

# The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

EDWARD WHELAN]

This is true Liberty, when free-born Men, having a advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

[EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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MOON'S PHASES.—NOVEMBER, 1856.  
First Quarter 5th day, 1h. 10m. evening. E. S. E.  
Full Moon 12th day, 4h. 43m. morning. W. S. W.  
Last Quarter 19th day, 6h. 22m. morning. S.  
New Moon 27th day, 11h. 48m. morning. N. S.

## Literature.

(From Brownson's Quarterly Review for October.)

### INKERMANN.

BY A GUARDSMAN.

'Twas a dark and frosty midnight,  
The ground was chill and damp,  
There was silence in the trenches,  
There was slumber in the camp;  
We had plied the trembling battery,  
Until darkness hid the town,  
From the ditches, wet and weary,  
We were glad to lay us down.  
For the camp-fire not a faggot,  
Not a blanket for the storm,  
Naught but fever's first hot flushing  
Had we there to keep us warm.  
With the worn and veteran canvas,  
Drenched and dripping overhead,  
With a knapsack for our pillow,  
And the clammy clay our bed,—  
Yet we wrapt our coats about us,  
Yet we lay us on the ground,  
Toil hung heavy on our eyelids,  
Soon our sleep was sweet and sound;  
And for warmth we cluster'd closer,  
Arm in arm and breast to breast,  
While in dreams suspended o'er us,  
Came the vision bright and blest,  
Of the parted ones that meet us,  
With a rapture still and dumb—  
Of the million months that greet us  
With a volleyed "Welcome Home!"—  
As the maimed and martyr relics  
Of the plumed and burnished band,  
That erst leapt forth from Albion,  
Totter back upon their strand,  
And a tide of loud Hosannas  
Swells from all the choral land.

All is silent on the hillside,  
As the sentries come and go,  
Save the roar of the Tchernaya  
Thro' its rocky pass below,  
Or the tramp of some lone rider  
Careering to and fro;  
Save where moveth through the midnight  
Some heart-heavy engineer,  
Save some boding groups that murmur  
Of our undefended rear,  
Scarcely a cannon rearm'd planted,  
Scarcely a rampart lined our flanks,  
Tho' 'twas whispered by our captains,  
Tho' 'twas muttered through the ranks,  
If the legions in the valley,  
Ever swarm to the attack,  
Bare breasts and British bayonets  
Stand alone to hurl them back.  
Yet we sleep no whit less soundly,  
And we dream our dream of bliss,  
Tho' for an Army's ruin  
Never chance or night like this.

In marble Sebastopol  
The bells of chapel call:  
Our outposts hear the chanting  
Of monks within the wall.  
Why meet they there, with psalm and prayer?  
'Tis some high festival,  
By the old Achaian ruin  
Why groan those heavy wheels?  
Some forage freighted convoy  
Toward the leaguery city steals,  
Sleep!—will the serfs twice routed  
Dare the freeman's steel again,  
Will the slaves we storned from Alma  
Beard the lion in his den?

'Tis a drizzling Sabbath daybreak,  
Cheerless rings the reveille,  
Tho' the shroulike mists around us  
Not a stone's throw can we see:  
Feebly up the clouded welkin  
Tolls the morning bleak and gray,  
Dim as twilight in October,  
Dawns that dark and dismal day.  
The camp once more is sounding,  
Slowly putting on its strength,  
As a box, starved from torpor,  
Half uncoils its lazy length.  
Some are drying their damp muskets,  
Some gloss the rusted steel,  
Some are crouching o'er the watchfires,  
At the hurried matin meal:  
Some are bending o'er their Bibles,  
Others bid the beads of Rome,  
Many, still unawaken'd, hearken  
To the Sabbath bells of home.  
The mountain and the valley  
With the hoary haze are white,  
Sea and river, friend and foe,  
Town and trench are hid from sight;  
And the camp itself so softly  
With the snowy mist is blent,  
Scarcely the waving of the canvas  
Shows the outline of the tent.

Hark, the rifle's hawklike whistle!  
But we stir not for the din,  
Till with sullen step the pickets  
From the hills are driven in,  
Till the river seemed to thunder  
Thro' its rocky pass below,  
And a voice ran thro' the army,  
"Up to arms!—it is the foe!"  
Up with the Red Cross banner,  
Out with the victor steel,  
"Up to battle," the drums rattle,  
"Form and front," the bugles peal,—  
From the tents and from the trenches,  
From the ramparts, from the mine,  
We are groping for the bayonet,  
We are struggling into line;  
Half attired and half accoutred,  
Spur the officers headlong,  
And the men, from slumber starting,  
Round their colors fiercely throng.  
Then the lit artillery's earthquake  
Shook the hills beyond the gorge—  
Mute were then a thousand hammers  
Smiting hard the sounding forge.  
Full upon us comes the ruin,  
They have ranged the very spot,—

Purple glares the spot already,  
As the storm falls fast and hot,  
At our feet, the earth foams spraylike,  
'Neath the tempest of their shot.

Crouched like caged and fretted lion,  
For the unseen foe we glare,—  
Not a bayonet, not a sabre  
Thro' the rolling mists appear,  
Yet full sure the slaves are on us,  
For along the river's bed  
Tolls the low and measured thunder  
Of a mighty army's tread.  
The hearts beneath our bosoms  
Swell high as they would burst,  
We know not what is coming,  
But we nerve us for the worst:  
Fast our shoulders grow together,  
Firm beneath that iron hail,  
The tall Red Line is forming,  
That was never known to quail.  
Up from the slopes beneath us  
Nearer thrills the muffled hum,  
They are stepping to the onset,  
Without trumpet, without drum,  
And we clutch our pieces tighter—  
Let them come!

The fog before us deepens:  
Like a dark spot in a storm,  
Along the mist-wreathed ridges,  
Their crowded columns form  
The helmets and the gray-coats,  
Scarcely pistol-shot ahead,  
They are on us—let us at them—  
Unavenged we have bled.  
To work!—the eager rifle  
Is warming at our cheeks,  
Yon column's head is melting  
As the levelled Minie speaks,  
Now forward with the bayonet!—  
Fast as floods through river sluice,  
The yeomanry of England  
On the Muscovite is loose.  
Yet bide they there to meet us,  
A phalanx of gray rock,  
In vain—no human bulwark  
Can breast the coming shock.  
At them—on them—o'er them—through them,  
The Red Line thunders still,  
A cheer, a charge, a struggle,  
And we sweep them from the hill.  
Not a man had we left living  
Of the masses marshalled there,  
But their siege-guns in the gorges  
Stay our conquering career.  
Then as we breathe from slaughter,  
And ere we close our ranks,  
The foe, one column routed,  
Hurts a fresh one on our flanks.  
Unappalled and unexhausted,  
We welcome the new war,  
Tho' like locusts in midsummer  
Swarm the legions of the Czar,  
Fifty thousand men are on us,  
Scarcely a tithe of them are we—  
Well might they swear to drive us  
Ere nightfall to the sea.  
Yet, St. George for merry England  
A volley, and we close,  
'Neath the martyr cross of bayonets,  
Redder yet the Red Line grows.

These are not the men of Alma,  
Who are now so well at work;  
On the Danube, at Silistria,  
They have schooled them 'gainst the Turk;  
O'er the mountains of Circassia  
Their black eagles they have borne,  
And the children of their High Priest  
Lead the stern fanatics on.  
Point to point, and breast to bosom,  
Hand to hand we madly clinch,  
And the ground we win upon them  
Is disputed inch by inch.  
The warrior blood of Britain  
Never rained so fast a tide,  
Man and captain fall together,  
Peer and peasant side by side.  
We have routed thrice our number,  
Still their front looms thrice as vast,  
And our line is thinned and jaded,  
And our men are falling fast.  
Upon them with the bayonet!  
Our powder waxes scant—  
What more with foe so near him  
Does British soldier want?

Once more—once more, borne backward  
Their hurled legions fly,  
And we saw our brave Commander,  
With his staff come riding by.  
Calmly he dared the danger,  
But a gloom was in his eye,  
For the wounds of his dead soldiers  
Lay around him thick and high.  
God knows his thought!—It might be  
Of other mounds, I ween—  
Of parapets, which, mounted,  
Such havoc had not been.  
But in brunt of battle ever  
Was the Saxon bosom bare,  
Some hailed him, as he passed us,  
With a hearty English cheer;  
And as the nobles round him  
Were falling, did we pray,  
That his hero life amid the strife,  
Might be spared! to us that day,  
O dark the cloud that rested  
On our chieftain's anxious brow:  
He has staked his all on the Spartan wall—  
It must not fall him now!

Then, as waveless in the tempest  
Broods the white wing of a gull,  
O'er the hurricane of battle  
Swept a momentary lull,  
Countless lay the dead and dying,  
Few and faint the living stood,  
Every blade of grass beneath us  
Had its drop of hero blood.  
To our knees the stiffening bodies  
Of our fallen comrades rose,  
But higher, deeper, thicker,  
Lay the holocaust of foes:  
And so fast the gore of Russia  
From the British bayonet runs,  
Tripping down our dented rifles,  
That our hands slip on our guns.  
Far along the scarlet ridges  
Looming dim thro' mist and smoke,  
In scattered groups divided  
By copic and dwarfed oak,

Rest the remnant of our army,  
Rests each motley regiment,  
Coldstream, Fusilier and Ranger,  
Line and Guard still sternly leaning,  
To the charge still sternly leaning,  
Undismayed, undaunted still,  
Grinly frowning o'er the valley,  
Proven masters of the hill.  
A widgeut from the mountain  
Swept the driving rack away,  
And we saw our battling brothers,  
For the first time that dark day,  
But as up the white shroud drifted,  
St. George, what sight beneath!  
'Twas as when the veil is lifted  
From the stony face of death.  
Right before us, right beneath us,  
Right around us every where,  
The fresh hordes of the Despot  
On flank and centre bear:  
Around us and about us  
The armed torrent rolls,  
As around a foundering galley  
Gleance the fins of bridling shoals.  
O never, England, never,  
Tho' 'aye out-numbered sore,  
Has thy world-encouraging banner  
Faced such fearful odds before.

On they come like crested breakers  
That would whelm us in their wrath,  
Or the winged flame of prairies  
Whirling stubble from its path.  
But with cheer as stout as ever  
To the charge again we reel,  
Again we now before us  
Those harvests of stiff steel.  
Too few, alas, the living  
These hydra hosts to stem,  
But our comrades lie around us,  
We can sleep at last with them.  
Rally, Britons, round your colours,  
And if no succour near,  
Then for God, our Queen, our country,  
Let us proudly perish here.  
Each hand and foot grows firmer,  
As they yell their demon cry;  
Each soldier's cheek grows brighter,  
As his last stern task draws nigh;  
By the dead of Balaklava,  
We will show them how to die!

Heard ye not that tramp behind us?  
If a foe man come that way,  
We may make one charge to vengeance,  
And then look our last day.  
As the tiger from the jungle,  
On the bounding column comes,  
We can hear their footfall ringing,  
To the steen roll of their drums;  
We can hear their billowy surging,  
As up the hills they pant—  
O God, how sweetly sound—  
The well-known "En avant!"  
With their golden eagles soaring,  
Bloodless lips and falcon glance,  
Radiant with the light of battle,  
Came the chivalry of France,  
Ah, full well, full well we knew them,  
Our bearded, bold allies,  
All Austerlitz seemed shining  
In their sunlight from their eyes,  
Round their bright array dividing,  
We gave them passage large,  
For we knew no line then living,  
Could withstand that fiery charge  
One breathing space they halted—  
One volley rent the sky—  
Then the *pas de charge* thrills heavenward,  
"Vive l'Empereur!" they cry.  
Right for the heart of Russia  
Cleave the swart Gallic braves,  
The Panthers of the Alma,  
The leopard-fubed Zouaves,  
The cheer of rescued Britain  
One moment thundered forth,  
The next we trample with them  
The pale hordes of the North.  
Ye that have seen the lightning  
Thro' the crashing forest go,  
Would stand aghast to see how fast  
We lay their legions low.  
They shrink—they sway—they falter—  
On, on!—no quarter then—  
Nor human hand, nor Heaven's command  
Could stay our maddened men.  
A flood of sudden radiance  
Bathes earth and sea and sky,  
Above us bursts exulting  
The sun of victory.  
Holy moment of grim rapture,  
The work of death is done,  
The Muscovite is flying,  
Lost Inkermann is won!

But at night 'twas bitter thinking,  
As we dug the deep, dark grave,  
That the mounds then o'er our comrades  
Had been wall enough to save.

POMPEII.  
Pompeii, one of the ancient cities of Italy, was situated in that part of the country which was given the name Campania. Its site lies at the bottom of the Gulf of Cumae, known in modern times as the Bay of Naples, five miles from the volcanic mountains of Vesuvius, and thirteen miles south-west from the city of Naples. Pompeii was in no particular manner distinguished either for its magnificence or its historical renown. But the destiny by which it was overtaken, as wonderful as it is happily rare, renders it one of the most interesting spots on the face of the globe. In the year 89 of the Christian era, in the reign of the Emperor Titus, the son of Vespasian, it was overwhelmed by a deluge of ashes, water, and mud, discharged from the neighboring volcano; and after having lain buried for about seventeen hundred years, its streets and houses, with its temples and theatres, have once more been laid open to the light of the sun, and re-traversed by the foot of man.  
Pliny the younger has described, in very moving language, the circumstances of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum. It was in the month of August, in the year 79. Pliny was at that time residing with his uncle at Mysenum, the principal station of the Roman fleet. An immense cloud of smoke and ashes was seen rising to a great height in the atmosphere. This cloud bore a marked resemblance in shape to the trunk and branches of a gigantic pine tree. As it was impossible, from the distance to Mysenum, to ascertain the cause of this extraordinary phenomenon, Pliny the elder, who

commanded at the port, gave orders to prepare for sea a swift sailing ship, on board of which he immediately embarked, in order to obtain a nearer view of so striking a manifestation, and to inquire philosophically into its proximate cause.

He had scarcely set sail when everything assumed a most appalling aspect. The earth shook with tremendous violence, and the mountains trembled to the topmost summits. A noise like thunder was heard underground: the rocks along the shore re-echoed a strange and indescribable sound, which seemed to proceed from the innermost bowels of the earth; the soil was hot, and almost burning; the sea boiled, and the entire firmament appeared on fire. At length the flames issued from the rent volcano, and a fiery mass of stones and lava was projected into the air. In its descent this burning mass covered the sides of the mountain, as well as the whole of the surrounding plain. This eruption was succeeded by a cloud so dense and murky that the sun was no longer visible, and the face of day was changed into a night of horror. The inhabitants fled from their tottering houses, and sought for safety in the open fields; while others, terrified by the solitary desolation of the country, sought refuge in the crowds which covered the highways near the towns. Those who were at sea were impelled by terror to turn their ships towards the shore, where they met thousands equally alarmed, seeking means to entrust their lives and fortunes to the waves.

Meanwhile, the cloud of smoke and dust carried dismay to the capital. The darkness which enshrouded the city terrified the inhabitants of Rome to such a degree that many of them threw themselves, with their families, into ships bound for Africa and Egypt, imagining that Italy was about to atone for its sins by enduring the utmost wrath of the gods.

But the immediate neighborhood of Vesuvius presented a scene of still greater destruction and consternation. At Mysenum, a distance of nearly twenty miles, the ashes fell in such quantities that the younger Pliny, who was obliged to sit down in the fields with his mother to avoid the risk of being crushed by the throng of fugitives who fled in the dark, relates that had they not used the precaution of constantly shaking the dust off their persons, they would have been completely smothered in a short time.

The elder Pliny, having reached Stabiae, passed the night in the house of a friend. While he slept, the court which surrounded the dwelling was filled with large stones and ashes to such a depth, that it was not without great difficulty that any individual belonging to the party made his escape; and in order to shield themselves from the showers of stones which were falling in great quantities everywhere around them, they covered their bodies with cushions and carpets.

The sun was now risen, but his beams could not penetrate the thick cloud which brooded over Stabiae. Torches were therefore used, in order to find a passage towards the beach; it having been determined to put to sea, as the only means of safety, provided the waves were sufficiently allayed to render such a retreat practicable. But the ocean was at that dreadful moment more agitated than ever. Pliny threw himself on the ground, wrapt in a cloak or blanket, and drank some cold water which had been seasonably procured for him. Another discharge from the mountain, however, made all their cares prove fruitless. Every one yielded to the impulse of self-preservation, and fled, except two slaves, who seemed willing to hazard their own lives with the view of saving that of the great naturalist. Pliny made an effort to rise, supported by his faithful attendants; but he almost instantly dropped down again, suffocated; it was supposed, by the increasing heat of the sulphurous atmosphere, and by the cloud of dust which impregnated the air. Two days elapsed before his friends had recovered sufficiently from their terror to search for his body and give it burial—a duty which was performed with all the respect due to so great a character, and with those feelings of sorrow and regret which never fail to attend the obsequies of those public men who have fallen victims to their love of knowledge, or to the exertions of patriotism. Such is a brief description of that stupendous volcanic eruption, which buried beneath a mass of ashes the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, concealing them from the eye of man for more than seventeen centuries.

Of the early history of Pompeii hardly anything is known. It is said to have been founded by Hercules, and that its name is derived from Pompa, in allusion to the pomp with which that hero celebrated his victories whilst awaiting his fleet at the mouth of the river Sarnus, after his alleged conquest of Spain. This refuge in mythology, to which men have betaken themselves, in accounting for the origin of Pompeii, is a sufficient proof that the obscurity in which it is hidden is too profound to be penetrated. Strabo, however, asserts that the towns on this coast were founded by Pelasgians, and Tyrrhenians; and this statement is by no means devoid of plausibility. We may, indeed, conclude with some degree of confidence that the foundations of Pompeii were laid long before those of Rome itself. The early history of the city is nearly as uncertain as the date of its foundation, and the derivation of its name. It is first mentioned in the account of the Marsic, or Social War, which broke out ninety-one years before the birth of Christ. Pompeii was one of those towns of Campania that had revolted. It escaped the punishment with which some other places were visited. The only subsequent event of any moment which is related of it, is a quarrel between its inhabitants and those of Nuceria (now Nocera), in which the latter was worsted. The transaction occurred in the 59th year of the Christian era. Four years afterward, Pompeii was almost destroyed by an earthquake, the terrible effects of which are recorded by Seneca. A great part of the town was reduced to ruins; and Herculaneum was likewise considerably injured. Similar alarms, the usual presages of an approaching eruption, were repeated, until the memorable 23rd of August, A.D. 59, when the first recorded volcanic eruption of Vesuvius occurred, and the catastrophe which we have related took place.

It was not lava, but showers of stones, cinders, and mud, which overwhelmed Pompeii. These showers poured down continuously for more than a week, and much of the matter was deposited in a liquid state. Neither was it by one eruption alone that the cities were covered to their present depth. Successive layers are clearly to be traced, and the lowest bears marks of having been moved, whilst the others are untouched—a plain proof that some time elapsed between their deposition, and that the inhabitants had made excavations in search of their more valuable property. The bed of ashes and stone which covered Pompeii varied in depth from twelve to fourteen feet.

The resurrection of the buried city took place in the following wise:—  
In the year 1689, during some excavations in the plain at the foot of Vesuvius, where subsequently it was proved that Pompeii had flourished, a workman observed the regularity with which the successive layers of earth and volcanic matter had been deposited. He compared them to