

castle's speech, although intended as a justification of the government, was, indeed, one string of admissions fatal to the credit of the government in every way; fatal to its foresight, fatal to its ability, fatal to its public spirit. He admitted that the government never expected the Czar to yield, even whilst they were making contrary declarations in parliament; he admitted that they had blundered throughout the contest; he admitted that they sent the expedition to the Crimea in haste, ignorant of the enemy against which the troops were to contend, and knowing nothing whatever of the country in which warlike operations were to be carried on. This delinquent minister further admitted that while our army had been but feebly supported at home, and not adequately reinforced, he and his colleagues did not for one moment imagine that the Emperor of Russia could pour men and supplies into the Crimea so rapidly as he had succeeded in doing; in fact, he declared that the coalitionists supposed that the same lethargy which operated against the success of their policy would also paralyse the energies of the Czar; but they were not mistaken, and Sebastopol did not fall by a coup de main, as the Duke of Newcastle and his colleagues, on his own confession, imagined that it must do. The Duke of Newcastle admitted want of arrangement, want of harmony, want of organization, want of everything, and concluded by an appeal for pardon for ministerial errors and incapacity, on the plea that all men are mortal, and nothing under the sun is perfect. If such an excuse be deemed admissible it might serve the turn of every delinquent in the world—the Court must admit it. Once permit, however, liability to error to plead as a justification to a minister for one unbroken course of deception and incapacity, and any control over the government, on the part of the people, becomes impossible.—The plea of human liability to error, and the imperfection of all actions, efforts, and endeavours will wash the blackest offender clean again. Nor did this truly unfortunate and incapable Minister of War forget to make use of the excuse urged by the government organs—namely that if the coalitionists are to be condemned, the Emperor of the French nation must come in for his share of the censure. Such a subterfuge would be at all times unworthy of a British minister; it is still more execrable in one who has been brought to a tardy and imperfect performance of his duty to the country by the energy and the patriotism of Louis Napoleon.—What testimony does the eulogium of the Russian Emperor, passed upon the English cabinet in general and the Premier in particular, which we republished in our impression of yesterday, bear upon this subject? In the plainest terms that document adverts to the unwillingness of the English cabinet to act with that determination which characterised the conduct of the French government at the commencement of the campaign; and enlarges in abundant expressions of fulsome adulation on the prospect offered to the Czar, by the anti-French feelings of the English administration, of a rupture between France and England—a rupture towards which Sir James Graham contributed his abusive nonsense, and Sir Charles Wood his painful folly. Surely the coalition ministers cannot be permitted to boast the merits of the alliance between the French and English nation which promises such happy results under better guidance; for never did a government oppose anything more resolutely than Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues when they, as a matter of principle, stood up to prevent that alliance, and to bring down indignation and disgust upon its advocates and supporters Austria occupied no small portion of the coalition defence last night, yet Lord Aberdeen dare not enter into particulars with reference to his negotiations with that treacherous power. Why, Austria has been one of our chief obstacles throughout this contest. It was dread of Austria that paralysed our movements at the first; fear of Austria induced our ministers to halt our forces at Varna; and Austrian troops defended the Russian frontier from attack, and enabled the Czar to send reinforcements to the Crimea. If the treaty recently concluded with Austria, and of which ministers and their organs speak so loftily, be really a tower of strength to the cause—be indeed a liberal compact pledging that power to opposition to the Czar, without any derogatory concessions on our part, why not silence recrimination by giving publicity to that triumph of their diplomatic dexterity. The Aberdeen cabinet have not gained so much popularity and success in this war that they can afford to conceal anything, no matter how trivial, in the least degree calculated to give them popularity.—But amid all this suddenly adopted enthusiasm in favour of a vigorous prosecution of the war, their plans and measures still savour of that dread and inconsistency which has always characterised their policy. The militia is to be called out, a few companies are to be added to certain regiments; and that is about the whole which they propose, and for which they have suddenly called parliament together. We perceive, so far as people can see, that the Gladstone system of taxation is to be persevered in, and increased burdens upon income will be imposed to provide the necessary funds. Lord Aberdeen's reserve was omnium. He could feel no sympathy for the energetic policy which it is assumed that his government will for the future adopt; and he contented himself by saying a

few words bearing almost exclusively upon the subject of the new Austrian treaty. His assertion that by expressing satisfaction at the conclusion of a treaty, the peers in no way gave their approbation to the treaty itself, was ludicrous in the extreme, and leads us to imagine that he has been studying logic under the direction of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The debate of the evening was but a prelude of a coming storm. To raise any very serious objections against the adoption of the Address is a course of proceeding seldom adopted by the peers; but the numerous hints thrown out by members sitting upon both sides of the house, furnish abundant proofs that the ministers will be kept strictly to their duty throughout the session or summarily dismissed. Lord Derby evidently desired to bring out the intentions of the ministry; and consequently the speeches of the evening were designed especially for the country. The coalitionists profess to be animated with the most patriotic resolution—they declare that they have committed many blunders and acted without caution, but promise better conduct for the future. This is merely a stratagem in order to secure the continuance of office. They have already changed their policy so many times on this war question that they are altogether unworthy of confidence. We cannot trust them; will the public? We are very much inclined to think that all parties have been sufficiently gulled by their deceptions, and will speedily demand their humiliation.

From the London Morning Post.

When the Emperor of Russia determined on pushing openly to an extremity, involving position, rupture, and actual war with England and France, the policy himself and his predecessors had long been almost imperceptibly and secretly advancing with singular consistency and pertinacity, he took that course, it can scarcely now be doubted, under an impression that the English people were so much divided in opinion by party jealousies and political factions, and that the prejudice which for centuries had induced in French and English races the destructive and absurd belief that each was "the natural enemy of the other had been so deeply rooted, and was still so flourishing, as to preclude all possibility of real, frank, and effective alliance between the two great Western Powers." If the Czar still holds that belief, and under this persuasion is prosecuting with obstinacy the war upon which he has entered with rashness, what took place last night in both houses of parliament can hardly fail to dissipate his delusion. The course which was taken and the language which was held, alike by statesmen in power and by statesmen in opposition, must convince him—if conviction be yet wanting—that all parties, all factions, all men, women and children, whatever their political or personal separation and divisions, have buried in oblivion for the occasion all consideration which have induced them, and are united heart and soul for the attainment of the object for which they have taken up arms—the conquest of a secure position and a complete and honourable peace for Europe.—We do not hesitate to describe the feelings of the nation, and the attitude of our statesmen and political leaders, in the terms we have used. We feel that they are entirely justified; for we cannot for a moment regard the hits at the weak places of ministers, in which Lord Derby and one or two others of their opponents indulged in, either as indicative of any want of unity of purpose, or as calculated to exercise any mischievous influence on either their own policy or upon the onward course of the nation. With regard to blunders and departments, and allegations of defective organization, a very large proportion of them cannot, in fairness, be fixed upon the present administration above all others. We had not, when we entered upon this war, and had not had for many years, and army, in the proper military sense of the word. We had it not, not only in respect of numbers, but in respect also of all the appliances and munitions properly attaching to an army, and indispensable for its movement and action in the field; and that we were in such a position was the fault, not of this ministry, nor even of this parliament alone, but the consequence of costly fastidious economy, forced upon weak administration by injudicious and ignorant parliaments, led by political cliques strong only in clamour and self-satisfaction. Mr. Sidney Herbert is perfectly right, and we are sure the right-thinking and sensible part of the public will go with him in his assertion that our military system requires permanent and organic enlargement; and we trust that, for once, this and future parliaments will not lose sight of the lesson which late events have read to them. We have said enough, we hope, to justify the conclusion to which we have come—that no sufficient grounds have been laid for inducing us to think, whatever may have been their errors, that the government have not the capacity to carry the war to a successful issue and, to use the expression of Lord Derby, to conquer a peace which shall give security to Europe.

From the London Daily News.

The speech which the Queen yesterday inaugurated the business of the session is characterized by tranquil, dignified courage. It is a simple unaffected declaration of resolve the more to be relied upon for the absence of all exaggeration in its expression. The prosper-

ous condition of the country was adverted to—a proof that it is compelled to an arduous struggle. The conclusion of a treaty with the United States, equitably adjusting subjects of long and difficult discussion, was intimated—a ground for hope that in prosecuting the war we shall not be embarrassed by additional quarrels.

The hearty and efficient co-operation of the brave troops of France was warmly acknowledged—a deserved tribute to our generous ally.—The accession of Austria to the Western Alliance was announced—a symptom of fresh converts to our cause. The brief and rapid review of England's position and prospects, as regards the war, the example of an united people, in order that we may obtain the respect of other nations, and the means of bringing the struggle to a successful termination. The key-note thus boldly struck was responded to in unison by whole parliament. It was evident from the evening's debates in both houses that the national enthusiasm has penetrated the walls of the legislature. With the exception of Earl Grey, there was not a speaker but gave forth at intervals scintillations of a generous and genial spirit. A deeper and more impassioned eloquence than we have of late years been accustomed to prelude the speeches. Graceful tributes were paid to the gallantry of political adversaries—as, for example, in Sir John Pakington's cordial expression of sympathy with Sir De Lacy Evans. On one point there was unanimity—a ready response to the appeal of their Sovereign to enable her to prosecute the war with vigour and effect is calculated to encourage the hopes of the people that their enthusiasm is not to be allowed to waste itself in fruitless aspirations.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

The following remarkable letter, which we find in the Dorset Chronicle, is from a Captain in the Eneskillen Dragoons, a regiment whose olden fame has been brilliantly maintained in the recent cavalry action in the Crimea.

Camp near Balaklava, Nov. 2, 1854.

Dear Jack,—* * * I am, you see, alive at this date, but God knows how long after.—You have, I presume, devoured all the accounts which have been sent home as to our glorious charge. Oh, such a charge! Never think of the gallop and trot which you have often witnessed in the phœnix park. When you desire to form a notion of a genuine, blood-hot, all-mad charge, such as that I have come out of—with a few lance probes, minus some gold lace, a helmet chain, and Brown Bill's (the charger's) right ear. From the moment we dashed at the enemy, whose position, and so forth, you doubtless know as much about as I can tell you I knew nothing, but that I was impelled by some irresistible force onward, and by some invisible influence to crush every obstacle which would stumble before my good sword and brave old charger. I never in my life experienced such a sublime sensation as in the moment of the charge. Some fellows talk of it being "demonic." I know this, that it was such as made me a match for any two ordinary men, and gave such an amount of glorious indifference as to life as I thought it impossible to be master of. It would do your Celtic heart good to hear the most magnificent cheer with which we dashed into what P——W——calls the gully scrimmage." Forward—dash—bang—clank, and there we were in the midst of such smoke, cheer and clatter as never before stunned a mortal's ear. It was glorious! Down, one by one, eye two by two, fell the thick-skulled and over numerous Cossacks and other lads of the tribe of old nick. Down, too, alas! fell many a hero, with a warm Celtic heart, and more than one fell screaming loud for victory. I could not pause. It was all push, wheel, phrensy, strike, and down, down, down they went. Twice I was unhorsed, and more than once I had to grip my sword tighter the blood of foes streaming down over the hilt, and running up my very sleeve. Our old Waterloo comrades, the Greys and ourselves, were the only fellows who flung headlong first into the very heart of the Muscovites. Now we were lost in their ranks—now in little bands battling—now in, good order together—now in and now out, until the whole "levites" on the spot plunged into a forming body of the enemy and helped us to end the fight by compelling the foe to fly. Never did men run so vehemently. But all this you have read in the papers.

I cannot depict my feeling when we returned, I sat down completely exhausted and unable to eat, though deadly hungry. All my uniform, my hands, my very face was bespattered with blood, it was that of the enemy! Grand idea! But my feelings,—they were full of that exaltation which it is impossible to describe. At least twelve Russians were sent wholly out of the "way of the war" by my good steel alone, and at least as many more put on the passage to that peaceful exit by the same excellent weapon.—So also can others say. What a thing to reflect on! I have almost grown a soldier philosopher, and most probably will one of those days, if the bullets that are flying about so abundantly give me time to brush up.

My dear fellow, our countrymen have not tarnished their fame in the Crimea. Gallantry and glory will never abandon the march of Cel-

tic bands—never! Oh that I could have patience to write you of such deeds of individual heroism as have come within my notice! Fictionists are shabby judges of true bravery. No novel ever had a sham hero who comes to the realities I have witnessed. One of my troopers, for instance had his horse shot under him in the melee. "Bloody wars," he roared, "this won't do," and right as a Russian he ran, pulled him from his horse by the swordband in the most extraordinary manner—then deliberately cutting off his head as he came down, vaulted into the saddle, and turning the Russian charger against its late friends, fought his way.—This took less time to do than I to tell it.

From a Soldier in the 95th Regiment, received by a person in Frederick.

Camp near Sebastopol, 26th Nov., 1854.

Our duties are indeed very severe, being up nearly every night. We must keep dressed with our accoutrements on continually. This is the first fine day we have had for a week.—On the roads we are up to our ankles in mud. Night and day there is a continual firing both from our batteries and from the forts. We get one pound of biscuit, one pound of pork, and a gill of rum daily, together with some coffee, sugar, and rice. Each man cooks for himself, or two comrades mess together. We roast our coffee on a tile or old piece of tin, and then grind it with six pound shot. Most of the troops that have been out here during the whole campaign have scarcely a shirt to wear; yet their spirits are good, and are as anxious as ever for fighting. Some Russians, perhaps 12, from Sebastopol, gave themselves up to us on the 24th. They say that they are starving in the forts. One—an officer—says he had but one biscuit for three days. We are encamped out of gun-shot, except some of our sentries at night, and then there are a few shots exchanged between our people and the enemy. It is indeed a grand sight to see our entrenchments reaching about nine or ten miles. We are in the first division, and nearest Sebastopol. I have received the newspapers Head Quarters and Morning Freeman. We enjoy ourselves very much in reading over the horrors and starvation of the army as set forth in the Freeman. We have had one death in the 97th—a sergeant M'Bride, who had been suffering from disease, of the lungs. We arrived here on the 20th Nov., and then there had been no trace of the battle of Inkerman—those who fell had been buried, and the wounded conveyed to the hospitals."

From a Surgeon in the Guards.—"The barbarous cruelty of our foe was not confined to the officers; many of the poor soldiers suffered severely, and one poor fellow had received a gunshot wound which would have been amenable to operative proceedings had he not been so severely injured by bayonet wounds in other parts of his body, from the effects of which he sank.—It was not a single instance, for in many cases they were first stabbed and afterwards jumped on.

From W. Wright, a Drummer in the Forty-seventh.—"Tell my wife to cheer up and keep up her spirits, for I believe that God will spare me to go home to her; and tell her that in the middle of the battle her image is always before my eyes; that when I am fatigued with hardships I always think of meeting her, and that gives me fresh courage to endure all my hardships; tell her that I never forget her for a moment, and that, if it please God to let me fall in the battle, my last moments will be thinking of her, and praying that God will raise some good friends for her. Recollect it is my wish that she will always keep up her heart, and be prepared for everything that may happen to me. I sent her 30s. by the Paymaster: I hope she has got it all right; and as soon as this fortress is taken I will send her more money. Dear Harry, the climate is very cold here, and I have not got a shirt to put on my back; in fact the whole army is ragged. I shall want to get a kit of shirts the first thing. There are plenty of men barefooted, and have no socks, only as they take them off the dead Russians. * * * I must leave off, as we have got the order to stand to our arms. The enemy is coming on with great force. The letters are going away, and I cannot say all that I would wish to say to you but God bless you, Harry, and all that are dear to you. Give my never failing love to my poor beloved wife."

From a Rifleman.—I kept all right until about three o'clock in the afternoon: when unhappily I got shot right through the leg, the ball entering at the back of my leg and coming out at the front. I fell, the Russians were not above six yards from me; but, thank God, the bushes hindered them from seeing me, as God only knows what they would have done with me, for all our wounded men they came across they stabbed; and there was about five regiments passed me as I lay, and then our men drove them back just by me again. Father, judge of my feelings, lying on the field of battle, and the enemy in front of me and rear, and no one to help me out of it, until God sent me relief by sending a guardsman just by me, and I called to him and asked him to help me out of the place where I was to my own regiment, which I had lost. He did, thank God, and I got safe to my