

Karabehnaya suburb. These docks, of which the plan can be made out among the heaped ruins only with great difficulty, were of very remarkable construction. Out of the southern harbor a small bay—Karabehnaya Bay—approaches to the canal which was the way into the docks. But the bed of this canal rises from the salt water, and the ruins of magnificent iron lock gates, broken up with such complete destruction by the French engineers, indicate that the plan of the Russian architect of these docks was to lift vessels into them by means of this canal. Inside the locks a basin was fronted, on the side opposite the entrance, with three docks partly hewn out of the solid stone and partly built of masonry, each large enough to hold a man of war, and upon each side of the canal entrance to this basin was another dock of equal size, making five in all. These could be filled with fresh water brought by an aqueduct which led part of the higher waters of the river Tchernaya to this point, and could be poured at pleasure into these docks, or any of them, filling also the basin and the canal. By this excellent plan, the labour of pumping out the water after a ship had been placed in dock was avoided, and if a vessel came home foul with a long sea voyage, all the living things which had attached themselves to her bottom would be killed by thus passing her into fresh water from the Crimean mountains. To the English engineers was entrusted the task of destroying these splendid docks, and they did their wasteful work thoroughly. The canal, ruined by the French, is now a mere trench full of rubbish and fragments of masonry, out of which appear beams of iron and larger blocks of stone, in complicated confusion, but the masonry of the docks has been shattered and ground to dust by the English explosions; some squared cornerstones of granite have defied their powder, but ruin could hardly be more complete. Not a trace of the dock gates remain except a few bars of iron: the greater portion of the metal has probably been collected and removed by the Russians since the conclusion of peace. It is pitiful to see the irrecoverable ruin of so much labour, yet I am willing to say, "better that it should be so wasted than assist in furthering the dominion of tyranny." These fine docks are now a grass-grown heap of rubbish, with not depth enough to hold a fishing smack; their foundations must be cracked deep down, and can be no longer water tight, from the tremendous force of the explosions; and with them the aqueduct, also the result of so much thought and labour, is rendered useless. The naval buildings, stores and barracks, around Karabehnaya Bay appear to be the only Government edifices which have been re-roofed and restored.

SOUTHERN CAVALRY.

The following selections are taken from McKee's late work, "Notes of Travel in Canada and the United States":—

A TALK WITH GENERAL RANSOM.

In North Carolina I met General Ransom, a Confederate officer of great distinction during the war, and a good specimen of the brave and cultivated Southern gentleman.

In conversation with him on the subject of the war, the General described to me a scene in connection with President Davis, which is very vividly imprinted on my memory.

"One day," he said, "when I was with him in his office, a telegram in cypher was brought in. One of his aides was summoned to translate it. When, in a few minutes, it

was handed Mr. Davis, the President looked at it, and suddenly, with more feeling than I ever saw him betray, rose from his seat, and with both hands in his hair, his eye flashing, and every feature indicating passionate disappointment, cried, 'Why did he not fight? Why did he not fight?' Every step backward is perilous. With a strong effort of self-control he calmed himself, and said, with another glance at the telegram, 'He reports himself flanked. Flanked! Why does he not, when Sherman separates his army, fall upon him and destroy him? But it is useless speaking of it now. He banded me the despatch. It was from General Joe Johnson, saying in substance that he had been outflanked and compelled to fall back upon Dalton, Georgia, and that 5000 Tennessee, Arkansas, and Missouri troops had deserted.'

Speaking of the cavalry, in which branch of the service General Ransom held his first command, after resigning his position in the army of the United States, he said—"The use of cavalry is fast changing. Bodies of horse can never accomplish now, in a country like ours, what they were capable of before the introduction of the rifle or long-range musket. As a rule, in the Confederate armies, during the last two years of the war, the cavalry fought on foot, and only used their horses for rapid locomotion."

"But you had some severe cavalry engagements," I said, "Kelly's Ford, for instance."

"Yes," he said, "Kelly's Ford under Stuart, the Depot fight under Wade Hampton, were the two heaviest in Virginia, and were exclusively cavalry engagements. We fought in both cases against heavy odds, but were victorious."

"Did you fight with the sabre?"

"Sabre-strokes were exchanged very freely," replied the General, "but the revolver came to be the favorite weapon. The revolvers on our side were mostly those captured from the enemy in open fight. I believe I am correct in saying that at the close of the war more than one-half of the Confederate forces were armed with weapons captured in battle."

The General spoke with enthusiasm mingled with sadness of the fine material of which the Confederate cavalry had been composed when it first took the field.

"Gentlemen's sons," he said, "splendidly mounted, and accustomed to the saddle from infancy. Used to the chase, skilled in the handling of fire-arms, full of noble impulses, it only needed one thing, sir, to have moulded that incomparable material into the finest body of cavalry the world has ever seen. That one thing was firm discipline. For want of that—from sheer neglect—and a misconception of the magnitude of the conflict that was before us, the chance was lost, and our cavalry, instead of being what it should have been, became at last, in some cases at least, a just reproach to the service."

QUIZZING THE CAVALRY.

I found this judgement borne out by most men with whom I conversed throughout the South. The inutility of the cavalry, springing in many cases out of circumstances over which the cavalry themselves had no control, subjected them to much aggravating banter from the foot soldiers. This was especially the case when on the advance of the enemy's infantry, the cavalry was ordered to retire.

"Here come the buttermilk rangers; there's goin' to be fight, sartin'" was the greeting with which the troopers were generally encountered as they rode to the rear.

The poor dragoon who had to ride alone past a force of infantry, would probably have preferred running the gauntlet of a dozen Federal batteries. Out of a hundred of the jokes with which he used to be assailed, take one as a specimen.

Man in the ranks to a cavalryman going by.—"Say, mister, did you ever see a Yankee?"

Cavalryman (sharply).—"Yes, I've seen a Yankee, and Yankees."

Man in the ranks.—How's that? Your horse ain't la, is it?"

Man farther on.—"Hain't on his spurs maybe."

The cavalrymen were ready enough at times to joke at their own expense. One of them in a trainful of troops, found himself in the ladies' car, along with two of the infantry, friends of his own. By and by a baby—there was a whole colony of babies in the car—lifted up its shrill voice, evidently desiring recourse to what Mr. Micawber would have called the maternal fount. The noise woke another baby, which also began to cry; and then another and another. The soldiers got restless, and began in whispers to consider whether they should beat a retreat. (The reader will remember that the construction of the "cars" in America allows people to pass from one car to another even when the train is at full speed.) The cavalryman voted for taking immediate flight; his comrades hesitated, in case it might offend the mothers.

"Well, boys," said the cavalryman, "I'm used to retreating when the infantry opens fire. I've lost all feeling on the subject; so here goes!" and away he walked.

This story is also told: When the Mississippi cavalry, retreating from Corinth, had joined Pemberton's army at Grenada, one day a lad came riding into camp crying out to the soldiers that he had brought important news from Pemberton's headquarters.

"What is it?" cried the gathering crowd.

"A flag of truce from Grant."

"From Grant! what does he want?"

"Nothing much," said Young Mischievous, solemnly, "only he says he wants to conduct the war on civilized principles; and that he intends to shell this town, he requests that the women, the children, and the Mississippi cavalry be removed out of the way of danger."

The lad was not prayed for by the Mississippi cavalry that night.

All this, of course, about the Confederate cavalry was good natured badinage. The Confederate horse as well as foot could show its metal when occasion called for it; and the achievements of Ashby and Stuart and Hampton will live as long as there is a memory of the war.

Stonewall Jackson spoke especially of Stuart in terms of the highest admiration. To one of his friends he said, "Ashby had never his equal on the charge. But he never had his men in hand, and some of his most brilliant exploits were performed by himself and a handful of his followers. He would have done more had he been a disciplinarian; but he was too kind-hearted."

"Jeb Stuart," he added, "is my ideal of a cavalry leader—prompt, vigilant, and fearless."

His fondness for Stuart was very great, and Stuart returned it ardently.

General Ransom knew Stuart well; had been with him at the outbreak of the war; and was often afterwards his companion in arms. He said—"Stuart has been maligned by his enemies. He was very deferential to the ladies, but he was chaste and innocent. Stuart was a Christian man. I have slept in the same room with him often, and never