

BATTLE OF BALA CLAVA.

FULLER AND GRAPHIC DETAILS OF THE TERRIBLE 5TH OF OCTOBER.

Few of our readers will hesitate to allow that they seldom read an incident of war described by so graphic a pen as that which we now lay before them:—

POSITION OF THE BRITISH ON THE HEIGHTS OF BALA CLAVA.

The position we occupied in reference to Bala Clava was supposed by most people to be very strong—even impregnable. Our lines were formed by natural mountain slopes in the rear, along which the French had made very formidable intrenchments. Below these intrenchments, and very nearly in a right line, across the valley beneath, are four conical hills, one rising above the other as they recede from our front; the furthest, which joins the chain of mountains opposite ridges, being named Canrobert's Hill, from the name of that General with Lord Raglan after the capture of Bala Clava. On the top of each of these hills the British had thrown up earthen redoubts, defended by 250 men each, and armed with two or three guns—some heavy ship guns—lent by us to them, with one artilleryman in each redoubt to look after them. These hills cross the valley of Bala Clava at the distance of about two and a half miles from the town. Supposing the spectator, then, to take his stand on one of the heights forming the rear of our camp before Sebastopol, he would see the town of Bala Clava, with its scanty shipping, its narrow strip of water, and its old forts on his right hand; immediately below he would behold the valley and a plain of coarse meadow land, occupied by our cavalry tents, and stretching from the base of the ridge on which he stood to the foot of the formidable heights at the other side, he would see the French trenches lined with Zouaves, a few feet beneath, and distant from him, on the slope of the hill; a Turkish redoubt lower down, then another in the valley, then, in a line with it, some angular earthworks, then, in succession the other two redoubts up to Canrobert's Hill. At the distance of two or two and a half miles across the valley there is an abrupt rocky mountain range of most irregular and picturesque formation, covered with scanty brushwood here and there, or rising into barren pinnacles and plateaux of rock. A patch of blue sea is caught in between the overhanging cliffs of Bala Clava as they close in the entrance to the harbour on the right. The camp of the Marines, pitched on the hill side more than 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, is opposite to you as your back is turned to Sebastopol and your right side towards Bala Clava. On the road leading up the valley is the encampment of the 93d Highlanders. The cavalry lines are nearer to you below, and are some way in advance of the Turkish redoubts. The valley is crossed here and there by small waves of land. On your left the hills and rocky mountain ranges gradually close in toward the course of the Tchernaya, till, at three or four miles' distance from Bala Clava, the valley is swallowed up in a mountain gorge and deep ravines, above which rise tiers after tiers of desolate whitish rock, garnished now and then by bits of scanty herbage, and spreading away towards the east and south, where they attain the Alpine dimensions of the Tschatir Dagh. It is very easy for an enemy at the Belbek, or in command of the road of Mackenzie's Farm, Inkermann, Simpheropol, or Bakshiseraï to debouch through these gorges at any time upon this plain from the neck of the valley, or to march from Sebastopol by the Tchernaya, and to advance along it towards Bala Clava, till checked by the Turkish redoubts on the southern side or by the fire from the French works on the northern side, i. e., the side which, in relation to the valley to Bala Clava, forms the rear of our position. It was evident enough that Menschikoff and Gortschakoff had been feeling their way along this route for several days past, and very probably at night the Cossacks had crept up close to our pickets, which are not always as watchful as might be desired, and had observed the weakness of a position far too extended for our army to defend, and occupied by the Turks.

ADVANCE OF THE RUSSIANS UPON THE BRITISH LINES.

Looking to the left towards the gorge, we beheld six compact masses of Russian infantry, which had just debouched from the mountain passes near the Tchernaya, and were slowly advancing with solemn stateliness up the valley. Immediately in their front was a regular line of artillery, of at least 20 pieces strong. Two batteries of eight guns were already a mile in advance of them, and were playing with energy on the redoubts, from which feeble puffs of smoke came at long intervals. Behind these guns in front of the infantry were enormous bodies of cavalry. They were in six compact squares, three on each flank, moving down en echelon towards us, and the valley was lit up with the blaze of their sabres and lance points and gay accoutrements. In their front, and extending along the intervals between each battery of guns, were clouds of mounted skirmishers, wheeling and whirling in the front of their march like autumn leaves tossed by the wind. The Zouaves close to us were lying like tigers at the spring, with ready rifles in hand, hidden deep in the earthworks which run along the line of these ridges on our rear, but the quick-eyed Russians were manoeuvring on the other side of the valley, and did not expose their columns to attack. Below the Zouaves we could see the Turkish gunners in the redoubts, all in confusion as the shells burst over them. Just as I came up the Russians had carried No. 1 redoubt, the furthest and most elevated of all, and their horsemen were chasing the Turks across the interval which lay between it and redoubt No. 2. At that moment the cavalry, under Lord Lucan, were formed in glittering masses—the Light Brigade, under Lord Cardigan, in advance; the Heavy Brigade, under Brigadier-General Scarlett, in reserve. They were drawn up just in front of their encampment, and were concealed from the view of the enemy by a slight "wave" in the plain. Considerably to the rear of their right, the 92d Highlanders were drawn up in line, in front of the approach to Bala Clava. About and behind them, on the heights, the Marines were visible through the glass drawn up under arms, and the gunners could be seen ready in the earthworks, in which were placed the heavy ships' guns. The 93d had originally been advanced somewhat more into the plain, but the instant the Russians got possession of the first redoubt they opened fire on them from our own guns, which inflicted some injury, and Sir Colin Campbell "retired" his men to a better position.

FIGHT AND SLAUGHTER OF THE TURKS.

Meantime the enemy advanced his cavalry rapidly. To our inexpressible disgust we saw the Turks in redoubt No. 2 fly at their approach. They ran in scattered groups across towards redoubt No. 3, and towards Bala Clava, but the horsehoof of the Cossacks was too quick for them, and sword and lance were busily plied among the retreating herd. The yells of the pursuers and pursued were plainly audible. As the Lancers and Light Cavalry of the Russians advanced they gathered up their skirmishers with great speed and in excellent order—the shifting trails of men, which played all over the valley like moonlight on the water, contracted, gathered up, and the little peloton in a few moments became a solid column. Then up came their guns, in rushed their gunners to the abandoned redoubt, and the guns of No. 2 redoubt soon played with deadly effect upon the dispersed ends of No. 3 redoubt. Two or three shots in return from the earthworks, and all is silent. The Turks swarm over the earthworks, and run in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets at the enemy as they run. Again the solid column of cavalry opens like a fan, and resolves itself into a "long spray" of skirmishers. It laps the flying Turks, and down go the poor Moslems quiver-

ing on the plain, split through fez and musket-guard to the chin and breast-belt. There is no support for them. It is evident the Russians have been too quick for us. The Turks have been too quick also, for they have not held their redoubts long enough to enable us to bring them help. In vain the naval guns on the heights fire on the Russian cavalry; the distance is too great for shot or shell to reach. In vain the Turkish gunners in the earthen batteries which are placed along the French entrenchments strive to protect their flying countrymen; their shot fly wide and short of the swarming masses.

THE BRAVE HIGHLANDERS DISCOVERED BY THE ENEMY.

The Turks betake themselves towards the Highlanders, where they check their flight and form into companies on the flanks of the Highlanders. As the Russian cavalry on the left of their line crown the hill across the valley they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at the distance of some half mile, calmly awaiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the rear, till they have a body of some 1,500 men along the ridge—Lancers and Dragoons and Hussars. Then they move en echelon in two bodies, with another in reserve. The cavalry, who have been pursuing the Turks on the right, are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Greys and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second of the 14th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The light cavalry brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the clanging of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below.

THE FIGHT WITH THE HIGHLANDERS—"BRAVO! WELL DONE!"

The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that thin red streak topped with a line of steel. The Turks fire a volley at 800 yards, and run. As the Russians come within 600 yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a volley of Minnie musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onwards with the whole force of horse and man, through the smoke, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within 150 yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. "Bravo Highlanders! well done!" shout the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten, men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93d never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!" The ordinary British line, too deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers.

THE FIGHT OF HEROES.

Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently corps d'elite—their light blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of gray-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and a group of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy, but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Grays and Enniskillens went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses "gather way," nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Grays rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskillens rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Grays and Enniskillens pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword blades in the air, and then the Grays and redcoats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. GOD HELP THEM! THEY ARE LOST! was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillens and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already gray horses and redcoats have appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards rushed at the remnant of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it was made of paste-board, and, dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Grays, and their companions, put them to outer rout. This Russian horse, in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons, was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip—in the enthusiasm officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight, and the keeping up the scene character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again. Lord Raglan at once despatched Lieutenant Curzon, Aide-de-Camp, to convey his congratulations to Brigadier-General Scarlett, and to say "well done." The gallant old officer's face beamed with pleasure when he received the message. "I beg to thank his Lordship very sincerely," was the reply.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE CAVALRY.—UNPARALLELED RUSSIAN CRUELTY.

And now occurred the melancholy catastrophe which fills us all with sorrow. The correspondent of the Times says:—"It appears that the Quarrier-master-General, Brigadier Airey, thinking that the Light Cavalry had not gone far enough in front when the enemy's horses had fled, gave an order in writing to Capt. Nolan, 15th Hussars, to take to Lord Lucan, directing his Lordship 'to advance' his cavalry nearer to the enemy. When Lord Lucan received the order, he asked, we are told, 'where are we to advance to?' Capt. Nolan pointed with his finger to the line of the Russians, and said, 'There are the enemy, and there are the guns, Sir, be-

fore them: it is your duty to take them,' or words to that effect, according to the statements made since his death. Lord Lucan, with reluctance, gave the order to Lord Cardigan to advance upon the guns, conceiving that his orders compelled him to do so. It is a maxim of war, that 'cavalry never act without a support,' that 'infantry should be close at hand when cavalry carry guns, as the effect is only instantaneous,' and that it is necessary to have on the flank of a line of cavalry some squadrons in column, the attack on the flank being most dangerous. The only support our light cavalry had was the reserve of heavy cavalry at a great distance behind them, the infantry and guns being far in the rear. There were no squadrons in column at all, and there was a plain to charge over, before the enemy's guns were reached, of a mile and a half in length. At 11.10, our Light Cavalry Brigade rushed to the front. The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the number of continental armies; and yet it was more than we could spare. As they passed towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men are not gone to charge an army in position? Alas! it was but too true. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of 1,200 yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from 30 iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken, it is joined by the second, they never alter or check their speed an instant; with diminished ranks, thinned by those 30 guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries, but ere they were lost from view the plain was strewn with their bodies and the carcasses of their horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. We saw them returning, after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale—demi-gods could not have done what we had failed to do. At the very moment when they were about to retreat an enormous mass of Lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, immediately saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilized nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of English cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them, and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin. It was as much as our Heavy Cavalry Brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of that band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At 11.35 not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns. Our loss, as far as it could be ascertained, in killed, wounded and missing at 2 o'clock to-day, was as follows:—

Table with columns: Went into Action, Returned From Action, Loss. Rows include 4th Light Dragoons, 8th Hussars, 11th Hussars, 13th Light Dragoons, 17th Lancers.

It is not certain that all these were killed, wounded or missing; many may still come in, and about 80 wounded have already returned. Mr. Wombwell, of the 17th, had a narrow escape. He was dragged off his horse by the cap and taken prisoner by some Cossacks. A Russian officer addressed him and told him not to be afraid, for that he would be well taken care of, though ces gens la were rather rough in their manners. However, they were saved the trouble of guarding him, for in the last charge he made his escape and got back to his lines.

LETTER FROM ONE OF THE OFFICERS OF THE DOOMED CAVALRY.

Camp, near Bala Clava, Oct. 27. You will be glad to hear I am alive after our tremendous affair of the 25th. We all knew that the thing was desperate before we started, and it was even worse than we thought. In our front, about a mile and a half off, were several lines of Russian cavalry and nine guns—to get at which we had to pass along a wide valley, with the ground a little falling, and in itself favourable enough for a charge of cavalry; but the sloping hills on each side gave the enemy an opportunity (which they used) of placing guns on both our flanks as we advanced; and not only guns, but infantry with Minnie rifles. However there was no hesitation, down our fellows went at the gallop—through a fire in front and on both flanks, which emptied our saddles and knocked over our horses by scores. I do not think that one man finished in the whole brigade—though every one allows that so hot a fire was hardly ever seen. We went right on, cut down the gunners at their guns (the Russians worked the guns till we were within ten yards of them)—went on still, broke a line of cavalry in rear of the guns, and drove it back on the third line. But here our bolt was shot; the Russians formed four deep, and our thin and broken ranks, and blown horses, could not attempt to break through them, particularly as the Russian cavalry had got round our flanks, and were prepared to charge out rear (with fresh men.) We broke back through them, however, and then had to run the gauntlet, through the cross-fire of artillery and Minnie rifles back to our own lines, with their cavalry hanging on our flank. The heavy brigade, which had made a good charge of its own in the morning, covered our coming out of action and lost some men from the artillery. There is no concealing the thing—the light brigade was greatly damaged, and for nothing; for though we killed the gunners and the horses of nine 12-pounders, we could not bring them away. Nolan (who brought the order) is dead. The first shell that burst hit him in the breast. He gave a loud cry, his horse turned, trotted back (with him still in the saddle) between the first and second squadrons of the 13th, and carried him so far some way, when he fell dead. He was hit in the heart. In the two leading regiments, including Lord Cardigan (who led in person) and his staff, we had 19 officers. Only three came out of action untouched both man and horse; all the others were killed, wounded, or prisoners, or had their horses hurt. The 17th had no field officers, but five captains. They came out of action commanded by the junior captain I believe. Morris is severely wounded; Winter is supposed to be killed; Webb is shot

through the thigh; White through the leg; Thompson is supposed to be killed, &c. One of Lord Cardigan's aides-de-camp is wounded—Maxse; the other, Lockwood, is missing, and supposed to be killed. We have lost about 285 horses (exclusive of officers' horses), out of a little more than 600, which we (the light brigade) had in the field; besides that, a great number are wounded with gun-shot wounds, and about 25 have already been destroyed, and more will. It was a bitter moment after we broke through the line of cavalry in rear of their guns, when I looked round and saw there was no support beyond our own brigade which, leading in the smoke, had diverged and scarcely filled the ground. We went on, however, and hoped that their own men flying would break the enemy's line and drive them into the river. When I saw them form four deep, instead, I knew it was 'all up,' and called out to the men to rally. At this moment a solitary squadron of the 8th came up in good order. This saved the remnant of us; for we rallied to them, and they, wheeling about, charged a line which the Russians had formed in our rear. You never saw men behave so well as our own men did. I hear from a man who dined with Lord Raglan to-day, that they do us justice at head quarters, and say that our attack was an unheard of feat at arms. The Russian prisoners since taken at Sebastopol say the Russians were petrified at the audacity of the attack, and the energy that could, after such a fire, break through their lines. These prisoners were taken in a very successful affair by Sir De Lacy Evans. Do the old fellow justice. He is a first rate division leader.

RUSSIAN FORCES AT THE BATTLE OF BALA CLAVA.

According to the report of General Liprandi, he had issued his orders the following details:—

Table with columns: Bayonets, 12th division, 4th corps (16 battalions), 16th ditto, 6th corps (16 battalions), 4th ditto, Rifles (3 battalions), 11th and 12th Hussars (16 squadrons), Combined Lancers (8 squadrons), Den and Ural Cossacks (18 squadrons), Field batteries 7 (at least 70 guns), 32,300.

AN AMERICAN OPINION OF THE RELATIVE MERITS OF THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN ARMIES.

[The New York Times, of a recent date, has the following observations relating to the achievements of the Allied forces at the Alma, contrasted with the valour of the American Army in the late war with Mexico. Our New York cotemporary forgets that the old Celtic blood which was poured out so profusely at the Alma is precisely the same as that which moistened the fields of Molino del Rey and Chapultepec. Irish soldiers fight American battles—Irish labourers and artisans build American railroads and canals, and their reward is to be seen in the organization of villainous clubs like the "Know Nothings."—EDR. EX.]

At the Alma the Allies, with not less than 50,000 men, took the entrenched heights of the river, held and defended by about 35,000 Russians, losing in the battle 600 killed and wounded. They had a force decidedly superior to that of the enemy, and lost in killed and wounded one-fifth of their force. Although but few of their troops had ever been in action before, all of them were regulars, thoroughly drilled, and trained to obey the orders of their commanding officers, who were veterans and had seen service. They behaved well, and fought with steady and unflinching courage, but against an inferior force, made up of troops quite as unused to actual battle as they themselves.

At the battle of Buena Vista, Gen. Taylor with 4,750 men, of whom all but 453 had not only never been in action, but were actually unused to the discipline of the field, being absolutely raw recruits,—met and put to utter rout 20,000 Mexican regulars,—losing over 700 men, or more than one-seventh of his entire force. At the battles of Contreras and Churubusco Gen. Scott with 5,820 men stormed over 18,000 Mexicans strongly entrenched and abundantly supplied with artillery, drove them out and defeated them with a loss of nearly 7,000 killed, wounded and missing, losing himself 1,014 of his troops, including 76 officers,—or more than one-sixth of his entire force. At Molino del Rey, 3,447 Americans, under the immediate command of Gen. Worth, stormed an immensely strong fort defended by at least 10,000 Mexicans, and after one of the hottest and hardest engagements ever fought, in which individual officers and men performed prodigies of valour rarely paralleled in history, captured four pieces of artillery and took nearly eight hundred prisoners, by the musket and bayonet alone, with a loss of 787 including 59 officers,—being one-third of all the officers and nearly one-fourth of all the men engaged! And after this battle Gen. Scott, with 6,800 men, the sole remnant of his force, assaulted and captured the strong and well defended fortress of Chapultepec,—losing in that affair 863 men, or one-sixth of his force,—pushed on towards the capital, dispersing all the bands that resisted his advance, and finally took possession of that city of over 180,000 inhabitants, held at the time by nearly 30,000 troops.

Through the whole campaign raw troops, who had never been drilled six months in their lives, commanded mainly by young officers who had never seen a battle nor encountered a hostile shot, did the work of veterans. Every quality that marks good soldiers distinguished every step of their advances. There was no service too desperate or too dangerous for them. They shrunk from no fatigue. They took no account of disparity of force, however great. Single officers more than once rushed alone into the entrenchments of the enemy, and either held their ground by personal valour till reinforced, or were cut to pieces by the superior numbers of their foe. Every one of the principal battles of our Mexican war was more bloody, more desperate, fought against greater odds, and cost heavier loss than the battle of the Alma. The Mexican soldiers in nearly every instance fought as well as the Russians. And there is not a single point in which those battles were not to the full as creditable to American arms, as was the battle of the Alma to the British.

NEXT YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

The London Times, which has constantly declared that Sebastopol must fall, now postpones the event until next year. It says:

There does not appear, so far as we can see, any hope of bringing the struggle in the Crimea to an immediate termination. Before our army can be sufficiently reinforced to attempt anything effective in the field, the season will have arrived when the rage of man must be suspended in deference to the severity of the elements, and the business of mutual destruction must wait for its recommencement for the first opening of spring. Our main care must be now to preserve our army in health and spirits till the opening of another campaign, when the victory will be to those who have best availed themselves of the winter for the purposes of reinforcement. We believe that if it shall turn out, as we apprehend it will, that we are compelled to desist from the active operations of the siege, we shall at any rate be able to renew the campaign next year with a decided superiority of force, which will allow us thoroughly to invest the place, and thus to push on the siege with a certainty of success.