

## BALAKLAVA.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

Oh the charge at Balaklava!  
 Oh that rash and fatal charge—  
 Never was a fiercer, braver,  
 Than that charge at Balaklava.  
 On the battle's bloody marge!  
 All the day the Russian columns,  
 Fortress huge, and blazing banks,  
 Poured their dread destructive volumes  
 On the French and English ranks—  
 On the gallant allied ranks!  
 Earth and sky seemed rent asunder  
 By the loud incessant thunder!  
 When a strange but stern command—  
 Needless, heedless, rash command—  
 Came to Lucan's little band—  
 Scarce six hundred men and horses  
 Of those vast contending forces,—  
 'England's lost! unless ye save her,  
 Charge the pass at Balaklava!  
 Oh that rash and fatal charge,  
 On the battle's bloody marge!

Far away the Russian Eagles  
 Soar o'er smoking hill and dell,  
 And their hordes like howling beagles,  
 Dense and countless, round them yell!  
 Thundering cannon, deadly mortar,  
 Sweep the field in every quarter!  
 Never, since the days of Jesus,  
 Trembled so the Chersonesus!  
 Here behold the Gallic Lillies—  
 Stout St. Louis' golden Lillies!  
 Float as erst at old Ramillies!  
 And, beside them, lo! the Lion—  
 England's proud, unconquered Lion!  
 With her trophied Cross, is flying—  
 Glorious standards! shall they waver  
 On the field of Balaklava?  
 No, by heavens! at that command—  
 Sudden, rash, but stern command!  
 Charges Lucan's little band,  
 Brave six hundred—lo! they charge  
 On the battle's bloody marge.

Down yon deep and skirted valley,  
 Where the crowded cannon play—  
 Where the Ozar's fierce cohorts rally,  
 Cossack, Calmuck, savage Kalli—  
 Down that gorge they swept away—  
 Down that new Thermopylæ,  
 Flashing swords and helmets seel!  
 Underneath the iron shower,  
 To the brazen cannon's jaws,  
 Heedless of their deadly power,  
 Press they without fear or pause—  
 To the very cannon's jaws!  
 Gallant Noland, brave as Roland  
 At the field of Roncesvalles,  
 Dashes down the fatal valley,  
 Dashes on the bolt of death,  
 Shouting with his latest breath,  
 'Charge, then, gallants! do not waver,  
 Charge the pass of Balaklava!  
 Oh, that rash and fatal charge,  
 On the battle's bloody marge!

Now the bolts of vollied thunder,  
 Rend that little band asunder,  
 Steed and rider wildly screaming,  
 Screaming wildly, sink away;  
 Late so proudly, proudly gleaming,  
 Now but lifeless clods of clay—  
 Now but bleeding clods of clay!  
 Never, since the days of Jesus,  
 Saw such sight the Chersonesus!  
 Yet your remnant, brave Six Hundred,  
 Presses onward, onward, onward!  
 Till they storm the bloody pass,  
 Till, like brave Leonidas,  
 They storm the deadly pass!  
 Sab'ring Cossack, Calmuck, Kalli,  
 In that wild shot-rended valley—  
 Drenched with fire and blood, like lava,  
 Awful pass at Balaklava!  
 Oh, that rash and fatal charge,  
 On that battle's bloody marge!

For now Russia's rallied forces;  
 Swarming hordes of Cossack horses,  
 Trampling o'er the reeking corpses,  
 Drive the thinned assailants back,  
 Drive the feeble remnant back!  
 O'er their late heroic track!  
 Vain, alas! now rent and sundered,  
 Vain your struggles, brave Two Hundred!  
 Thrice your number lie asleep,  
 In that valley dark and deep,  
 Weak and wounded you retire  
 From that hurricane of fire—  
 That tempestuous storm of fire—  
 But no soldiers, firmer, braver,  
 Ever trod a field of fame,  
 Than the Knights of Balaklava—  
 Honor to each hero's name!  
 Yet their country long shall mourn  
 For her ranks so rashly shorn,  
 So gallant, but madly shorn  
 In that fierce and fatal charge,  
 On the battle's bloody marge.

## THE WAR.

The (English) Morning Herald correspondent gives a brilliant account of the attack by the French on the Malakoff Tower:

"On Feb. 24th, at about half past two in the morning, the whole camp was aroused by a tremendous cannonade and heavy fire of musketry in advance of our right attack. It had continued some five or ten minutes before all the troops got orders to fall in, and by that time the din of the struggle in the trenches had so much increased that everyone looked forward to a general action as at Inkermann. Our troops did not move for-

ward, as the cause of the strife was then known to be not a sortie, as at first expected, but a night attack which our allies were making upon a new advanced work of the enemy.

On the night of the 22nd a strong force of Russians, bearing fascines, gabions, and other implements with them, crossed the bridge of boats, which they have in the lesser harbor, and occupied the works round Malakoff Tower. From this point they advanced in the darkness, for about 300 yards, to a slight eminence, where the plan of a new battery had been already marked. Here they fell to work, and with such rapidity and vigor was the labor prosecuted that, before the morning of the 23d, a deep trench, with much of the breastwork, had been completed. At dawn, it is presumed, the party retired, as nothing calculated to arouse attention was seen on the spot. The place where they had been at work was visible, but so much had been well concealed that it was almost impossible to discover whether a new battery was intended or not. The position was so much in advance of the other parts of the Russian defences, and midway between the works of the Redan and Malakoff Tower, that it was thought a feat too daring for the enemy to attempt.

On the night of the 23d the Russians returned as usual, and worked so well, that, by the following morning, their intentions were placed beyond all doubt or disbelief. The work was then nearly completed. No embrasures were yet there, and of course no guns, but more than enough had been done to command the instant attention of the allies. The work was surrounded by a deep fosse, and its parapet was already six feet high. The following night would entirely complete it, and even see some guns in position. For ordnance its position was so admirably chosen, that the fire would have completely enfiladed and taken in flank both our advanced parallel, and the new works from Inkermann, and our officers admitted that the enemy had not only shown great skill and ingenuity in its choice, but a considerable amount of daring and confidence in the fire of their batteries in the rear, by which only was the new work supported.

It was immediately reported to the French General of Engineers, who, after a short consultation with Sir John Burgoyne and the other officers of our Staff and Engineers, determined upon attacking and capturing the place that very night, and before it had time to be further strengthened. For this duty a demi-brigade of Zouaves, 1,600 strong, two battalions of Infanterie de la Marine, 2,300 strong, and 400 volunteer sharpshooters, 'Eufans Perdu,' were told off. The whole force was placed under the command of Lieutenant-General Monet. His instructions were to advance with all speed and secrecy upon the new work, drive in the covering parties, capture the work itself, and dispose his men under cover of the parapet, so as to be able to retain possession; or, if the fire of the Russian batteries rendered that impossible, to pull down the parapet and retire with the main body of his troops, leaving only the sharpshooters to annoy the enemy. At the same time no possible effort was to be neglected to keep possession.

These instructions were not given till the evening of the 23d, and were kept, it was thought, profoundly secret; but, as it turned out, the enemy appeared to be thoroughly well-informed of every step which the allies took.

The night of the 23d was windy and boisterous. The moon, which in its first quarter, went down at eleven. The storming party was to start at one; move quietly by the covered ways to the advanced parallel, and from thence on the object of attack, until discovered, when a rush was to be made. Owing to the suddenness with which the whole plan was resolved on, some slight delay took place in getting the troops under arms, and it was nearly two on the morning of the 24th before they all started.

All was perfectly quiet in and round Sebastopol, and the troops crept quietly forward until clear of the allied trenches. Then the utmost caution was requisite, to prevent any premature alarm being given, as our allies were now on the ground usually occupied by the enemy's sentries and out-pickets. They advanced accordingly for about 250 yards, but to their surprise saw no indication of any enemy. The object of their attack could just be discerned looming through the thick darkness. In a few minutes they were close upon it, but still the enemy gave no alarm, nor were there any signs of a party being at work completing the battery.

They were now within twenty yards of the parapet, and began to suspect an ambuscade, or that the enemy had deserted their approach and retired, when suddenly a noise was heard ahead as of troops rising from the ground; in another second two or three words of command were given in Russian, immediately followed by a terrific volley of musketry poured into the head of the French column at point blank distance. Forty or fifty of the Zouaves, who were leading, were stretched on the earth by the volley, never to rise again. Their comrades saw their attempt was discovered, and, with a fierce shout advanced to the contest.

A most bloody struggle then ensued. The Zouaves swarmed up the parapet on all sides, shooting, stabbing, and swearing vengeance in the dark, and the Russians obstinately held the work, fighting hand-to-hand with their assailants. Their officers were everywhere in advance, animating their men by voice and example, and hacking and hewing at the enemy with their swords like common soldiers. At length on the left side of the work the Zouaves succeeded in maintaining their position, and soon after poured in sufficient numbers to secure its capture, the enemy still holding one half and the French the other. Both joined in a deadly struggle for the possession of the place, and while this was going forward a manœuvre of the enemy's placed the French in a most critical position.

The columns of the Infanterie de la Marine

were placed so as to support the Zouaves and volunteers, and were therefore in rear outside of the contested earthwork. They at first occupied themselves in firing wherever they saw the enemy were the thickest, but soon had more important things to do. As the Zouaves struggled for the mastery, two Russian columns of infantry, each about 2,000 strong, were observed, one on each flank of the Marines.

This disposition of the enemy shows more than anything else how completely they were prepared for the attack, and how quietly the French had been drawn into a regular ambuscade. The enemy's flanking columns immediately advanced to the attack, and after about five minutes' heavy fire firing, charged the Marines with the bayonet. They resisted stoutly; but, taken by surprise in flank with numbers thinned by the enemy's musketry, it was all they could do to keep their ranks unbroken. They, however, succeeded for the moment in repelling the enemy's attack, and made an effort to re-form, so as to try and extricate themselves from their perilous position, and show a more extended front to their adversaries.

Unfortunately, from the density of the Russian volleys and their ignorance of the broken ground, this movement was attended with a great deal of confusion, which increased each moment. The enemy took advantage of it and again charged with the bayonet. This attack was fatal. Separated from the Zouaves, and unaware of their success in the earthwork, with their lines broken, disordered, and attacked on all sides by the enemy, the Marines wavered for a few moments, then broke and fled in all directions. The Russians pursued them hotly, and prevented their attempt to rally.

In the meantime the Zouaves and volunteers in the earthwork made a desperate fight to complete their capture and retain possession. The enemy fought with equal obstinacy. Many of the Russian soldiers were armed with hand grenades, made of coarse earthenware, and filled with powder. The fuses of these they lit, and flung by scores into the crowd of Zouaves, doing much execution.

Still our gallant allies maintained their ground, though General Monet, who led the party, was shot through the shoulder, and had his right hand completely shattered by a piece of shell. He refused, however, to quit the work, and calling on his men to follow him, made a last desperate attempt to overcome the enemy.

The Zouaves charged again, and not only charged, but remained pushing forward with the bayonet, until their opponents at last gave way, and fell back. In this fierce encounter the colonel of the Zouaves was dangerously wounded.

The French had now complete possession of the earthwork, but hardly had this result been accomplished, when the Russian batteries from all points opened on it. No description would convey even an idea of the terrific cannonade which was poured upon the place. The Redan, Barrack, Flag-staff, and batteries round Malakoff Tower seemed in flames, so incessant were their flashes. The massive volley came upon the earthwork like an iron hail. Bombs and shells were thrown among the French, while the heavy round shot ploughed up the parapets and demolished on all sides the half finished defences.

In vain the gallant Zouaves laid close to earth and kept up a tremendous fire of musketry upon the nearest embrasures; in vain did the volunteer sharpshooters advance and pick off the Russian Artillerymen while working the guns; each minute the cannonade grew hotter, and the earth shook beneath the concussion of the tremendous volleys which were poured upon them. Some of the volunteers advanced and actually tried to storm the nearest and most destructive of the batteries round Malakoff Tower. They scrambled across the ditch, entered the embrasures, and succeeded in spiking three of the guns and killing their Artillerymen, before the enemy in the awful uproar had discovered their presence. A large force of Russian infantry then instantly attacked them, and overwhelmed by numbers, the 'Eufans Perdu' were driven from the batteries with loss.

All this time the fire upon the earthwork never ceased, and the French became at last convinced that it was impossible to persist in the attempt to retain this capture. After holding it against such a cannonade for twenty-five minutes, orders were given to remove the wounded and fall back.

In the course of a minute or so after this retreat commenced the batteries ceased firing. The cause for this was soon made apparent, in the advance of some Russian columns from the batteries, who instantly fired a volley at the French, and charged them at the point of the bayonet. The Zouaves met it splendidly, and after a brief but sanguinary struggle, in which poor General Monet received a bayonet wound in the stomach, both sides drew off, and the Russians fell back to the shelter of their batteries.

The Zouaves again resumed their retreat with all haste, but the enemy's batteries at the same time re-opened fire. From these our gallant allies suffered much, in particular while ascending a ravine towards our lines, and where the storms of shot and shell hurled after them did much execution among their ranks.

As the French retired the Russians began cheering in some of the earthworks. Their shouts soon spread along the whole lines, and for some minutes their clamour vied even with the roar of their artillery. In reply to this the French batteries opened fire with some of our guns, manned by the sailors, to which the enemy replied with heavy volleys of shot and shell.

The Redan Battery distinguished itself in this manner, firing whole tiers of guns at once. This work, which at the commencement of the siege, mounted 40 or 50 pieces of ordnance, now mounts upwards of 200.

The French rejoined their lines at about four o'clock. Some of their wounded they had managed to carry off, but the majority remained where they fell. In affairs of this kind our allies, it is said, return their losses much lower than they really are.

Nearly ten thousand of the enemy's infantry were engaged. The officer on duty in the sailors' trenches this morning informed me that at nine this morning all the churches in Sebastopol rang peals of joy-bells, and that immense numbers of soldiers were collected in the streets, evidently engaged in celebrating this victory. Many of the soldiers were also employed in removing the dead and wounded from the neighborhood of the earthwork."

## English Cheese Manufacture.

The Cheddar Cheese of Wiltshire, England, is excellent in quality. It is made of new milk fresh from the cows, and is therefore also called "one meal cheese." It has been found that the milk of grass fed cows is the richest; hence the best quality of cheese can only be made during those periods of the year when the cattle are fed on the richest pasturage.

The milk, warm from the cow, is generally colored with some annatto, about one ounce for each expected hundred-weight of cheese, and the rennet for curdling is then added. About one-third of a pint of rennet is added for every fifty gallons of milk.

As soon as the milk is curdled, the whey is strained off, the curd cut very fine and placed in a proper cheese mold or hoop, where it is pressed gently for two hours, then turned and pressed again for eight hours, when it is turned again, rubbed on both sides with salt, then pressed for twelve or fourteen hours, and finally dried on a board, being turned every day.

Until the cheese is perfectly dry, it is best to keep it in a cool dry place. The temperature of the milk room, or dairy, should never be above 50 degrees. The sides of large cheeses are pierced with iron skivers, to allow the whey to escape during pressure, which should be put on gradually and never severe. Any good press will answer.

The curd, it will be understood, is placed in a clean white cotton cloth for pressing. The rennet used for curdling the milk for cheese is made of a calf's stomach washed clean and thoroughly salted, inside and out. In two or three days, the salt left on it having run, it is hung to drain for two days, then re-salted and put into a stone ware vessel, and covered with a piece of paper pricked with pin holes. It should now be suffered to stand for two or three months before it is farther treated for immediate use.

A gallon of water, into which a handful of sweetbriar leaves is placed, is boiled with three handfuls of salt for fifteen minutes, and then left to cool. Into this is stirred the whole of the above prepared calf's stomach, a lemon and a few cloves. A scum gathers on the top of this which must be skimmed off, and the clear is fit for use in a few days.

A very excellent cheese is made by taking the evening meal of milk, warming and mixing it with the morning's warm milkings, adding the rennet, and proceeding as before described. This kind of cheese is named "The Dunlop." No coloring is used, and there is honesty in this, as annatto used is for the purpose of deception.

All cheese curd is salted to the proper taste, or else it would soon ferment and decay. Cheese can be made of sweet and skim milk mixed, but the quality is very poor, and it is worse still when made altogether of skim milk.

The great secret in making good cheese is to have good rich sweet milk, clean vessels, a proper cool and dry dairy, good rennet, pressing gradually, and not too severe, until all the whey is expelled.

The famous "Stilton Cheese" is made by adding the cream of the evening's to the morning's milk, then adding the rennet. The curd is not broken, but put into a sieve to drain, and pressed very gently, after which it is put into the cheese ring, pressed lightly, and put on a board in the dairy to dry.

FRENCH RAILWAYS.—A foreign correspondent of the Savannah Republican speaks as follows of the railways in France:

It would be an injustice to France, did I not make some mention of her railroads. Without exception, they are the best I have ever seen, and approach as near to perfection as anything I can conceive. Though few in number, compared with those of even younger and smaller countries, they surpass them in completeness, solidity, strength, and beauty of structure.

The masonry upon them is most perfect. Nothing can surpass it in strength and beauty. The bridges over the roads are all of stone, arched. The viaducts over the valleys, the tunnels under the mountains, the walls upon the sides of deep cuts, are all of solid masonry.

This is the less to be wondered at, inasmuch as the work, though done at the expense of private companies, is superintended by the engineers of a government which permits nothing to be half done. The government will not allow a road to commence business until its own engineers have examined and accepted the road.

We were especially struck with the splendid workmanship upon a tunnel through which we passed before reaching Dijon. It is nearly three miles in length. No ray of light penetrates it, except what streams, for a short distance, through the entrances.

Our railroad contractors and builders might gain much valuable information by a careful inspection of the roads, and the railway system of France. The banks at the sides of the road are sodded, and their beautiful green is a pleasant sight to the eye when the surrounding scenery is shut out. The line of the roads is covered with broken stone so that there was no dust to annoy us, although there has been no rain for some days previous.

You must not think my language too strong, for I can assure you that the roads in France deserve all, and more than all, that I have written."

Let your practice agree with your preaching.