

Higness; the hour of their meditated vengeance is at hand."

"To arms, then, gentlemen," cried Boroff, hurrying to the door. "They shall find us prepared.—Troitz, I see there is no blazing signal behind us.—We must try to sever this burning chain, lest we be surrounded on all sides, and it fare badly with the garrison we have left. Do you marshal the soldiers, and have them ready for action at the shortest notice. Scarcely a quarter of a mile off, I have noticed a strange looking rock so situated, and of such elevation, that a fire on its top would be visible for miles; they will not be likely to overlook such a beacon; while if we possess it, we will be able to cut off the communication, and prevent any action on the part of those in our rear. I will forward gentlemen, to occupy this all important point."

"Nay, General, it will be a work of some peril, if these savages are in earnest," said a grey-headed Major, "let me go, and you remain and see that all is right in the camp."

"Boroff will never send his soldiers where he will not go himself," was the brave reply, as the general hastened to place himself at the head of a small detachment to effect the desired movement.—The rest of the army was soon called from their quarters and under arms; they knew not the reason of these sudden orders, and could answer each other's questions only by pointing to the beacon fires which still fiercely sent up their ominous light to the heavens.

The general had in person reconnoitered the ground in the neighbourhood of the camp and was well acquainted with the situation of the crag to which he had alluded. It might be termed the summit of the hilly range on which the village of Teherzi was situated. It was to be reached by a rough up-hill road which passed a few feet from its base. The rock itself was of a pyramid shape, and distinguished not so much by its height, as by its isolated and distinct position, which enabled it to be clearly seen, as separate from the surrounding mountains, at a considerable distance. A stony path led up the side; but the General thought it would not be necessary to ascend to the top, but determined after having seen his men in undisputed possession, to leave half his little force in a suitable position to guard the eminence, and return with the remainder.

The night was dark, but the moon had hid her face, and the General would have been unable to direct their march had he not been familiar with the way. Ten minutes enabled them to reach the base of the rock; the General paused for a moment, but once more ordered them to advance and clamber up the rugged side to a spot which he remembered to have seen a few days before, and which he thought would enable them to act with greater effect, should the enemy attempt to carry the post. Rapidly and with as little noise as possible they reached the place.

"We are safe," exclaimed the General, as he gave the word to halt.

His words were lost in a loud shout from the soldiers, and, turning in the direction in which he saw them gazing, he beheld a sheet of flame shooting up from the vortex of the rock, even more fiercely than from the neighbouring summits, and swaying now on this side, now on that, as the breeze bore it to and fro.

At the same moment, he saw enkindled, far and near to the southward, the ominous signals of destruction.

"St. Nicholas protect us!" cried General Boroff, as he looked with consternation at the scene. "We are too late! But hold! Ivan, your carbine; there is one who shall rue this signal lighting!"

He seized the soldier's fire-lock; they looked in the direction of his aim, and saw the figure in clear relief against the flame, almost perpendicularly above them, engaged apparently in heaping fuel on the furious fire. A flash—a shrill shriek—and the figure fell.

"So perish the enemies of Russia!" cried General Boroff, as he returned the musket. "In line, men! face about! forward!"

"So perish the tyrant!" cried a fierce voice as a figure bounded to the General's side; and before a word could be spoken, or an arm intercept him, his uplifted sword smote the doomed Russian, and his corpse fell heavily to the ground.

"On, Lesghini—Revenge—Liberty!" fiercely shouted the Circassian, as his arm dealt death-strokes at every word. And from the fern bushes and stunted trees that lined the hill side, poured a host of the wild mountaineers, as madly and irresistibly as the swollen torrent. No wonder that even Russian veterans could not stand before them. Confounded by the sudden appearance, and struck by the fall of their General, ignorant of the localities, and in a position where skill and experience availed them nothing, they fell with fearful rapidity before their infuriated foe.

"Remember your wives and daughters! No quarters to the spoilers," thundered Alexander, for it was he.

But he knew his men, and tarried not to see his order executed: His quick eye had also caught the figure on the summit—he heard the shriek and saw the body fall—and well he knew who needed there his help.

To scale the height was, for his active form but the work of a moment.

"Zairah! Zairah!" he cried, as he folded the body in his arms. "Awake, my own—it is Alexander—your Alexander!"

The body was heavy—the muscles were motionless—the cold eye glared deathly upon him.

"Zairah!" cried he, again, in an intense, slow tone, as if his very heart, and not his tongue was speaking—"Zairah—my beloved—speak to your Alexander!"

There was a movement in the arm—a muscular animation, quivered over the whole frame—life returned to the fine eye—the corpse-like look departed—a sweet expression pervaded the face—and a low voice murmured:

"Thank Heaven! my Alexander!"

There was a pause; the Chief saw too surely that life had almost ebbed; he could not distress her, even to attempt to bind up her wound. The moments of life that were left were too precious.

"I heard, on my return to-day, beloved Zairah, from the far-distant mountains, with a force able to avenge you, that you had escaped. I sought you—Oh! it is sad to find you here—thus!"

"Weep not, Alexander! it is better thus!" murmured the maiden. Though innocent and undefiled, I could never have been thy wife—she who lies in a Chief's bosom—must be above the suspicion of dishonour."

"Zairah! my own! one question. The Russian—"

"Died by my dagger," almost screamed the dying girl, "when he attempted my disgrace."

The effort exhausted her; she sunk back.

"Alexander—farewell—our God will join us in Paradise!"

Again the muscles contracted—the eye glared—the corpse grew heavier as it leaned upon his bosom—Zairah was dead!

One moment the Chief indulged his agony.—Then he arose; the flame had somewhat subsided, but its light enabled him to see—a few feet off a little thicket. Thither he bore the body; a bed of moss supported it. One last embrace—he severed a tress with his dagger—dipped it in her blood—raised it to his lips—and then to Heaven—cast over the unconscious clay his soldier's cloak—and then bounded down the hill-side.

"To the camp! to the camp!" still infuriated with the taste of blood, the mountaineers rushed onward to the devoted camp. Hundreds joined them on their way; every thicket seemed to lend a hand. Harshly did their shrill war cries echo from the mountains around, and sound a knell for the doomed Russians.

It boots not to tell of the carnage of that night. Suffice it to say, that of the three thousand Russians who lay encamped in Teherzi, hardly a handful escaped to describe the horrors of that fatal onslaught. Suffice it to say, that one war-cry was the fiercest, one sabre the most fatal, one arm the most untiring—the passion Revenge swayed the soul of Alexander.

That was a fearful night for the invading host; besides the number cut to pieces in the field, the attack had been general throughout the mountain country;—the signals had been religiously observed; and four Russian garrisons fell simultaneously before the vengeful Circassians. The reverses of the Autocrat in this campaign are matters of record; the causes that led to them are not so well known. Two years of subsequent warfare hardly sufficed to reduce the Caucasus even to nominal submission.

The Lesghini still inhabit the wild mountain country, and with hardly less bravery and fierceness than marked them at the period to which our story refers. Few travellers dare penetrate this picturesque land, for the Russian, at Toffis, tells him, "Beware of the Lesghini!" Nevertheless, those who have made the venture, tell us that this tribe is mild and hospitable to men of all lands, save one; but, whenever a Russian is named, they give way to an uncontrollable phrenzy. Unconquered, and unconquerable, they hate their invaders with an intensity of passion rarely equalled.

Alexander still lives, and his name is a terror to his foes. He has never spared a Russian, and the fame of his achievements has spread from sea to sea. At the Russian settlement of Tlodj, far up in the mountains, near the chief haunts of the Lesghini, I have seen a whole company suddenly grow silent, and look around in terror at the mention of his name.

## English and Foreign.

THE AFFAIRS OF ITALY.—"Almost every telegraphic despatch that arrives," says a late English paper, "is eagerly consulted in the expectation that it will announce the commencement of disturbances in the two Sicilies. The excessive tyranny of King Ferdinand, which increases every day, the undisguised hostility to him of the English and French governments, and the language of the London and Paris press all combine in exciting the Neapolitans and Sicilians to make an appeal to arms." If the King of the two Sicilies had been born to the condition of a gentleman farmer, there is probably little doubt that he would have filled well that position in life; been respected by his neighbours, and esteemed as a good and conscientious though rather bigoted man. There are united to much bonhomie in his character, the unteachableness and divine right instincts of the Bourbon race, which in any private condition of life, would have simply constituted an ultra Conservative; but formed in a King the basis of unprincipled tyranny, and have led to irreparable alienation from his turbulent subjects. In the year 1848, when King Ferdinand acquired the cognomen of Bombatore, he was comparatively an amiable, inoffensive sovereign. He was simply an anti-Red Republican monarch, strongly attached to the Roman Catholic faith, and desirous of preserving the temporal sovereignty intact, both in his own dominions and those of the Pope. Since that period, however, he has become gradually soured by the difficulties of his position; the peculiar relations he has assumed towards the Jesuits, have produced a coolness between the respective Courts of Naples and of Rome; he feels menaced in his prerogative by Muratism, Republicanism and Ultramontanism; and deprived of the sympathy of every nation in the world, he has had recourse to the last desperate means of retrieving his position—the iron hand of a despotic tyranny.

The last accounts that have been received from Italy appear fully to justify the London Morning Advertiser in saying that "there is not at this moment so detestable a tyrant on the face of the earth as the King of Naples." Every one who is suspected of the slightest disaffection is incarcerated, and the most recent mode of punishment in prison is indiscriminate whipping, inflicted alike on old and young, rich or poor, noble or plebeian, and what is worse, innocent or guilty. The Naples correspondent of the London Times, under date August 24, says: "A gentleman at Potenza recently received fifty blows, and was afterwards declared innocent. At Castellamare, two gentlemen were punished in the same manner for having hissed at the theatre.—Several advocates have also been beaten for denying accusations made against them." Sympathy with the Allies against the Russians is esteemed a political offence, and the hostility of the government towards France is carried so far, that the wanton insult was recently offered to the French flag of refusing to return a salute given by a French vessel at Messina. The strictest surveillance was being exercised over the Jesuits, and the publication of the Civiltà Cattolica had been prohibited, because they had advocated the cause of the French and English against the Russians.

It is not surprising, under such circumstances, that an insurrection is looked for, and if the last report from Italy is to be believed, the plan of the disaffected had ceased to be a republic, but a limited monarchy, under Prince Murat. A pamphlet said to have been written by Count Salicetti, who in the revolutionary period, was one of the Ministers of the King of Naples, and was afterwards one of the Triumvir during the Republican regime at Rome, had created much sensation, not only in Italy, but also in France and England. It boldly proposes that with the aid of Louis Napoleon, King Ferdinand shall be expelled from the throne of Naples, Prince Murat be proclaimed Monarch, and promises that the latter will come forward whenever he shall be called upon by the Italian people, though he will not take the initiative. Prince Murat is said, by those who know his character, to be little fitted for the Herculean task of regenerating Italy; but drowning men catch at straws, and there is little doubt that the patriots of southern Italy are in a great strait at the present time to find a proper leader for a movement which seems fully ripe. If England and France should give the sign, there is little doubt that that Bourbon dynasty would come to a speedy end in the two Sicilies, and it is surmised by many of the English and French papers that such a sign will be soon given. It will then be a mere question of expediency whether Prince Murat, or some other person that may be chosen, shall occupy the throne that is now so miserably filled.—[N. Y. Jour. of Commerce.

THE PAPAL STATES.—WARLIKE PREPARATIONS IN NAPLES.—The Emperor of the French is said to

have written a very unpalatable letter to the Holy See, recommending general amnesty, the secularisation of the administration, the code Napoleon, and a liberal Government.—From Naples we learn that King Bomba is making preparations for an invasion though from what quarter it threatens no one appears to know. All the ships of war which were lying in the new military port have been for greater security, drawn into the old military port, which has been closed with a chain. Many pieces of artillery have been sent off from Castlemore, as also chests of ammunition and 24,000 sandbags, for Brindisi and other points on the coast, which are at present unprotected. Some of the most scientific artillery officers, too, have been destined for Capua and Gaeta. The Commissary of Police has given this explanation to the people, which makes the King very popular with the people; that the allies insisted on having grain and provisions for their own convenience, and that the King to save his people from starvation, had declared that rather than do so he would suffer any sacrifice whatever, and had therefore prepared for war. The miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Jannarius, announced by the firing of cannon from the castle of St. Elmo, has taken place under such auspices that the people are told they will never be visited by the cholera again.—Since 1848 up to May 1854 839 persons have been condemned to different punishments for political crimes. It is said that in the civil courts bribery is so openly recognised that no advocate would think of undertaking a cause, be it ever so good, without first recommending his client to make a propitiatory offering to the judge.—[Quebec Chronicle.

A letter from Munich, dated 19th Sept., states that out of 50 young German medical students, who some months back entered the service of Russia, and the majority of whom went to the Crimea, 10 have died from different maladies, and 30 have been seriously injured in their health by the fatigue and sufferings which they have undergone.

EXPECTED BOMBARDMENT OF ODESSA.—Telegraphic advices received from Nicholaieff, and dated Monday, the 8th instant, announcing that at an early hour on that morning the allied fleet, consisting of nine ships of the line, twenty eight steamers, nine gunboats, and three floating batteries, anchored off Odessa. Telegraphic accounts received from St. Petersburg, represent that the allied fleets anchored off Odessa on the 8th instant. At the time, however, that this news was despatched to St. Petersburg the bombardment had not commenced.

Authentic intelligence reached London to the effect that a large squadron of the allied fleets had left Sebastopol on the evening of Sunday the 7th, for Odessa. On the following day they appeared off Odessa, and took up their station before the arsenal. The bombardment was to have commenced on Tuesday morning.

Prince Gortschakoff reports on the 7th—"The enemy's fleets, consisting of eight ships of the line and 27 steamers, with other vessels, weighed anchor this morning, and proceeded to the north-west."

Prince Gortschakoff has telegraphed to St. Petersburg that the enemy's fleet (the allies) which left Kamiesch on the 7th, appeared off Odessa early in the morning of the 8th inst., and anchored there.

VIENNA, Oct. 11, Evening.—Up to 9 o'clock on the evening of the 9th inst., the fleets had undertaken nothing against Odessa.

A letter from Odessa, of the 30th ult., in the Cologne Gazette, says:—"It is not surprising, after the late events in the Crimea, that the inhabitants of this place should lose all the confidence in the strength of our batteries and the courage of our troops, and that all those who can do so should hasten to quit the town. A decree has just been published which, under any other circumstances, would have been received with great satisfaction. It emanates from Count Kleinmichel, dated Peterhoff, 3rd of August, and orders the commencement of surveys and preparatory works for a railway from Charkoff to Kaffa by Genitchi and Arabat, and another from Genitchi to Sebastopol, by Simpheropol and Baktehi-Secai. The same decree states that surveys are also to be made for a railway from Moscow to Odessa, by Charkow. General Menilkow and Colonel Aleksiew, of the Engineers, are charged with these works. A letter from Kherson states that in the course of the month there had arrived in that port from Nicholaieff twenty-one vessels, eight laden with flour and oats, and thirteen in ballast; and that twenty-two had left the port for Nicholaieff and Obschskow laden with corn, linseed, timber, salt, coal, &c."

The Dublin "Nation" publishes a letter from a Mr. Alexander Pellissier, of Mastfield, Clonmel, the object of which is to prove that there can be no mistake with regard to the Irish descent of Marshal Pellissier, the conqueror of Sebastopol.