

the Prefect of police with the ring, to put this functionary in mind of the series of robberies and murders which had caused so much excitement some years before, and demand an official course of inquiry, to trace the history of the ring since it had been wrenched from his finger. Second thoughts, however, persuaded him otherwise. The erasure of the initial might, at the outset, raise a difficulty which would render this course entirely useless. Resolving upon another mode of proceeding, he asked the jeweller by what means the ring had come into his possession; but as that individual seemed to consider the question somewhat uncivil, he purchased it, giving the full marked price, and then repeated the inquiry. Having received its full market value and something over, the jeweller relaxed the scruples of mercantile etiquette, and writing down a name and address upon a slip of paper, handed it to Ferrers, telling him they were those of the person of whom he purchased the ring. 'Mlle. Duberne, Rue du Helder, 24.' Ferrers took the ring and slip of paper, and departed. A few hours after found him with an agent of the Prefect, dressed in unofficial costume, in the luxuriously furnished little *appartement* of Mademoiselle Duberne, a rather handsome and very stylish Parisienne, of some twenty-seven or twenty-eight years. The subject was very adroitly introduced by the agent of police, and the intended inquiries were asked; but it appeared that the ring had been so long in the possession of the young lady, before some casual exigence induced her to dispose of it, that she had great difficulty in bringing to mind how she came by it. 'One receives so many presents, and especially so many rings,' said she carelessly, 'that it is almost impossible to remember any particular one.' She appeared very willing to comply with the request made, but was not able; and after leaning her white forehead on her white hand for some time, she declared it was impossible she could remember who gave her the ring. 'It must have been given to me by some one or other,' she said, 'for though I have dozens of rings, I never purchased one in my life. It is quite trouble enough to accept them. It is very likely that I have never seen the person who gave me this either before or since. I am sure I could not remember who it was. I only wish I could messieurs; I should have great pleasure in obliging you.' There was no reason for suspecting any intentional concealment; the manner of the lady was perfectly easy and unembarrassed. They told her that the inquiry she made involved matters of great importance, and that if she could find out whence she received the ring, she would afford a very great service to many individuals. In fine she asked Ferrers to leave his address, and stated, that if she could possibly call to mind, in the course of a few days, or trace back the circumstance of her coming into possession of the ring, she would send to him, or call upon him herself. As nothing more could be done at the present moment, they thanked the lady and withdrew.

To be continued.

THE CAPITAL OF RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURG, the present capital of the Russian Empire, now containing a population of about 50,000, is little more than a century old, having been founded by Peter the Great, in 1703, when he raised with his own hands the first hut, which is still preserved for the inspection of the curious. The first brick house was built in 1710, and in 1712 the residence of the Emperor was transferred from Moscow to the new city, which was named St. Petersburg, after the patron saint of its founder. The approach to the city is through a wild and desert country. There are neither country seats nor gardens in the environs of this large town. The steeples are not sufficiently high to be seen at a distance. The entrance is under a wooden *barrière*, and for a mile the traveller drives through a street of small wooden houses. Turning an angle, he finds himself on a bridge over the blue Neva, having before him the Admiralty, the winter palace of the Emperor, the Hermitage, the Marble Palace, and a succession of magnificent buildings on the granite quay. No dirty lanes or paltry huts are to be seen, the ground being the property of the Emperor or the nobles. Most of the houses are built on piles, as in Holland, the ground not being sufficiently firm for a stone foundation without them.

Most of the original edifices have been destroyed by time or by fire, and none of the principal streets are now permitted to be built of wood. The usual material is brick, well stuccoed, and the proprietors being compelled to renew the outer wash once a year, the buildings always look new. The modern houses are built on piles, the ground being marshy. They are lofty and generally handsome, with roofs nearly flat, sheeted with iron, painted red or green; they are all numbered, and the name of the proprietor is on each door; the ground floors are chiefly shops, the first and second floors being occupied by families. The panes of glass in the windows are as large as 6 feet by 4 feet and upwards, so that each appears a separate window. At the corner of each street is a policeman in a sentry box—Three large and several small canals, studded

with bridges of cast iron and granite, facilitate the intercourse between the different parts of the city, whose circumference on the banks of the Neva is nearly 20 miles, though scarcely a fourth part of the area is covered with buildings. The waters of the Neva are perfectly blue and transparent and reflect the long line of Grecian pillars on the banks.—The river, at the broadest part, is about three quarters of a mile wide, and is deep enough for heavy ships, but a bar across the mouth prevents vessels drawing more than seven feet from going higher up. Near the Isaac-bridge, in the centre of the city, is a famous bronze equestrian statue of Peter the Great, weighing 16 tons, and resting on a piece of granite of nearly 1,500 tons, being the largest block ever moved by art.

The royal residences are so numerous that St. Petersburg may well be called the city of palaces.

NOTHING IS LOST.

Nothing is lost; the drop of dew
Which trembles on the leaf of flower
Is but exhaled to fall anew
In summer's thunder shower,
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

Nought lost, for e'en the tiniest seed
By wild birds borne, or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need
Where'er 'tis sown and grown;
Perchance finds sustenance and soil
In some remote and desert place,
Or 'mid the crowded homes of toil
Sheds usefulness and grace.

The touching tones of minstrel art,
The breathings of the mournful flute,
Which we have heard with listening heart,
Are not extinct when mute;
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after hour.

So with our words, or harsh, or kind,
Uttered, they are not all forgot,
They leave their influence on the mind,
Pass on, but cherish not.
As they are spoken, so they fall
Upon the spirit spoken to,
Scorch it like drops of burning gall,
Or sooth like honey-dew.

So with our deeds, for good or ill,
They have a power scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
To make them ripe with good;
Like circles on a lake they go,
Ring within ring, and never stay:
Oh, that our deeds were fashioned so
That they might bless away.

A TURKISH HERO.

THE Daily News has lately contained a series of interesting "Letters from the Seat of War." One of these contain the following account of one of the leading heroes of the Turkish host:—

It is greatly to be regretted that at the moment when his services are most needed, Iskender Bey, one of the best officers in the Turkish army—who commanded the outposts—should be confined to his bed by severe illness at Widdin. In the action at Cistate he was riding furiously down the street of the village, heading a charge of his troops, when the horse of a Cossack, who was advancing to meet him, was struck by a round shot, and fell immediately in front of him; Iskender Bey's continued its course, and leaped over the prostrate bodies of the Russian and his horse; but when in the act of doing so, the latter attempted to rise, and Iskender Bey was thrown violently, and he and the Cossack, and their two steeds, rolled over and over in the mud. He had no sooner regained his feet, than he found himself in the grasp of a Russian soldier, who called on him to ask for quarter, to which he replied by a blow of his sabre, which prostrated his assailant in the mud. He was enabled to retire in safety by the advance of a body of bashi buzuks, but found that his ribs had been dislocated, and that he had sustained severe internal injury. He remained at his post for a few days, but at last was compelled to give way, as he was no longer able to mount his horse, and came to Widdin and put himself under the care of a surgeon. Both in appearance and antecedents he is decidedly the most remarkable man in the Turkish army. He is about the middle height, but rather muscular and symmetrical; his hair and beard are coal black, but, if possible, not nearly so black as his eyes, which flash like fire under dark, overhanging brows; a long and slightly curved nose, a small mouth, thin lips, and high forehead, and a complexion bronzed by sun and wind, combine to form one of the most striking physiognomies I have ever looked upon. He is of Tartar origin, and a Mussulman by birth, and is owner of large estates in Bessarabia, but has been in political exile ever since he attained the age of manhood. Personal taste and family traditions made him

a soldier, hatred of Russia made him a soldier of fortune, and, as might be expected there have been few wars in any part of the world for the last 20 years in which he had not taken part. He served with distinction in the Carlist war in Spain, and the Don Pedro war in Portugal, in both of which he was famed for his dashing courage as a cavalry leader. Such was his character for determination that, while in Spain, he was appointed to the command of a legion called the "Legion Provisoire," composed of all the *mauvais sujets* of the army, cut-throats, and brigands from every clime under heaven, who were found intolerable in the company of decent men.

The legion soon acquired the habit of killing their officers, so that at last no one could be found to command them except Iskender Bey. He no sooner found himself in his new post than he took the initiative by killing three men on the spot, who gave signs of insubordination. Every body was expecting each day to hear of his death, but his troops, finding the sort of man they had to deal with, gave up their old practices, and followed him in action with unconquerable valour and devotion. He left Spain and Portugal with eleven crosses of various orders. 1836 found him at the famous siege of Herat, in Persia, during the Russo Persian difference which excited so much interest in our Indian possessions. The Chinese war drew him to Canton where he was a spectator of the hostilities from beginning to end. He then entered the French service in Algeria, and was present in most of the actions with Abdelkader and likewise shared in the dangers and disasters of the terrible retreat from Constantine. He left the French army with the star of the Legion of Honour; and in 1848 took service in the Hungarian war of independence, under his old companion in arms, General Bem. The treachery and misfortunes of 1849 sent him to Turkey, with a crowd of others. He quickly obtained employment and bore a prominent part in the campaigns in Bosnia and Montenegro—in the former he commanded a division of the Turkish army, which defeated a superior force of insurgents and captured a large number of their guns. This service was most important, as it inflicted a blow on the Bosnians from which they never recovered. The government evinced its gratitude by raising him to the rank of pacha, but Austria and Russia jointly protested against his elevation, and he relieved the Sultan from his embarrassment by voluntarily relinquishing his new dignity. He now bears the grade of colonel of cavalry and has had the command of the outposts at Kalat—though nominally second to Murzur Pacha, the son of Reschid Pacha, who though a quite a boy, and without experience is a brigadier of cavalry but has the good sense never to attempt to perform the duties attached to his rank. Iskender Bey is not above forty years of age, but war and weather, and fourteen wounds, have done their work so well that he looks fully ten years older.—As a horseman and *sabreur* he has but few equals, and probably no superiors in Europe. He is idolised by the soldiery rather for his brilliant courage than anything in his manner. When he first took the command of the outposts so high was the opinion entertained in Turkey as well as in the rest of Europe of the capabilities of the Cossacks, that the Turkish troops viewed them with considerable apprehension. When the videttes saw two or three approaching they were in the habit of rushing to Iskender Bey, and reporting the circumstance as one of deep import. He dissipated their illusions by a very simple process. Whenever he received news of the appearance of two, three, or four, he mounted on horseback, rode out, and in sight of his men flung himself into the midst of them, sword in hand. They seldom waited his onset, and whenever they did, found reason to regret it; but a few displays of this sort were sufficient to convince the soldiers that a courageous man with a good sabre had nothing to fear from the Cossacks, who in reality are only useful as scouts, and generally take care to keep themselves out of reach of danger.

LAWYERS ATTENTION.

At a small town up the river, a young lawyer who thought himself 'some,' made certain proposals at a town meeting, which were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, he said to the farmer, 'Sir, do you know that I have been at two universities, and at two colleges in each university?' 'Well, sir,' said the farmer, 'what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, the more he sucked, the greater calf he grew.'

POPPING THE QUESTION.

A young lawyer, who had long paid his addresses to a lady, without much advancing, his suit, accused her one day of being 'insensible of love.'

'It does not follow,' she replied archly, 'that I am so, because I am not to be won by the power of attorney.'

'Forgive me,' replied the suitor, 'but you should remember that all the votaries of Cupid are solicitors.'

THE FRENCH ALGERIAN CHIEFS.

The impending war with Russia has concentrated public attention on the state of the French and English armies. The morale of both armies, speaking professionally has suffered from the prolongation of peace. It is true that neither the French nor the English troops have been wholly inactive since the battle of Waterloo. India has been the military school of the one, and Algeria of the other. Some fugitive notices of the generals who have chiefly distinguished themselves in the French service in Algeria appear in Mr Morell's "Algeria," some account of which will be found in our "literary column." The following particulars are derived from that volume:—

MARSHAL BUGEAUD.

Although the gallant Marshal no longer survive he played too important a part in the campaigns in Algeria to be omitted in the notice of the Algerian generals. A French writer, Castellane, describing Bugeaud's campaigns, says—

"Blows like these can only be struck by an army that has more than reliance in its commander. It must have respect and love for him. Such were in fact, the sentiments that Marshal Bugeaud had succeeded in inspiring in his soldiers. Who amongst us has been able to forget his noble countenance and his noble heart? In their familiar way of speaking, the soldiers had christened him *Pere Bugeaud*. And they were right; for his solicitude for their welfare equalled his affection for them. Easy and communicative, he felt happy among his troops as in the bosom of his family; his language, full of good humour, went at once to the heart of the soldiers. They all felt indebted to him for losing sight occasionally of his high rank; and the respect they bore him was only increased by his condescension. It was in times of danger that 'Richard' was himself again.' In those seasons all eyes were turned towards him, being certain to find a direction and precise order; or, if the danger became imminent for all common safety."

St. Marie admits that Marshal Bugeaud had great military ability, and that he was a man of perfect integrity; but he adds that he was altogether a soldier, and jealous of his authority. The minister of war himself did not know always how to deal with him. He was heard to say, "L'Afrique c'est moi." He used to be the terror of the Arabs; and he received Colonel Pelissier with great cordiality after the latter had burnt 1200 victims in the caves of Dahra in 1845. The staff-officers who surrounded him imitated his rough manners; and one of his aide-de-camps is reported to have thrown a plate in a cafe, at Algiers, at a dilatory waiter, who thereupon threw back an omelet on the officer. Other ungentlemanly tricks are recorded of the French officers.

The name of Bugeaud is associated with many of the most important successes of the French arms in Africa. He beat Abd-el-Kader on the Sikkak, near Tiemeen, in 1836; he overthrew the army of Morocco at Isly in 1844; and he subdued the greater part of Kabylia Proper in 1846, showing the greatest decision and the most determined courage throughout. Marshal Bugeaud, who was created Duke of Isly after his victory, had served under Napoleon at Saragossa (1809), as we have previously seen, and provided over Algeria as Governor-General from 1841 to 1846. He died in Paris, of cholera, in 1849.

GENERAL CHANGARNIER.

"I still remember," says Castellane, "that on our way from Miliana to Algiers, the Arab chiefs came to salute General Changarnier on his passage; and among them I met a kaid of the Hadjonte, an old acquaintance of mine. We spoke of the numerous razzias and mighty strokes that had subdued his warlike tribe. 'His name amongst us,' said the kaid, speaking of the general, 'means the leveller of pride, the subduer of enemies, and he has justified his name. Pointing to the long line of mountains bordering the Mitidja, he added, 'When the storm comes, the lightning darts in a second over all these mountains, and sounds their cavities. Such was his look in searching us. When once he had seen us, the ball does not reach its quarry quicker than his blow smote us.' And the old Arab chief was right. The distinguishing characteristic of General Changarnier in war is a sure and rapid judgment, and an indomitable energy; he knows how to command—in face of danger his courage rises; then, if you draw near him, his vigour becomes infectious, and you no longer doubt the event. He first showed himself at Constantine, and since then he has not ceased in supporting his glorious reputation. If ever you visit the bivouac of one of the old African bands, and enter the soldier's little tent, listen to the numerous excursions they have made with him, and you will hear what they will say about him."

Perhaps the most brilliant of Changarnier's achievements was the forcing of the Pass of the Oued Fedhe, near Miliana, in September 1842. Never did a French column run such risks. With a thousand men he was enveloped in frightful ravines, while whole populations of hostile Arabs and Kabyles rushed upon him. But Cavaignac was there; the zouaves, the chasseurs d'Orleans, and the chasseurs d'Afrique were there; and Changarnier commanded. "Calm and impassible," says Castellane, "General Changarnier was as the rear-guard, enveloped in his little cabin of white wool, a target for all the bullets; and giving his orders with a coolness and distinctness that gave confidence to the troops and doubled their ardour. Not a moment's wavering was seen in that daring eye; his heart seemed to swell with the danger. The column advanced, the mountains re-echoing to the tempest of battle. He led a charming life amidst the shower of bullets that seemed to increase his coolness. Seldom have soldiers shown more courage; but the chief knew how to command, and his men to obey."

Lamping informs us (1841) that "General Changarnier, who commanded us, is known by the whole army as a brave soldier, who exacts the very utmost from others as well as from himself, and who accordingly most commonly succeeds in his enterprises.—He is more feared than loved by the men, who say, 'C'est un homme durce Changarnier.' He appears to be a few years above 50, powerfully built, but with a face somewhat weather beaten by the storms of life. He has first fighting in Africa ever since the first occupation."

Changarnier has since shown the same stern inflexible will in decision at the barricades of the Faubourg St. Antoine and in exile. Whatever his political opinions or errors may be, he was valiantly supported the reputation of the French arms.

GENERAL LAMORICIERE.

Equally brave, more dashing, and less cool, the gallant Lamoriciere is the perfection of a buxar officer. His very conversation has all the eclaircissement the lightning speed of a charge of cavalry. As governor of the province of Oran, he was remarkable for the incessant activity, promptitude, and rapidity of his intelligence; and his bold spirit loved to indulge in brilliant paradoxes, in discussing and