

brought to forgive her being prettier; but to her dying day she will never forgive her wearing diamonds when she has none herself! Women are like oranges—the finest looking are rarely the best—to paint angels' painters have borrowed the likeness of woman; to paint devils, the likeness of man.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK ASLEEP.

THE following from the New York Tribune is in the best vein of Dickens:—"It is curious to see the circulation of a great city commence in the morning, the great city that had roared itself to sleep. True, there was a feeble pulse all night; the cars beat to and fro; a carriage now and then gave a flutter, but after all there had been a quiet hour. About half a million of the people had been lying 'on a dead level,' for four or five hours; some on pillows of down and some on curb-stones; some beneath silken counterpanes and some beneath the great quilt of heaven. Queer figure they make in the mind's eye, to be sure—400,000 folks, more or less, lying in tiers or rows, five or six miles long—lying three or four deep. In the cellar—that is the 'primitive formation'—then first floor, second third, and so on to the garret. Three hundred thousand people snoring—what a concert! two hundred thousand people dreaming. Two hundred thousand people in red night caps, one hundred thousand in white, and here and there one trimmed with lace. Fifty thousand curls twisted up in papers, giving their owners an appearance of having made a pillow of cigar-lighters. Twenty thousand curls hanging over the backs of chairs or tossed upon tables. How gently time touches such people; they never grow grey at all! Ten thousand people weeping, and now and then one dying; dying in his sleep; dying in a dream. And then the getting up is ridiculous enough; though going to bed—should we say 'retire' in these refined times?—is a solemn piece of business, whether people think of it or not. But the getting up, the waking up, is funny enough for a farce—its process is a species of gradualism. Here's one who has slept 'like a top' for nine hours, and now he begins to wake; first it's a half-lurch and a long breath and a yawn; then an arm is thrust out, then a foot; the muscles are waking up. Next the rattle of the early wagons strikes his ear; hearing is 'coming to.' Then his tongue moves uneasily; taste is returning. Last his eyes open one after the other—then, half close, then open again, and the man's awake—awake all over—awake for all day. There's another, sound asleep this minute, and this he shakes himself like a Newfoundland, spring up 'percussion,' and the thing is done; the fellow hasn't a sleepy hair about him. Snowy quilts that have just risen and fallen with the soft bosom beneath, begin to grow uneasy. The sweet sleepers are waking, so we'll draw the curtains and leave them to their toilette. Bundles of rags in dark damp corners toss and tumble; there's something alive underneath. Out it comes—more rags. Misery makes no toilette, and there are no curtains to draw.

THE TOWN OF SIMPHEROPOL.

ON the very margin of this, here strongly defined boundary, between plain and mountain, stands the modern town of Simpheropol, and her elder sister, Ac-Metebet the white mosque, clinging together, but not embracing, with smiles on the face, but rancour in the heart. They are not the offspring of the same father. The elder is the Tartar's daughter—modest, unassuming, and retiring; the younger, a bold Russian wench, covered with paint and tinsel, wearing ornaments which she has stolen from a Grecian beauty: her self esteem ever prominent, and, with wanton vanity, displaying those outward, vulgar charms, which ill conceal the rotteness within. The new part of Simpheropol is indeed but another sample of a Russian provincial capital, in addition to those we have so often described, though better than the generality of them. It has wide streets, straggling houses, painted roofs, conspicuous churches, fine public buildings, well kept gardens, rattling droskies, and a tolerable good German hotel, at which we took up our quarters. A population of about twelve thousand souls, of which half are Tartars, a quarter Russians, and the rest made up of Gipsies, Jews, Greeks and Armenians.

SORAPS.

"William, I fear you are forgetting me," said a bright-eyed girl to her sweetheart the other day.
 "Yes, sure I have been for getting those two years."
 A young woman went into Stewart's in Broadway, the other day, and asked for ten yards of cloth suitable for primitive triangular appendages for her baby.
 "Why is a field of grass like a person older than yourself? Because he is past-ure-age."
 "Why are crows the most sensible of birds."
 "Don't know."
 "Why, because they never complain without caws."
 "I say Bill, Jim's caged for stealing a horse."
 "Served him right. Why didn't he buy one and not pay for it, like any other gentlemen."

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

From the London Times.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

A THRILLING DESCRIPTION, THE BATTLE FIELD AND THE CONTEST.

Heights before Sebastopol, Oct. 26, 1854. —If the exhibition of the most brilliant valour, of the excess of courage, and of a daring which would have reflected lustre on the best days of chivalry can afford full consolation for the disaster of to-day we have no reason to regret the melancholy loss which we sustained in a contest with a savage and barbarian enemy.

Before I proceed to my narrative, I must promise that a certain feeling existed in some quarters that our cavalry had not been properly handled since they landed in the Crimea, and that they had lost golden opportunities from the indecision and excessive caution of their leaders solely owing to the timidity of the officer in command. The existence of this feeling was known to many of our cavalry, and they were indignant and exasperated that the faintest shade of suspicion should rest on any of their corps. With the justice of their aspersions they seemed to think they had nothing to do, and perhaps the prominent thought in their minds was that they would give such an example of courage to the world, if the chance offered itself, as would shame their detractors for ever.

It will be remembered that eleven battalions of Russian infantry had crossed the Tchernays and that they threatened the rear of our position and our communication with Balaklava. It will be recollected also that the position was occupied in reference to Balaklava was supposed by most people to be very strong—even impregnable. Our lines were formed by natural slopes in the rear, along which the French had made very formidable intrenchments. Below those intrenchments, and very nearly in a right line across the valley beneath are four central hillocks, one rising above the other as they receded from our lines; the furthest, which joins the chain of mountains opposite to our ridges being named Canrobert's hill, from the meeting there of that General with Lord Raglan after the march to Balaklava. On the top of each of these hills the Turks had thrown up earthen redoubts, defended by 250 men each, and armed with two or three guns—some heavy ship guns—lent by us to them, with one artillery man in each redoubt to look after them. These hills cross the valleys of Balaklava at the distance of about two and a half miles from the town. Supposing the spectator then to take his stand on one of the heights forming the rear of our camp before Sebastopol, he would see the town of Balaklava, with its scanty shipping, its narrow strip of water, and its old forts on his right hand. Immediately below he would behold the valley and plain of coarse meadow land, occupied by our cavalry tents, and stretching from the base of the ridge on which he stood to the foot of the formidable heights at the other side. He would see the French trenches lined with Zouaves a few feet beneath, and distant from him, on the slope of the hill, a Turkish redoubt lower down, then another in the valley, then in a line with it some angular earth works, then in succession, the other two redoubts up to Canrobert's hill. At the distance of two or two and a half miles across the valley there is an abrupt rocky mountain range of most irregular and picturesque formation, covered with scanty brushwood here and there, or rising into barren pinnacles and plateaux of rock. In outline and appearance, this portion of the landscape is wonderfully like the Trossachs. A patch of blue sea is caught in between the overhanging cliffs of Balaklava as they close in the entrance of the harbor on the right. The camp of the marines pitched on the hill sides more than 1,000 feet above the level of the sea are opposite to you as your back is turned to Sebastopol, and your right side towards Balaklava. On the road leading up the valley, close to the entrance of the town, and beneath these hills, is the encampment of the 93rd Highlanders.

The cavalry lines are nearer to you below, and are some way in advance of the Highlanders, and nearer to the town the Turkish redoubts. The valley is crossed here and there by small waves of land. On your left the hills and rocky mountain ranges gradually close in toward the course of the Tchernaya, till at three or four miles distance from Balaklava the valley is swallowed up in a mountain gorge and deep ravines, above which rises tier after tier of desolate whitish rock, garnished now and then by bits of scanty herbage, and spreading away towards the east and south, where they attain the Alpine dimensions of Tschatyr Drgh. It is very easy for an enemy at the Belbek, or in command of the road of McKenzie's Farm, Inkerman, Simpheropol by Bakshiserai, to debouch through these gorges at any time upon this plan from the neck of the valley, or to march from Sebastopol by the Tchernaya, and to advance along it towards Balaklava, till checked by the Turkish redoubts on the southern side, or by the fire from the French works on the northern side, i. e., the side which in relation to the valley to Balaklava forms the rear of our position. It was evident enough that Menchikoff and Gortschakoff had been feeling their way along this route for several days past, and very probably at night the

Cossacks had crept up close to our pickets, which are not always as watchful as might be desired; and had observed the weakness of a position far too extended for our army to defend, and occupied by their despised enemy, the Turk. I say "despised," because we hear from prisoners and from other sources that, notwithstanding all the drubbings received on the Danube from the Osmanli, the Russians have the most ineffable contempt for the champions of the Crescent.

OUR CAVALRY.—THE RUSSIAN SKIRMISHERS.— FLIGHT OF THE TURKS.

At the moment the cavalry, under Lord Lucan were formed in glittering masses, the light brigade under Lord Cardigan in advance; the heavy brigade, under Brigadier-General Scarlett in reserve. They were drawn up just in front of their encampment, and were concealed from the view of the enemy by a slight "wave" in the plain. Considerably to the rear of their right the 93rd Highlanders were drawn up in line, in front of the approach to Balaklava. More behind them, on the heights, the marines were visible through the glass, drawn up under arms, and the gunners could be seen ready in the earthworks, in which were placed the heavy ships' guns. The 93rd had originally been advanced more into the plain, but the instant the Russians got possession of the first redoubt they opened fire on them from our guns, which inflicted some injury and Sir Colin Campbell "retired" his men to a better position. Meantime the enemy advanced his cavalry rapidly. To our inexpressible disgust we saw the Turks in redoubt No. 2 fly at their approach. They ran in scattered groups across towards redoubts No. 3, and towards Balaklava, but the horse-hoof of the Cossack was too quick for them, and sword and lance were busily plied along the retreating herd. The yells of the pursuers and pursued were plainly audible. As the lancers and light cavalry of the Russians advanced they gathered up their skirmishers with great speed and in excellent order—the shifting trails of men, which played over the valley like moon-light on the water, contracted, gathered up and the little "peloton" in a few moments became a solid column. Then up came their guns in rushed their guns to the abandoned redoubt and the guns of No. 2 redoubt, soon played with deadly effect upon the dispirited defenders of No. 3 redoubt. Two or three shots in return from the earthworks, and all is silent. The Turks so arm over the earth work and run in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets as they run at the enemy. Again the solid column of cavalry opens like a fan, and resolves itself into a "long spray" of skirmishers. It laps the flying Turks, and steel flashes in the air, and down goes the poor Moslem quivering on the plain split through fez and musket guard to the chin and breast-belt. There is no support for them. It is evident the Russians have been too quick also, for they have not held their redoubts long enough to enable us to bring them help. In vain the naval guns on the heights fire on the Russian cavalry. The distance is too great for shell or shot to reach. In vain the Turkish gunners in the earthen batteries which are placed along the French entrenchments strive to protect their flying countrymen. Their shot fly wide and short of the swarming masses.

THE RIVAL CAVALRY.

Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—corps d'elite their light blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in the rear, and several squadrons of gray coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight, the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast, which told us all that in another moment we would see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of the theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot and at last nearly halted. The first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact they evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy, but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Grays and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses "gather way," nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword arms. The Russian line engs forward each wing as our cavalry advance and threaten to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russians right, the Grays rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Grays and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment,

There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and the Grays and the red coats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with numbers and in broken order against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge.—It was a terrible moment. "God help them they are lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy—it was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskilleners and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already gray horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, 4th Dragoon Guards and the 5th Dragoon Guards, rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of pasteboard and dashing on the second body of Russians, as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Grays and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian horse in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons, was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip; in the enthusiasm, officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight, and thus keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again.

Lord Raglan at once dispatched Lieutenant Curzon, Aide-de-Camp, to convey his congratulations to Brigadier Gen. Scarlett, and to say "well done." The gallant old officer's face beamed with pleasure when he received the message. "I beg to thank his Lordship very sincerely, was his reply. The cavalry did not long pursue their enemy. Their loss was very slight, about 34 killed and wounded in both affairs (the second will be detailed subsequently). Major Clarke was slightly wounded, and had a narrow escape from a sabre cut at the back of his head. Lieutenant-Colonel Griffiths retired after the first charge having been wounded at the pack of the head. Cornet Pendergast was wounded in the foot. There were not more than four or five men killed outright, and our most material loss was from the cannon playing on our heavy dragoons afterwards, when covering the retreat of our light cavalry.

ATTACK ON BALAKLAVA.

We now know the details of the attack on Balaklava on the 25th, and with them much that is glorious and much that is reassuring. The worst is comprehended in a melancholy loss of men, chiefly in that arm of the service which could least bear it, and in the temporary cession of a lower range of heights, by no means necessary to our communication with Balaklava or to the security of our position. As the Turks in three of the redoubts seeing the fate of their comrades in the fourth, did not even stay to spike their guns, they have not lost so many as might have been expected from their advanced position. The small portion of the French troops engaged have suffered but little. We had, then, in the despatches before us, nearly the whole of the loss, which it would be in vain to conceal as most lamentable, and all the more so because it seems to have arisen from some misunderstanding.

The cavalry and artillery lost 175 killed, including 13 officers, and 251 wounded, including 27 officers; total, 426, besides the missing.—The infantry was but slightly engaged. It must be borne in mind that the return including 12 killed and about 70 wounded in the brilliant affair of Sir De Lacy Evans's diversion on the following day. When these are deducted, it appears that the infantry lost, in killed and wounded together, on the 25th, no more than a thirty men. The disaster, then, of which the mere shadow has darkened so many a household among us for the last ten days is not more but it is not much less, than the annihilation of the Light Cavalry Brigade. It entered into action about 700 strong, and mustered only 191 on its return, though, of course, some afterwards rejoined their comrades.

Of the missing, it is to be feared that the majority are killed, as the Russians, who would make the most of their prisoners, do not account for half as many. Had there been the smallest use in the movement that has cost us so much, —had it been the necessity of a retreat or part of any plan whatever, we should endeavour to bear this sad loss as we do the heaps of human life lavished in an assault. Even accident would have made it more tolerable. But it was a mere mistake evidently a mistake, and perceived to be such when it was too late to correct it. The affair then assumed the terrible form of a splendid self-sacrifice. Two great armies, composed of four nations, saw from the slopes of a vast amphitheatre seven hundred British cavalry proceed at a rapid pace, and in perfect order, to certain destruction. Such a spectacle was never seen before, and we trust will never be repeated.—There are two consolations—the first, that owing to the very incomplete state of our regiments, there were not more to exhibit in this fearful