

vigour; and that in order to do this it would be necessary to make considerable improvements in our system of military administration.

Farmers, shopkeepers, chawbacons—all classes, as these who mingle with the crowd, and invited and listened to his remarks, can tell, were animated by one common sentiment.—They breathed but one wish—a desire that the war should be vigorously prosecuted, cost what it may—until the stain cast upon the national arms shall have been effaced. One question all of them were eager to have answered—Why Odessa was spared? But upon that theme Mr Sidney Herbert was mute. However, he has shown that he knows how to adapt his language to suit the taste of his constituents; let us see whether he will have the consistency to adapt his actions to suit the taste of the nation. And this can only be by lending his energetic support to a thorough reform in the civil administration of the army, and to such preliminary inquiry as can alone lay the groundwork of a real and effective reform. The country does not ask at the present moment, for any such inquiry into the military operation of the Crimea as could obstruct or embarrass the commanders there. It has resolved to give the reconstructed ministry a fair trial. It will reckon with the ministers on that score hereafter, and leaves it to them in the meantime to provide—by the recall of inefficient officers or otherwise—for a more satisfactory prosecution of the war. The country does not ask for any inquiry that might, or might seem to, reflect on the conduct of our allies, and might therefore give umbrage, introduce dissension, and place in hazard the great issues of the contest. But the country “sees feelingly” that there has been gross mismanagement and imbecility in all the departments connected with the management of the war here at home, and is determined to know where the fault lies, and what has occasioned it. Immense and costly stores have been provided and sent out from this country, but, somehow or other, they either reach their destination too late, or do not reach it at all.—It is notorious that a great number of beds having to be forwarded to the hospital at Scutari, a number of packages unclaimed by any one were found kicking about on the pier at Southampton, which when examined, were discovered to contain the legs of those beds which had been shipped off some weeks before in a vessel from the Thames. Now, where such incidents are the rule, not the exception, there must be something very rotten in the system which produces them. Let us know what the cause of rottenness is. Is it that men have been placed in high office who do not know how to select proper agents, or to keep them to work when appointed? Is it that the choice of agents by men in high office are hampered, and patronage directed into improper channels by dishonest influence? Are ministers in the habit of appointing incompetent agents on the recommendations of members of parliament who vote for them? and are members of parliament in the habit of recommending incompetent agents in order to bribe electors? Are the younger sons, the dependents and parasites of noble or influential families, placed in snug berths under government without any inquiry as to their capacity to discharge their duties? The trial of Mannings has not been forgotten. It appeared on that trial that the murdered man—a silly and vicious fellow—had been made an officer in the Customs because he professed himself a convert from the Romish church; and that his murderer had nearly gotten a similar appointment, because he married the ex-waiting woman of a duchess. We have all heard how dockyard appointments have been jobbed in return for votes at elections. Have private patronage of unworthy objects, and political jobbery, been allowed equal weight in higher appointments connected with the management of the army? These, and questions like these, the country is determined to have deliberately asked and explicitly answered; and for this purpose it will insist upon the *bona fide* appointment of the committee which was moved for by Mr Roebuck and granted by the House of Commons. Let ministers endeavor to quash the committee and burke the inquiry at their peril. Let members of the House of Commons, who have voted for both, “turn their backs upon themselves” and undo their good work at their peril. The country—the great court of appeal in this case—is in no mood to be trifled with.

Incidents of the War.

The following is an extract from a letter published by the Paris Presse, dated Sebastopol, Jan. 22.

The Russians have modified their system of attack. Their sorties, which were from the beginning and until last month executed in a slovenly and irresolute manner, are now admirably conducted. In the attack on the 15th they displayed great intrepidity: the snow appears to have excited their warlike ardor and military recollections. Perhaps it is solely owing to the change of their commanders, which according to the deserters, is very frequent. Towards 11 o'clock on the night of the 14th, our advanced picket gave notice of the approach of the enemy. There were then in the trenches two companies of the 95th Regiment of Infantry, and two others

of the 74th under the orders of Commander Roumejoux. Our works are so near the Russians on that point that they came down upon us nearly as soon as the news of their approach, with extraordinary boldness, their officers marching at their head. We coolly awaited them, and when sufficiently close we charged them with the bayonet. A dreadful *melee* ensued, but the Russians, unable to resist when attacked with the bayonet, were speedily driven back, notwithstanding the strenuous exertions they made to maintain themselves on our line and penetrate into the Battery. The *melee* continued during their retreat, which does honor to their officers, three of whom were killed in the first rank. You will remark probably that this account pretty nearly resembles what I already wrote to you respecting the sorties of the Russians. They are no longer the men we had to contend with at the beginning of the siege, and I can assure you that we have now opposed to us adversaries not to be despised. Moreover, our losses indicate the fierceness of the affair. We had two captains and several men killed, and fifteen wounded, amongst whom were Commander Roumejoux and two other officers. The commander is still living, which is truly miraculous for the upper part of his lungs has been perforated by a bayonet. The Russians left 30 killed in our trenches. The assailants formed a strong column, and were supported by a corps composed of men specially chosen for their agility and dexterity, who were only armed with light but solid ropes, at the extremity of which was a running noose. On arriving within reach of the batteries, and during the engagement, they threw on our soldiers those lassos, which they handled with much skill. They did not even spare our wounded. We have been told that this new weapon was used in the Caucasus.

A MARK FOR RIFLES.

A Letter from Sebastopol dated Jan. 12, says:—The enemy's sharpshooters see a man on horseback with an infantry regiment; if he be dressed like a drummer they know he is an officer, and fire at him accordingly. They observe a line of infantry advancing or firing, one man on the flank, or in front, has a sword in his hand; he is cheering on the men; he is giving orders; he is a mark for their rifles too. As an old Sergeant of our Riflemen said the other day, it is no matter what dress a man wears. If we see an active chap a bustling about and moving among the men, our lads will have a crack at him. And thus it is so many Russian officers have fallen. The French officers, who wear very marked epaulettes, and are easily discernible among their men, don't complain of their distinctive uniform. As to the shako, it has almost ceased to exist as a head-dress; the soldiers kick them away as fast as they can, and Mr. John Bull would be astonished to see the number of his neat brass-mounted felt hats which are in the mud about our camp. Each cost him some 20s. Parade—the parade of a crack regiment—would certainly break the old gentleman's heart.

It is only sixty years ago that Odessa was a miserable fishing village, whereas now it possesses eighty thousand inhabitants. In 1793 it was a roadstead, where a dozen boats might be seen anchored; but now it is visited yearly by three hundred large ships, and upwards of two thousand coasting vessels. In 1813 the importation was so trifling, that it was not mentioned in the statistics of the empire; whereas, at the present moment, Odessa imports annually twenty-three millions of silver roubles and exports the value of eight millions. Three men have made Odessa what it is—its founder, of whom little is known, named Ribassy Boyans; the Duke de Richelieu, the refugee and future Minister of Louis XVIII., and, lastly, Count Woronzoff.

The laying of an electric telegraph wire between Varna and Bucharest is going on. It is already completed from Varna to Kalugreni, two post stations only from Bucharest. It passes by way of Giurgevo. Despatches from Bucharest now reach Paris on the day subsequent to their date. Moniteur of the 4th contained the following letter from Sebastopol, received at Bucharest on the 2d. The connection of the Varna line of telegraph, with the Vienna and Paris line, will reduce the time required for the transmission of intelligence from Sebastopol or Constantinople to about 48 hours.

THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

We have been kindly favoured (says the Dublin Evening Mail) by Mr Henry Grattan, with copies of the two subjoined letters, which our readers will agree with us do honour to all concerned. A word or two will explain their origin. A friend of Mr H. Grattan (Sir Rob't. Newman), while lying wounded on the field of battle, was murdered by some Russians, who bayoneted him to death; Lieutenant Crosse was about to be treated in the same manner when one of the Connaught Rangers (Daniel Hourigan) rushing forward, killed three Russians and carried Lieutenant Crosse in safety. Struck by this man's gallantry, Mr Grattan's generosity was not thrown away upon an unworthy object, and in the manly, and we will add without distinction, the gentlemanlike letters of acknowledgment both from colonel and corporal, we recognize the proper spirit of British soldiers, which no one will doubt prevails the ranks of the gallant Connaught Rangers.

Camp before Sebastopol, Jan. 22.

Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter regarding Hourigan, not Houllahan, as the papers call him, and to thank you for the interest you all take in the 88th Regiment. I assure you I think the fine young fellows we have here will never disgrace the Old Rangers, but follows their footsteps in their career of honor and glory. I assure you, up to this time, nothing can exceed their gallant behaviour, and their most fervent wish and prayer is, that they may be allowed to have a dash at the walls. I must not forget to mention their patience under all their severe trials; one hardly hears a murmur or complaint, although many poor fellows are obliged to go on picket in trenches in this inclement weather who ought to be in a comfortable bed in hospital; indeed, the truth is, that few are really fit for anything else. I am happy to say, that in consequence of the great reinforcements received by the French lately, they have commenced to-day to take the duties which were performed by the Second Division; and the latter are to assist the Light Division; so that we may now expect better times, and thanks to the munificence of the whole country at home, the men are now well clothed, and more comforts arrive daily. Pray excuse this scrawl, and believe me yours,

H. SHIRLEY, Colonel,
Commanding 88th Regiment.

“To Henry Grattan, Esq.”

Camp before Sebastopol, Jan. 22.

“Honoured Sir,—I have only received your very kind and flattering letter, which gives me the highest satisfaction that my poor endeavours to do my duty should meet the approbation of such an Irishman as the son of the ‘illustrious Henry Grattan.’ Honoured Sir, I want words to convey to you in adequate terms, the meed of my gratitude towards you for your very handsome present, which I value the more as I know you are prompted by the purest motives of goodness of heart and noble minded singleness of purpose, to bestow a favour on the lowest of your countrymen. I am happy to inform you that Colonel Shirley has promoted me to corporal for the affair at Inkermann; besides he has recommended me for the medal and gratuity. All the papers mention my name as ‘Houllahan, and that I am a native of Waterford. My name is Daniel Hourigan, and I am a native of the county of Clare. In conclusion, honourable sir, as I have no friends at home who require the money, I would kindly thank you to forward the amount to me here. Hoping that I may never die until I have the pleasure and satisfaction of thanking you in person for your kindness and generosity to me; I remain, honoured sir, your most devoted and obliged servant and countryman,

DANIEL HOURIGAN.

“Corporal, 88th Connaught Rangers.
“To Henry Grattan Esq.”

A TERRIBLE SPECTACLE.

The Russian batteries having it now all their own way, hammered unremittently upon us with the greatest vivacity. They had sent forth from their ramparts loud shouts of defiance or of victory when the explosion of the French and English magazines acquainted them with our misfortune, but it was now our turn to crow, for about half-past three there suddenly shot upwards from the works, or rather in the Reden in our front, a white livid flame, which ascended high into the air, and while we all paused to gaze on the spectacle, a sound which made the very earth tremble beneath us, followed by a most awful report, told us that the Reden had ceased to exist—for in the next moment its garrison of hundreds blown to atoms, dismembered and mutilated by the action of the explosion, were discovered hundreds of yards above the parent earth. So fearful and terrifying a spectacle I never have, nor do I hope ever again to witness. In the midst of a dense volume of smoke and sparks, which resembled a water spout ascending to the clouds, were visible to the naked eye, arms, legs, trunks, and heads of the Russian warriors, mingled with cannons, wheels, and every object of military warfare, and I may say with every living thing it contained. The explosion in the French and English batteries were like flashes in the pan of a musket compared with this.—From an Officer's letter.

CATCHING A RUSSIAN LION.

A Sergeant of the 47th Regiment writes to his wife in Ireland as follows:—“I was one of the many who were engaged with the enemy on the 5th of November, at Inkermann. On that day I made prisoner of a Russian officer. The last round of ammunition I possessed was in my firelock, when this brave officer rushed at me like a lion. Just as he advanced within about 20 yards of me, with his sword in hand, I fired, and put the ball right through his left breast, close to the shoulder. This appeared as if only to rise his temper, and he continued to close upon me. I then saw an officer of the Guards lying dead at my feet; and throwing down my firelock, I snatched his sword out of the sheath at the same time advancing to meet the brave foe. But he soon found that he had to contend with a person who could wield a sword as well as himself. The first plunge he made at me was at my heart, but ere it reached that vital

part, I knocked the weapon about 12 yards out of his hand. One moment more, and my sword would have been through his body, for my temper was properly up; but a French officer, seeing the whole, caught my arm, and requested me to spare his life, but to take him prisoner. Acting on his advice, I very soon took him by the collar of his coat, and marched him to the rear a prisoner. For the sword which saved my life, I afterwards got 10s. from an officer. That left me master of £4, and it made me feel a proud man that I had such a nice sum to send home to you and the children, to provide you with a good Christmas dinner, and for which I feel thankful to Almighty God, as also for protecting me through that awful day of danger.”

The Varna Correspondent of the Daily News writing on the third inst., says:

On the arrival of Massar Pacha (Sir Stephen Lakeman) here, who was sent down to superintend the embarkation of the troops on finding nothing ready—no money, no provisions, no clothing—he set off to Constantinople, and during a week's stay there, so effectually aroused the authorities to a sense of their duty that he got them to expend a large sum in clothing and food. Since then all is going on pretty well.—Everything is arriving from Constantinople as promised, and the soldiers are making their appearance in tolerably comfortable winter clothing, great-coats, &c. The troops are all in the highest spirits, are delighted with the new clothing, and are shipped off in great numbers every day for Eupatoria, cheering and singing very gaily, and confident they are sailing to victory, plunder, and what not. I am certain their morale has never been better. They are pleased at being relieved from their long inaction; and great numbers, particularly Egyptians, are filled with the idea that, once arrived in the Crimea, they will be taken into English pay, and consequently find their pockets full of guineas, and their knapsacks crammed with coffee and tobacco, in an incredibly short space of time.

The fact is, Omer Pacha is taking with him the best of his troops, both cavalry and infantry—the former in considerable force, and under the command of Sir Stephen Lakeman. I refrain, for obvious reasons, from giving any details as to numbers, and artillery, &c.; but I must say it will be the largest, best-equipped, and best led army that Turkey has ever sent to a foreign soil since the long-gone days of her glory. All foreign officers in the Turkish service will be of the expedition: the troops are full of ardour. Omer Pacha has a great reputation at stake, a greater still to achieve; and, altogether I see every reason to believe that the army of the Danube will show themselves worthy to fight side by side with the heroes of Alma and Inkermann.

A PRECIOUS RELIC.

Sergeant Major L.—of the Algerine Rifles having advanced far in front, found himself surrounded by Russians. To attack them and put them to flight was but the work of a moment.—Having thus relieved himself from troublesome company, he was about to advance when the bugle sounded the recall; these well-known notes somewhat calmed him, and as he was looking among the dead and dying, his eye was caught by a large medal which lay shining upon the breast of a dead man; he drew near, and, on examination, found the wearer to be an officer, clad in a private's great-coat. At first he had some compunction as to taking the treasure from the neck, but seeing an inscription, his curiosity was excited, he seized the treasure, and returned to his camp, there to examine it at leisure. The medal was an octagon of thick chased silver, worth intrinsically about forty francs. On one side was an inscription in Russian, of which the following is a translation:—A mother's blessing on Stephen Doliva Detkovski, 1847, 14th October.” On the other side in a frame, was a picture of the Virgin Mary holding an infant Jesus, painted upon glass; under the plate of glass was a satan rose-coloured bag, containing a letter with an engraving glued on to the corner of it, upon which were inscribed the following words “he highest nobility is to serve the Lord.”

As the letter was written in an angular style and highly perfumed, it was deemed the production of a lady. The large medal was suspended on a double silver chain, upon which were hung a smaller medal, having on one side a figure of the Pope, on the other a St. Nicholas, and beneath could be seen a painting of exquisite beauty; and further, a cross, representing a crucifix, with the year 1844 thereon.—Large sums have in vain been offered for this curious treasure.—Letter from a French officer in the Crimea.

SHOCKING WORK AND TIRED OF IT.

The following passage from a letter from a French officer shows that the Russians are heartily tired of the siege. After giving an account of the sortie on the 14th of Dec. he says:—“The next morning a flag of truce presented himself with a letter from General Osten-Sacken to General Forey, in which he expressed his deepest regret for the death of a most distinguished officer, and requested the Commander of the besieging corps to give up his body to him. General Forey immediately acquiesced in his desire, and by the same opportunity delivered to