

expression of deep grief that clouded their faces, destroyed the last glimmer of hope that glimmered in his breast, and for an instant he stood powerless. But the noise he had made on entering had caused the snuff-takers to turn toward the door, and one of them, with a shrill cry, sprang toward him, and flung herself into his arms.

"Alick, dear Alick, are you come at last?" she said, you would come, and that none but Alick Caldwell should lay Marian Livingston's head in the grave. And you are come! His name be praised!"

That night Aunt Livings-tone spent alone in her desolate cottage; but a little time after midnight she quitted Netham-foot as Alick Caldwell's wife; and her after-life gave proof that a good sister and dutiful daughter, are sure to make a good wife and a good mother.

**The Battle of Maids!**

Our little army was advancing very gradually up the plain, but as yet nothing was distinguishable beyond the thick fust of the French cavalry, who made repeated feints of charging on one or other of our brigades. The extreme heat of the morning also produced a sort of mirage in the low groups, which served further to perplex our sight, and we still inclined to the belief that Reynier was retiring up the valley, and covering his march by the display of his horsemen, and by the little ambuscade on the hill. Suddenly, however, the enemy's cavalry moved rapidly away beyond the front of our extreme left, and as their dust cleared off, we saw the French infantry formed for attack and marching rapidly upon us. We saw at the same time that the enemy outnumbered us considerably; their formation as well as ours was oblique, the enemy's left and our right being each in advance. Their 1<sup>st</sup> Legere (three battalions) led on by General Compere, and supported by a regiment of Poles, advanced in line upon the brigade of British Light Infantry, which likewise continued to move onward. A crushing fire of musketry soon opened on both sides; but it was too hot to last for so short a distance, and the fire of the English was so deadly, that General Compere sprang to the front of his men, and shouting, "En avant, en avant!" he led them to the charge with the bayonet. As they drew nigh, their ranks disordered by the fatal fire of the British, Kempt gave the word, and his 800 Light Infantry (for we must not reckon the Corsican Rangers for much in this part of the day's work) pressed eagerly forward to close with their antagonists. But the two lines were not parallel; the light Companies of the Twentieth and Thirtieth encountered the extreme left of the French, but the rest of the enemy's brigade broke before their bayonets crossed. They had, however, come too close to escape; it was a headlong rout. General Compere fell badly wounded within our ranks, and his superb brigade (I may use the term, for never did I see a finer or more colder-like body of men) were utterly dispersed, with a fearful slaughter, which was continued over a long extent of plain, and the lower falls of the hill of Maids.

**The Field After the Battle.**

The field of battle was crowded on the 21st with officers from the fleet, carrying flasks of brandy and water, visiting the wounded, and giving them all the relief in their power. The doctors from the ships were on shore all night giving medical aid. So many soldiers from each regiment were told off to bury the dead: the Russians were buried outside the mounds, the English and French inside. There was great spoil on the field—coats, dresses, swords, guns, rifles, &c., &c. and in some instances large sums of money. Everybody brought off some memento—either an sword, casque, or musket. The Highland bonnets, we regret to say, formed quite a heap.

It appears that a certain class of visitors made a profitable day's work by visiting the field of battle: almost every one found something.

One boasted that he had picked up nine royalists and fifty sovereigns; and one, a Maltese, is reported to have realized upwards of £150 in gold. Coats, boots, &c., were all taken off by pillagers, and in many cases the gold lace ripped off the uniforms of the dead.

All muskets that have been found have been destroyed, except those taken off by visitors, as trophies, and few ships but few many momentoes of this sort. My share of the spoil is a helmet with an eagle shot through completely by a musket ball; and a sword, quite enough to carry a long distance on a warm day.

A large plan was found in the house Lord Raglan slept in at Ketcha, and in Menschikoff's carriage were found the full particulars of the English army, their strength, &c., showing how well the spies in the English camp must have done their treacherous work. In this despatch Prince Menschikoff assures the Emperor that he could make good the defences of the Alma for three weeks against 100,000 men. They were carried by the allies, of whom not half that number were actually engaged, in three hours.

**Russian Soldiers in 1805.**

Before I see a sight of the Russians altogether, I will make some few remarks on the troops of whose companionship we have been engaged. I had seen something of a Russian army in 1799, but I found that even six years had made a surprising difference, at least in the appearance of their soldiers. Those who served with us in Holland, were exactly the stiff, hard, wooden machines, which we have reason to figure to ourselves as the Russians of the Seven Year War. Their dress and equipments seem to have remained unaltered, they waddled slowly forward to the tip-top of their uppermost drums, and if they were beaten they waddled slowly back again, without appearing in either case to feel a sense of danger, or of the expediency of taking ultra tip-up steps to better their condition. But I must do their troops in 1805 the justice to say, that in appearance at least, and in movements at a review, they had made a surprising progress: they were now well armed and equipped, and had very much the outward character of good German soldiers. They were regular and firm in their movements; but they were still slow, and their regimental officers appeared to be very deficient in intelligence and activity. Even some of their Major-generals were little better than semi-barbarians, ignorant, selfish, and perhaps venal. The Moutencians whom they brought with them, for the eventual benefit of Italy in case of an active campaign, were the wisest of the mountain tribes of Albania. Their very gut told their tale: it was the noiseless creeping of a cat in search of prey; their long steps gave forth no sound; their eyes, though lighted by no passion, were incessantly moving, and marking all things before and behind and on every side. A sort of coarse shirt belted round their waist, with a capote of the skins of sheep or goats, formed their dress, and a long gun and a stout knife their arms. They could have done little harm to the French, but they would have been deadly protectors to the Italians. In most respects, I believe that the Russian infantry is now-a-days but little different from those who came to Naples in 1805, and, brave as the soldiers may be, I cannot regard their armies as very formidable out of their own country, or in a protracted campaign. Their hospitals and commissariat were and are deplorably bad, they are always in want of money, nor ever have they credit. Without the means of raising money, and without good hospitals and an effective commissariat, a great army cannot long keep the field.

A STRANGE OF ART.—There is an Exhibition in Paris, at the present time, in Rue Neuve-des-petit-champs; (a long name for New Littlewood street.) No. 5, one of the most remarkable pieces of masonry-work which the union of art and science has ever produced. It consists of a picture of about three feet square. This picture is made up of colors admirable for their beauty and boldness, but there is no subject. The most experienced eye can detect nothing but disjointed and half-formed approximations toward a coherent de-

sign. The most able artist sees there only "the finest colors," but do not care to tell us that they are intended to represent, in the middle of the picture which is horizontally placed, is a mirror formed by a copper cylinder covered by a perfectly polished coating of silver. This mirror is usually veiled. So far there is little remarkable, and the greatest amateur at painting would hardly consent to spend five francs on such apparently profitless study. But it is impossible not to had a glow of admiration when, on uncovering the mirror, there is presented upon it, in the brightest reflecting rays, the whole scene of the Crucifixion. The partial coloring when takes a character of uncontestable superiority, and presents to the astonished spectators a picture composed of six perfect figures, depicted with a degree of boldness such as the master painters alone knew how to impart in the subject which it was their glory to represent.—Boston Transcript.

**Miscellaneous.**

The Reverend Miss Antoinette Brown, lately ordained a ministeress of the Protestant church in the United States, has startled the world by taking unto herself a mate, and has become metamorphosed into the Reverend Mrs. Martin. The case is a novel one, and cannot be indicated by any reference to precedents. Who is to do the inebriating?—to whom shall the care of the household be assigned? The Reverend bride may quote scripture, that it is not reason that she should leave the ministry of the Word to serve cables—and so the unhappy bridegroom will go without his dinner, whilst the better half is breaking the bread of life in the neighboring conventicle. The Protestant church should take the matter into early and serious consideration, with the view of preventing the embarrassments, not to say abuses, that are likely to accrue from the intermarriage of clergywomen and laymen. The difficulties might perhaps be obviated by refusing to admit young ladies to Holy Orders before they shall have attained a certain age, say forty or thereabouts. But then this would be interfering with "Woman's Rights," and we fear that such venerable Clergymisses would attract but very small congregations!

EXTRAORDINARY DEATH OF A FEMALE.—Le Journal de Quebec of Saturday informs us of the death in the Marine Hospital, of an unknown girl of seventeen years of age, found a few days since on a wharf, in a state of insensibility, from apparent immersion in boiling water or steam. She seems to have been buried quietly in the Potter's field, without any inquest to ascertain the truth by whose hands she may have perished.

THE RAILWAY AMBASCADERS.—The last advices from Derby repeat that a clue has been obtained which is likely to lead to the conviction of some of those who were concerned in the Trillick outrage. It is added that some of the migrants have made their escape, and have thus so far eluded the ends of justice. Meanwhile, the Roman Catholics of Ulster are taking the proper steps to relieve themselves from the charge of any participation in the late foul attempt at the wholesale murder of their Protestant fellow countrymen. A meeting of the former party was held in Omagh on the 30th ult., when a reward of £100 was offered for the detection of the assassins.

The Niagara Falls Gazette says, that workmen are busily engaged re-building Brock's Monument on Queenston Heights. It is placed a short distance from the former site, nearer the brow of the mountain, and in a more conspicuous position. From the view obtained from the American side it looks as if it would be much larger and more beautiful than the old one.

The agents of the Cunard line of steamers in New York have given orders to Mr. Francis to furnish two additional life boats for each steamer.

A letter from Stockholm says: "Mr. Edlund, professor of chemistry, at the University, has just taken out a patent for an apparatus which messages can be sent by in opposite directions simultaneously in opposite directions."