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Simlair's Monthly Circular,

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Volume 1.

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THE STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN. (*)

WRITTEN IN A TENT IN THE CRIMEA.

In the earlier chapters I have rather avoided comment, confining myself to a plain narrative of the course of events as they flowed one into another. The public had been more than content with the campaign, and demanded only an intelligible and detailed account of the occurrences which had led to such pleasing results. But opinion had begun to exercise so large an influence on the war, that a record of its progress would be defective in which this new element should be left unrecognised.

The dull expanse of the siege, unrelieved, after Inkermann, by any bright red spots of victory in the foreground, was kept incessantly before the eyes of the public in its most dismal and lurid colours. Inflamed by the letters from the camp, and leading articles, with which every newspaper teemed, descriptive of the sufferings and losses of the army, and charging the authorities, military and ministerial, as the chief sources of disaster, the nation joined in one indignant outcry against the Government and the General. The plaudits of anticipated victory were changed to threats, foreboding, and despondency. Where a speedy triumph had been expected, there had been comparative failure—where national glory was to have been cheaply obtained, there had been losses and misery amounting to national disaster: therefore there must be blame. Such was the process of reasoning conducting to a conclusion almost unanimously assented to; the clamour swelled daily;—Mr. Roebuck gave notice of his motion of inquiry into the conduct of the war;—Lord John Russell suddenly quitted the Government; and the Ministry, defeated on Roebuck's motion by a majority of two to one, went out amidst such a clamour as greets the last moments of a criminal on the scaffold.

Amid the din of invective, those who read the parliamentary debates and leading articles of the time, will be puzzled to detect the true ground of censure. They will see that the nation was dissatisfied, and with whom, but will have some difficulty in knowing why. Everybody has been ready to indicate the culprits, but none to specify the crime, except in the general terms of neglect, ignorance, and apathy. But though the accusers were confessedly in want of specific charges, yet the causes of our failure, in those points where we had failed, having been divined, or imagined to be divined, it was easy to ask why those causes had been allowed to exist.

For instance, it was known that the severest hardships of the army had arisen from the want of a communication between Balaklava and the camp; and it was asked why a road had not been made? It should have been made, it was urged, at the commencement of the siege, and should have been the first thing thought of.

Now, at the commencement of the siege, and for six weeks afterwards, the roads were hard and good. Before us was a place which we hoped to take after a short cannonade, and, notwithstanding that all the men available were employed in the trenches and batteries, and transporting armament and material for the works, the delay still seemed very tedious to the impatient troops. The trenches, once constructed, must be manned; and, thinned as the army was by sickness, to do this adequately absorbed all our available men. To make a road seven miles long was no light task, even if men and time could have been spared for it.

After a time, it began to be seen and admitted by the press, that the army once landed in the Crimea, the events, up to the end of October, followed in a sequence easily accounted for, without fixing culpability on the chief actors. It was seen that to have occupied the first period of the investment in making a road, would have called forth deservedly a charge of deferring the completion of the enterprise, in order to carry on an extensive work which might never be wanted. As the season wore on, the days between us and winter, like the Sibylline books, grew in value with each diminution of their number, and not one could be spared from the business of the siege. The enemy were seen throwing up their defensive works, and unless we kept pace with them, we must expect to break ground under an overwhelming fire. On the other hand, to have pushed the enterprise to a rash termination, by assaulting the town without waiting for the battering-train to do its work, would have entailed, even with success, the yet more serious charge of incurring an unnecessary waste of life, when a little patience and trouble spent in availing ourselves of the means we possessed, might secure a comparatively bloodless victory—a charge which all but men of surpassing self-reliance would shrink from the risk

of. Viewed in retrospect, it is easy to detect our errors, and to point to a better course of action; and the least sagacious and resolute general of the allied army would, if the problem were again set before him, apply the lesson of experience in the alternative of a speedy assault or deliberate provision for wintering on the heights. It is a cheap sagacity, and pleasant to exercise, which points out the faults of the past. In fighting our battles o'er again, mediocrity becomes infallible, and doubt and difficulty are no longer elements of warfare.

If, then, it is granted that, up to the end of October, things had gone as well with us as could fairly be expected, let us take that as the starting-point of imputed error. It is said that, it being then clear that no prospect remained of a speedy capture of the place, measures should at once have been taken to provide against winter. A road should have been made, provisions stored, and huts and stables constructed—all very desirable measures, but unfortunately not practicable. As already mentioned, the duty of the trenches exceeded our means, when guards, pickets, and the covering force were provided for, and our men were already dying of fatigue. Therefore, in order to begin other works, men must be taken from the trenches. But to guard the trenches insufficiently would be worse than not to guard them at all: it would be adding the slaughter of men to the loss of guns, therefore they must be abandoned; and to withdraw the guns and ammunition, and dismantle the batteries, would have been of itself a considerable labour. But our lines once abandoned, the French could no longer hold theirs, as they would have been liable at any time to be taken in reverse; therefore the whole siegeworks must have been given up, to be reconstructed at a more convenient season, while the Russians augmented their defences without interruption. Would this have suited either army or either nation? Or would it have been considered preferable to the severe losses we have suffered? Besides, our attention was no longer confined to the siege. The army in the field against us was daily increasing, and had already attacked our position under which it is said roads ought to have been made, provisions stored, and the troops sheltered.

The asserted superiority in the condition of the French army was cited as proof that we were in much worse state than we need be. It is by no means certain that our allies were much better provided than ourselves; at the same time, it is difficult to compare with accuracy the condition of the two armies, because the French systematically represent their own affairs in the most favourable light. And without presuming to doubt the advantages of a free discussion by the public press of our military system and operations, yet we must admit it to be, if a weakness, yet a natural one, on the part of our allies, to veil their own proceedings as much as possible from an equally severe scrutiny. Assuming, therefore, that inquiries made from the French as to the progress, reinforcements, and general state of their army, did not always elicit unadulterated facts, we may still find indulgence for the motives which tinged those facts with a roseate hue. To hear that its army was disorganised, famished, and dying of disease, and to be held up to the world as an example of disastrous military policy, might, however interesting to the public, be somewhat obnoxious to the vanity of a warlike nation, proud of its achievements, and fond to excess of glory.

There is no doubt that, during the early part of the campaign, the French suffered more from disease than we did. If, during the winter, the case was reversed, the change is easily accounted for. Large and constant reinforcements from France lightened the labours of the siege, and left plenty of men for the construction of the road from Kamiesch to their camp. While our men, from the fewness of their numbers, were often two, even three, nights in succession in the trenches, the French spent four nights out of five in their tents. Six days enabled them to communicate with Marseilles, and six or eight more to procure from thence any supplies which might be suddenly found needful.

It was said we ought to have insisted on the labours of the siege being proportioned to the strength of the two armies respectively. But at the commencement of the siege we rather outnumbered the French, who offered us our choice of the right of the attack; with Balaklava as a port, or the left, with Kamiesch. We chose the right, principally for the sake of holding Balaklava, which was altogether in our hands, and its harbour filled with our vessels. When reinforcements arrived to the French, they had a greater extent of trenches to occupy than we, owing to the nature of the ground in their front permitting a nearer approach to the place. The whole of the French troops, with the exception of Bosquet's division, which was posted near the Woronzoff road, encamped in rear of their own lines, where, however convenient for the relief of their trenches, and for supplies from Kamiesch, they were at a great distance from any point of the position liable to be attacked. It would certainly appear to have been more desirable that they should have contributed a larger proportion to the covering force; and after the battle of Inkermann, they sent troops of all arms to reinforce our first and second divisions, and placed a brigade of infantry in the lines of Balaklava. At the beginning of February, the French, numbering more than seventy thousand, which was five times our effective force, took the whole of the lines and field-works on the hills around Inkermann while we armed the

(*) See the February, March, April and May Numbers.

batteries with guns, and furnished artillerymen to work them. Had the army been all French or all English, of course every reinforcement would have lightened the burdens of the whole; but, in the absence of any express stipulation for such a contingency, it was natural that the French should avail themselves of their superior numbers to relieve our men and forward our works only so far as was feasible without detriment to their own.

The commissariat of our army has received a good deal of censure. The only school in which its officers can learn any part of their duties is in our foreign garrisons and colonies, where their business is to pay the troops, to make contracts for provisions, and to see that these are of good quality. This is obviously a somewhat slender preparation for the duty of supplying an army in the field—and many among the juniors had not even this advantage. Those members of the service with whom I am personally acquainted, certainly cannot be charged either with indolence or incapacity.

In offering the foregoing remarks, I by no means intend to say that every possible measure was taken to alleviate the distresses of our troops. Better order might probably have been established, and the insufficient means at their disposal turned to better account. But I do intend to say, that, in the absence of large reserves of good troops, and an efficient transport corps, no sagacity or foresight could have obviated, to any extent, the evils which have befallen us. The Government may, or may not, have exerted itself to the utmost in carrying on the war: if it possessed the means of remedying the deficiencies I speak of, it ought to have been called to account long ago for neglecting to do so. But let the condemnation be on just grounds:—the protraction of the siege amid suffering and loss is, in itself, no fair proof of incompetence. The British people, hardest of taskmasters, demanding bricks where they have denied straw, look only to results; and the ministry and the general who commence a war must always, unless aided by fortune to an extraordinary extent, incur the national displeasure at the first arduous undertaking of the campaign; and it will be well for the country if it possesses men capable of efficiently replacing them. Such has been the fortune of the first actors on the present stage; censure has been loud and general, and the difficulties encountered never fairly taken into account. In front, a city of great and daily-increasing strength, with a numerous garrison, and offering unusual natural obstacles to a regular attack—an army in the field threatening us—our forces thinned by sickness, and clad in worn-out summer uniforms, while winter was pressing so close that we felt his breath on our cheeks—supplies daily less attainable, men and horses daily dying—and no retreat. What a problem to set before a General, an army, and a Government, trained amid the experiences of a forty year's peace! The genius of Napoleon, combined with that of Chatham, might have gained lustre by a triumphant solution. It will be said that the conditions enumerated ought never to have been allowed to exist; but I have in some measure anticipated the objection in a former chapter (IV).

It is very natural that those who saw our gallant army quit England, splendidly equipped, elate and eager for battle, should feel sorrow and indignation at the miserable end which so many of these noble troops have met. It is natural that when men of talent have exerted all their descriptive power to set the sufferings of the army in the strongest possible light, their readers should be excited to a pitch of sympathy even beyond that which an actual sight of the horrors so vividly depicted would produce. With advancing civilisation, human life has risen in value and consideration to an unprecedented extent—our soldiers, no longer accounted as food for powder, are thought of as equal in all respects, superior in some, to those citizens of ancient states who have made famous the names of Thermopylae, Plataea, and Marathon; and those who would scruple to deprive the worst criminal of existence, can not hear of so many brave men perishing without horror. The expression of these feelings, under the circumstances, is natural and inevitable. Not so the contrast so frequently drawn and so strongly dwelt on, between our army and that of the French, and which, coming from ourselves, cannot have failed to efface some of the respect which the sight of the battle at the Alma where three Russians lay dead for every Englishman—of the charge at Balaklava, where our heavy brigade of cavalry met and put to flight three times their number of horsemen—and of the bloody resistance at Inkermann, so signally produced. Is it politic to insist so strongly on our inferiority?—or, if politic, is it just? I have heard of letters from Paris alluding to others received from the French camp, in which the French army is described as being entirely occupied with taking care of the English. The Continental states, taking us at our word, begin to affect compassion for the military system of the nation which is stronger in resources now than when it saved Europe. Cannot necessary reforms be effected without such depreciatory outcry? Might not the comparisons I speak of be drawn with greater fairness? Legions of fresh troops were always ready to cover, and more than cover, the losses of the French. England and France are friends—long may they continue so—nor should any subject be hinted at which is likely to excite jealousy between them—but let us be just to ourselves. Nothing has yet occurred to prove that our ancient reputation in arms is endangered.

CHAP. XVIII.—PROCESS OF THE SIEGE.

Before leaving Constantinople, when the object of my mission was accomplished, I visited again the hospitals at Scutari, and noticed a remarkable improvement in the appearance of the patients. Formerly a large proportion were evidently past recovery; but now, although the hospital was fuller than ever, the *fabrics Hippocraticæ* lent its ghastliness to a far less number of pillows. The most appalling cases were those of frostbite, and I saw one dreadful instance where the bones of the toes stuck out white and naked from the black and swollen feet.

On the 17th of February I sailed for the Crimea, and thus terminated the cheerful glimpse of civilised life which I had enjoyed doubly from contrast with the stern scenes which bordered it. From a smoky hut in a quagmire, to a pleasant room looking on the Bosphorus—from the *Barber of Seville* at the opera

of Pera, to the grim drama of the siege with the snowy waste for a drop-scene—the change was indeed “from grave to gay, from lively to severe.” The ship had been ordered to start a day before her time, and I had hurried down to the Golden Horn, followed by a porter bearing a huge pie, made under the special directions of my hostess, and so stuffed with every available bird of the air as to be a sort of aviary in paste. Woodcock, red-leg, pheasant, and the domestic fowl, nestled in harmonious and sweet companionship on layers of veal and ham, their union being cemented by truffles. It was smoking hot, being drawn from the oven barely in time for my departure. Placing it carefully in a caïque, I seated myself therein, and directed the boatman to row to the vessel, which was hissing with steam as if about to start. On reaching the accommodation-ladder my first care was for the pie, which I well know would be warmly welcomed “before Sebastopol;” and, lifting it from the caïque, I placed it on the step of the ladder, and was about to follow when the boatman let the caïque fall off from the ship's side, and I was obliged to quit my hold of the ladder. The pie, left unsupported, was too broad for the step, and toppled over. For one agonising moment it seemed about to fall into the water; it remained resting on its side, and forth gushed a flood of gravy, filling the air with such odours as saluted the nose of Sancho when he lifted the fleshpots in Camacho's kitchen; or Mr. Codlin's, when the host of the Jolly Sandboys took the cover off the stew. Attracted by the steam of rich disguised perfumes which rose upward, about four hundred Croats, who were shipped on board for the Crimea for the purpose of making roads, flocked to the side of the vessel, and the pie was conveyed across the deck through a crowd of picturesque savages, who hovered fondly around it, snuffing up the fragrance, and who could with difficulty prevail on themselves to quit its neighbourhood. However, it turned out eventually but little the worse, and had, moreover, the advantage of being discussed in a most uncritical spirit.

The harbour of Balaklava was so thronged that the steamer could not enter, and I went in a boat. The place was greatly improved since I had last seen it. The streets were cleaner, the frost had dried the roads, and there were more conveniences for landing. The railway ran from the heart of the town, through the meadows which last autumn teemed with vegetables, fruit, and vines, to the side of the hill beyond Kadukoi at the head of the valley; and huge fat dray-horses suggestive of ale and stout, stalked ponderously by. Ascending the heights to the plateau, too, circumstances were changed greatly for the better. Many huts had been brought up, forming in some spots small villages. The dead horses had been buried, and the live ones sheltered, either in stables of plank, or in trenches covered in with boards or tarpaulin; while the troops had been for some weeks enjoying the comfort of plenty of warm clothing, and wore the appearance of health.

So many stories of desperate sorties, threatened attacks by the Russians on Balaklava, and combats more or less disastrous to the Allies, were always floating about the *table d'hôte* at Pera, generally supported by plausible authority, that I hastened to enquire into the truth of some which had appeared better authenticated than the rest. With the exception of one or two sorties, however, nothing had occurred to break the monotony of the siege. But the night of the 19th February (the day I landed) had been fixed on for an expedition into the valley of the Tchernaya, to surprise the Russian force there, and to effect a reconnoissance of the surrounding country. General Bosquet was to command a considerable French force; and the Highland brigade, with two batteries of artillery, and about three hundred cavalry, was to co-operate with him.

Though the day had been fine, a bitter north wind, with snow, blew all night, and the cold was so intense that the order for Bosquet's division to march was countermanded. The staff-officer, who was sent to apprise Sir C. Campbell of the postponement of the enterprise, lost his way in the snow-storm, and at two in the morning the English force marched out of Kadukoi, proceeding across the plain towards Tchernaya, where, according to the original plan, they were to have engaged the attention of the Russian force, while the French, crossing the bridge, turned their flank. There seems good reason to believe that, had the design been carried out, it would have been attended with success; the Russians had neglected their outposts, and nothing occurred to interrupt the march. Daylight showed the Russian force across the Tchernaya, two miles off, ill prepared for an attack, and it was nearly half an hour before they got under arms. When it was seen from the plateau that the English had advanced, a body of French was despatched to support them—and nearly at the same time came the order countermanding the enterprise. In marching back, the ammunition-mules were separated from the troops, and a body of Cossacks appearing behind a neighbouring hill, two of them, with levelled lances, galloped down to intercept the rearmost animal; but a sergeant and private of the infantry escort, running out, fired at them, and they turned and retreated, while a detachment of our cavalry came back to protect the ammunition. Some of our men were frostbitten—and another misfortune arising from the abortive attempt was, that the enemy were thus placed on their guard against a repetition of the enterprise.

Before this, intelligence had arrived of an attack made on Eupatoria by the Russians, who had been observed on the 15th to receive large convoys and reinforcements from the eastward.

At daylight on the 17th they came on in numbers estimated at 40,000 of all arms, with from sixty to one hundred guns, and opened with their artillery on the intrenchments surrounding the town. Skirmishers covered the guns, the battalions were in rear, and the cavalry on the flanks; subsequently the guns advanced, and under cover of their fire the infantry, forming behind a wall six hundred yards distant from the right of the town, made their attack, and were repulsed—at other points also they were driven back—and at ten in the morning they retired, covered by the artillery and cavalry. Liprandi's division (the 12th), formerly posted in front of Balaklava, was present in this action.

A battery of Turkish artillery was disabled in the attack, every gun being struck, and a third of the horses killed, with nineteen gunners. There were ninety-seven Turks killed, and 277 wounded in all; a French detachment acting

with them lost four killed and nine wounded; and of the Tartar population thirteen were killed and eleven wounded. Selim Pacha, an Egyptian, commanding a brigade, was among the slain. The Russians left 460 dead—and, if the snowstorm on the night of the 19th found them on the march, or unsheltered, they must have suffered severe loss.

For some time a cordon of Russian cavalry had surrounded Eupatoria. A depot of provisions and military stores had been collected there, and a garrison from the Turkish army on the Danube under Omer Pacha; but their great deficiency was in cavalry, the scanty number of which barely enabled them to furnish the necessary videttes. While in Constantinople, I was glad to hear that 4000 cavalry were soon to be despatched to Eupatoria; in an action taking place on the plains between that town and Sebastopol, victory would almost certainly remain with the side which was strongest in that arm.

During the early part of the siege the garrison of Sebastopol had never displayed any great degree of enterprise, though they had stood well to their guns, and worked diligently at their defences. But on the night of the 22d of February they seized on a hill about four hundred yards from the advanced trench held by the French in front of Inkermann, and began to construct a battery there. All the redoubts now erected on the battle-field of the 5th of November were garrisoned by the French, who had also constructed some very well-finished lines extending from the batteries opposite the Inkermann Lights, around the face of the slopes looking towards the Round Tower, in which direction approaches had been pushed to the advanced trench in question, which was at a considerable distance from the redoubts.

Being in the trenches of our right attack on the 23d, I had a good view of this new Russian work. A row of gabions had been filled, and a second placed on the top of a small hill between the Round Tower and the French trenches before Inkermann; and a few men were employed in working behind the hill, which hid them from the French. It was evident that the latter could not permit the work to proceed unmolested, and an attack was ordered for the same night.

At an hour after midnight, 2500 French infantry, consisting of a battalion of Zouaves, and one each of the line and of marines, sallied from the trenches; and the two latter remaining in support, the Zouaves advanced without firing, to the foot of the eminence on which the battery was posted. The Russians were prepared, and received them with a volley from the work in front, and from a line of infantry extended on each side to flank the approach. The Zouaves returned the fire, and pressed on, and a combat of musketry and bayonets ensued, which lasted for an hour. During this time the Russian batteries opened against the hill, firing shot, shell, and rockets, without intermission. The French succeeded at one time in entering the work, and driving out its defenders, but were checked by the Russian support, which were posted behind the hill in great strength, evidently in expectation of an attack; and the Zouaves, after suffering severely, retreated, bringing with them General Monet desperately wounded. They had fifteen officers killed and wounded, out of the nineteen lost in all by the French, whose loss in men was variously stated at from three to five hundred.

It was rumoured and expected for some days afterwards, that the French would make another effort to take the hill. The Russians placed riflemen behind the work they had thrown up, and in a small enclosure of loose stones near it, who exchanged a brisk fire with the French tirailleurs in the advanced trench, but without much damage to either side. The attack was not renewed by the French, and the enemy proceeded to complete the work unmolested. The French, however, sallied from their lines on two or three successive nights upon the rifle-pits occupied by the Russians towards Inkermann, and on one occasion drove out the occupants of the pits and repulsed the troops supporting them; but neglecting to destroy or occupy the pits themselves, the Russians returned to them when the French withdrew.

At the beginning of March the winter seemed to have departed, leaving only a few cold days lingering in scattered order, in its rear. The health of the troops was steadily improving; they were in comparative comfort, and their labours were lightened. New batteries, admirably constructed, were in course of completion, far in advance of those used in the first attack, and connected with them by long lines of trenches. Guns for arming them were in our siege depot, those damaged by the long-continued fire were replaced by others, and we had lent a number to the French. Inkermann was not only defended against a second assault like that of the 5th of November, but was now the most strongly intrenched point of our position. Finally, the supply of ammunition necessary for reopening a general and sustained cannonade was being fast accumulated, while the fire of the enemy, who but lately had returned ten shots for one, was materially slackened.

A Russian steamer, armed with two heavy guns, had for a long time been anchored near the head of the harbour, at a point from whence she could fire towards Inkermann, and had frequently annoyed our working parties there. On the night of the 6th, the embrasures of three guns in our battery facing Inkermann Lights, 1800 yards from the ship, were unmasked, and shot heated. At day-break the guns opened; the first shot passed over the vessel, and did not attract the notice of the sentry who was pacing the deck—the second struck the water near, when he jumped on the paddle-box and alarmed the crew. Seven or eight shot struck her, and damaged her machinery so much that, though the steam was got up, the paddles did not revolve, and she was warped round into the shelter of a neighbouring point. Her crew immediately left her, and she was careened over for repair. A deserter told us that three men were killed and three wounded on board.

On the 9th a telegraphic despatch was received at the British head-quarters, stating that the Emperor of Russia had died on the 2d, with the words appended, "This may be relied on as authentic." The news spread rapidly through the camp, and, notwithstanding its surprising nature, it was at once believed. Next day the French General received a despatch to the same effect from a different source.

By the construction of the lines and batteries at Inkermann the Allies had to a great extent effected the object of enclosing the defensive works south of the Great Harbour. In front of the Round Tower (called by the Russians Malakoff), and to the right of our right attack, was a hill of the form of a truncated cone, nearly as elevated as that on which the Round Tower stands, known by us as Gordon's Hill, and by the French as the Mammelon. It had been intended that the French should obtain possession of this hill under cover of a cross-fire, from our right attack and the left Inkermann batteries, upon the ground behind it; and that works should be constructed on it, which, at about five hundred yards, would bear on the works of Malakoff and the Redan. This design was anticipated by the enemy, who, on the morning of the 11th, were found to have seized on the hill during the night, and commenced a battery there. A fire of shells from our right attack drove their working parties out, and prevented them from making much progress by day; but though the fire was continued at night, its effect was too uncertain to prevent the enemy from working there during the darkness.

At seven o'clock on the evening of the 14th, Captain Craigie, R. E., was returning up a ravine from the trenches with a party of sappers, and was already at a great distance, when a stray missile came through the air towards them. He remarked, "here comes a shell," and at the moment it burst above them. All put up their arms to shield their heads from falling splinters; when they looked round, Craigie was lying dead,—a piece of the shell had gone through his side into his heart. The sappers bore him to his tent, many of them strongly affected, for he was a great favourite with his men.

In the middle of March the French connected their lines at Inkermann with those of our right attack by parallels, the advanced one passing in front of the Mammelon at less than five hundred yards from it; thus rendering the line of intrenchment continuous (except where the great ravine interrupted it) from the battery opposite Inkermann Lights, on our extreme right, to the French works on the left, which enclose the salients defending the town. Facing the advanced parallel between it and the Mammelon was a row of Russian rifle-pits, distant from the French less than a hundred yards, which caused great annoyance to the guards in the trench. At the request of our allies, a 24-pounder in our right attack was directed on the pits, and the second shot piercing a small work erected a shelter, several riflemen, called by the French a *gabionade*, its occupants, to the number of eight, ran away, escaping uninjured through the fire of musketry poured on them from the French parallel; but they came back in the night. Next day I was in a new mortar-battery we had erected in front of the light division watching the practice from our right attack against the Mammelon, when the colonel of the 5th regiment of French infantry, leaving his horse in the battery, walked down to the trenches, not by the ordinary path of the ravine, which affords shelter all the way, but over the hill; as he approached the lines he was shot dead by a rifleman from the pits. On the night of the 17th, about nine o'clock, it being very dark, a furious fire of musketry was opened from the French lines, and for upwards of an hour incessant volleys showed several thousand men to be engaged. The whole camp was on the alert, and the staff-officers despatched from the French and English headquarters to ascertain the cause, brought word that it was a renewed attack by the French on the Russian rifle-pits; and in the morning we heard that the French had taken them—nevertheless, at daylight the Russian sharpshooters were at their old post. The French were said to have lost upwards of a hundred men, and next night they bombarded the town from eight o'clock till midnight, inflicting great loss on the garrison, according to the report of a deserter.

On the 19th, a deserter brought intelligence that Menschikoff was dead. Next day another corroborated the intelligence, and added that Admiral Istamin had been killed in the Mammelon by a shell. He also told us that the Russian batteries had been forbidden to fire, in fact, they did not fire for two days.

On the 20th, Sir John Burgoyne, who had hitherto been charged with the chief conduct of the siege-works, left the army, for the purpose of resuming his duties in England as Inspector-general of Fortifications. His successor, General Jones, had arrived some time before. On this day we received the English papers up to the 5th, containing the original despatches announcing the Czar's death, the remarks thereon in Parliament, and the leading articles speculating on the new aspect which the war and the pending negotiations might assume when so important an actor had been suddenly removed.

CHAP. XIX.—THE BURIAL TRUCE.

The advanced trenches of our right attack met the advanced parallel of the French in front of the Mammelon in the ravine, which at this point is broken by the numerous small quarries, or rather commencements of quarries. The ravine, passing on through the intrenchment, sweeps round to the left between our attacks and Malakoff, and runs into the great ravine of Sebastopol.

A night-attack in great force was made by the Russians on the 22d, caused, as was afterwards reported, by the return of the Grand-duke Michael to the fortress. The principal body of the assailants advanced up the ravine aforesaid, and along the ground in front of the Mammelon, occupied during the day by their riflemen, while others, crossing the ravine, entered the advanced trenches of our right and left attacks. An Albanian, who had frequently headed sorties from the garrison, led the enemy assailing our right. The night was extremely dark, with a strong southerly wind blowing towards the enemy, and assisting to conceal their approach. Leaping into the trench, they were at first taken for Frenchmen, and greeted as such; but the nearest man of ours being bayoneted, the working party occupying the trench perceived their error, and, seizing their arms, at once met the assailants. The Greek leader of the Russians shot Captain Browne, of the 7th Fusiliers, with his pistol, and was immediately killed himself. Captain Vicars, 9th, forming his men, called on them to charge, and they leaped over the parapet, drove back the enemy, and pursued them down the slope, where Vicars fell mortally wounded. The Russians took with them our men's in-

trenching tools and fifteen prisoners, among whom were Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly, 34th, and Captain Montague, R. E. The latter was captured on our left attack, where also the enemy was repelled at once. Major Gordon, R. E., who had been charged throughout the siege with the conduct of the right attack, and who was always conspicuously careless in exposing himself to fire, received, while standing on the outside of the trench, two bullets, one in his hand, the other in his arm.

Meantime the attack on the French had been, after an obstinate resistance from a party of Zouaves, partially successful, and the guards of the trenches were driven out of the advanced parallels into one of the boyaux communicating with it, while the enemy occupied, and began to destroy, an advanced boyaux which the French were pushing towards the most troublesome rifle-pits, as well as a part of the parapet of the parallel. The struggle, in which several thousand men were engaged on each side, was very close and desperate. Eventually the Russians retired, leaving a great number of dead, and having inflicted severe loss on their opponents, whose killed and wounded were reported to amount to four hundred and fifty.

A truce was agreed on for the purpose of burying the dead, to commence at half an hour after noon on the 24th. At that time a number of officers had collected at different points commanding a view of the Russian works, awaiting the concerted signal of the pause in hostilities. At noon the firing had almost ceased, and, at the appointed hour, a white flag was elevated over the Mammelon, while one appeared simultaneously in each of the French and English works, when those who had been watching for it at once streamed down the hill to the scene of contest. The spectacle that followed was one of the strangest that had occurred during the campaign.

While we went down the slope to the ravine, the French burial-parties advanced from their trenches, and hundreds of Russians came out from behind the Mammelon, and approached our works, some of them bearing stretchers. Passing through the interval in our rearmost intrenchment where it crosses the ravine, we first saw a small heap of bodies, six Russians and two Frenchmen, lying on the side of the hill, having probably fallen within the French lines, and been collected there during the preceding night. At the point where the advanced trench meets ours, the ravine is, as I have before said, very rugged and broken, and those who had ridden down left their horses there. The first object I saw there was the body of the Albanian leader, who had fallen in our trenches, borne by four of our men on a stretcher to the outside of the parapet, where it was received by Russian soldiers. It had been partially stripped, and covered again with his white kilt and other drapery, leaving his feet bare, as also his breast, on which, as on Count Lara's, appeared the scars of several old wounds. In a deep gully, below the verge of our slope of the hill, lay a Russian on his back. He had been wounded in the neck, and had lain there since the night before last, suffering and alone, on a bed of loose stones, with his head, which he had pillowed on his forage-cap, lower than his body. Judging from his aspect, his case was by no means desperate. His comrades, at the call of our men, who discovered him; flocked round and carried him off. I crossed the broken ground, which was sprinkled with dead, to the opposite side of the ravine, in front of the French parallel, where a crowd of Russian and French officers and soldiers were intomixed, with a good many English officers as spectators. The French had drawn all the Russian bodies outside their lines, where they were collected in one heap, in a spot between the French trenches and the Russian rifle-pits. Some of these latter were semicircular trenches, five or six yards in extent, with the earth thrown up in front, surmounted by a row of sandbags, and capable of holding nine or ten men;—some of them small screens of stone, or of a couple of gabions filled with earth, behind which a single rifleman was hid. The nearest French and Russian sharpshooters were about seventy yards asunder. The French seemed to think it necessary to guard against surprise or breach of faith on the part of the Russians, and kept their trenches strongly manned, while armed parties were drawn up outside.

The Russian officers not employed in the burial duty, mixed with the French chatting, and exchanging cigars. The soldiers of the enemy looked dirty and shabby, but healthy and well fed. Most of them were of larger frame than the French, while the English surpassed both in size and stature; the countenances of the Russians, short and broad with thick projecting lips, pug-noses, and small eyes, betokened a low order of intellect, cunning and obstinate. Many, both officers and men, wore orders and medals. Between these groups passed and repassed the burial-parties, lifting each grim gory figure from its face or back, placing it on a stretcher, and bearing it, with the dead legs swinging and dragging, and the arms vibrating stiffly to the steps of the bearers, to be added to the dreadful assembly. Not one of those looking on could feel secure that in the next twenty-four hours he would not be as one of these. About half-way between the Mammelon and the French lines was a large rifle-pit like a small field work, and near this lay another heap of bodies, probably collected by the Russians during the night. Behind, at 450 yards distant from us, rose the Mammelon, its battery surmounted by the white flag, and the parapet lined with spectators. Next, on the left, as we looked, separated by a level space of 500 yards across, stood the Malakoff hill, with its ruined tower, surrounded by earthen batteries; and to our left of that, between it and the Redan, appeared the best built portion of the city, jutting out into the harbour. These were seen so close that the main features of the streets and buildings were distinguishable,—large barracks and other public buildings, with their long regular rows of windows, arched or square; the green cupola of a large church; and, on a high point, amidst well built houses, a handsome edifice surrounded by a colonnade like a Greek temple. In front of the large barracks was a dark line, seen through a glass to be a body of troops, and the telescope also revealed people walking about the streets, the arrangement of the gardens, and the effect of our fire upon the town, the roofs of the houses being broken through, and the walls thickly dotted with marks of shot. The masts of the inner line of ships

sunk across the large harbour were plainly visible—one or two small boats were sailing about inside the obstacle.

Crossing the ravine to the front of our right attack, I found the Russian dead, to the number (as one of the men employed in conveying them told me) of about forty, already removed. Altogether, judging from those who had fallen in our lines, and the bodies I had seen in front of the French, the Russians must have had four hundred killed in this attack. As soon as the bodies were all conveyed within the Russian line of rifle-pits, cordons of sentries were drawn across the space between; nevertheless several Russian soldiers remained for some time amongst our men, who seemed to regard them with a sort of good-humoured patronage, calling them "Rooskies," and presenting them with pipes and tobacco. One of them, who, besides tobacco, got a brass tobacco-box, absolutely gazed with delight. From this point of view (the ground in front of the advanced batteries of our right attack) the whole plain undulated in every direction into bluffs and knolls; everywhere it was bare and covered with short grass, plentifully dotted with grey stones. In front was the Redan, and nearer to us a line of screens, of grey stone, like rude sentry-boxes, each holding a rifleman.

According to arrangement, the white flag was to be kept flying in our batteries till that in the Mammelon was lowered. At a quarter past three, the bodies being all removed, and the Russians having withdrawn within their defences, it disappeared, and presently the puffs from the Russian rifle-pits and French lines showed that the ground lately crowded with soldiers of both armies working in unison was again the scene of strife. A gun and mortar from Gordon's battery threw shells into the works on the Mammelon; the nearest French battery at Inkermann did the same; the guns on the Mammelon, opposed to the latter, replied; the Malakoff guns fired on the French lines and on our right battery; and two nine-pounders in our right advanced work sent their shot bounding among the Russian rifle-pits.

In the night Russians connected the pits by a trench, which they extended to the verge of the ravine. Thus an intrenched line was formed and occupied within eighty yards of the French, supported by, while it covered, the Mammelon.

During March, the railway advanced steadily towards the heights. Since Admiral Boxer had taken charge of the port of Balaklava, convenient wharves had been built on both sides of the harbour. On the side opposite the town, at the Diamond Wharf, great quantities of stores were landed; a branch of the railway ran to the wharf on each side where an artillery officer superintended the transmission of the guns and ammunition towards the camp. About the middle of the month the railway had advanced three-quarters of a mile up the hill beyond Kadukoi, where an engine was set up, and trains began to run; and a week later all the powder landed at Balaklava was conveyed to a depot still nearer the camp. At the end of the month the rails reached the top of the plateau, and conveyed seventy tons of stores per day. An electric telegraph was also established at headquarters, communicating with Balaklava, with different parts of the camp, and with the right and left attacks.

We had now been half-a-year before Sebastopol. Coming in the middle of autumn, we had seen the season fade while we expected to enter the city. At that time there had been no thought of wintering on the heights; our speculations were directed to the chances of occupying the place, or returning to Constantinople, and to our own possessions in the Mediterranean, to await the next campaign. Rumour had already named the divisions which were respectively to occupy Scutary, Corfu, and Malta. Then, unawares, came the dreary winter, and the daily struggle to maintain ourselves, amid snow, choked roads, filth, and death. The warm days of March had begun to dissipate the impressions of that time of misery, and it was now looked back on as a dismal dream filled with gloom, carcasses, and a nameless horror. Our present prospects, though much brighter, were no less dubious. Negotiations for peace were pending, while we were preparing for another attack with increased means, but with confidence diminished by former disappointment. A few days would see commenced, either the armistice as the preliminary of peace, or a bloody struggle with doubt beyond. Before our eyes was the great Sebastopol—that once taken, we could venture to look forward either to a glorious return, or to a brilliant campaign.

Though the English public, and many in the army, were inclined to take a gloomy view of affairs, yet to the Russians they must have worn a far less promising aspect than to us. The great provoker and conductor of the war was gone—he who alone knew the intricacies of Russian policy, and could set in motion the cumbrous machinery of his monarchy. There was no great name now for the Russian soldiers to invoke, no great reputation to look to for shelter. The garrison of Sebastopol had resisted thus far successfully, it is true, though their constancy had never been proved by an assault, and the north side was still open. But the force at Eupatoria was now increased to 45,000, with 5000 cavalry, and might soon threaten their communications with Simferopol. Day and night our guns broke the silence, and our shot whistled among them; in the Malakoff and Mammelon alone they were said to loose a hundred men a day. Each day saw our works advancing, and they knew that we were accumulating the means for a second attack, which, successful or not, must cause them terrible loss. A great part of their large fleet had been sunk; a war steamer, French or English, watched the harbour incessantly; and our vessels passed to and fro, at all hours, in full view of the place, bringing supplies, troops, and regular intelligence, from England and France.

The remarkable event of the month was the death of the Czar. Happening, as it did, beyond all calculation, it seemed at first to cut the Gordian knot which complicated the affairs of Europe. Everywhere it was felt that a great constraining power had ceased; but the relief thus brought left something for the imagination to regret. In a death of great men he had risen tall and massive above the northern horizon, while in the cabinets of Europe his subtlety and force were felt and acknowledged; in his own vast dominions he commanded not merely unquestioning obedience, but universal veneration. With far more truth than

the Grand Monarque he might have said, "*L'état c'est moi*;" he was indeed embodied Russia. The enormous power wielded by a single man was heightened by the mystery which surrounded it, and in the dissolution of the cloud-capt fabric, this every day world lost something of romance.

CHAPTER XX.—VIEW OF THE WORKS.

The works of the besiegers, though extraordinarily diffuse and extensive, had now assumed the appearance of regular scientific attacks. The batteries, no longer isolated, nor confined to one line, were connected by parallels; and those in advance were approached by regularly constructed boyaux, or zigzag trenches. If the reader will accompany me to a commanding point, I will endeavour to set before him a view of the siege operations.

In front of the light division camp, near the Woronzoff road, is a building marked on the plans as the piquet-house. Down the slope beyond, and a little to the right of it, is a mortar battery, and a hundred yards beyond the battery is a small breastwork of stone, covered with earth from a ditch in front, of sufficient thickness to resist a shot. A few spectators with telescopes were generally stationed here, watching the desultory fire of the opposing batteries; and from here a more compendious view of the siege could be obtained than from any other point.

The town of Sebastopol is naturally the first object that attracts attention, in the view of which it occupies the left centro. First, in a basin of the slopes below you, appear three long white lines of building, nearly two miles and a half distant, dotted with numerous windows regularly placed. The two nearest are a great barrack and dockyard, both on our side of the inner harbour, the third, separated from them by the inner harbour, the entrance of which is just visible, contains arched windows, and terminates in Fort Nicolas, a low, solid-looking round tower. The outer harbour rises blue and clear above the third line of building to where the low north shore juts out, terminating in Fort Constantine, a round tower of much larger circumference than Fort Nicolas. The horizon of the now blue and bright-looking Euxine rises high into the picture above the landscape. To return to the town. Behind the great barrack rises a tall building with a turret surmounted by a lead-roofed dome and spire, and close by it a short column like a piece of the monument, with a balcony round the top. Beyond, near the sea, in a garden, is another low white column. To the left is the town, built on a rounded eminence, half-way up the slope of which is a wall fencing a road which passes above the inner harbour. A large solid building faces the road; to the left of it are large gardens and well-built streets and houses. Conspicuous among the latter is a white building covered with sharp white pinnacles. All the roofs and walls are clearly relieved against the sea. Again, as you turn to the left, separated by a dip in the ground, is another eminence, with houses of a meaner and more suburban description. To the left, again, are earthen batteries surrounding the town, and parallel to these run the French lines, furrowing yellowly a greenish barren-looking plain, which, in the distance, seems more level than it is. In the light-blue water rising beyond are a few line-of-battle ships. In the middle distance, on our left, the first parallel of our left attack runs towards the French lines, from which it is separated by the great ravine. In the continuation of the parallel the right extremity of Chapman's Battery is visible descending the side of a knoll, with its men, guns, and embrasures dotting darkly the earth-coloured space of the interior. Behind the guns—the ground for a short distance renders the enemy's practice against it more uncertain and difficult—and a little in rear, a green mound rises, which partially protects from the Russian fire those entering the battery from the camp. This may close the left of the picture, the foreground of which consists altogether of green descending slopes sprinkled with stones.

Next, in the middle distance towards the right, is our right attack (right and left attack are the names given to our two sets of batteries and trenches divided by the ravine, the one superintended by Major Gordon, the other by Major Chapman), where Gordon's battery is seen traversing the crest of a green knoll, and terminating in a long trench descending out of sight into a ravine in the middle of the picture, where it joins the French lines. The suburban portion of Sebastopol forms the background to our right attack. To the right of it, having the best built portion of the city for a back-ground, is seen a long line of embrasures in an earthen parapet, seemingly forming part of our own advanced works, but in reality separated from them by a hollow five hundred yards across. This is the Redan, one of the formidable Russian outworks. Then on the right comes the green basin through which the harbour and the three long lines of buildings are visible. To the right of those buildings and intersected half-way by the rise of the ground, is the square tower called Fort Paul, terminating the mole which juts out on the side of the inner harbour opposite Fort Nicholas. A low battery follows the ascent of the slope which forms one side of the Malakoff hill—a prominent object, constituting, with the Mammelon on its right, the centre of the view. The ruined tower of the Malakoff, half of which is pulled down, contains two large apertures; around stretches an earthen parapet pierced with embrasures, and surrounded on the slope outside with a dark line of abatis, or obstacles made of felled trees and pointed stakes. Between the spectator and the Malakoff can be traced the winding course of the ravine, which, after separating our lines from those of the French in front of the Mammelon, turns to the left towards the inner harbour. In the dip between the Malakoff and Mammelon the masts of two large ships, lying in the great harbour, are seen. The Mammelon is a low hill flattened at the top, crowned, like the Malakoff, with batteries, but having the embrasures wider apart. Its slopes, sweeping towards the spectator, are dotted with the screens of stone behind which the Russian are posted and are crossed by the advanced French parallel, lined with *trailleurs*. The puffs of smoke between the antagonists are frequent. To the right of the Mammelon the ground falls, disclosing a peep of the upper end of the harbour, then it rises again to two consecutive hills a mile from the spectator, each crowned

with a yellow line of earth forming a battery; that on the right is the hill where the struggle took place between the French and Russians on the 22d February. Again, to the right, is the top of a French battery in front of Inkermann. It is somewhat indistinct, as a descending green slope intervenes, but the smoke of a gun reveals it, and the shell bursts over the Mammelon, while the rush of its course is still reaching the ear. The Mammelon replies; a gun and mortar in our right attack drop their shells into the work; the Malakoff supports its companion by a couple of shells, which graze the crest of our parapet, and knocking up little clouds of dust as they go, burst far up the hill-side. A mortar near the Malakoff pitches a shell into the parapet of our advanced parallel; it rolls over and explodes; a commotion is visible through the glass, and presently two wounded men are borne past to the camp—one struck in the cheek, the other having his leg shattered. Presently a tremendous explosion close behind makes an unprepared spectator start; another follows—the two 13-inch mortars have been fired. With a rush like a whirlwind the two great shells are hurled up into the sky, growing small as cricket-balls, and audible when no longer seen. As the sound ceases, two clouds of dust rise in the Malakoff—the shells have stopt there; another moment, and two columns of smoke rise and are slowly dispersed—both shells have burst in the work.

Turning to the right, so as to complete the half circle, you see on the next hill the Victoria Redoubt, made and held by the French, with an intended line of trench in front of it.

Up to the right centre of the view the sea forms the horizon, but between the Mammelon and the new Russian battery on the hill, the country north of the Belbec and Katcha rivers, jutting out into capes, takes up the line of the horizon, and continues it nearly on the sea-level.

The land north of the harbour, forming the distance of two-thirds of the picture, is intersected in every direction by roads. To reveal the details the aid of a telescope is required. Beginning at Fort Constantine, the line of the land is broken for some distance by earthen forts, which are marked on the plans, Sievernia being the most extensive. In the dip between the Malakoff and Mammelon appears a low hill over the harbour, surmounted by a field-work encompassed by roads. Not far from this is a vast burying-ground, containing apparently thousands of graves. To the right of the Mammelon, on the cliff above the harbour, are rows of buildings like barracks, with a camp for six battalions behind. Inland, the plains and hills grow bare and wild, and are traversed by the Simferopol road, along which may be seen advancing to the town a large convoy of waggons escorted by troops. All along the edge of the cliff which borders the harbour, and the marsh at the head of it, parties of Russians may be seen working at batteries and entrenchments.

Having thus taken a general view, let us enter the works themselves. The ravine on the right of the mortar-battery is close, though unseen, and a few minutes' walk conducts to it. Here, on both sides, are rows of graves, on one of which two or three men are now employed with pickaxe and shovel. Passing these, the ravine (the same in which Captain Craigie was killed) winds, deepening as it goes, between its green banks sprinkled with fragments of gray rock. Presently you meet a party of Frenchmen bearing a covered form on a stretcher. You stop one to ask if it is a wounded man? "*Monsieur, il est mort*"—he has been killed by a splinter in the parallel. The next turn shows the right bank of the ravine ahead, covered with the recumbent forms of French soldiers, forming a strong picket, ready, if necessary, to reinforce those in the trenches. Near these the end of our first parallel meets the ravine, and you enter it, casting first a glance to the right, where, high above, a glimpse of the Malakoff, with its guns, a mile off, is disclosed.

All the trenches are nearly of the same description—two or three yards wide and two or three feet deep, with the earth thrown up to form a parapet towards the enemy. Sometimes the soil is clayey, but oftener bedded with stone, through which the workmen have painfully scooped a cover. After walking some hundred yards, you find two guns stationed on their platforms in the trench which, widened here, and its parapet heightened and strengthened with gabions and sandbags, becomes a battery. Piles of shot are close to the guns, and a thick mass of earth crossing the trench contains the magazine. Through the embrasures or openings in the parapet, which the guns fire from, the Mammelon is visible, and these are the guns which you just now saw firing on it. Next, you come to a mortar-battery, where the parapet is very solid, and so high that the enemy's work is not visible to those working the pieces, which are directed by two iron rods, called pickets, stuck upright in the parapet, in front of the mortar. These being placed one before the other so that they form but one object when the eye is directed from behind them on the work, they are so left; a white line is made down the exact middle of the mortar, by a chalked cord stretched and rapped along it; and an artillery-man standing behind the mortar, holding before his eye a string with a plummet attached, causes the mortar to be shifted till the string coincides with both pickets, and with the white line on the mortar, which is then correctly aimed without the necessity of seeing the object.

Then come more guns, separated by traverses or masses of earth faced with gabions or sandbags: the presence of these generally shows that the battery or trench containing them is in the path of the enemy's shot, to the course of which they form obstacles. The embrasures here look on the Malakoff. As you regard it, a cloud of smoke is puffed from one of its embrasures—the report is followed by a rushing noise, and a shell, dashing over the parapet near you, buries itself in the ground a few yards behind the battery. All in its neighbourhood stoop to avoid the splinters; after a moment it bursts in a cloud of earth and smoke, and the splinters whirr and jar around. Plenty of pieces of shells—some new, some rusted—are lying about, and the ground is channelled with the graze of shot. Here and there you see one of our own guns half buried in the soil—it has either burst, or been struck by the enemy's shot, and rendered unserviceable.

A trench, branching from the first parallel, leads towards the second. This approach, or rather series of approaches, is of zigzag form, the branches in one

direction having the parapet on the right, the others on the left. Traverses are frequent here, and the necessity for them is shown by the occasional singing of a bullet, and the marks where round shot have grazed parallel to the trench, and close to it. There are no batteries in these trenches, as they look obliquely on the enemy's works; but in a trench thrown out from one of them a mortar-battery is placed. Further on are the two field-guns looking on the rifle-pits in front of the Mammelon.

Turning to the left, up a steep trench where the parapet is higher, you have to walk circumspectly to avoid treading on the sleeping soldiers who guard the work, their arms loaded and with bayonets fixed, leaning against the parapet. This is the point where the Russians penetrated on the night of the 22d March; and on the left of it is the magazine into which the Albanian leader of the sortie discharged his pistol in a desperate attempt to blow it up the moment before he was killed. Close to this is the battery, and the parallel beyond it is lined with soldiers, some of whom are pointing their rifles through sandbag loop-holes at the enemy's riflemen, whom, through these loopholes, you may discern behind their screens of stone; beyond them, five hundred yards off, rises the Redan, a dark line of earth broken by embrasures, where the guns are visible. The complaining sound of the bullets is frequent here, and follows you at intervals along the zigzags by which you return to the first parallel of the right attack, which terminates in the ravine where the Woronzoff road lies.

Crossing this ravine, you gain the parallel of the left attack, which leads into Chapman's Battery. This is similar to the other, but more substantial, owing to the soil being easier to work in. From its embrasures you see the Redan, and a range of batteries extending from it, near which are numbers of small white hovels. Lower down the slope is the Russian Barrack Battery, some of whose guns bear on us, some on the French across the ravine. The buildings of the city are seen to great advantage from here. On the opposite side of the ravine stands the Flagstaff Battery, or Bastion du Mât, protecting the town—and, close in front of it, the advanced French parallel. At intervals, lower down towards the water, are posted other batteries, the chief being that known as the Garden Battery—part of which, as well as some guns of the Flagstaff, looks on our left attack.

The first parallel of the left attack terminates in the great ravine, and advancing along the rocky ledge of it for two hundred yards, you reach another parallel, from which branch off approaches leading to the advanced works. Passing along these, you frequently see yourself under the guns of the Flagstaff Battery, but it is not worth its while to fire at individuals. At length our most advanced work is reached—a battery solid and compact, whose embrasures are as yet unopened. In the trenches to the right and left the parapets are lined with our sharpshooters watching their opportunity from the loopholes. Looking through one of these, you find yourself just above the end of the inner harbour. Across the ravine below the Flagstaff Battery are riflemen, who fire, some on these trenches, and some on the advanced lines of the French.

Returning to the end of the second parallel, you descend the high rocky precipice to the great ravine, which is here divided into two; the left, and shortest, would conduct you to our engineers' camp near the third division; the windings of the other and more considerable, lead to a distant point on the plateau. Both lie deep and gloomy between their rocky sides, where layers of grey stone, hollowed by fissures and caves, support a grassy plain where green border peeps over the verge. The bottom of the ravine, which resembles the dry bed of a river, is threaded by a broken pathway, where shot and shell, fired from the Russian batteries on each side, lie in extraordinary quantities, causing the smaller ravine, which forms the ordinary approach to our works, to be called the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

At the point of junction in the full width of the valley stand the ruins of a white house on a knoll. This was once a pleasant spot surrounded with vineyards and gardens: a remarkably fine willow, shading a well close by, was uprooted in the storm of the 14th November. Crossing by this house, you see at the top of the further precipice an English battery of three guns, climbing to which you find yourself looking down on the head of the inner harbour, where the Russian batteries are posted to defend the approach. Going along the ledge of rock, you enter the French parallel which conducts to trenches and batteries, at first much like ours, but, as they approach the place, of more solid and elaborate construction. The rearmost trenches, like our own, are unguarded and solitary; but the more advanced are full of soldiers, smoking, sleeping, or playing at cards, and pitch-and-toss. In an advanced battery are several French officers on duty with their men, and one or two of them offer to accompany you. Going to the end of the parallel, you find yourself on the verge of the ravine looking down on the inner harbour; the bridge of boats is at no great distance, with planks laid from one to the other by which the Russians are crossing; in the yard of the arsenal close to the water are piles of cannon-shot. Just underneath, in the bed of the ravine, is a Russian cemetery full of white and black crosses, and riflemen are posted in it behind stones. One of the French officers, in his anxiety to point out all that may be seen, gets out of the trench and stands behind it, looking over the parapet, till a friendly corporal tells him that a bullet from the cemetery has shortly before struck just where he stands, when he gets down again into the trench, very deliberately, however, lest the credit of the *grande nation* should be impaired in the eyes of their allies. The bullets which pass over here come from the sharpshooters already seen from the advance of our left attack. In the third, or most advanced French parallel, the parapet is very high and solid, being overlooked by the Bastion du Mât, which stands on a high hill opposite, distant less than 150 yards, as you may see by looking through one of the loopholes; taking care, however, not to look too long, as one of the riflemen opposite would think it no great feat to send, from his ambuscade eighty yards off, a bullet into the three inches square of space between the sand-bags. The riflemen here were a short time ago in the habit of diverting themselves by sticking up bottles on the parapet for their opponents to fire at. Our commanding engineer, looking through a loophole

here one day, to survey the place, found a great number of bullets striking near him, and, hearing a suppressed chuckle from our worthy allies behind, he looked up, and found they had silently placed a bottle on the parapet over his head. This they considered a very capital joke indeed, and wanting nothing except a bullet through the general's head to render it quite successful.

In the parapet of a trench near is a portal six feet square, opening on a steep path descending into the earth. An officer outside tells you it is forbidden to enter here, but the sergeant who accompanies you obtains the permission of the engineer officer, and, descending, beckons you on. The passage narrows to little more than a yard square, along which you crawl for a considerable distance. A few men are squatting in the gallery, which is lit at intervals by candles. The heat grows stifling as you advance, and the roof seems ready to close on you. The rifle-shots, French and Russians, are now crossing each other unheard above you; and, a few yards farther on, you are actually beneath the enemy's ramparts. The sappers working here can never be sure that in the next minute the Russians, delving "a yard below their mine," will not "blow them to the moon," as Hamlet says—or pour upon them, through a sudden aperture, sulphurous vapours—or drown them with torrents of water. You breathe more freely after emerging from the narrow gallery of the French mine.

The batteries in the parallel are beautifully finished, high, solid, and carefully rivetted. The guns have been removed from the opposing Russian battery, having been rendered unavailable by the proximity of the French marksmen.

A long walk through the trenches conducts you back to the first parallel, which you can quit near an enclosed fold, in which stands a small house with a bell on the top, known as the Maison de Clocheton, where a French guard is posted. A road from hence traverses the French camps.

Perusing the foregoing chapter with the aid of a plan, the reader may perhaps form some idea of the aspect of the ground before and around Sebastopol.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

ORIGINAL NOTICES.

It is in no self laudatory spirit that we now speak of ourselves; with no desire to boast on our part, our subscribers and friends will, we are assured, rejoice in the success which has attended our efforts in establishing the "Monthly Circular and Literary Gazette."

With the strong conviction that there was a large and increasing number of readers in Canada to whom a Journal of this kind had long been a desideratum—a Journal which should keep abreast by its information with all that is doing in the great publishing worlds of Europe and America, we ventured upon its publication, feeling assured that if not immediately, our effort would ultimately be successful.

This is our sixth issue. Of the January No. there was issued 500, subsequently the number was increased to 750;—and of the May No. 1250. A great number of these were sent free to some of the most influential people in Canada, who being made acquainted with it for the first time, will, we hope, continue it.

Our columns afford a good medium for those who advertise. The circulation is large and increasing among the wealthy and influential; the class most important for advertisers to reach. Its pages being less ephemeral than the Newspaper advertisements, are more likely to be seen. Our terms will be found reasonable.

In the criticism and notices of books we shall with strict fidelity award praise and censure where we think them due; no book shall receive our recommendation or approval, however great its literary talent or attractive its garb, which attempts to undermine moral principle by administering to a licentious taste.

We hope with increased encouragement to enlarge our size, and in addition to the "Story of the Campaign" now being continued in these pages, and original criticisms of new books, our columns will be supplied with original articles, a new series will appear shortly on the "Literary Profession in England from the reign of Anne."

Our friends, we hope, will support our endeavors in supplying them with literary intelligence and useful criticism, satisfied with our efforts hitherto, we still hope for their countenance and support in making our pages more widely known, promising that no effort shall be spared on our part to make our columns more acceptable to the reading public in Canada.

THE SEIGE OF QUEBEC, AND CONQUEST OF CANADA, IN 1759,—
by a Nun of the General Hospital of Quebec.—Quebec, "Mer-
cury" Office, and P. SINCLAIR.

The above is a translation of a work written by a Nun, shortly after the Seige and Conquest of Canada, and independent of its merit as a Literary production, it is valuable as a Historical document. We have often been surprised that so few works of this description exist, as no City in British North America furnish more Historical facts than Quebec. We have hitherto had no work of any merit, giving full details of Wolfe's landing and glorious ascent up the Heights to the Plains of Abraham; the bold and desperate resistance of the French, when they concluded to give Battle; the death of both the French and English Generals; and the cry of victory from the British troops. No work we repeat has yet appeared giving a graphic description of this scene. The pamphlet is illustrated by two very neat engravings, one of Quebec taken from Point Levy, and the other, the site of the Monument shortly after its erection.

BLANCH DEARWOOD.—A Tale of Modern Life. New York, BUNCE
& BROTHER. Quebec, P. SINCLAIR.

When we first commenced the perusal of this work, we thought it extremely tedious, and that it only indicated facility in a certain descriptive kind of writing; as we proceeded, however, we discovered plenty of thick stirring incident, and development of character.

The plot is well managed. An heiress is entrusted to the guardianship of her deceased father's intimate friend, a man beyond the shady side of forty, who also undertakes the superintendence of her studies. This man has a deep yearning sympathy, which in early life was sacrificed, through belief of his wife's infidelity. The wife is alive, but he knows not where, he is betrayed into making a declaration of love to his ward, she of course is alarmed, she loves and regards him for his goodness and virtues. Shortly after he visits New York. There now comes upon the scene a young man endowed with good looks and all the virtues living in a dreamy kind of way with no distinct object in life, ignorant of his parents, and believing himself the child of shame. A very cordial intimacy springs up between the heroine and this young man, which ripens into a strong affection during the absence of the guardian. On his return the young man discovers the guardian of his betrothed to be his father, who, ignorant of him, finds he has during his absence, been in the habit of visiting his ward at his house, and believing him to be an adventurer, indignantly repels him from his door without an avowal of relationship being made, although it is on the tongue of our heroine to avow it. Son and father separate without explanation.

Determined to achieve a success that shall make him worthy of her he loves, he proceeds to New York, and becoming acquainted with a worthy and wealthy woman who takes remarkable interest in his welfare, he becomes a law student. This lady is his mother, who has constantly watched his career, and from whom he has been supplied with the means of living, but of his relationship to whom he is perfectly ignorant.

The father has long been in search of his son, and for that purpose employs a lawyer in New York to make enquiries. At last discovered by his father, he finds that his mother has revealed herself, and the son pledges himself to abide by her, until her honour and his legitimacy is made clear. The scene in which man and wife, after many years of separation, came into each other's presence, each claiming our hero, is powerful and exciting, there are bitter upbraidings on both sides, the wife from a sense of years of deep wrong and suffering—the husband from a sense of wounded honour in the most tender relation. Through the offices of our hero and heroine, explanations ensue, by which a good woman's name is relieved from calumny; the excitement has been too much for our hero's father;—having ruptured a blood vessel, his last words being (clasping his wife's hand,) "our passions are our greatest enemies. The evil that we suffer mostly spring from them."

The above is an outline of the plot of the story. The two principal characters Blanche Dearwood and Rodman Waldron, are to our

thinking, somewhat too good, and things with them are too *couleur de rose*. The best character in the book is "Knowlton," a cultivated but singular character, with no aim in life, and always quoting Shakspeare, we look upon him as a refined "Dick Swiveller," a character so amusing in "Dickens's Old Curiosity Shop."

The book will repay perusal, if we mention an objection, it is the too great facility which the writing indicates, a fault too frequent, we are sorry to say, in modern novels.

NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE, by SAM SLICK, of Slickville. New York, STRINGER & TOWNSEND. Quebec, P. SINCLAIR.

This is another amusing book by judge Haliburton, full of those "wise Saws and modern instances" for which his pen has been remarkable for some length of time.

Our old friend Sam has retired from his business of Clockmaker, his love of adventure still clinging to him, he determines upon visiting an old acquaintance at St Johns. The scenes and characters are those met with in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. From the fact of our author being a judge at St. Johns, the readers of the volume may rely upon the accuracy of his pictures.

Our Yankee friend is made to discourse upon a variety of political and social questions having reference to the present and future of the possessions of the British Crown in North America. Our pages are not devoted to politics, or we might devote some brief space in dwelling upon some of the matters debated. This, however, we cannot do. The judge, through the fictitious character of the retired Yankee Clockmaker, is of course from British sympathies for the Mother Country; he does not believe that annexation to the United States is desired by any strong party, either on this or the other side of the line. What, however, he does desire, is a federal union of the provinces.

To the discussion of these matters there is brought to bear much reason and powerful argument, with, as might be expected from our author, much quaint and dry humour, with not unfrequently vulgar Americanisms; this, however, has been overlooked in previous works, his readers having long ago forgiven him. Those who may not care for such topics in a work by this writer, are assured that the chapters are but few in which they are treated; the bulk of the book consisting of racy and exciting adventures, in which love, courtship and marriage play a most important part, neither does our author appear to have lost either in humour or invention.

BELL SMITH ABROAD, with Illustrations. New York, J. C. DERBY. Quebec, P. SINCLAIR.

This is a curious title for a book. Bell Smith is the assumed name of a young lady who visited Paris, and, on her return, wrote this book.

There is a good deal about Paris and the people she saw there it is true, but a more unsatisfactory account of that interesting and historical Capital it has not been our fate to read.

The young lady does not wish to be thought a strong minded woman, she tells her mind however, pretty strongly about somethings; she complains of the unsatisfactory nature of French Cookery, and her not getting enough to eat while abroad. Curious this from a young lady, proof of some strength of mind, if not delicacy.

There is a great deal of elegance in the getting up of the book; the authoress and her friends were determined that everything that fine paper, good type, and pretty vignettes, with frontispice to match, could accomplish, should not be wanting to gratify themselves and their fair friend.

We do not think the young lady has been well advised in writing; the press of Europe and America, teem with books that can hardly be said to reach a respectable mediocrity.

Our authoress, we presume, is very young, and, if not mistaken, in writing this book, we would assure her that she must become more serious, and less superficial and flippant.

THE ILLUSTRATED MANNERS' BOOK.—A Manual of good behavior and polite accomplishments.—New York, STRINGER & TOWNSEND.—Quebec, P. SINCLAIR.

We have been amused and interested with this neat and compact volume. Full of well executed humorous illustrations, many of which are full of character and fun, illustrating the folly or absurdity of some unfortunate lady or gentlemen who either from bashfulness or ignorance have committed some egregious blunder outraging the proprieties of Conventional Society. It contains much useful—we may say valuable counsels in reference to behaviour;—indeed to all the duties of men and women, in their individual, social and sociarian relations.

The writer, whoever he is, is no novice in the walks of literature. There is a pungency and epigrammatic character about the writing which has much pleased us.

There is a good deal of humour in the writing too, as well as the illustrations, and many of the foibles and follies of fashionable life are quizzed and not unfrequently lashed unsparingly. That large and we fear increasing class of young men, remarkable for sticks, high shirt collars, and stupidity (when will they cease in the land), are satirized, by our author, to the hearts content of those who are not guilty of outrage in personal adornment.

There is much more in the book than what has reference to mere behaviour in fashionable society; there is a chapter "Good manners founded on human rights, and a subsequent one called." A bill of rights in which we think the doctrine of what some have called abstract right, is stretched too far, our author's conclusions on this subject must be taken with certain limitations.

There are twenty six chapters in this volume, the topics treated are of great importance in all our relations. It is a book we can cordially recommend for its sound advice and good counsels (with an exception or two) its lively and witty writing, and amusing and humorous illustrations.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—A Journal conducted by CHARLES DICKENS. June. New York, DIX & EDWARDS. Quebec, P. SINCLAIR.

As the Russian question is now uppermost, readers of this periodical will find much to interest them in the articles "More Children of the Czar." A most interesting story is commenced and continued called "Sister Rose," and the paper on "Gambling" we have found deeply interesting. There is the same variety of treatment that usually characterizes this periodical. This number is a very good one.

THE WATCHMAN, by J. A. M. New York, H. LONG & BROTHER. Quebec, P. SINCLAIR.

This is a story of humble life in New York. There are a great variety of characters introduced. The story, as we gather from the preface, is founded on facts. The hero was well known in that city some years ago. Several of the pictures are from living men and manners, though, of course, the names are fictitious. We are inclined to think that the writer is a lady. The true woman's instinct, we fancy, is discovered in sympathy with suffering and the cause of honest poverty.

What strange revelations in recent times have been made of life in the lower ranks of society in large cities; its wicked life and fostering corruptions. Our boasted civilization, we take it, has many drawbacks. There is a good deal of sham and veneer about it.

We hope much, however, for the cause of the hitherto neglected masses in large cities. Of late indeed a literature has sprung up which champions their cause. Much of it, it is true, is bad, and been the cause of much mischief; but the subject in the hands of "Charles Kingsley," and several others in the Old Country, (not forgetting "Charles Dickens,") and several in the States, there is much to hope for in the future.

The writer of the *Watchman* inculcates piety; it may indeed be

looked upon as a pious story, and in its execution much superior to the religious novels which generally are very tame and *jeu-june* affairs.

RESULTS OF PROHIBITION IN CONNECTICUT.—Edited by HENRY S. CLUBB, Secretary of the Maine Liquor Law Statistical Society. New York, FOWLER & WELLS. Quebec, P. SINCLAIR.

We have no desire to enter upon an examination of the propriety of legislation to put down intemperance. The subject is one that has been warmly contested on both sides. It occurs to us that enactments which interfere with the social habits of civilized communities is entering upon dangerous ground, for the precedent once established it will be difficult to determine where it should end. In the brochure before us there are returns given from clergymen and others proving the law to have worked well in the above State. We have seen no returns yet by the opponents of the law, we have been assured that in all the States, where introduced, the prohibition is openly or secretly evaded.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, May, June. Philadelphia. L. A. GODEY. Quebec, P. SINCLAIR.

The two Numbers of this Magazine now before us quite bear out the character we gave of it in a previous issue of this journal; its pages abound in useful information. All ladies requiring a publication in which their accomplishments both of mind and body are well provided for, by a staff of writers and artists, indefatigable in their endeavors to please, should become subscribers. The illustrations are numerous and of a high order of art.

THE NAUTICAL MAGAZINE—MONTHLY AND QUARTERLY REVIEW. New York, GRIFFITHS & BATES.—Quebec, P. SINCLAIR.

Those interested in Nautical matters and Ship building will find this a useful magazine. There are four departments under which information is given, viz.: Mechanical, Engineering, Nautical and Commercial. In the Numbers before us (June), there are eight engravings. To those of our readers engaged in the shipping trade it may be useful to know that there is such a publication. The subscription per annum is low, when we consider the variety and extent of its information under these several departments.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN RUSSIA,—being an account of ten years' residence in that Country, by a Lady, with Illustrations. New York, C. SCRIBNER. Quebec, P. SINCLAIR.

This is a re-print of a work recently published, in the old country, and has been read, we believe, extensively. There can be no doubt of its general accuracy. "De Custine" visited Russia in 1839, and the estimate formed by that writer of their autocratic system, does not seem to have, in any essential particular, changed since that period. We have in the volume before us a straightforward lively account of a system of managing communities of men which, in this century of constitutional and municipal government, seems scarcely credible.

This lady confirms by her own experience (and she was in Russia as recently as after the commencement of hostilities) that the Czar is everything, the Nobles and people nothing; the church, law, education, (such as it is), is completely under his management and minute supervision. The Army and a most effective spy system are his instruments for enchaining the mind of several races who are in no less than three quarters of the world.

This lady confirms what we had before read of the system of espionage. All matters having reference to the Emperor's acts dare not be questioned; if they should be, the parties, would be punished by the "knout" or Siberia. The spy may be a near relative, a sister, son or brother.

This condition of things is most immoral in its consequences ; it leads to duplicity and lying.

We have heard much of the polish and accomplishments of the well-to-do Russians in St. Petersburg and Moscow. There is nothing solid in it ; they are dancers, attendants at the French Play and Italian Opera houses ; they read the most immoral productions that issue from the press of France ; the result is frightful immorality in all classes.

We are dwelling too long in our notice ; the book we have found most interesting as well as instructive. We can cordially recommend it.

THE MAY FLOWER, by Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.—Boston, PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co. Quebec, P. SINCLAIR.

Under this somewhat affected title, we have a collection of sketches of New England life and manners, by the gifted authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and as might be expected, they are of sterling worth and value—full of good sense—and everywhere inculcating sound views of religious and moral duty,—marked too, with the same power of observation, the same discrimination of character, and the same genuine humour, which have gained universal applause for her chief work. Not that the varied talent of the accomplished authoress is as fully displayed in these as in "Uncle Tom." We could not afford to give a chapter of "Uncle Tom" for the best of these sketches. There is a richness of humour, and at the same time a tenderness of feeling, and a power and prevailing persuasiveness in the manifestation of religious principle and emotion in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which there is nothing in these sketches to equal. Still there is much that only such a writer as Mrs. Stowe could have produced. And "Uncle Let," and "Uncle Jaw," and "Aunt Mary," will take their place, in the reader's mind, with the characters so graphically described in "Uncle Tom." It will not cause so much laughing, this work,—nor draw so many tears—nor rouse so much moral indignation,—but it will not fail to please and instruct the reader—and, as the work of an accomplished Christian lady, we can conscientiously recommend it to parents, to put into the hands of their daughters.

SIGN OF THE TIMES, or Present, Past, and Future ; by The Revd. JOHN CUMMING, D. D.

Dr. Cumming is by no means an original writer. Nor is he, nor can he be a profound or thoughtful student. The number of his publications renders that impossible. And unfulfilled prophecy is a subject which, from its very nature, does not admit of being treated of ably or trustfully, without far more consideration, than it is evident, he either has or can have given to it. The symbols of ancient prophecy cannot be deciphered, nor can the signs of the times be discerned at a glance,—even by an eye as acute as Dr. Cumming's. But there are many eyes now fixed on both, and many minds engaged in the contemplation of them. And the result is a kind of general feeling pervading christian people, that some great change is at hand—some special interposition of heaven—perhaps, it may be, the very coming of the Lord himself. Fifty years of Bible and Missionary Societies have not encouraged the hope that it is to be through their instrumentality, that the nations of mankind are to be christianized, or the millennial age begun. There is rising up a vague expectation, that God will do his own work in another way—and that it may be, amidst wars and commotions, that the sign of the son of man will appear brightest and most conspicuous, in the overthrow of every system or power that stands opposed to the truth. Dr. Cumming gives a tongue—a voice to these vague expectations. And he does it fearlessly, eloquently, in a way interesting, and as is his wont, eminently readable. We do not value his vaticinations much, because they are his. But we have some value for them, as expressing something of the general feeling rising in the minds of christian people. And many will read and like them, for what *we* dare hardly commend, the unflinching boldness and the clashing style in which he gives them forth.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW, No. CXXIV.

We can scarcely call this a brilliant number. There is, however, one article of great value, and on the subject which has recently engrossed so much of public attention—"Our Army, its conditions and wants." The defects in the organization and management of the British Army, are shewn clearly, but in a much more temperate spirit, than we were prepared to expect from the writers of the *Westminster*. And the remedies proposed are also judicious—not proposing to carry change too far, and only stating clearly and concisely, what recent events have made too manifest to all candid men. The article on a kindred subject, "Reorganization of the Civil Service" is scarcely so able. The article on "Lord Palmerston as Premier," expresses the doubtful feeling which prevails now, of his Lordship's fitness for his high office—while yet the writer is evidently well disposed to him. There are two literary articles, "Dryden and his times," and "Victor Hugo and his writings," both somewhat dull. "The administrative Example of the United States," is written with more spirit, but proposes changes in the Constitution too serious to be adopted suddenly.

The Theological notices are of the same character as usual—happily little attractive to common readers, and innocuous to an intelligent theologian.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINES, FOR MAY.

There is a curious speculation in the first article of *Maga*—on the subject of old age. When does it begin? The writer makes out that it begins when life too frequently—if we may venture to say so—comes to an end. The first ten years of life are infancy,—the second ten boyhood,—from twenty to thirty the first youth,—from thirty to forty, the second. The first manhood is from forty to fifty-five. The second from fifty-five to seventy. From seventy to eighty-five, is the first period of old age, and at eighty-five, the second begins. From all which we infer that the writer is pretty well advanced in life himself, as we have always observed a tendency in people, as they grow older, to lengthen the period of youth, and keep age, at least in thought, at a distance. There is much good sense, however, in the article. "Zaidee" is continued, in two chapters true to nature—we doubt not, but not very pleasing—nor advancing the story far. "The Campaigns of the French Hussar," is a lively narrative of a French Officer's share in the disastrous war of Napoleon against Russia. Modern Novelists are discussed in the next article—not as it seems to us, with a sufficiently severe or *tranchante* pen. There is an interesting article on Canada ; and rather a dull dialogue on Army matters—the gist of which is that the evils of which every body is now complaining, in the administration of the Army, and of the affairs of the Country generally, is the rule not of an aristocracy, but of an oligarchy. Aristocracy the writer considers the best government—taking the word etymologically, as signifying the rule of the best men. But surely he does not mean to say that they who in England are usually called the aristocracy, are always the best men. And if they are not, and Government is practically in the hands of a few of them, as he says, it is ; we think he makes out as good a case for change as Mr. Layard himself.

"The Story of the Campaign," we shall, as usual, transfer to our columns.

THE MERCHANT AND BANKER'S MAGAZINE, edited by FREEMAN HUNT. New York, F. HUNT. Quebec, P. SINCLAIR.

This Magazine has long enjoyed the confidence of the Mercantile and Trading communities of the civilized world ; this has arisen from the unwearied exertions of its proprietor, its columns being always a well digested mass of information, remarkable for its accuracy, considering the wide and various sources from whence derived. No Mercantile man ought to be without it.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ENGLISH.

BRITISH MUSEUM LIBRARY.—According to the Annual Parliamentary Reports just issued, the number of volumes added to the library in 1854 amounted to 13,055 (including music, maps, and newspapers), of which 976 were presented, 6,182 purchased, and 5,897 acquired by copyright. The enforcement of the delivery of books under the Copyright Act has been steadily carried out, and the result has been the acquisition of 12,578 books, whereas in 1851 only 9,871 were received. In the manuscript department 906 MSS., 695 charters and rolls, and 18 seals and impressions, had been added to the general collection; and 20 MSS. to the Egerton collection; among the acquisitions more worthy of notice may be mentioned the official and private papers and correspondence of Sir Hudson Lowe, from 1799 to 1828, embracing the whole of the transactions in St. Helena; a collection of 60 original court rolls, and 350 charters relating to the counties of Sussex, Surrey, Norfolk, and Suffolk, extending from the reign of Henry III. to the 17th century; a very fine copy of the *Historia Miscella*, with the *Historia Ecclesiastica* of Cassiodorus; an extremely fine copy of the French translation of Crescencius, executed for Charles V., of France, in 1373; some early Greek MSS., on vellum, eight Armenian MSS., on cotton paper, including a copy of the Gospels, and several scarce works in Hebrew, Samaritan, Arabic, Persian, Turkish, and Hindostani; a beautiful copy of the Persian poem *Khawar Nama*, composed by Ibn Hassam, at the commencement of the 15th century, in praise of the exploits of Ali, son-in-law of Mohammed (written at Mooltan, in 1686); the original account-book of the privy purse expenses of Henry VIII., signed with his own hand throughout; an autograph deed of agreement of Spenser the poet; 17 autograph poems and letters of Robert Burns; 15 original letters of Fénelon; and an original charter of Eudes, King of France, executed in 888 or 889.

THE LIBRARY OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE (Paris) has just had classified the political and historical MSS. which were bequeathed to it by M. Thourct, member of the last Constituent Assembly. A number of MSS. relative to dramatic art, and particularly to the French Opera and the Théâtre Français, bequeathed some time back by M. Boffara, commissary of police, have also been arranged, and may now be consulted by the public. About 5,000 volumes on the policy, history, geography, etc., of the United States, have been placed in two special rooms, which are to be thrown open to the public at the commencement of the Exhibition. The total number of volumes in the City Library is at present about 70,000; and amongst them are many relative to the history of Paris and of ancient France.

A FREE LIBRARY AND READING ROOM, in connection with the Office of the Commissioners of Patents, has been opened to the public. The hours of attendance are from ten till four o'clock. The Library includes a printed collection of all specifications filed since October 1st., 1852, as well as a considerable number of those recorded under the old law.

TRUBNER'S BIBLIOGRAPHICAL GUIDE TO AMERICAN LITERATURE.—This is a remarkably well-arranged catalogue, and will be found a most useful one either to the bookseller or private gentleman, as it embraces the literature of America for forty years, with the title, author's name, size, price, etc. There is a good index, and the subjects are classified. Among the statements of the volume is one which implies that during the twelve years preceding 1842 there appeared "in America" 623 original works, and 492 reprints, excluding reprints of novels and tales, and placing 115 under that head in the "native" list. For 1853, the numbers as here given, are:—733 "new works," 278 reprints, and 35 translations. In 1854, however, Mr. Trübner says, there were 185 American books, reproduced in England. In 1855, we take it there will not be so many, as some publishers in London have reprinted the vilest trash that ever emanated from any press, and which certainly never should be taken as a sample of American genius! Perhaps the most disgusting was the "Life of Barnum." No publisher's name in this country ought to have appeared upon the title page of this book. The republication of this kind of literature, to save the expense of copyright, has not benefited publishers, whilst it has lowered American morals in the eyes of the people of this country, who now look with suspicion on American reprints of works of imagination. Mr. Trübner deserves great credit for the manner in which he has compiled this "Bibliographical Guide." It may be useful for our readers to know that most of the books are in stock at his establishment in Paternoster Row.

THE FIELD OF ALMA.—Messrs. Blackwood have just published a panoramic view of the plain and heights of Alma, drawn on the day after the battle by Major Hamley, of the Artillery, a gentleman already known to the public as the author of at least one admirable work of fiction, and who has, we believe, found time during the intervals of his public duty to illustrate the progress of the siege both by his pen and pencil. It is a strange illustration of what may and may not be done, that after the battle of the Alma, in which he was actively engaged, Captain Hamley not only found the means of making the very elaborate sketches now published, but, while many officers as well as men were suffering the severest privations from the difficulty of getting up food and clothing from Balaklava, he had landed his colour boxes, and was busy tinting these sketches.

The Volume of the **PARLOUR LIBRARY** for June will contain one of the most popular works of fiction in the English language,—*"Margaret Maitland, of Sunnyside,"* by the Author of *"Merkland," "Magdalen Hopburn,"* etc., etc.

THE IMPERIAL VISIT.—Messrs. Colnaghi and Co. will shortly produce a splendid work, with letter-press descriptions, representing the principal incidents

connected with the Visit of their Imperial Majesties to her Majesty Queen Victoria, from drawings executed at the command of her Majesty by Messrs. Louis Haghe and George Thomas.

The publication of the "English Bible," or a New Edition of the Authorised Version, is resumed. The Rev. W. Beal, LL. D., F. R. S., Vicar of Brooke, Norwich, characterises it as "*unquestionably a step in the right direction.*"

Messrs. ACKERMANN have just issued a Symbolic French and English Vocabulary, with upwards of 900 woodcuts and several pages of engravings. This curious work, from its cheapness, its utility, and the very ingenious manner in which it is produced, will be found useful even to students, who may gather much information on their neighbours' idiom:

HURST & BLACKETT have in press the third and fourth volumes of the Duke of Buckingham's "Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George III." from original Family Documents, comprising the period from 1800 to 1810," and completing the work; "The Memoirs of Lieutenant Bellot, with his Journal of a Voyage in the Polar Seas in search of Sir John Franklin; a new work by Mr. Leigh Hunt; "The Monarchs of the Main," by Mr. George W. Thorbury; "My Travels or an Unsentimental Journey through France, Switzerland, and Italy," by Capt. Chamier; also new novels by Mrs. Trollope, the author of "Temptation," and the author of "Singleton Fontenoy."

Messrs. LONGMAN & Co. announce as nearly ready for publication, "The Unity of the Worlds or the Philosophy of Creation," by the Rev. B. Powell, M. A.; "The Phasis of Matter, or the Discoveries and Applications of Modern Chemistry," by T. Lindly Kemp, M. D.; "Commentaries on the Productive Forces of Russia," by M. L. De Tengoborski, Privy-Councillor of the Russian Empire, vol. 1; "The Christ of History, an Argument grounded in the Facts of his Life on Earth," by the Rev. John Young; "Essays, Ecclesiastical and Social," by W. J. Conybeare, M. A., and "Land, Labor, and Gold, or Two Years in Victoria, with Visits to Sydney and Van Diemen's Land," by William Howitt, in 2 vols.; "A Vacation Tour in the United States and Canada, in the Summer of 1854," by C. R. Weld, Esq.

In Mr. MURRAY'S new list are announced, "A History of Rome, from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Empire," by H. G. Liddell, and "Caravan Journeys and Wanderings in Persia, Afghanistan, Turkistan, and Beloochistan," by J. P. Ferrier, translated from the original MSS. by Capt. W. Jesse.

Mr. BENTLEY, the eminent London publisher, has yielded to the pressure of the times. The business will probably be continued for the benefit of the creditors. *Bentley's Miscellany*, was purchased by Mr. Ainsworth, who is now proprietor and editor of three periodicals, viz.: the *New Monthly*, *Ainsworth's* and *Bentley's*.

Mr. CROKER'S long-promised edition of Pope's works has been again delayed in consequence of Pope's correspondence with David Mallett, Lord Bathurst, and Dr. Arbuthnot, having fallen into the editor's hands.

PARKER & SON announce, "The Lands of the Slave and the Free; or, Travels in Cuba, the United States, and Canada," by Hon. Henry A. Murray of the Royal Navy. In two volumes.

Over 100,000 copies of "Barnum's Autobiography," have been sold in England.

A Popular Edition of Hallam's Historical Works, which has been undertaken from the urgent demands made upon the Publisher from time to time for cheaper copies of these works, which have now become class books at the Universities and Public Schools, and it is hoped that the present mode of publication will place them within the means and reach of all classes of readers. *Murray*.

The Absence of Precision in the Formularies of the Church of England, Scriptural, and Suitable to a State of Probation; in Eight Sermons, at the Course of Bampton Lectures, 1855, by the Rev. J. E. Bede, M. A., Ch. Church, Oxford. *J. H. Parker*.

Ancient Armour and Weapons in Europe; from the Iron Period of the Northern Nations to the End of the Seventeenth Century, with Illustrations from Contemporary Monuments, by John Hewith, Esq. *J. H. Parker*.

Journal of a Tour in the Principalities, Crimea, and Countries adjacent to the Black Sea, in the Years 1835-36, by Lt.-Col. the Hon. W. F. De Ros. *Parker & Son*.

The Last of the Arctic Voyages: being a Narrative of the Expedition under the command of Capt. Sir E. Belcher, C. B., of H. M. S. "Assistance," in Search of Sir J. Franklin, up Wellington Channel, by Capt. Sir E. Belcher, C. B., with Lithographs, Maps, Charts, Plans, etc. *Reeve*.

Kugler's History of Art, translated from the German, with Notes, by T and W. Ross, with numerous Illustrations. *H. G. Bohn*.

The Louvre; or, Biography of a Museum, by Bayle St. John, Author of "Purple Tints of Paris," etc. *Chapman & Hall*.

Twelve Sermons on the Liturgy, preached in the Parish Church of Crofton, by the Rev. John Pemberton Simpson, Rector. *Longman*.

The Sanctuary; a Companion, in Prose and Verse for the English Prayer Book, by Robt. Montgomery, Author of "Christian Life." *Chapman & Hall*.

The Private Life of an Eastern King, by a Member of the Household of His late Majesty, Nussir U. Deen, King of Oude. *Hope*.

Handbook of Zoology, by J. Van Der Hoeven, M. D., Ph. D., Professor of Zoology in the University of Leyden; translated from the Dutch by W. Clark, M. D., late fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, with Additions supplied by the Author since his last Edition; and Notes on the Anatomical part of the work by the Translator. *Longman.*

The Augustinian Doctrine of Predestination, by Rev. J. B. Mozley, B. D., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. *Murray.*

The Briar of Threave, and the Lily of Barholm; a Metrical Romance, by Henry Inglis. *Longman.*

The Wonders of the Shore: a Book for the Sea-Side, by Charles Kingsley. *Macmillan.*

Job: a Course of Lent Lectures, by John Edward Kempe, M. A., Rector of St. James's, Westminster. *Sheffington.*

The Confidential Correspondence of Napoléon Buonaparte with his Brother Joseph, sometime King of Spain; selected and translated, with explanatory Notes, from the "Mémoires du Roi Joseph." By an arrangement with M. de Casse, the French Editor, Mr. Murray has secured the exclusive right of translating this very remarkable work into English.

Hume's History of England, a new edition, carefully revised throughout, with Notes and Commendations to correct his Errors and supply his Deficiencies. *Murray's British Classics.*

Handbook of the Arts of the Middle Ages and Renaissance Period, by Jules La Barte, translated and edited, with Notes, by Mrs. Palliser, and 200 Illustrations. *Murray.*

An Atlas of Cutaneous Diseases, by J. Moore Ncligan, M. D. *Longman.*

The Unsystematic System of the Church of England defended as Scriptural, and suitable to a State of Probation, by the Rev. J. E. Bede, Rector of Westwell, Oxon. *Longman.*

The Marble and Brick Architecture of the Middle Ages in Italy, being the Notes of a Tour in Lombardy, Venice, etc., by George Edmund Street, Archt., with Illustrations. *Murray.*

Essays on the Early Period of the French Revolution, originally Contributed to the *Quarterly Review*, Collected and Arranged by the Rt. Hon. J. W. Croker. *Murray.*

A Digest, with Index, of the Maynooth Commission Report, by James Lord, Esq., Barrister at Law, intended to embrace so much of the Evidence as relates to the anti-social, anti-national, and immoral tendency of the teaching of Maynooth College. *Protestant Association.*

The Fifth Volume of the Proceedings of the Somerset Archæological and Natural History Society, with numerous Illustrations.

The Nature of Christ's Presence in the Eucharist, by W. Goode, M. A., Rector of Allhallows the Great and Less, London. *Hatchard.*

The Memoirs of the Rev. Chas. Jerram, late Rector of Witney, Oxfordshire, comprising Notices and Reminiscences of his Cotemporaries—Newton, Cecil, Veun, Simcon, Robinson of Leicester, and others, edited by the Rev. James Jerram, Rector of Fleet, Lincolnshire. *Wertheim.*

Memoirs and Remains of the Rev. James Haldane Stewart, M. A., late Rector of Limpsfield, and some time Incumbent of St. Bride's, Liverpool, by his Son. *Hatchard.*

Sketches from Our Lord's History, by Rev. J. M. Hiffernan, A. M., Author of "Characters and Events in Scripture," etc. *Hatchard.*

A New Ecclesiastical History of Scotland; demonstrating the Schismatical and Uncanonical character of the Scottish Episcopal Church, by the Rev. Norman Sievwright, M. A., late Episcopal Minister, Brechin (Born 1728—Died 1790), to be edited from the Original MS. by Thomas McCrie, D. D. *Johnstone.*

The Cyropædia of Xenophon, with English Notes, by the Rev. G. M. Gorham, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, forming a Volume of the "Grammar School Classics." *Whittaker.*

Within and Without, a Dramatic Poem, by Geo. Macdonald. *Longman.*

AMERICAN.

Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, whose "Republican Court, or American Society in the Days of Washington," has been the most successful book of the last year, is preparing a work of greater interest, and which will be issued in still more magnificent style, illustrative of the colonial, provincial, and revolutionary history of this country. It will make a superb quarto, and will contain twenty-six portraits of characters celebrated in our social annals before the inauguration of the constitutional government, among which will be those of Mrs. Franklin, Mrs. John Hancock, Mrs. Robert Morris, Mrs. Arthur Middleton, Lady Temple, Mrs. Rutledge, Mrs. Livingston, the celebrated beauty, Miss Vining, &c. &c. &c. The materials for the forthcoming work are far more attractive, various, and abundant than those used in the composition of "The Republican Court;" and it is anticipated that the new volume will be even more successful than that.

Judge Wm. Kent has received notice of his appointment as editor of the pro-

posed collection of the New York Municipal Ordinances. No such revision or collection has been made since 1845. The Corporation Counsel has been for two years at work on a compilation of the laws of the State referring to the city. It will contain some 1,100 pages, of which 500 are already in type.

Mr. Holbrook, the special Post Office Agent, proposes to publish a volume of his adventures among the mail robbers, which will detail many curious frauds and incidents, and is designed for the use and information of all connected with the mail service.

The METHODIST BOOK CONCERN of the southern Church have in press, the Life and Correspondence of Hester Ann Rogers; Jeffrey's Treatise on Prayer; Father Reeves, the Model Class Leader; The Hebrew Missionary, a new work by Rev. J. Cross, Methodism, or Christianity in Earnest. The last three volumes are original.

GOULD & LINCOLN have an important work in press, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Harris, being the third of his "Contributions to Theological Science," and is entitled "Patriarchy; or, the Family, its Constitution and Probation." This will be issued from the advanced sheets. They will also publish the Crinca, its Towns, Inhabitants, and Social Customs," by a Lady resident near the Alma.

J. P. JEWETT & Co. are about to re-publish Margaret Fuller Orsoli's "Woman in the 19th Century," edited from her MSS. (many of these papers not having been previously published), by Rev. A. B. Fuller and Horace Greeley.

The title of Mrs. Morwatt Ritchie's new book announced by TICKNOR & FIELDS, is "Mimic Mite; or, Before and Behind the Curtain." Another interesting work to be issued by the same firm, is "Excerpts from the Writings of Walter Savage Landor," in 2 vols.; also, "The School of Life," a novel by Anna Mary Howitt; Land, Labor, and Gold, a narrative of Travels in Australia, by Wm. Howitt; and "De Quincey's Note Book." Rev. C. Kingsley's Poems are to be prepared for the American press by the author himself.

JAMES MUNROE & Co. have in press "Zornlin's Physical Geography, for the use of families and schools, a popular illustrated manual revised by Wm. L. Gage.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co. will shortly publish the "Decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, with Notes and a Digest," by Hon. B. R. Curtis. This edition will bring down the work to the close of 1854, and will be embraced in 18 vols.

J. C. DERBY will issue a new companion for summer travel, entitled, "Country Margins," the joint production of S. H. Hammond and the author of "Up Country Letters."

APPLETONS have in preparation a Cyclopædia of Classical Antiquity, being a translation, with additions, from the great work of Dr F. Leubner, entitled, "Real Lexicon of Classical Antiquity."

Mr. ROORBACH'S "Bibliotheca Americana," revised and enlarged, is just ready for publication.

WM. S. & ALFRED MARTIN, have in press an edition of the Bible on minion type, and 24mo. size. It will be printed on very fine white paper, and will compare favorably with the Oxford edition, of which it is a copy. It will combine a large type with a convenient and portable form. It will be issued in May.

H. C. BAIRD announces, "The Women of the French Revolution," by J. Michelet. Translated from the French, in one duodecimo volume. This will prove to be one of the most interesting and attractive works of its distinguished author. Also, "The American Miller and Millwright's Assistant," by Wm. C. Hughes. A greatly improved edition, with additional engravings.

WM. WHITE SMITH, Philadelphia, has in press, "The Match Girl; or, Life Scenes as they Are," with original designs. 12mo., to be ready in June. "The Prophets; or, Mormonism Unveiled," with illustrations. 12mo. Ready in June.

ELLIOTT & GIBSON, Phila., have in preparation a new political work entitled "The Origin and Progress of the American Party in Politics," embracing a History of the Philadelphia Riots, by J. H. Lee

WHLT & YOST, Phila., have in press a large edition of a popular work entitled "One of the First Families of Philadelphia," to be issued in one duodecimo volume.

PECK & BLISS, of Phila., are preparing a quarto edition of the Bible, printed by the Electrotype process. The sheets sent to us for examination, have a very beautiful appearance, and the complete work will retail for about twenty-five dollars. It will contain all the late corrections made by the Bible Society, and is announced for August or September next.

By a recent decision of the Postmaster General, all envelopes printed upon with the address of the party sending, will be charged one cent additional postage if unsealed and enclosing other matter.

E. DARROW & BROTHER, Publishers and booksellers, of Rochester, have removed to No. 65 Main street, having opened a spacious store where they will have ample facilities for conducting both their wholesale and retail business.

KINISLEY & Co.'s Express Establishment, so favorably known among the booksellers of this city, has been removed to the new marble building No. 72 Broadway.

The *Boston Traveller* states that W. P. Petridge & Co., of Boston, are about undertaking an extension of their business, on a very large scale. This firm

intend to occupy a commodious suit of warehouses on Franklin Square, Pearl street, New York, where they will shortly commence business having made arrangements with the Messrs. Harpers to fill all orders sent to that firm for books not included in their catalogues. They will continue their Boston house as usual, where Mr. R. N. Price, the junior partner, will remain.

The Portland Advertiser says that Ex-Governor Grosby, of Maine, is about removing to Boston to become connected with the editorial department of Littell's Living Age.

Washington Irving is fast recovering from the effects of the serious accident which he met with a little time since—having been thrown from his horse and severely injured.

Rev. Tohn Piermont has just delivered his eightieth lecture of the present season, having traveled upwards of 12,000 miles to meet his literary engagements.

Professor Charles C. Jewett has been elected Professor of Philosophy in Columbia College, District of Columbia.

It is stated that Agassiz has declined the offered Professorship of Natural History in the Edinburgh University, preferring to remain in America and continue his explorations in the vast field of the Western continent.

The premium of \$200, offered by Mr. Thomas Boardman, of Fall River, for the best tract upon "the scriptural and political remedy for the North in the present crisis on slavery," has been awarded equally to three clergymen, viz; Rev. S. Harris, of Pittsfield; Rev. S. B. Goodenow, Warwick, R. I.; and Rev. E. E. Hale, of Worcester.

ILLUSTRATED NEWS, 12th MAY.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE Balaclava Railway,—The Bazaar of Kadikio,
Sebastopol from the Victoria Redoubt,
do from the maison D'Oscervatorie,
"Waiting for the Guns,"
"An avenue in Halfield Park,"
The Emperor's Reception Room, Windsor Castle,
The State Bed-Room, Buckingham Palace,
Monastery of St. George, Balaclava,
Electric Telegraph from the Camp before Sebastopol to London,
The Baltic fleet,—The Archer in the Ice in Mingo Bay,
M. Soyer's Hospital Kitchen at Scutari Barracks,
New Church of the Holy Trinity, Tulse Hill Nor-wood,
The old Town-Hall, Leominster,
Opening of a Tumulus at St. Weomards, Hertfordshire,
Section of the Tumulus,
Testimonial Presented to the Lord Mayor, by the Emperor of the French,
Interior of the Paris Industrial Exhibition building,
Original view of the Camp at Aldershott from the Farnbrough Road,
The Camp at Aldershott,
Street within the Lines of the camp at Aldershott,
Interior of Officers Hut,
do Soliders Hut,
The floating Battery "Etna" on fire,
Remains of the floating Battery "Etna,"
Wreck of the Creans transport ship,
Captain Collinson, Commander of the Enterprize Arctic discovery ship,
The British Hospital at Smyrna.

P. SINCLAIR,
John Street.

June, 1855.

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BOOKS ON RUSSIA, PRUSSIA AND TURKEY.

TURKEY, Russia, the Black Sea and Circassia, by Captain Spencer, 8s 9d.
The Fall of the Crimea, by Captain Spencer, 7s 6d.
The Czar and his People, by J. S. Moscovell, 1s 6d.
Russia and its People, by Count A. De Gurowski, 3s 9d.
Do do do cloth extra, 5s.
The Russo-Turkish Campaigns, of 1828, and 1829, with a view of the Present State of Affairs in the East, by Colonel Chesney, 6s 3d.
The Turkish Empire, its Historical, Statistical, and Religious Condition, and its Manners, Customs, &c., by Alfred De Bessé.
The Roving Englishman in Turkey, Sketches from Life, 3s.
Memoires of the Court of Prussia, from the German 10s.
The Neighbors of Russia, and History of the Present War to the seige of Sebastopol, by John R. Morell, 4s. 6d.
Russia, translated from the French of the Marquis De Custine, 7. 6d.
Russia as it is, by Count A. De Gurowski, 6s 3d.

P. SINCLAIR,
John Street.

June, 1855

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NEW BOOKS, &c., &c., per Mail Steamer America.

| | |
|--|--------|
| THE Life of P. T. Barnum, showing his early history as Clerk, Merchant and Editor, and his late career as a Showman. | 6s 3d |
| Nautical Almanacks for 1855-6-7 & 8, each..... | 5s 0h |
| Who's Who in 1855..... | 4s 6d |
| Dod's Peerage, Baronatage and Knightage of Great Britain and Ireland for 1853—containing list of Princess, Peers, Peerescess, Bishops, Barons, Privy Councillors, Knights of every order, Lords of Session and all persons styled Lord, Lady or Honorable..... | 20s 0d |
| The Scalp Hunters, by Mayne Reid..... | 2s 6d |
| The Rifle Rangers..... | 2s 6d |
| Maurice Tiernay..... | 3s 0d |
| Ruth Hall—a domestic tale of the present day, by Fanny Fern..... | 2s 6d |
| Speeches of eminent British Statesmen during the thirty-nine years Peace. | 6s 3d |
| Hardwicke's Peerage for 1855..... | 2s 0d |
| The Book of the War, by Percy St. John, containing full details of the victories of the allies—Alma, Balaclava and Inkermann—Illustrated with a Map of Sebastopol..... | 2s 0d |
| The Men of the War, by "Our own Correspondent" at the Seat of War—a peeny-a-liner's day dream, by William Brough..... | 2s 0d |
| Who's Your Friend, and other matters, by A. Cole..... | 2s 0d |
| The Art of Landscape painting in colours, by Thomas Rowbotham..... | 2s 0d |
| The Art of Figure Drawing—containing practical instructions for a course of study in this branch of art..... | 2s 0d |
| Twelve Insides and one Out, by H. Thriswell..... | 2s 0d |

P. SINCLAIR,
John Street.

June, 1855.

NOVELS.

JUST received per GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY, a further Supply of the following:—

| | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------|------|
| Eugène Aram..... | Bulwer..... | 1 3 |
| Earnest Maltravers..... | "..... | 1 3 |
| Pelham..... | "..... | 1 3 |
| Rienzi..... | "..... | 1 3 |
| Zanoni..... | "..... | 1 3 |
| Disowned..... | "..... | 1 3 |
| Deverex..... | "..... | 1 3 |
| Paul Clifford..... | "..... | 1 3 |
| Alice, or the Mysteries..... | "..... | 1 3 |
| Lucretia..... | "..... | 1 3 |
| Last Days of Pompeii..... | "..... | 1 3 |
| My Novel..... | "..... | 3 9 |
| The Caxtons..... | "..... | 1 11 |
| Pilgrims of the Rhine..... | "..... | 0 9 |
| Night and Morning..... | "..... | 1 3 |
| Sir Jasper Carew..... | Leon..... | 2 6 |
| The Country Neighborhood..... | Dupuy..... | 2 6 |
| The Czarina..... | "..... | 1 3 |
| The Dodd Family Abroad..... | Lever..... | 3 9 |
| Castle Avon..... | "..... | 1 11 |
| Aubrey..... | "..... | 2 6 |
| The Young Husband..... | "..... | 1 11 |
| The Lovers Stratagem..... | "..... | 1 11 |
| Charles Auchester..... | "..... | 2 6 |
| Mary Barton..... | "..... | 1 3 |
| Darien..... | Warburton..... | 1 11 |
| Prairie Bird..... | "..... | 1 11 |
| The President's Daughter..... | "..... | 0 9 |
| Nina..... | "..... | 1 6 |
| Captain O'Sullivan..... | "..... | 1 3 |
| Gambler's Wife..... | "..... | 1 3 |
| Avillion and other Tales..... | "..... | 2 6 |
| Olive..... | "..... | 1 3 |
| Ogilvies..... | "..... | 1 3 |
| The Young Husband..... | "..... | 1 11 |
| Clouded Happiness..... | "..... | 1 11 |
| The Gold Worshippers..... | "..... | 1 3 |
| The Nabob at Home..... | "..... | 1 3 |
| Shirley..... | "..... | 1 11 |
| Hard Times..... | "..... | 0 9 |
| Arabella Stuart..... | "..... | 1 3 |
| Ticouderaga..... | "..... | 2 6 |
| Falkenburg..... | "..... | 1 11 |
| Villette..... | "..... | 2 6 |
| Marriage..... | "..... | 1 3 |
| North and South..... | "..... | 1 11 |
| The Quit Heart..... | "..... | 1 3 |

P. SINCLAIR,
John Street.

June, 1855.

THE undersigned is now receiving per GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY, his Spring supply of Books, among which will be found the following:

| | |
|---|------|
| The Select Works of the Revd. Thomas Watson, comprising his Body of Divinity, in a series of Lectures on the Shorter Catechism, and various Sermons and treatises... | |
| The Miscellaneous Works of the Revd. Mathew Henry, containing in addition to those heretofore published, numerous Sermons and Papers, now first printed from the original manuscripts with forty Sermons on what Christ is made to believe, by Philip Henry; Funeral Sermons for Mr. & Mrs. Henry, by the Revd Mathew Henry, Funeral Sermons on Mr. Mathew Henry, by W. Young, John Reynolds, and Dr. Williams, 2 vols Royal 8vo..... | 25 0 |
| More Worlds than one, the Creed of the Philosopher, and the Hope of the Christian, by Sir David Brewster..... | 3 9 |
| The Footsteps of St. Paul, by the author of Morning and Night Watches..... | 6 3 |
| Israel and the Gentiles, contribution to the History of the Jews, from earliest times to the Present day, by Dr. Isaac Da Costa..... | 7 6 |
| Earlswood, or Light and Shadows of the Anglican Church, a tale of the times, by Charlotte Angley..... | 4 6 |
| The Family at Heatherdale, or the Influence of Christian Principles, by Mrs. Mackay Inverness..... | 3 0 |
| The Happy Home, by Revd. James Hamilton..... | 3 0 |
| A Method for Prayer, with Scripture expression, proper to be used under each head, by Mathew Henry..... | 3 0 |
| The Communicants Companion, by do do, with an Introductory Essay, by the Revd. John Brown..... | 3 0 |
| Morning of Joy, by Bonar..... | 2 0 |
| Truth and error by do..... | 3 0 |
| Treatise on Prayer, designed to assist in the devout discharge of that duty, by the Revd. E. Bickersteth..... | 3 6 |
| A Memoir of Lady Colquhoun, by James Hamilton..... | 3 9 |
| Rich and Poor, and other tracts for the times, by the Revd. J. C. Ryle..... | 4 6 |
| Water from the Well Spring, for the Sabbath Hours of afflicted believers; being a complete Course of Morning and evening meditations for every Sunday in the year, by E. H. Bickersteth..... | 3 9 |
| Jamie Gordon, or the Orphan..... | 3 9 |
| Children of the Manse, by Duncan..... | 3 9 |
| The Heavenly Recognition, or an earnest and Scriptural discussion of the question, will we know our friends in Heaven, by Revd. H. Harbough..... | 6 3 |
| The Heavenly Home, or the employments and enjoyments of the Saints in Heaven, by Revd. H. Harbough..... | 6 3 |
| Chalmer's Miscellanies..... | 10 0 |
| Do Sermons, 2 vols..... | 17 6 |
| Do Select Works, 4 vols..... | 35 0 |
| Jay's Morning and Evening Exercises, 4 vols..... | 25 6 |
| Great Truths, by Great Authors, a Dictionary of Aids to reflection, quotations of Maxims, Metaphors, Counsils, Cautions, Aphorisms, Proverbs, &c., &c..... | 10 0 |
| Romantic Incidents in the lives of the Queens of England, by J. P. Smith..... | 6 3 |
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| For Half " per annum..... | 15.00 |
| " " per insertion..... | 1.50 |
| For Quarter " per annum..... | 8.00 |
| " " per insertion..... | 4.00 |
| For Eight " per annum..... | 5.00 |
| " " per insertion..... | 05 |
| For a Card of four lines, per annum..... | 1.50 |
| " " per insertion..... | 25 |

The Annual, Semi-Annual, and Quarterly Advertisements, may be renewed every month.

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