

her daughter such a wretched life, that the poor, unguided child threw herself away upon a wild young fellow of the name of Dalzell—Arthur Dalzell.

'Dalzell! a rather fine name that,' I interjected; 'but an assumed one, perhaps.'

'No; he was a young man of good family, who had lost both his parents in his nonage, and upon reaching the ripe maturity of twenty-one, was cast upon the world to scramble through it as he best could, with a fortune of five or six hundred pounds, and habits of expense requiring five times as much as that yearly. He had, however, the good taste, though himself what is called a gentleman-amateur, to withdraw his wife from the stage. Finding himself, but a few months after marriage, in imminent danger of a jail, he managed to procure a commission in the English force serving under General Evan's in Spain. There he speedily acquired a character for reckless daring; and when General Evan's troops were disbanded, he transferred his services to the French Foreign Legion, employed in Africa. A long interval passed, and then I heard of them from Southern Russia; and that Captain Dalzell was an officer in the army of the czar.'

'Verily, a roving, adventurous gentleman! But did Aunt Viola share his wanderings?'

'She was his inseparable companion. Captain Dalzell's employment in Russia was not, if I rightly understood Viola, entirely of a military character. He had something to do with government contracts, in which he failed, in consequence, it seemed, of the bad faith of a partner. This I learned from the last letter I ever received from my sister; it was dated from Odessa.'

'I know: the place which the French and Britishers have lately cannonaded in a considerate, merciful sort of way, as if desirous of hurting the Russians as little as possible.'

'That letter,' continued my aunt, 'informed me that Captain Dalzell had left Russia for ever, and that she and her own surviving child, Marian, were about to follow whither she did not precisely know, but very probably to America. This, it proved, was their destination; but unhappily, whilst Ruth and I were absent in Boston, Captain Dalzell arrived at New York, made himself known to my husband, who received him most cordially; lent him five hundred dollars, mainly for the alleged purpose of sending for his wife and daughter; which sum the unhappy man appears to have lost at a gaming-house in one night. The next day, he sent off, as a curt note apprised your uncle, to join the Mexicans, in arms to defend their country against the braggart Yankees!'

'My stars! but such a note from a man that had choused him out five hundred dollars, must have got the major's clander up alarmingly!'

'My husband was, and naturally so, very wroth; but he acted unjustly in his anger, by writing an unkind, reproachful letter to Viola, whose address he found in my writing-desk, indirectly upbraiding her with Captain Dalzell's misdeeds. I knew of all this too late. The exoneratory letter I immediately wrote was returned after a long interval, with a postal intimation that Madame Dalzell had left Odessa; and from her continued silence, I was fain to conclude that Viola had finished her sad earthly pilgrimage, till a few days since, when this Karl Hartmann came over to Staten Island, bringing a long letter addressed to me from Arthur Dalzell, who, it appears is dying at San Francisco, and, repentant too late, is anxious to induce his long abandoned wife, who is still living somewhere in South Russia, to come over to America, that he may see her and his child once more before his eyes close upon a world in which he has played so unworthy a part. Karl Hartmann, his friend, knows, he writes, South Russia well, and with my assistance will be able to discover the present whereabouts of Viola, and bring her safely here. She has, it appears supported herself and Marian for several years past by teaching music, but of late her eyesight began to fail her; and thus whilst I her own sister, have been wrapped in ease, comfort, luxury, the sweet beautiful child—for Mark, dear Mark, sobbed my aunt, giving way to the choking grief, which for some minutes had rendered her speech almost unintelligible—I cannot realise her to myself but as I saw her last, God's radiant angel-child—she, I say, has the while been hopelessly struggling with calamity—abandoned, blind! O heavenly Father! thy ways, thy dispensations are indeed inscrutable!'

'This is a strange story, dear aunt, I ventured to remark after a while. Does Mr Hartmann require funds of you for his journey?'

'Yes; and large funds too, Mark.'

'I thought so. But how comes it that Captain Dalzell does not know his wife's precise address? Merely that she may be heard of somewhere in South Russia—a pleasant country I guess, to hunt over upon such an errand just now?'

'I asked that very question,' said my aunt; 'and the answer was, that Dalzell had not for a very long time heard from my sister, except indirectly. I, however, positively refused, from the first, to advance the money, except through you, and from time to time as the exigency might arise. This Mr Hartmann strongly demurred to; but after seeing you yester afternoon—you have rather a raw, boyish look,

Mark—he made no farther objection to that arrangement.'

'Mr Hartmann may find, when the push comes, that he has mistaken his man, or boy, since boy I am doomed to remain all my days.'

'Ruth says you will prove yourself a match for half a dozen German Hartmanns,' said Aunt Martha, pitching a very soothing, soft-sawdery note. 'And it is certain that, in prosecuting the search after your aunt Viola, you will incur no danger. The czar is anxious just now to cultivate friendly relations with this country, and you will be provided with letters from strongly influential parties here to Mr Brown, the American representative at Constantinople.'

'I shall do my best, be assured, dear aunt, to deserve Ruth's flattering opinion, and to accomplish your wishes.'

Aunt Martha's quivering lips pressed mine in acceptance of that pledge, and we then went down stairs, where we found my father hob-nobbing with the said Karl Hartmann, unquestionably a man of superior, commanding aspect; and no one could look upon his sun-bronzed, scarred visage, two sword cuts, not at all disfiguring—and tall, well set up figure, without instantly recognising a soldier of service.

The brief conversation that ensued turned upon the war, to the theatre whereof we were bound, the stranger displaying not only an intimate knowledge of the countries to which it was likely to extend, but an inveterate, supercilious John Bullism, as surprising in a German as the perfection of his pronunciation.

'You speak English wonderfully well, Mr Hartmann,' I remarked.

'Not at all wonderfully, Mr Henderson,' he replied, 'when you remember that I have passed several years in these United States, where, as you know, the genuine accent can alone be acquired.'

The sneering tone and emphasis with which this was said, made my blood tingle again; and cudgelling my brains for my smart retort, I came out with the brilliant, if not quite novel, home thrust; 'It is certainly very amusing to find Great Britain, with India and half a world, besides in her omniferous grasp, affecting such righteous horror, of aggressive war.'

Before Hartmann's flashing glance could be interpreted by words, Dame Garstone interposed with—'There is, at all events, a mighty difference in favour of England as against Russia in one respect: England did not invade India and other countries in simulated vindication of the gospel of God—solemnly inaugurate the work of the devil in the name of Christ.'

'Just so, madam,' said Hartmann, rising to go away.

'Cotton would be a more appropriate inscription upon Britain's aggressive banner than the name invoked by the czar. The Saucy Gipsy,' he added, with a mocking merry glance at the indignant supercargo, 'will, it is understood, sail, wind and weather permitting, the day after to-morrow, at about noon. I shall not fail to be punctual.' Mr Hartmann, then, after a brief private conference with my aunt, left the house; and so did I, a few minutes subsequently, with Aunt Martha.

The wind blew fresh from the south-west; the blue-Peter had been for some time flying at the foretop-mast-head of the Saucy Gipsy—the brig, by the by, had been so named after Ruth's household and familiar sobriquet—now moored off the landing-place at Staten Island; and the order was at length given to cast off; whereupon Aunt Martha who had been urging her counsels and commands over and over again, hastened from the cabin upon deck, bidding Ruth follow.

'Good by, Cousin Mark,' said Ruth, holding out her little hand, and speaking with a lightness of tone I was sure was only assumed. 'We shall think of the Saucy Gipsy often, I daresay, than you will.'

'Ah Ruth, if you only felt as I feel!'

'Mercy forbid! Not, at least, as you felt ten minutes ago—fit to murder poor Mr Hartmann; and all because I was comonly civil to the man.'

'Ruth! Ruth!'

'Just as if a girl of my angelic sweetness of disposition could look cross or forbidding, if she tried.'

'Oh, come, I'll be darned if!'

Nonsense! Hold your tongue—do! Your's nothing more to say to me, I suppose, Mark? she added, balancing herself upon one foot, and holding the cabin-door in her hand. 'Coming, mamma!'

'Nothing—but that I must have a kiss at parting.'

'I daresay! For shame, you rude boy!—Did you ever! Why, Mark! Here I am, mamma!'

CHEERFULNESS AND SONG.—If you would keep spring in your heart learn to sing. There is more merit in melody than most people are aware of. A cobbler who smoothes his wax-ends with a song will do as much work in a day as one given to ill-nature and fretting would effect in a week. Songs are like sunshine; they run to cheerfulness—to fill the bosom with such buoyance that for the time being you feel filled with June air, or like a meadow of clover in blossom.

Sir Sydney Smith hearing of the difficulty of choughing down a speaker, recommended a trial of the hooping-cough.

Incidents of the War.

PELISSIER'S REPORT OF THE SIEGE.

The French minister-of-war has received the annexed report from the general-in-chief of the army in the east, dated the 17th ult.:

M. le Marechal.—For some time past the besieged have not quitted their works except to ascertain what we were doing, and to examine our works of approach by sending out a few men. On the night of the 14th, as I have already had the honour of informing you summarily by telegraph, he attempted a vigorous blow against the left of our advanced works before the Malakoff. You already know that he did not succeed.

We had crowned the Quarries situate between the Brancion redoubt (the Mamelon) and the Malakoff tower with a strong gabionnade, thus forming a continuous line, the right of which is covered on the side of the Carcenning ravine by an extensive place de armes, and the left is well defended by good ambuscades near the Karabelnaia ravine. A flying ambuscade, merely occupied by a few advanced pickets lodged in the holes, had been constructed on the extreme left, to divert the fire of the enemy upon that quarter.

This line, of which the central point of defence was the Brancion redoubt, was occupied on the right by Lieut.-colonel Granchette, of the 49th of the line, with three battalions of his regiment, having the 4th foot chasseurs a reserve.

Lieutenant-colonel Chabron, of the 86th, commanded the left, formed a battalion of his regiment and the 91st of the line. Forty voltigeurs, who had occupied the ambuscade on the left, had for their right support 200 picked men of the 91st, under the order of commander Teillier. The 1st battalion of the 100th, posted in the parallel, was to act according to circumstances, either on the right or on the left.—Lastly, the Karabelnaia ravine was strongly occupied to the rear by a battalion of each of the two regiments of grenadiers of the imperial guard, and by 200 sappers of the 100th of the line.

The beginning of the night, was a cloudy sky and the absence of the moon made very dark, presented nothing particular, till about one in the morning, when a considerable sortie was made against the English lines, but without result. Half an hour afterwards a Russian column of five or six battalions advanced by the bottom of the Karabelnaia ravine, and debouched on our left. Our advanced posts placed beneath the flying gabionnade gave way as they had been ordered to do, and gave the alarm.

Scarcely had our advanced posts returned before the Russians made their attack, hurrahing and opening a well-supported musketry fire.—They were received at once with a fire no less energetic, and in spite of all their efforts, were unable to reach our works. They kept renewing their attacks for half an hour, but without any more success, and at last, overwhelmed by our musketeers' fire, and the well-directed aim of two of our batteries, the decided on retreating, carrying off their killed and wounded, and leaving in front of our gabionnade a quantity of guns and stores, and five dead bodies, one of which was that of an officer.

The enemy's loss must have been very heavy. Ours fortunately is small; for though on duty for twenty-four hours, and including this action the Mottorunge division, which was on duty, had only twenty killed and ninety four wounded.

These excellent results are owing to the bravery and firmness of the troops, and the good arrangements of Brigade-general Uhrich, and the vigour of Lieut.-col. Chabron and Commandant Teillier, of the 91st, both excellent officers.

I have just received the report of General Bosquet, respecting a fresh sortie made by the Russians last night.

The enemy have vainly endeavoured, as I have informed your excellency above, to check the advance of our ways on the left front of the Malakoff, attempted to drive us back on the right. He was very brilliantly repulsed by General Canrobert's division, on duty that night in the Victoria attacks, as well as by part of the service battalions of the guards.

At night-fall General Vinoy, commanding in the trenches, fancied that they perceived some movement being made by the enemy in the direction of the Malakoff. It proved that the Russians had prepared two sorties—one against our left (previously assailed on the night of the 14th), which was a false attack; the other on our right, which was the real attack.

About midnight the besieged advanced with loud hurrahs. Their efforts on our left were of short duration, but the sortie upon our right, from Little Redan was really meant, and the enemy made three charges on our right ambuscades. These ambuscades were occupied by a company of grenadiers of the 20th of the line, strengthened by a few zouaves of the guard.—On the first attack, these troops, aided by the sappers of the 52nd of the line and some of the engineers, stood valiantly against the enemy without giving way, and drove the Russians back by the fire of their Musketry and the balls of our first two field pieces of battery 30.

In anticipation of a fresh attack, General Vi-

noy had disposed reserves supported by a detachment of zouaves of the guard, sent by General Espinasse.

We had not long to wait for this attack. The Russians came up very close, but they were so vigorously received that they were again compelled to retreat, leaving several of their men on the ground. Lastly, the enemy returned to the charge a third time, but with no more success, and finally left us in possession of this small, but precious field of battle.

As on the night of the 14th, those of our batteries which were in favourable situations contributed to our success by the intelligence and plentifulness of their fire. The artillery of the English batteries in the neighbourhood of our attack did not fail to support us, as it has always done, by sending a large number of projectiles into the Malakoff, in a well-directed and vigorous manner.

In proportion as the enemy gave way and retreated, the artillery fire of the place and that of the batteries on the opposite side of the harbour extended, and at last became extremely intense.

In spite of this heavy cannonade and a very brisk fire of musketry, our losses are not considerable, and, as far as can be estimated, those of the enemy must be at least several hundred men killed and disabled. On our part, we have lost, in the twenty-four hours, twenty-three killed, and seventy-seven wounded.

Nothing remarkable has taken place in the other portions of our attacks. The efforts of the enemy do not interrupt our works, save during the moment of attack; we resume them immediately afterwards, and they are pushed on with activity and perseverance. I am, &c.

PELISSIER, General-in-chief.

ST. SWITHIN'S DAY.

July 15.—High winds have prevailed during the past twenty-four hours, and dusky clouds fly along the sky, while the air has become damp and chilly even at noonday. This is the feast of St. Swithin, and the day has been duly marked by violent rain and loud peals of thunder, while the Russian position over the valley of the Tchernaya has been hidden by a dark blue robe of rain-cloud, and the smoke of the guns of Sebastopol seems scarcely to emerge from the water mist which overhangs the town. Tents in the sodden camp flap their canvases dismally the huts are dank and dripping, and before the doors little pools of water collect on the earth, which is trodden into a deep slimy mud. The temperature this evening out of doors is that of an English November, and as the wind whistles among the tents one may fancy the trees are being stripped of the last of their withered leaves and the frosts of winter already upon us. But this will last but a few days, and then the heats of August will parch the ground once more, wells and tanks will again yield but a scanty supply, and summer will last until far into the month of September.

To-day there has been heavy firing between the Malakoff and the advanced French batteries. Last night the Russians made a sortie from the Malakoff on the 16th of the French Line, who were at work. The affair took place about ten o'clock and lasted nearly an hour, ending, as usual, in the Russians being repulsed and retreating to their works, after more or less delaying those of the French. The loss of the French is stated by them to be two officers and thirty men hors de combat, but from the duration and magnitude of the struggle it would appear to have been much greater.

FRENCH WORKS AGAINST THE MALAKOFF.

The French have pushed their works almost to the abattis of the Malakoff, and are so near that a man may throw a stone into the Russian position. The abattis is described to be a truly formidable obstacle. It is formed of trunks of oak and beech from the woods of the Crimea, and is more than six feet in height. Attempts will, no doubt be made to destroy it with shot and shell before making any fresh assault. The Russians may still be observed continually at work on this position, which is now the recognised key of Sebastopol. They have also been engaged lately in repairing the works of the Redan, which had suffered much from the continual fire of the English batteries. It is felt that nothing will be done on this part of the position, and that the real point of attack will be the Malakoff works, the capture of which will render the Redan untenable, and make the surrender of the south side of the place merely a question of a few weeks.

EXTENT OF SUPPLIES.

July 16.—Heavy firing last night and this morning. Never since the beginning of the siege were both parties so thoroughly in earnest as at present. The exchange of shot and shell is almost incessant. The French of course can be supplied with these munitions of war to any extent, but to the means of their adversaries there must be, one would think, some limit.—That there are foundries in Sebastopol there can be little doubt; some of the shot thrown at us is perfectly smooth and new, and seems just turned out; besides which, it is impossible to believe that a great naval arsenal can be without the means of manufacturing its own munitions. Powder mills probably also exist; but in both these cases the question occurs as to where the material for the manufacture is to come from. A small supply of iron may be