

half-barbarian Peter, the insane Paul, and the vehement Nicholas. He married in 1844, Alexandra, daughter of the Prince of Saxe-Altenburg. His present appointment is High Admiral of Russia; but he is kept by his father's side. Many think that this is with the view of his superseding his eldest brother in the throne, as did his father.

THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.

The third son of the reigning Czar, the Grand Duke Michael is more like his father in person and character than either of his elder brothers, being handsome, wary, cold, and tyrannical.—He was born in 1831.

THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS

The fourth son, the Grand Duke Nicholas, is a year younger than Michael. These two Princes are appointed to command in the armies in the South. They were publicly blessed by their father on the 23d October, at a review of the Imperial Guard, when the Czar, his sons, and the whole 30,000 Guards, knelt to implore the blessing of the Almighty. Can we think that this display of piety is genuine in one who otherwise acts so impiously?

THE CZAR'S DAUGHTERS.

The Czar's eldest daughter, Maria, a very beautiful woman, was married in 1839, to Maximilian, Duke of Leuchtenberg, who died in 1852 is said that the Duke during his lifetime did not enjoy the splendid prison in which by his marriage, he had incarcerated himself, nor did he willingly submit to the domestic tyranny of his father-in-law. This produced many disagreements, and he was continually under arrest for persisting in the freedom of appearing in his Royal wife's boudoir in his dressing gown, for smoking in her presence, or for buttoning his military coat otherwise than according to the Emperor's regulations. So that not even the mutual affection between him and his wife prevented him from congratulating the Duke de Bourdeaux, when a proposition for his marrying another of the daughters of Russia was broken off, that he had "escaped the cage in which he himself was enclosed." The widowed Duchess of Leuchtenberg visited England last year.—Olga the second daughter of the Emperor born in 1822, is said to be the most beautiful of this strikingly handsome family.—She has suffered much from ill health, and is still very delicate. She married in 1846, the Prince Royal of Wurtemberg. The fourth daughter, Alexandra born in 1824, was married to Prince Frederic of Hesse. She died in 1851 to the intense grief of her parents. She was the youngest and best beloved.

THE CZAR'S BROTHERS.

All the Emperor's brothers are now dead. That the Emperor Alexander was the most amiable, the most benevolent, the most civilised—in a word, the most Christian—there is little doubt. Of the Grand Duke Constantine we have already had occasion to speak elsewhere as violent and ungovernable in his temper, even to insanity. When Viceroy in Poland, the cruelties exercised by his command towards the unhappy Poles, was great beyond description.—He died of cholera in 1831. The Grand Duke Michael, who was born during the brief reign of his father Paul, had in consequence the largest private fortune of any of his family. He is said to have resembled the Emperor Alexander in his disposition more than either of his other brothers. To his bravery Nicholas very much owed the successful termination of the conspiracy which attended the commencement of his reign. He married Helen, Princess of Wurtemberg, and died in 1849, leaving a widow and three daughters, but no sons. These daughters were brought up by their mother, in great retirement; the eldest Catherine, married, in 1851, George, Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; and the second, Elizabeth, Michaelowna, married Adolph of Warsaw. We find thus that, by means of royal marriages, the Czar has connected himself with almost all the principal reigning families in the Continent of Europe. His sister is widow of the late William II. of Holland, and he himself brother-in-law to the King of Prussia.

Incidents of the War.

Camp before Sebastopol, Feb. 6.

PREPARING FOR ATTACK.

Feb. 8.—This morning a rumour having got abroad that the Russians were approaching, the allies prepared for them in the following manner. The alarm spread—the harbour was soon involved in it. Captain Christie sent orders round to all the large merchant steamers to be in readiness to render all the aid in their power; and Admiral Boxer ordered the men of the *Venus* to be landed, and the sailors of the transports to be armed and in readiness for service. The *Wa-p* and *Diamond*, all prepared for action and moored step to step, so as to form a floating battery, commanded the approach of the harbour from the land side. The sea side is considered sufficiently fortified by nature; why, I never could understand. At four o'clock Sir Collin Campbell and his staff mounted the heights up to the Rifle camp. It was bright moonlight. A deep blue sky sparkling with stars was streaked here and there by light fleecy clouds of snowy whiteness, which sweep slowly

across the mountain crags, or dark dows, like masses of infantry on the march. Scarce a sound was audible near us, except at intervals the monotonous cry of the sentries, "Number one, and all's well," or the bells striking the hours on board the ships but terrible salvos of artillery and incessant volleys of musketry from the front before Sebastopol told that the French and Russians had availed themselves of the moonlight to continue their contest with fresh vigour. The sullen roar of the heavy mortars, which came booming upon the ear twice or thrice in every minute, bespoke the deadly use which our allies were making against the city of the beauty of the morning.

In the rear, around the deep valleys and on the giant crags towards the sea, all was silent. The men behind the trench which defends our position from Balaklava to the seaboard scarcely spoke above a whisper, and were almost lost to sight, but the moon light played on long lines of bright barrels and sparkling bayonets, which just crested as it were the dark outlines of the breastwork, beneath which English, French, and Turk were lying in readiness for the enemy. The guns in the redoubts and earthwork batteries were prepared for instant service. The 93rd, 42nd, and 79th Highlanders, and the 1st Zouaves, defended the lower part of the trenches; then came a body of Turkish troops higher up to the slope of the hills; higher still were placed the Royal Marines; and at the summit a portion of the second battalion of the Rifle Brigade, commanded by Major Macdonnel. The line was further strengthened for the time by the 14th and 71st Regiments, which were marched out from the town. All the batteries were fully manned, and had the enemy come on at the time he would have met with astonishingly warm reception. I had been roused out before four o'clock in the morning, but being rather incredulous in the matter of alerts, I had contented myself with getting on my clothes, and having the horses saddled, till the firing from Sebastopol became so very heavy that the echoes from the heights sounded as if there was really a conflict taking place above.

However, I was soon undeceived, for the sound decreased, and at last all was silent around. An hour and a half of anxious vigil brought the dawn. All eyes peered through the strange compound of light, formed by the rays of the rising sun and by the beams of his fast-declining stellite to discover the columns of the enemy, but there were none in sight. Just as the sun rose the eternal Cossack videttes came in view on the hill tops to the east, each figure standing out sharp and black against the glowing background. A few Russians were seen about Kamara, but it was evidence there was no preparation for an attack this day, and Sir Collin Campbell gave orders for the men to return to their tents. The fact was, that the story of the Tartar had been magnified and distorted to such an extent before it came to the General's ears that he was quite certain that the Russians would have attacked us, and the principal transport agents sent round word to the ships that it was certain we were to be assaulted at half-past four o'clock by 35,000 Russians, who were marching down upon us.

The stirring events of this day, however have shown that the spy have brought trustworthy intelligence to us. The Russians have actually returned to the heights over the valley of Balaklava, towards the left of the Tchernays, and have re-occupied the hill and ravines about Kamara and Tchorgoum in some force. They appear to be casting up entrenchments along their front, and it is quite evident, at four o'clock this afternoon, that they were getting up two heavy guns on a space of land close to "Canrobert's Hill," which would enable them to annoy our convoys across the plain to the camp very considerably. Probably they buried these guns when they abandoned the valley some time ago as it seems very improbable that they could have dragged them up to their position over the country in its present state. The fact of the enemy placing their guns in position argues that he is tolerably strong behind them, and that he is preparing for a protracted residence in this neighbourhood, where his presence is by no means desirable. It is to be hoped that Sir Collin Campbell will advance his picquets. During the snow they were not sent out at night; but the front of our lines were then impassable and unapproachable, and there were no Russians to threaten us. Nevertheless, even then, many officers were uneasy at the condition of the lines, and argued that there might be great danger from a night march judiciously conducted by the enemy. Sir Collin Campbell is too good a soldier, however, not to take every precaution for the safety of his troops, and no doubt picquets will be sent out in future towards the enemy.

At present there is no telling the exact force of Russians in our rear, but the spy fixed them at 35,000 men. A reconnoissance on a small scale, was to have been made by Sir Collin Campbell, accompanied by Lord Burghersh, but, owing to the thick weather it did not take place.

A YOUTHFUL HERO.

A sergeant-major, now in Wellington barracks, who had recently returned from the Crimea, has given the following enthusiastic account of the conduct of a young soldier, only 10 years old, named Thomas Keep, of the 3rd battalion

Grenadier Guards, under the command of Colonel Thomas Wood. The writer states that this boy accompanied the army to the heights of the Alma, preserving the most undaunted demeanour throughout the battle. At one time a 24-pounder passed on each side of him, and shot and shell fell about him like hail, but notwithstanding the weariness of the day, present dangers, or the horrid sight, the boy's heart beat with tenderness towards the poor wounded.—Instead of going into a tent to take care of himself after the battle was over, he refused to take rest, but was seen venturing his life for the good of his comrades in the battle-field. This boy was seen stepping carefully over one dead body after another, collecting all the broken muskets he could find, and making a fire in the night to procure hot water. He made tea for the poor sufferers, and saved the life of Sergeant Russell and some of the private soldiers who were lying nearly exhausted for want. Thus did this youth spend the night. At the battle of Balaklava he again assisted the wounded.—The boy did his duty by day and worked in the trenches by night, taking but little rest. At the battle of Inkermann he was surrounded by Russians about 20 minutes, and to use his own words, he said he thought it was "a case" with him, but he escaped all right. He received one shot, which went through his coat and out through the leg of his trousers, but Providence again preserved him unhurt. He helped with all the bravery of a man to get in the wounded, and rested not until the poor sufferers were made as comfortable as he could make them.—He waited on the doctor when extracting the shot from the men, and waited on the men before and after. "Thus did this youth," says the writer, "do anything to any one who needed help. Some of the wounded say that they should not have been alive now had it not been for this boy's unwearied watchfulness and kindness in their hours of helplessness. This boy has been recommended by Colonel Robinson and Colonel Wood and other officers in her Majesty's service."

A PICKET ADVENTURE.

As I was riding out towards the Camp this afternoon with an officer of the Scots Fusilier Guards, I witnessed a refreshing instance of the vigilance of our men. We rode out along the valley towards the Woronzoff road and kept a little too much to our right, so that, happening to look towards the top of a mound about 300 yards distant, the first thing that struck us was the head of a Cossack as he crouched down to escape observation in the hope that with the aid of his picket he could make us prisoners. It was just as well a bullet had not struck either of us, but, as a rule, sentries never fire on stragglers passing within range. A little in advance of, and keeping towards the mound on our right, was an English soldier; behind him at the distance of some 400 yards, another soldier was seen running shouting at the top of his voice, with his firelock at the present. The first man kept walking rapidly on. The other halted and fired, and the ball knocked the earth close to him. Still the fellow kept on and we were riding up to see what he was, when a Heavy Dragoon started at a gallop from the cavalry picket-house, and rode between the man and the hill. The foot soldier turned back at once with the Dragoon, who marched him to the picket-house and then went up to the other man. We found this poor fellow was a sentry from the hill in front of the Highland Battery, and that he had run all the distance after the other man, whom he had seen edging up towards the Russian lines along the plain. He returned at once to his post, and in a quarter of an hour more he was on his bleak beat, pacing up and down, with his eye fixed on the enemy. It was amusing to watch the Cossack all this time. Nothing could be seen of him for the time but his little bullet head over the bank. He evidently imagined that by lying close he might get one of us; but he was disappointed, for the Dragoon requested us to go more to the left, and thus debarred us the use of a path which many of the men of the regiments of the right of the Camp had been in the habit of taking for a long time past. It is now tabooed, however, as the Cossacks seem to have pushed their videttes somewhat closer than they have been for some weeks past.—Letter from the Camp, Feb. 5.

Camp before Sebastopol Jan. 31.

To-day a spy walked through some of our trenches, counted the guns, and made whatever observations he pleased besides, in addition to the information acquired from the men with whom he conversed. He was closely shaven and wore a blue frock coat buttoned up to the chin; and he stopped for to look at Mr Muddock, of the *Sanspareil*, "bouching" the guns or putting new vent into them. Some said he was like a Frenchman, others that he "looked like a doctor;" no one suspected he was a Russian till he suddenly bolted away down the front of the batteries towards the Russian pickets, under a sharp fire of musketry, through which he had the singular good luck to escape unscathed.—Strict orders have been issued, in consequence of this daring act, to admit no one into the trenches or works without a written permission from the proper authorities, and that all persons found loitering about the camp shall be arrested and sent to divisional head-quarters for examination. On the other hand, our spy who was sent

out some time ago to report on the condition of the army towards the Belbek, has returned, and states that he went as far as Simpheropol; that the enemy are in some force along the route, but that the cavalry is in a miserable condition, and their horses are lying dead by hundreds all over the country.

February 1.

The Marines of the Algiers and *Agamemnon* re-embarked on board the *Sanspareil* to join their ships to-day, and 100 supernumeraries of the fleet will take their place in the front. It is beyond doubt that whenever the assault takes place the fleet will run in to draw off the effects of the fire of the north forts on the south side of the town. As the southern forts will be in the hands of the allies there will be no cross fire on the ships, but it is somewhat difficult to foresee the real action and effect of the fleets on the place, inasmuch as the entrance to the harbour is sealed by the boom and the sunken vessels. It is believed that the large screw line-of-battle ships can break the boom and force their way through the *chevaux de frise* of amputated masts and spars by running at them full speed, but any failure in such an attempt would lead to the most serious consequences to the vessels whose progress would be necessarily arrested at a fixed point under the fire of the northern forts. If the southern forts are seized rapidly in the first rush of the assault, the allies may avail themselves of their very heavy armament to aid the fleets, to cover their own position, and to reply to the guns of the northern forts, but it is more probable that the Russians will destroy the guns, and that the forts are mined, so that they may be at once sent into the air, when the outer batteries are forced. Two of these forts have hollow casemated galleries towards the land side, and are perfectly open, so that the guns cannot be turned from the sea face by the enemy, and brought to bear on our attacking columns. Fort Alexander and Fort Nicholas can scarcely bring a score of guns to bear on the place, as their embrasures all look seawards, and the casemates are open in the rear, being accessible by long galleries of solid masonry.—The fort at the extremity of Cape Paul at Karabelnair which mounts 78 guns in three tiers can fire on the French side of the town, from one angle and one face, and it is covered by the formidable works of Malakhoff and by the Redan and Garden Battery, and by a long line of earthworks. Should these works and the lines of Malakhoff not be speedily forced, the fire of the Paul Battery would be very annoying to any troops in possession of the town at the other (the western) side of Dockyard Harbour, and would take Fort Nicholas in reverse. It is not at all probable that the Russians will overlook the importance of destroying all the southern forts, in case they intend to defend with obstinacy the northern side of the place. We know indeed, that the magazines of these forts form most effectual and powerful mines, and there is, I think, not much reliance to be placed in the stories we hear respecting the want of powder in Sebastopol. Should the ships be able to subdue the fire of the northern forts, nothing will remain for the army to do but invest the citadel and to meet any army which may threaten it in the rear from the south, or advance to raise the siege on the north. Such a happy result is almost too much to expect; but Sir Edmund Lyons has declared that the fleet shall not be idle when the assault does take place, and if energy, skill, and courage can carry our wooden walls to victory, we may be certain we will win it. The success of the fleet would relieve us from serious difficulties in the reduction of the north side of the place, for the dangers of crossing round by the ravines and marshes at the head of the vale of Inkermann, over scarp-ed and broken paths swept by the fire of very heavy artillery, are not to be lightly estimated.

There is no other way of getting round except by the mountainous road and forest tracks towards Mackenzie's Farm, and there is no doubt that the enemy have prepared the route for our reception in event of our undertaking so difficult an operation. From the Inkermann ruins down to the road to Mackenzie's Farm inaccessible cliffs which overhang the course of the Tchernays in sheer slabs of many hundred feet in height, close up to the flank of the Russians completely on that side, and only leave two roads open to the north—that by the marshes and over the defiles close to the sea, and under the Light-house batteries of Inkermann, and that round towards the south of the Belbek by Mackenzie's Farm. The disappearance of Liprandi's corps from the valley of Balaklava has relieved us for a time from uneasiness, and leaves our rear open; but at any moment—at the period of the assault for instance—the same force, or one in still larger numbers may reappear, and paralyse the action of the Allies, who must maintain their present position till they have actually reduced the whole of the south side of the place. I presume some reconnoissance in force will be made immediately ere the assault takes place, to ascertain the exact force and disposition of the enemy in that direction. They still hang about our rear, the eternal Cossack is ever on the watch on all the mounds and hill tops towards Komara, Tchorgoum and Baider. It was but yesterday I saw three mounted officers evidently taking a quiet reconnoissance of their own under shelter of the ruined church of Komara, and examining the