

The activity he showed in Spain was shown also in the Crimea. Lord Raglan, accused last winter of indifference to the sufferings of his soldiers, did, as it appears from a private diary, kept by one of his aides-de-camp, make no fewer than forty-six inspections of the lines between the 24th September and the 23rd November. "To show the careful manner in which these inspections were made, we may mention the remarkable fact, that, for the purpose of securing a better judgement of the state of the troops, several of these visits were made by Lord Raglan in plain clothes."

Again—on the night of the 14th November, when that fearful hurricane swept over land and sea, where was Lord Raglan, whose comfortable quarters provoked the envy of the *Times* correspondent? He was, we are told, "riding through this pitiless storm for the purpose of personally visiting the sick wife of a soldier; where, exhausted nature needing support, he himself carried to her a bottle of wine."

A sergeant who witnessed the brave attack by Eyre's brigade, sends home the following interesting particulars:—

Enclosed is a perforated cardboard pattern for my dear Louisa, which was taken from a house at Sebastopol, in which a Russian General lived, by one of the regiment, who gave it to me, he told me that when he and some others broke into the house, after driving the Russians away, they found a woman and four children in it, as soon as they saw the English soldiers they supplicated for mercy, but our gallant fellows were too generous to harm them, and made signs that they had nothing to fear from them, so they retired to a corner, where they remained till our men left the house. The man who gave me the cardboard came to camp laden with plunder. I shall enumerate the articles I saw with him—viz., a general's gold laced hat, a guineapig, a valuable microscope, the cardboard, knives and forks, a most ingenious Russian toy, some plates, some bottles containing wine and rum, a pair of lady's satin slippers (the lady who wore them must have had a remarkably small foot). How he managed to carry them all surprised me. While in the house they destroyed beautiful pianos, ladies' and gentlemen's wardrobes, mirrors, &c., but while there he said, they did not neglect their duty, when they returned to camp their forage-caps were gaily decorated with gold lace and satin ribbons. The Brigade returned to camp at dark, and through some mismanagement of the high authorities they were forced to relinquish the position they had so gallantly taken after suffering severe losses and behaving most creditably under a galling fire. Colonel Borton, commanding-officer of the regiment, and who was foremost in the action, told the men when they were assembled on parade next morning, that he never saw heavier firing (he having been through the Cabul and Suttlej campaigns in India) and felt proud of his regiment, and could place dependence on them, no matter where they went to. My comrade sergeant was sergeant to the 9th Regiment, forlorn hope, and he gave me a fine description of what he saw. He and a number of men under his command were in one of the most advanced houses, within a few yards of another house occupied by Russian soldiers, and one of the Russians fired out of a window at our fellows, and, after he fired, he said (for he could speak English), "Take that, you d— English!" and one of the 9th, a wild young Irish fellow, immediately fired out of the window at him in return, saying, "Take that, you d— Russian." This interchange of compliments continued for some time until the Russian was winged. Colonel Borton showed great bravery. When the regiment was going to advance he ran out in front and roared out, after casting his eye along the line, and waving his sword, "Up, up, 9th! come along, my lads." "Yes sir," they replied, "we will follow you wherever you go." Johnnie told me this, for he was along with the Colonel. The Colonel is one of the most handsome men I ever saw. John also told me that he saw four men carrying a wounded officer on a stretcher to the rear, and they had to pass through all the heavy fire; for, as soon as the dastardly Russians saw the brave fellows employed in their charitable mission [for they left a comparatively secure cover for the purpose of having their wounded officer medically attended to] they poured all their fire on them—but God in His mercy protected them, as only one of them was wounded, although shot, stab and grape-ploughed the earth around them. When Colonel Borton saw them, he exclaimed—"Ah, they are truly British soldiers!" (This a meaning is conveyed in the original report—volunteers expressed.)

MORMONISM.

The Cambridge Chronicle gives a letter from Salt Lake City by a woman who had embraced the Mormon delusion, and left that neighbourhood. "The paper speaks for itself.—"Mormonism here and Mormonism in the old country are two entirely distinct systems. I would defy old Nicholas Lynch to sway with a more rigid despotism than is exercised over the masses here, you dare not utter an honest opinion; you are surrounded by spies who carry every word that savours of disaffection, you know not whom to trust: in fact you are suspicious of everybody and everybody suspects you. Human life is of no value here, cutting throats is as carelessly talked of from the stand as clipping your finger-nails, indeed, if they consider you becoming at all disaffection to their principles, it is considered doing you a kindness to kill you, that your soul may be saved. It is here to think of leaving the society, and should any make the attempt, every obstacle is thrown in their way. Many have expended what little means they had in getting here; the greater part are the poor from England, who are brought over by the "Perpetual Emigration Fund," consequently they have an amount of labour on land for which they are already paid. These two classes here we see have no means of liberating themselves, and the few who form the third class—the very few who still possess means after paying tithing, taxes, purchasing a house or farm [for lodging is very dear here, and living for two or more years—they, of course, wish to sell their landed property, but, alas! no buyers are to be found. The land-sharks know quite well that houses cannot be carried; and if no purchasers come forward, you must either remain or lose your property—a thing which of necessity frequently occurs. Should you finally start, hope for no better rest nor sleep for two hundred miles. Armed to the teeth, revolvers and bowie-knives must be your salvation, and you must resolve to abide by life and death before you make the attempt. I should like much to return, but how am I to support myself? If you wish me to live, for God's sake write often; for this is, I verily believe, the most miserable den in creation. Scandal and lies the people fatten on. I would defy the smallest village in the world, to propagate the same with more ardour than this people. A woman's character is taken away by the slightest breath; you are at everybody's mercy, no matter how low, mean, or contemptible the party may be; and woe to you should your husband be on a mission! I hardly know what code of morality they expect from you. Should you attend a party where there may be Gentiles (as they call those persons not in the church), your reputation is blasted; and should you be still more daring and attend an aristocratic party [for we have our aristocrats here, though professing as despise the thing in England] with a Gentile gentleman [which, by-the-by, the Mormon never is], you are town-talk for a month. Everybody affects to despise you, and in reality does so. Should you, on the other hand, remain quietly at home, flatter not yourself the lying tongue of scandal will let you alone; you will be called little better than a common prostitute; your house will be reported to be open to Gentiles morning and night; and every new article of dress will be looked upon as so many fruits of your disreputable conduct. They set husband against the wife: try to get the husband into plurality; and women's hearts are as ruthlessly broken on as a piece of straw by banding. Divorces can be readily obtained for from five to ten dollars, and there exists not, I verily believe, as I believe in a God, a more miserable, broken-hearted, sickened, spiritless set of women on the face of the earth than those who drag out a miserable existence in this variable Utah. There is no employment by which a delicate woman can support herself, though all are expected to do so, they work in the lots and gardens, plant, sow, help to shear sheep, unload hay, chop wood, make shoes, tailor, make soap, candles, molasses, feed pigs, milk cows, raise cakes, hoe potatoes, cut corn, irrigate the land, raise babes, [one in twenty-seven months is allotted to them], besides attending to the no less essential point in a house, viz., washing, scrubbing, and cooking: the latter item is by no means an unimportant one in a Yankee household, as Yankee Doodle must have tea three times a day, and but bread at each meal. The United States sent out a detachment of men in the fall, ostensibly en route to California, but really to investigate the many crying atrocities in this horrible place. There has been a slight intermixture with the officers and our people in society; but I think Brigham was afraid of their influence, and at once, without any preliminaries, they were banished from the stand in the most bitter terms; and so general was the belief that the commanding officer ordered the United States flag to be taken down. Brigham's views of allegiance to the United States were modest, and he gave them freely from the stand. I send the paper containing the address that you may judge for yourself, as delivered before the Gentiles of the city. And now, dear —, I beg by all the love you ever had for me, do not, in God's name, mention anything I have said, or let any one in the church know that I emanated from me. Happy as I should be to save others from the degradation and misery of this evil place, I dare not have my name known, or my head would pay the forfeit; and they would think they were doing God and me service. Although I have lost all desire for life, I should dread falling into their hands for surely the tortures of the Inquisition were nothing to those they inflict here, and in the end, I should be consigned to a horrible decapitation. I am already so nervous, I take pleasure in nothing; I seem to have a frightful death hanging over me; God only knows how soon it may come. I tell you I am almost crazed; the utter seclusion, the lack of decent society, the heart-loneliness, the make, wickedness, envy, the rotten state of things, the duplicity, the privation and poverty, the struggle with the stern realities of this living death, sicken one at the very heart's core, till all desire of life ceases, and you become, in spite of yourself, (what they wish you to be,) a mere machine and an automaton in their hands. You must become in a word, a slave to all feelings of delicacy and womanhood—reckless, daring, and shameless, or else stolid, stupefied, and indifferent to all that surrounds you. Think of and pray for me, and believe me," &c.

HEBRON.—As we drew nearer to Hebron, the remains of the old terraces on the hill-sides showed that the country had once been covered with vineyards while the corn-fields in the valleys, and the herds of cows grazing in the rich pastures, awakened many recollections of home. It is a pretty, cheerful-looking town, beautifully situated on the slope of a hill, and surrounded by vineyards and olive-grounds. The great mosque, built over the tombs of the Patriarchs, rises conspicuously above the rest of the town; and, in riding towards the place where our tents were to be pitched, we passed a large square tank, with steps descending into it at the angles, which has been supposed, without any evidence, to be "the pool of Hebron," where David hanged the sons of Rimmon.

We did not find the interior of the town to correspond with its external beauty. The streets are steep, dark, and very dirty, and the bazaars neither extensive nor well stocked. The population is only about 4,000; of these, forty families are Jews, and Elias the Saraff and his family are the only Christians in the town. The Moslems of Hebron have always had the character of being most bigoted and fanatical: and we found that it would be useless, if not dangerous, to attempt to enter their mosque.

It was one of the many churches founded by the empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, and was long an object of Moslem pilgrimage. It is said to be built over the cave of Machpelah, and contains the supposititious tombs of Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Rebecca, Jacob, and Leah. For more than a century, only two or three Europeans have gained access to the mosque. Ali Bey, who visited it in 1807, and passed as a Moslem, gives a minute description of the sepulchres which, he says, are each in a separate department, on the level of the floor of the mosque. All the sepulchres, according to his account, "have separate entrances, closed with iron gates, and by wooden doors, plated with silver, and secured by silver bolts and padlocks. The tombs of the patriarchs are covered with rich carpets of green silk, magnificently embroidered with gold; those of their wives are red, embroidered in like manner. I counted nine, one over the other, on the sepulchre of Abraham. The room also which contain the tombs are covered with rich carpets." But this very circumstantial description is at variance with earlier accounts, which represent all the six tombs as in a cave under the mosque. Benjamin of Tudela, who visited Hebron in the twelfth century, gives the following description of the place, "I came to Hebron seated on a palfrey; for Hebron the ancient metropolis still stood upon an hill; but it is now desolate. But in the valley there is a duplicate, that is, as it were, two little valleys, and there the cities are placed; and there is an huge temple there, called Sallet Abraham, and that place was the synagogue of the Jews, at what time the country was possessed by the Ishmaelites." But the Gentiles, who afterwards obtained and held the same, built six sepulchres in the temple, by the names of Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Rebecca, Jacob, and Leah, and the Ishmaelites now tell