I have long known. They are most active, and to-day I may say all are in full work. Mr. S. G. Osborne has arrived here offering his services, and bearing credentials from Sydney Herbert. I have put into his care half of the Barrack Hospital, which to-day numbers 2,300 patients, and will have another 300 added during the day. The Hospital Proper, however, numbers still 1,000 patients. Mr. A. Stafford, M. P. for Northamptonshire, is here, and has volunteered to write letters for the men. They are very glad of his services, and I have seen him sitting hour after hour on the beds, most patiently writing the words which will cheer many hearts at home. Mr. Osborne's son is also engaged in the same work. The gentlemen sent by *The Times* to dispose of their fund, are also here, and anxious to spend the fund in the best manner that can be devised. Lady Stratford comes and sends frequently, and has made me her almoner for jellies, pies, and soups for the officers. Miss Nightingale only takes care of the men, so Lady Stratford sends necessaries for the officers. Our soldiers are delighted with the nurses. One poor fellow burst into tears and exclaimed to me, "I can't help crying when I see them. Only think of Englishwoman coming out here to nurse us; it is so homelike and comfortable."

The number of Sisters of Charity sent to the East to tend the sick and wounded of the French army amounts to 62. They are attached to the ambulances and hospitals. Some of them have to bear the hard life of the camp, without any other shelter than a tent. The Russian prisoners are attended by Polish sisters of the same order. The Ottoman Government lately applied for a certain number to take charge of the Turkish hospital at Constantinople, where they are paid the greatest respect, and are perfectly independent.

BRITISH HEROISM.—The spectacle which England now presents will, we think, remain in history as a lesson full of force and authority for the conduct of States. Look at that country, which has been said to be only one of shopkeepers; it enjoys liberty, and that liberty which has made it so great as a commercial nation, has the privilege of suddenly rendering it as heroic and chivalrous as a ballad of the old clans. It would appear that the heart of every Englishman has only one wish, and that an ardent one—victory, complete victory. The war cry of the Greys and Essex-knights comes forth from every breast. The journals are no longer simple daily papers recording the events of the morning or the evening—the writers have become poets. Their descriptions of battle smell of more than powder; they breathe forth the most undaunted patriotism; they are almost as overpowering as the charges of Scarlett and Lord Cardigan. It may be comprehended in reading them that it is not only the English government that makes war—it is the nation. Artisans, manufacturers, great lords and princes, all are engaged in the same intoxication of combat. The "hurrah" for Old England no where meets a dissentient voice. Even the stock exchange of London, that speculative house, appears to think at the hour of quoting consols, of the number of millions of rentes fighting at the head of the English troops in the Crimea. It hails with a rise the devotedness of those great lords, who quit their estates, their luxury, their castles and their clubs, to maintain intact the fortune and the Star of Great Britain. Are reinforcements, fresh vessels, fresh troops, and fresh supplies of money wanted? The English government is told to take them. It is not the taxpayer who gives them with regret; it is England who offers them with her whole heart. England is blessed. *Salus populi suprema lex.*—*Paris Spectator.*

IRISH HEROISM.—Mr. Crosse was surrounded by four Russians, who thought to make sure work of him. He shot the two in front of him with his revolver, and a private named Houlaghan rushed out of the ranks, shot one of his remaining assailants dead, bayoneted the other, and taking up Mr. Crosse in his arms, ran back with him to the rear of the regi-

ment and placed him in safety. Out of four weak companies the 88th lost one hundred and forty men killed and wounded, and they would most likely have been cut to pieces but for the gallant charge of a party of their comrades of the 77th, under Major Stratton. The 33rd regiment lost fifty-eight out of less than three hundred men.

The gallant 88th and the Zouaves (a French regiment) charged together as one regiment, and were completely mingled; you could not tell one from the other, and put all to death that came in their way. When in the act of charging, an Irishman, one of the 88th, recognised a long lost brother in one of the Zouaves, and together they fought until the close of the action, both escaping unhurt.

STATE OF THE ARMIES.—The prevalence of wet, cold weather has naturally had a bad effect upon the general health of the troops. Dysentery, in a more or less severe form, has crept into most of the tents, with many fatal results. The unfortunate Turkish soldiers are suffering intensely from this, as well as from typhus.

It is said that in the spring Sebastopol must be invested on all sides; and, perhaps, as a preparatory step, we are getting seven howitzers into position, so as to command the north road into Sebastopol. The deserters say that there is bread enough to supply twenty-five thousand men for three years in the city, and up to the present date we have not had force enough to prevent any quantity of supplies from being thrown in. The breastwork above the position of the 2nd division has been finished, and guns placed in the two-gun battery. The hill to the north of the ravine is considered to be in too advanced a position to be occupied safely.—*Correspondent of the Morning Chronicle.*

A railway is about to be constructed between Balaklava and the camp before Sebastopol. Government has accepted the offer of Mr. Peto and some of the other distinguished railway contractors to send out 10,000 tons of rails, with a body of about 500 men to construct the line, which they have undertaken to complete within three weeks after their arrival in the Crimea. The contractors are to manage the whole matter with their own men, and when the railway is completed they will hand it over to the army at the exact net cost. They will not accept a single shilling for their labor, management, or the use of their capital.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

It is rumored that the Very Rev. Dr. Kirby, President of the Irish College at Rome, has been nominated to a Coadjutor Bishopric in Ireland.

CONVERSION.—A correspondent informs us that Mr. Plunket Carey Bannane, of Rush, county Dublin, was received into the Catholic Church of St. Peter's, Seel street, Liverpool, by the Rev. Mr. Dewhurst, on 1st. of December.—*Tablet.*

IRISH ELECTIONS.—The vacancy in the representation of Fermanagh will be filled by Lord Henry Loftus.

PURCHASE OF PROPERTY BY TENANT FARMERS.—The *Belfast Mercury*, alluding to the sale of the Staples estates in the county of Antrim, thus calls attention to one feature which lent a peculiar interest to a portion of the proceedings. "This was the presence of tenant farmers who, as regards the lots into which they entered, contested the sale bid by bid, with their more affluent competitors, and eventually carried them off. An old man, venerable in years, and respected in his neighborhood, purchased for £3,675 over 326 acres, of which he had hitherto held less than 60 as tenant. He inaugurated his intention of becoming a proprietor by a question put in the homely and forcible language of the labor field—'Will you take from an old tenant £2,000 for the lot?' He afterwards secured it by nearly doubling his offer. Another, who held a fraction over 10 acres in his own right, and in conjunction with another, less than 31 acres, bought up these and others amounting to 454, at a sum bordering on £5,000. Both of these tenant farmers were congratulated on the new position in which the proceedings had placed them, and we congratulate them too."

The awful state of suffering in which the poor are in the parish of Callan, has been revealed during the past week. The poor are dying of cold and want in their dreary cabins; they die unknown to the world. The late reverend and lamented Parish Priest of Callan, the Rev. Mr. Mullins, bequeathed a sum of £40 to relieve the poor of the parish.—*Nation.*

It is said that Mr. Thomas Jones, who was expelled the Cork Commercial Newsroom, for having, as it was alleged, expressed a hope that the Russians would succeed, has commenced an action for the defamation against the directors of that institution.

IRELAND AND THE WAR.—The *dejeuner* given to the 89th Regiment at Waterford was distinguished by some extremely useful declarations on the part of those who must be regarded as doubly representing the Irish—the Prelates of the Catholic Church. The Right Rev. Dr. Daly, and the Right Rev. Dr. Foran, both avowed a peculiar interest in the war; the one because the interests of war are identical in putting down the Russian despot; and the other because the two greatest armies in the world are fighting hand to hand to put down the Autocrat of Russia. Dr. Daly has a right to speak with feeling; he has a nephew who was wounded at Inkermann, and another in the 89th depot at Gibraltar, which will ultimately proceed to the East. That his nephews will emulate the most gallant officers in the British army we have no doubt; but it is the Bishop who proclaims the spirit in which those young officers will be fighting. If it used to be said that in case of a contest between Russia and Great Britain, Ireland would be a dangerous neighbor, the right reverend Prelates tell us how much right we had to scorn the threat. When we come to real trouble, distinctions between the two Islands of the United Kingdom cease, and Ireland proves herself a constituent element of the Western Powers, perhaps the most fiery element of all.—*Globe.*

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF FALSE IMPRISONMENT.—In the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, a verdict of £500 damages and 6s costs was given against Mr. Dr. B. Frankes, resident magistrate in Queen's County, in an action for false imprisonment of a child, the son of Mr. F. B. Dixon, an English gentleman, who recently purchased property and settled in that county. It appears that a charge was made against the father and mother of the child, for which they were tried and acquitted; and the child, the plaintiff in this case, had been detained in custody for nine weeks, to be examined as a witness for the prosecution.