

# The Examiner.

## WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

EDWARD WHELAN]

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

[EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Vol. V.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1855.

No. 21.

**A. L. CUTLER,**

Wholesale Dealer in

**PAINTS, OILS AND WINDOW GLASS,**  
Drugs, Medicines & Dye Stuffs.

Manufacturer of Coach, Furniture, Piano-forte and Damar or Zinc VARNISHES.

No. 43 INDIA STREET, BOSTON, MASS.  
October 22, 1855. 2m

**GLOBE HOTEL,**

James W. Cairns, Proprietor.

KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Mostly situated, and every comfort afforded at moderate cost.  
Horses and vehicles, for hire, in connection with the establishment.  
September 3.

**WILLIAM ROBERTSON,**

Commission Merchant and General Agent,  
GIBBORNE & HENDERSON'S WHARF,  
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

**JAMES MORRIS,**

Commission Merchant, General Agent and  
Auctioneer.

QUEEN STREET,

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Card.

**STEWART & MABLEAN,**

Ship Brokers and Commission Merchants,  
For the sale and purchase of American and Provincial Produce,  
and Dealers in Provisions, Fish, Oil, &c.

FERRY LANDING, WATER-ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

REFERENCES—Charlotte, P. E. I., JAS. PURDIE, Esq.,  
St. John, N. B., Messrs. B. RASKIN & CO.  
Oct. 8, 1855. 6m

**HARRIS, BOWDITCH & Co.,**

Commission Merchants.

RUSSIA WHARF, BOSTON.

Particular attention is given to consignments of Vessels and  
Produce from the British Provinces; and the purchase and  
shipment of all kinds of Merchandise, with a general Insurance  
Agency. September 10.

TO BE SOLD,

A Private Sale, and if not disposed of previously, then at  
a Public Auction on the 1st day of May next, at Summer-  
side on the Premises—all that Lot of Land now in the possession  
of Mr. William H. Lane, having a breadth of 50 feet, and  
extending back from the high road to the shore, with the two  
buildings thereon erected;—one of which is divided into three  
convenient tenements for business, and the office is at present  
occupied by Mr. Lane as a dwelling house and dry goods store  
—being one of the best stands for business.

The terms are—one half of the purchase money to be paid  
at time of sale, when a Deed will be given if required, and the  
balance, with interest, at six per cent, to be secured by Mort-  
gage, payable in one year from date of Sale. For title, &c.,  
please apply at the office of  
Charlotte, July 9. CHARLES YOUNG.

Valuable Farm for Sale.

AN excellent FARM, consisting of 75 acres of Freehold  
Land, on the Bay Vale Road, Lot 65, twelve miles from Char-  
lottetown, (40 acres of which are clear), with a large DWELLING  
HOUSE, newly erected and completely finished, is now offered for sale,  
with immediate possession. For particulars apply to  
May 22. JOHN KENNY, Central Academy.

For Sale,

THAT beautifully situated FARM at Darnley, known as  
the subscriber's; it contains 100 acres of land in a high state of  
cultivation; it is a leasehold for 999 years, the yearly rent of which is  
£5 10s 6d, currency; there are on the premises a large two-story  
Dwelling House, a large and convenient Barn, with a Threshing Mill,  
and an out house for a Grassary.

Also, a small FARM, containing 24 acres of freehold land, situate  
in Princetown Royalty, within a few chains of the Darnley Bridge.  
The above mentioned properties are well worth the attention of persons  
wishing to purchase. For further particulars enquire of  
Charlotte, September 17. W. E. CLARK.

Freehold for Sale.

THAT well known Freehold, of 55 acres, "EGLANTINE  
POINT," Fortune Key, formerly owned by EDWARD ABELL, is  
now offered for sale, of which a good and valid title can be given. For  
further particulars apply to  
Registered book 24, page 878. W. E. DEAN. July 23.

Dwelling House and Land near Charlotte-  
town for Sale.

FOR SALE, the newly built and commodious Dwelling  
House in Charlotte-town Royalty, late the residence of the Hon.  
Charles Hensley, together with eighteen acres of Land adjoining. The  
Dwelling House contains—Dining Room, Drawing Room and Study; two  
Kitchens, with Store-rooms, &c.; and Nine Bed-rooms. There is also  
Stables, Coach-house, Root-house, Pump, &c., on the premises. The dis-  
tance from Charlotte-town is rather less than one mile.

Also to let from year to year, or for a term of years, as agreed upon,  
several Pasture Lots in Charlotte-town Royalty, near the above Dwelling  
House.  
For Terms of Sale and Lease apply to the subscriber at the Attorney  
General's Office, Colonial Building, Charlotte-town.  
July 20. JOSEPH HENSLEY.

Public Lands.

THE Commissioner of Public Lands gives notice that per-  
sons who have given bonds for the purchase of lands—having had  
favorable terms offered them—should they not speedily settle their  
accounts, by calling at the Commissioner's Office, and agreeing to the  
balance thereon in the terms offered by the Government—render them-  
selves liable to any alteration in these terms which may be thought  
advisable. September 17, 1855.

Notice.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against trespassing on  
these lands situate on Lot or Township No. 46, the property of  
Captain Byrne, the heirs of Mrs. Taylor and of Miss Gun Cunningham,  
and lying between the western boundary of Major Crooke's land, and  
the eastern boundary of Lot 45. Any person or persons so found  
trespassing, will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.  
ROBERT STEWART,  
Agent for Captain Byrne, the heirs of Mrs. Taylor  
and Miss Gun Cunningham.  
Charlotte, April 23.

Notice to Tenants.

THE subscriber requests all persons indebted to him for  
Rent, or arrears of Rent, on his part of Lot or Township No.  
37, to pay the same forthwith. He is also prepared to lease or sell any  
part of the above property—his titles being now duly recorded; and  
takes this opportunity of notifying that any person or persons found  
trespassing on the above property, will be prosecuted to the utmost  
rigour of the law. Also, the Tenants on the Estates under the manage-  
ment of Messrs. Thomson, viz—on Lot or Township No. 26—the property  
of Messrs. Thomson; on Lot or Township No. 36—the property of the  
Rev. John Macdonald; and on Lot or Township No. 49—the property of  
Messrs. Haythorne;—as no arrears will be allowed to remain due after  
the first of January, 1856. JOHN B. BOURKE.  
Mill View, Nov. 15, 1855. E. L. H.'s G.—1m.

Poetry.

THE GALLANT BRITISH TAR.

BY ELIZA COOK.

There's one whose fearless courage yet  
Has never failed in fight,  
Who guards with zeal our country's weal,  
Our freedom and our right;  
But though his strong and steady arm  
Spread havoc in its blow,  
Cry "Quarter!" and that arm will be  
The first to spare its foe.  
He rocks not though proud glory's shout  
May be his knell of death,  
The triumph won, without a sigh,  
He yields his parting breath,  
He's Britain's boast, and claims a toast!  
"In peace, my boys, or war,  
Here's to the brave upon the wave—  
The gallant British tar!"

Let but the sons of want come nigh,  
And tell their tale to him,  
He'll chide their eyes for weeping,  
While his own are growing dim.  
"Cheer up!" he cries, "we all must meet  
The storm as well as calm;"  
But, turning on his heel, Jack slips  
The guineas in their palm.  
He'll hear no long oration,  
But tell you every man  
Is born to act a brother's part  
And do what good he can.  
He's Britain's boast, and claims a toast!  
"In peace, my boys, or war,  
Here's to the brave upon the wave—  
The gallant British tar!"

The dark blue jacket that enfolds  
The sailor's manly breast,  
Bears more of real honor  
Than the star and ermine vest,  
The title of folly in his head  
May make the landsman's mirth,  
But nature proudly owns him  
As her child of sterling worth.  
His heart is warm, his hand is true,  
His word is frank and free;  
And though he plays the ass on shore,  
He's lion of the sea.  
He's Britain's boast, and claims a toast!  
"In peace, my boys, or war,  
Here's to the brave upon the wave—  
The gallant British tar!"

Cleanings from late Papers.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

PLEASANT DAYS IN THE CAMP.

Fourth Division Camp, before Sebastopol, Oct. 15.

A pleasanter spot for a camp, in such sunny and delightful  
weather as we at present enjoy, could hardly be found than  
the slope beyond the village of Kamara on which the High-  
landers have pitched their tents, and whither materials for  
hand have already been sent in large quantities. This camp,  
recently the nearest to the bristling part of the siege, and into  
which Russian projectiles not unfrequently plunged, is now  
tranquil and laborious as some new settlement in an Australian  
bush or America's back woods. Peaceful toil has succeeded  
the din of war. Except the cannonade from the north side,  
at times rather loud, not a sound is heard that indicated the  
vicinity of a foe. The Russians, as if to vent their rage at  
their recent reverse, continue to pound away at intervals at  
the ruins of the town they have been forced to abandon.  
They do little harm to us, and might as well save their am-  
munition, which they often condescend to expend even on a  
single soldier whom they see wandering among the broken  
walls or across the plain. Yesterday our old friend, Bilbo-  
quet, long silent, opened his mouth, and sent a couple of shot  
either at the works by Frakir bridge, or at something he saw  
moving in the valley below his muzzles. To-day the Rus-  
sian guns are nearly mute, and the stillness contrasts  
strikingly with the uproar we were here so long accustomed to.  
The silence would be quite solemn did not the tap of the  
builder's hammer replace in some degree the crack of the rifle,  
and the rattle of carts the roar of the cannon. The English  
army, convinced that it is to winter in its present camp, has  
set seriously to work to guard itself from the inclement  
weather from which it last year suffered so grievously, and to  
make itself as comfortable as it can. Officers and men are  
busy with domestic arrangements. Hutting and road-  
making are the occupations of the hour, and rapid progress  
is making with both. Whenever we abandon this encamp-  
ment we shall leave almost a town behind us. Strong wooden  
huts are springing up on all sides, and here and there a solid  
stone dwelling is in course of construction. There will be  
lots of chimneys smoking this Christmas on the heights before  
Sebastopol, and doubtless, many a good dinner will be eaten  
on that day, and many a glass emptied to those memories  
and hopes of home which are almost the sole consolation for  
the many privations that must be endured, even under the  
most favorable circumstances, by the dwellers in a camp. It  
is now pleasant to contrast the sufferings of last winter—the  
cold, exposure, famine, and want of clothing then endured  
—with the prospect of plenty and almost of comfort during  
that which approaches, and to observe the activity that pre-  
vails to make the most of the ample means supplied. The  
necessary roads progress rapidly towards completion. Drain-  
age is not neglected, and, indeed, it is a question whether it  
be not almost overdone. Some of the ditches, dug along each  
side of the roads, and around stores, hospital huts, and other  
establishments, are of formidable width and depth, and of a  
dark night are likely to prove dangerous pitfalls to wanderers  
through the camp, especially if they have been taking "just  
one more tumbler" in the quarters of some hospitable friend.  
On the other hand, here, where the rains are frequently  
orrents, during which the water sweeps down the slopes in  
sheets and floods, deep drainage is essential if we are not to  
live in a quagmire, as we hitherto have done as often as the  
weather has been wet.

DRUNKENNESS AND ITS PUNISHMENT.

To the wholesome labour and activity that now prevail, as  
well as to the fitness of the weather, the healthy condition of  
the army is doubtless due. It certainly is not attributable to  
sobriety and abstinence, for I regret to say that drunkenness  
is very prevalent among the men. The well-intended kind-  
ness of the "Queen's sixpence" is doing, I fear, much harm,  
used as it is by a very large portion of the soldiers as a means  
of excessive drinking. The consequence of this, and of the  
insubordination and many offences it leads to, is a large  
amount of punishment of various kinds—extra guards, stone-  
carrying and flogging. The cart-wheel (here substituted  
for the triangle) is frequently rigged, and the Provost-Mar-  
shal and his assistants have plenty on their hands; but 25  
lashes, or even 50, are all insufficient to wean the British  
soldier from his favorite vice. I hear of regiments in which  
there are literally scores of men under punishment of one

sort or other for intoxication. One regiment was cited to me  
(I refrain from naming it), in which there were 60 offenders  
of this sort at one time. In another nine sergeants were  
broken for drunkenness. On Saturday there was an issue of  
back pay (the extra sixpence), and I never witnessed a more  
disgraceful scene than was presented by the part of the camp  
in which I happened to be at about an hour before sunset on  
Sunday afternoon. I have no reason to believe that it was  
confined to that part of the camp, but I mention only that  
which I and a military friend who accompanied me actually  
saw, as we went against a railing enjoying the beauty  
of the evening. Half the men who passed along a track  
a little in our front were more or less intoxicated. Some  
were merely unsteady, others staggered and straggled out  
of the path. Some were pugnacious, and we saw two fights  
begin, which were only put an end to by the arrival of  
a patrol. None, more than myself, would advocate every  
reasonable indulgence to an army, which has deserved so well  
of its country as that of the Crimea, displaying, as it has  
done, on repeated occasions, and for long periods, the utmost  
valour, fortitude and patience. But if means are not found  
of checking the great drunkenness that at present goes on  
here, the result will be a grievous scandal to the service. At  
the same time that I gladly record the physical well-being of  
the troops, I am bound to declare my conviction that they  
have never, since the commencement of the war, been in worse  
discipline and subordination.

THE FALL OF KINBURN.—RUSSIAN OFFICIAL  
DESPATCH.

The *Journal de St. Petersburg* of the 20th announces  
the fall of Kinburn in the following terms:—In consequence  
of the situation of the fortress of Kinburn, which is erected  
at the extreme end of the spit of land bearing the same name,  
on the left bank of the Liman of the Dniéper, and at the  
entrance of the Liman, the communication of Nicolaiéff with  
this fortress took place through Otchakoff, and were main-  
tained by means of large row boats, and by an optical marine  
telegraph, established at Otchakoff. On the appearance of  
the enemy's vessels in the Liman, the direct water communi-  
cation with Kinburn ceased. From all the communications  
received by telegraph from Otchakoff, the day before yester-  
day, yesterday and to-day, we gather as follows:—The fort-  
ress of Kinburn, after supporting, during the 3d (15th) inst.,  
a heavy cannonade and bombardment from the gunboats,  
mortar-vessels and steam-frigates anchored in the Liman,  
replied to it by an animated and well-directed fire from its  
guns. At nightfall the fire ceased on both sides; but yester-  
day, the 16th inst., it was resumed, and continued during the  
whole day, though with less vivacity. At nine o'clock this  
morning, eleven other steam-frigates and a ship of the line of  
90 guns reinforced the ships already at anchor in the Liman,  
and they all commenced a most furious vertical and horizon-  
tal fire, in which they were assisted by the rest of the enemy's  
fleet from the seaboard. The infernal fire continued until  
half-past two o'clock in the afternoon. At that time the fort-  
ress, within which the buildings were all in flames, ceased  
firing; after which the enemy discontinued his fire also. At  
three o'clock, two boats were observed with a flag of truce,  
advancing towards the fortress, which, half an hour afterwards,  
was entered by a portion of those of the enemy's troops that  
had landed. After that the ships before anchored in the  
Liman steered in the direction of Otchakoff and the Nicholas  
batteries, situated on the opposite shore; but up to this evening  
they have not opened their fire.

The *Freuden-Blatt* states that after the capitulation and  
occupation of Kinburn by the Allies, they offered to General  
Khorring, the commandant at Otchakoff, the choice of retiring  
with his troops, with the honours of war. The General re-  
fused; but seeing the impossibility of maintaining his posi-  
tion, he himself blew up the fortifications of the fortress  
confided to his care.

THE NEW BATTERIES AT SEBASTOPOL.

Three new batteries have been erected by the Allies at  
Sebastopol, but their fire was not actively maintained. The  
attack on Forts Constantine and Catherine was delayed by  
the expectation that the Russians would evacuate the north  
side, for which operation they appeared to be preparing.

The Sardinian division, with the English and French  
cavalry, has returned to their former lines on the Tchernaya.

THE RETURN TO EUPATORIA.

A despatch has been received from St. Petersburg, to the  
effect that after several movements in advance the Allied  
forces finally retired to Eupatoria on the 27th, as the Russians  
continued to threaten their left flank.

PERMISSION GIVEN TO GORTSCHAKOFF TO EVACU-  
ATE THE CRIMEA.

General Prince Gortschakoff has received, through General  
Stackelberg, full powers from the Emperor to defend or  
abandon the Crimea, according to circumstances, without in-  
curring any responsibility for the determination to which he  
may come.

[There is no reason to doubt, that this information is sub-  
stantially true, notwithstanding that Prince Gortschakoff, on  
the 15th inst., declared, in an order of the day, that he would  
not leave the Crimea, but would defend it to the very last.  
He had not then received the instructions of his Imperial  
Master. The great amount of discretionary powers accorded  
to the General has, we have reason to believe, a far greater  
significance than any that can relate to the movements of  
the army. It implies rather than expresses the wavering  
spirit of Russia; and is intended to prepare Europe for the  
retreat of the Muscovite army. It bespeaks the inabil-  
ity of the Czar to send reinforcements, or, at least, his con-  
viction that, even could he send them, the great point for  
which we contended is practically obtained. The Imperial  
instructions, then, may be taken as a sort of warrant to the  
Russian General to abandon his position; and an intima-  
tion to Europe that that event may shortly be looked for.  
But the question remains, how are the Russians to evacuate  
the Crimea? It is more easily spoken of than done. He is  
already hemmed in on all sides. The sea is in one direction,  
a bleak and waterless steppe in another. If he take the third  
route that presents itself, he will fall in with the main body  
of Marshal Pelissier's army; if he take the fourth, and only  
remaining one, he must be prepared to encounter Sir Colin  
Campbell's division, Lord George Paget's light cavalry, and  
the infantry of the English, French and Turks that have  
been interposed between the Russian position and their route  
to the north. Their position is truly terrible. Above them  
the certain storm of Heaven, beneath them the bleached  
bones of the dead, and around them the instruments of death  
in dark array, waiting only for the first movement of the  
beleaguered camp. The truth is, they cannot stay where they  
are, and they cannot move without battle. They must fight,  
and there is nothing else open to them. An uninter-  
rupted retreat is not to be thought of. But if they fight,  
what is their chance of victory? Certainly desperation some-  
times does wonders, and it is possible for any army that feels  
that it must face death in some shape to conquer from very  
madness, just as one man may tax the full powers of half-  
a-dozen men in their senses. But all the chances point the  
other way. The allied armies are in the highest state of dis-  
cipline and efficiency.]

FALSE ALARMS AT SEBASTOPOL.

FOURTH DIVISION CAMP, Oct. 20.—Here, at Sebastopol,  
nothing has been going on, and in the absence of events we  
are left to reflect on the past and to speculate on the future.  
The projected expedition to Eupatoria is given up, an attack  
upon our own lines being expected. Accordingly we have  
been turning out before daybreak every morning, and occa-

sionally, at other hours also. Late on Wednesday night the  
reserve ammunition was ordered to be ready early in the  
morning, as there was every possibility of an attack. On  
Thursday forenoon the French were formed up in the valley  
of the Tchernaya, awaiting a foe who came not. Yesterday,  
about noon, there were movements of troops, and it was re-  
ported that large masses of Russians were visible. Much  
note of preparation and clash of arms, but it nevertheless is  
the opinion of many here—some of them persons whose  
opinion has weight—that our Muscovite friends have not the  
remotest idea of attacking us, and that Lord Pannuro's infor-  
mation to a contrary effect, derived from Berlin, proceeds in  
fact from St. Petersburg, or at any rate from friends of  
our enemies, who desire to prevent us from taking advantage  
of what little fine weather remains to undertake fresh expedi-  
tions. If this be the case, how heartily the Russians and  
their underhand favourers must have laughed when they  
heard of the trip to Eupatoria having been abandoned. On  
Wednesday the telegraph brought fresh information origi-  
nating in Vienna, to our headquarters, to the effect that  
the Russians were about to abandon the north side. At pre-  
sent there are no visible signs of such approaching execution,  
nor is there any probable reason to assign for it, excepting one,  
which is that the Russians find it impossible to supply their  
army during the winter. On this point opinions differ much.  
Some think that there will be no difficulty in bringing enough  
supplies by the road from Perekop; others doubt that road  
being sufficient, and think also that the Russian means of  
transport will run short. It is pretty certain that no large  
depot of provisions exists near at hand, and also that none has  
ever existed, even at the commencement of the siege, for last  
winter the Russians—who, doubtless, never contemplated a  
siege of anything like such duration, nor, probably,  
an attack at all by land, and had made sure of speedily beat-  
ing off any naval force brought against their great fortress—  
had a constant stream of supplies pouring into the town. It  
may be urged that they have taken advantage of the summer  
to lay in stores; but the drought of that season is as unfa-  
vourable to such an operation as the wet and cold and heavy  
roads of winter; and, unless by camels, which can do but  
little, transport continues very difficult. Taking a fair and  
unprejudiced view of all the chances and probabilities, I do  
not think they can have done more than to make the supply  
meet the demand, and even that, we have reason to believe, at  
times but scantily. Their loss of beasts of draught and  
burden must have been prodigious, and the wear and tear of  
their ill-made carts proportionately large. Their chief mo-  
tive for striving to retain their present position would be that,  
if they anticipate negotiations for peace this winter, these  
would be carried on more favourably to them whilst they still  
have a footing in the Crimea than if they had moved out of  
it, leaving us to garrison Sebastopol and Simpheropol, and if  
we choose to transport our army to the Danube and to Asia.

DESCRIPTION OF SEBASTOPOL.

In Sebastopol itself there is nothing new. The Russians  
continue firing at the town, with little reply from the French.  
They fire principally at Sebastopol proper, but now and then  
drop a shot or shell into Karabelina, and sometimes take  
the flag-staff on the Malakoff for their mark. It is difficult  
to say why we spare them so much, unless it be that we ex-  
pect them soon to walk away, and leave us their north side  
forts in good order and condition, which would be expecting  
rather too much. There would be no difficulty in forming  
batteries of heavy guns, to knock some, at least, of their de-  
fences about their ears. Outside the town, the French are  
hard at work levelling their siegeworks, filling up trenches,  
&c., though why they should take that trouble it is hard to  
say, unless they contemplate the probability of Sebastopol  
being garrisoned by the allies, and they, in their turn, be-  
sieged by the Russians. Visitors to the exterior works  
continue to be occasionally pretty numerous; fewer persons  
go into the town, the fire, which sometimes is really heavy,  
rendering it unpleasant. A more curious spectacle is assuredly  
nowhere to be found than in the space comprised between the  
lines where our batteries were and the harbour of Sebastopol.  
The ground in parts is literally paved with shot sunk in the  
earth, above which their upper surface scarcely rises; there  
are ditches and trenches in which they lie as thick as apples in  
a basket; in some places numbers of them have been buried.  
You see them of every size, from the huge 68-pounder down  
to the diminutive grape—jolly little fellows, of a pleasant  
vinous appellation, but very nasty to run against as they are  
passing through the air. As to the fragments of shell, you  
might macadamize roads with them—jagged, rusty bits of iron,  
infinitely various in size and form; one thinks, as one looks at  
them, how many a stout and gallant fellow received his  
quits from some of them ere they fell to the ground, after  
their diverging upward flight. Then you come upon ill-  
treated cannon, trunnionless some, others with muzzles  
knocked off, some burst into two or three pieces, and others  
bearing indentions as from the hammer of a cyclops.  
You walk up into the Redan—into the Malakoff, if the  
French sentries object not—and you marvel at the huge  
dimensions of those famous works, and feel more surprised  
at their having ever become ours than at their having so  
long resisted the utmost efforts of English and French. Such  
a madley of enormous earthworks huge lumps of stone,  
heaps upon heaps of shot and broken shell, and damaged  
guns, everything rugged and battered—a world of giants  
reduced to chaos. And then the gloomy fetid bomb-proofs,  
where, for so long a time, the stubborn Russians lurked—  
wretched holes, worse than most dungeons. A minutely  
accurate drawing of as much of the Malakoff or Redan  
as an artist could embrace at a view would give a better  
idea of the nature of the difficulties to be surmounted,  
than any attempted sketch of the fight. The state of the  
town itself is the best proof of the enormous loss the Russians  
must have suffered during this long and eventful siege, and  
especially towards the close, when no part of the north side  
seems to have escaped our projectiles. The place is literally  
riddled with shot. You come upon all kinds of fantastical  
shattering—houses that stand upon their feet, though all one's  
previous notions of support and balance through them, roofs in  
rag, and everywhere, within and without the place, the ground  
is ploughed up into great holes by the bursting of shells.  
The success of the Kinburn expedition makes one doubly  
regret that more have not been undertaken, and that so little  
profit has been made of the six weeks that have now elapsed  
since the capture of Sebastopol. It is manifest that we have  
ample means at our command, and that whatever is ordered,  
within reason, will be triumphantly carried out by the zeal,  
skill and courage of our officers and men, even though, as at  
Kinburn, our line-of-battle ships have to be taken where there  
are but two feet of water under their keels. What is wanting  
is a head to devise, and decision and promptitude to command.  
It were unfair not to make due allowances for some difficulties  
and obstacles of which we know nothing, but we should be  
over-indulgent and over-credulous if we admitted that all has  
been done that might have been. The enemy is said to be  
clearing roads through the brushwood down from Mackenzie's  
Farm, and to have planted four guns to command the cause-  
way across the marsh at the mouth of the Tchernaya. This  
looks as if they contemplated an attack in force along our  
line, but I persist in thinking that their apparent preparations  
for action are made merely for the purpose of deceiving us.  
The Russians are the most patient and laborious people in the  
world for *ruses de guerre* of that kind.

VISIT OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA TO  
NICOLAIÉFF.

Elisabethgrad, lately spoken of as the place to which the  
Emperor Alexander had gone, or, as it is pronounced by the