

# THE EXAMINER:

A 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.

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## ENGLISH RECOGNITION OF IRISH BRAVERY.

(From the London Morning Herald)

"As for the Irish—troublesome at all times—they are gone—that is, the surplus is gone—gone with a vengeance."

Would any one believe that an Englishman, not to say any human being, now existing, could pen such a sentence as the above, in reference to the most fearful national misfortune which has fallen upon any people of modern times, and which ended in the death or expatriation of nearly 3,000,000 of his fellow creatures? Yet such are the terms in which the government organ speaks of the fearful event in which its own influence was so disastrously and fatally exerted.

"Gone with a vengeance." Even the *Times* does not venture to say "thank God," but we can well fancy that the chants which it dares not utter to the Giver of all Good, are practically bestowed upon the trinity which it and its abettors really worship—Mammon, Belial, and Moloch; for every one of those demons had their share in the awful cruelty perpetrated on the Irish in 1847 and 1848. It required the cunning of Belial to persuade the well-meaning English nation that the best mode of preventing the recurrence of a famine in the next year was to prohibit cultivation in the present. Nothing less than the avarice of Mammon could have taken advantage of so terrible a visitation to sell up the Irish proprietors, and remorselessly clear the land of the occupiers, when purchased for half their value from the ruined owner. Lastly, it must have required the cruelty of Moloch himself to turn such misfortunes into the means of expatriating the blood, bone, and sinew of the country. Surely, Englishmen will have little difficulty in connecting the notorious scheme of hiring foreign mercenaries with the natural and inevitable consequences of the awful national crime into which they were betrayed in 1847 and 1848.

Listen to the words of one of the best men in Ireland, when writing of his own prospects of raising men for the too late-embodied militia:—"The Whig massacre of the Irish in 1846 and subsequent years, has left but few recruits; for in 1846 children who would now serve as recruits, died in numbers, and though the population may be diminished only by 2,000,000, we are now but a nation of old women and cripples." Well, gentlemen of England, how like you the consequences? As the *Times* tells you, you will have the "placid blue-eyed German," instead of the "troublesome Irish." We fancy, however, that even the Guards, glorious fellows as they are, would rather have the 88th by their side, however "troublesome," than any German corps, even were they as stout men at arms as the "lans knights" of old, which they never will be.

The Irish are well used to have their blood poured forth like water all over the earth, and then find that the snobbery—the word is good Florentine—of England gives all the glory to the bearskins of the Guards, and the bannets of the Highlanders, because they look picturesque in a print shop. As for the Guards, however, we have not a word to say—they have been through the whole of the desperate fights of the Crimea; they have been first in honor as in place, in renown as in loss—but we must dissent from attributing the whole glory of Alma to the Highland Brigade, which did not lose above 15 or 20 men killed—and totally, according to the new cant—ignoring the 23rd, 7th and 33rd, every one of which battalions lost more in a single company than the whole Highland Brigade put together.

As the *Times* seems to congratulate the country upon the expatriation of the Irish, we will just point out one of the consequences of the first Whig expulsion of the inhabitants of what is—with bitter irony—called the "sister island." The Whigs were the *soi-disant* statesmen who drove out the Irish under Sarsfield after the wars of 1688, as they were the men who expatriated their successors after the famine of 1846. We hope that the war, which the question of the right of search is almost certain to give rise to with America in the spring, may not produce instances similar to that which we are going to quote; if it should, however, the nation will know what they owe to their connivance at Whig policy in depopulating Ireland—600,000 of whose sons died in the service of France in little more than one hundred years after the expulsion of 1688.

We quote from the correspondence of Marshal Saxe the following remarks:—

"I question if there are many of our friends who dare undertake to pass a place with a body of infantry before a numerous cavalry, and flatter himself that he would hold his ground for several hours with fifteen or twenty battalions in the middle of an army, as the English did, without any charge being able to shake them, or make them throw away their fire—this is what we have all seen."

"Such was the description given by a noble enemy of the 'infernal column' of the English at Fontenoy. Now, we ask, what stopped and destroyed that column? The Irish Brigade—banished by the Whigs, and it is such subjects as they were that we are again expatriating to make way for Belgians and Germans. Oh, glorious policy!

We say Belgians; for the equivocations of Mr. Sydney Herbert on Friday night, when questioned by Colonel Dunne, will not do away with the fact—that which we assert most positively—that *whichever it was 'impossible or not'*—the Duke of Newcastle has been negotiating with General Vandermere and Colonel Palma for a mercenary legion of Belgians. Have Englishmen so totally forgotten the flight of those heroes at Waterloo as to submit to such an outrage as to have these men placed again in the same line with themselves?

We shall close this article by pointing out some of the illustrations, during the last fifty years, of that people whom the *Times* congratulates its readers upon having got rid of with a vengeance.

Among Irish Orators, England has enjoyed in the eyes of the world the credit of the reputations acquired by Grattan, Canning, Sheridan, Burke and Plunket.

As Ministers, she has had the services of Castlereagh, Canning, Wellington and Palmerston—two of whom struck down Napoleon.

But England has done great things within the last fifty years. Let us consider the names that are indelibly associated with those great achievements. England has conquered India, and the conquerors were Wellesley, Hastings, Wellington and Gough. She was victorious in the Peninsular war and at Waterloo. We need not record the name of the great warrior, for every one can recognize it.

There were great wars; but we have had others. There was a war in Afghanistan; who did the work, while victory followed our banners? We answer, Keane and Dennie?

There was a war in China; who did the work? Gough and Pottinger.

There was a war in Sicily; who did the work? Sir C.

Napier, and the 22nd regiment, whose red "Guebre blood," as his brother Sir William calls it, we shall take leave to consider in spite of the *Times*, as superior to the dark puddle which stagnates in the veins of Belgian and German mercenaries.

There were two wars in the Punjab; and whose name is connected with the hard won battles which gave the empire of old Runjeet Singh to the crown of England? Whose but glorious old Gough's, who has won seven pitched battles, because no ministerial clap trap required his promotion.

England, however, has derived reputation from feats of individual daring, which have never been equalled, performed at Silistria and Herst. Who defended those beleaguered cities upon whose fall the fate of continents depended? Why, James Butler and Eldred Pottinger.

England has discovered the North-west passage, and we ask who met at Melville Island on the completion of that great achievement? The glorious three were McClure, Kellet, and McClintock, and it was Mechem who first came on the track of the lost Colossus.

There are, moreover, some men now, or lately, commanding in the Crimea, whom even the *Times*, that strikes at all, and throws out its calumnies broadest, has not ventured to malign—and their names are DeLacy Evans, Pennefather and Torrens. Finally, we shall add, that three years ago England was proud of three Generals who had fought campaigns, commanded in chief, and won pitched battles, and they were all Irish. At present but one survives—for Napier and Wellington, alas! are gone. As for Lord Grey's assertion the other night, that the present commander-in-chief was in this position—made too, in the presence of Lord Gough!—it is simply one of those statements which no one acquainted with the "tortuous incapacity of that noble earl" to realise a simple truth, either of fact or politics, will be surprised at Lord Hardinge *never commanded in the field*; and once when, as Governor-General, he interfered with the actual commander-in-chief, he very nearly destroyed the military supremacy of England, in India, as we had occasion to show a few days since.

The statements which we have made above have been wrung from us by the malignity with which the ministerial organ pursues those who have inclination and capacity to be the equals of any subjects Her Majesty possesses, both in loyalty and fidelity, and yet the *Times* exults in an unseemly manner at their destruction and expatriation. Does England endorse the sentiment? We know it is not so; but if there be one so denationalised let him employ the *Times* to match our list, if he can. We see that the consistent organ of the government wishes to send Sir Charles Trevelyan to take order in regard to all matters which have gone wrong in the Crimea. God protect our poor fellows! Sir Charles was the "crowning mercy" of the Irish famine. Why do the Cabinet not send Mr. Syer to cook non-existent provisions at Balaklava?—they did so in Ireland. The appointment of the excellent and kind-hearted cuisinier, however, was only a bitter jest, but Sir Charles Trevelyan's mission to Ireland was a well calculated *coup de grace*. Effectually did he use the dagger of mercy, and right well was he paid for his work, of which we see the judicial effect in the foreigners' enlistment bill.

## LETTERS FROM THE BATTLE FIELD.

### Corporal Downing never had such fun in his life.

Corporal Downing, of the 95th Regt., writes as follows:—"My dear Jack, I am still, thank God, 'sound in wind and limb,' and hope I'll live to see and give you a good shake of my fist yet. This is the country to try a man's mettle and constitution, and I must say that both have been well tried—the first by the Russians and the latter by the climate. You will, I suppose, have seen in the papers the Bala Clava affair, where the cavalry were engaged, and also that of the 29th of November, where our division hunted the Russians. I was in the affair of the 25th, though I had no more business there than you had, because I was then, and am now, employed as clerk in the commissariat department; but when I heard the firing I slipped on my belt, handled the rifle, and walked, or rather ran, off to join my company. The fight was then going on hot, so I joined the first lot I met, which happened to be the outlying picket of the 30th. The Russians made a bold attempt, but soon began to give away, and in the end it was as good as a fox hunt. Never had such fun in my life. We followed them under the fire of their own batteries. Sir De Lacy Evans was so pleased that he reled all as prisoners, and gave an extra ration of rum to every man in the division. The next good shindy was on the 5th of November. The Russians attacked and drove in our pickets at daybreak, but they soon got reinforced. Our division was again first into it, and behaved as usual, like bricks. The enemy had an enormous artillery, which I must say was admirably served all through the day. They took up a position in the night, and fought like devils from dawn until sunset, and our people only were first engaged, but Gen. Canrobert sent to our assistance a strong body of his chaps, and they soon decided the battle. The Russians were repulsed with immense loss, and our people also suffered severely, both in officers and men. It was a terrible day. I had a narrow escape or two. I was standing close to my tent, where two pork barrels were piled on top of the other. I was leaning against them, looking at the fight a little above me, when a cannon ball sent the top one spinning from my shoulders, and upset a storekeeper of ours, an ex-London policeman, who was more frightened than hurt. At the same time, down comes my tent with a crash, the pole being smashed and sent in pieces through the canvas. We then were ordered to retire by the commissariat officer in charge, and fetch some stones with us, which we did some three or four hundred yards. My friend, the storekeeper, was sitting upon a stone wall chatting to me, when a 24 pounder sent the wall to the ground almost from under him. He turns to me and says, 'Jack, I'll hook it,' and hook it he did. It was a terrible day, my dear Jack, and I'll never forget it. The siege guns are hard at it today."

"P. S.—I wish you a merry Christmas; I suppose mine will be a very curious one."

### Remarkable respect for a Woman.

A corporal of the 4th (King's Own) Regiment, writes as follows:—"We are busily at work throwing up trenches within 300 or 250 yards of the town, and the Russians are as hard at work doing the same to stop us. The regiments of the third and fourth divisions take turn about in those advanced trenches, and there is sharp rifle practice for protecting parties. The trench is lined with men who look over, and every Russian they lay an eye on is fred at. At the

same time, the very moment the Russian sees a head over the breastwork he does the same. It often happens that two see each other; so the quickest eye and steadiest arm have the best chance. The Russians are pretty good shots. It is nothing strange to have the cap knocked off the head, or the cheeks grazed, or pieces cut out of the collar or shoulders of the coat. Gents fond of duelling ought to come here for a few days to practice their hands. The ships and forts keep up a continual fire of grape shot and shell on our parties. Three days ago our regiment was in the trenches; we had one man knocked to pieces and two more wounded by grape. The same day a very feeling circumstance took place. Two Russian soldiers were coming down the street; says one of our men, 'By the powers but they have a woman to protect them.' 'Bad luck to me,' says another, 'if she goes one side I'll have a slap at them.' They would not chance a shot for fear of hitting the woman. But she was not four paces from the Russians when whizz go the Minie rifles and down tumbles one of them; the other started off at a good run. 'Faith,' says one of my comrades, 'if we shot the woman the Rooshians would let old Nick know it, and he would stick it in the papers that we were shooting the women; and other countries would say, 'Sinope again.' Now, my dear wife, although we are at bloody work, this little incident will let you see that while we have no reluctance at shooting or bayonetting a Russian, we have some respect for their women."

### Enough to kill an iron man.

Sergeant Thomas, 41st Foot, says:—"If you only saw me now you would think that I was sixty years of age, and not me only but every man in the company. You would not know us again if ever you get the chance to see us. We are going to winter in the Crimea, and it will kill every man in the British army, with hard fighting, hard living, and sleeping in wet clothes and on damp ground—all enough to kill an iron man. It is now eighty-nine days since I have taken off my boots or clothes. Think for a moment how we are situated. We are encamped within 3,000 yards of Sebastopol. We have to carry our water about a mile and a half, and only four men a company allowed at a time to go, and to carry but a small barrel a man, it holds but a pint and a half. Washing the face and hands is out of the question. I go sometimes eight or ten days without washing my face or hands; and for washing clothes we never get a chance of it. Poor David Griffiths died on the 7th of this month from nothing else but fatigue and cold, after escaping four battle fields and behaving so brave as he did. He jumped out of the ranks and hid down under a stone and shot four Russians before he got up, and then ran on top of three more, struck one with his firelock on the head and killed him, and brought the other two in prisoners. I was looking at him, at the same time had my own work to do. I nearly got my home blow that day, it was a ball through the collar of my jacket, another through both legs of my trousers, and a slight touch on the head, but nothing worth speaking about. I am all right, so is Jack Harris and Everson."

### The heart of a Soldier.

"Sergeant William Jamieson gives an account of his wound received at Inkermann, two fingers being shot off, and adds:—But, thank God, I am sound in wind and limb, and will yet 'beat them again,' as the old farmers say at home. God is favourable to me, having brought me out of three most terrific battles, and saved me from cholera, and He will not now desert me. If I had not you and my dear little pet to mourn for me, I would be content under any circumstances. You are never absent from my thoughts, and it causes me great pain when I meditate upon the great improbability of ever again returning; but, 'hope sustains me,' and I often think that I must and shall return. You must not think anything of my wound, as I cannot be very badly hurt, having undertaken to write this long letter. It was gratifying when going to have my wound dressed, to meet Robert all safe. On the last occasion (at Inkermann) Lieut. Gibson was killed; I saw him wounded, and I offered my aid to bring him to the rear, but he said, 'No! I am badly hurt, but I think not dangerously so; I will not therefore quit the field.' We soon parted, and when I saw him next he was dead. Poor fellow! he was a most daring and gallant soldier."

### A rush from Sebastopol upon the French.—The Russians very much disappointed.

The following letter from Sebastopol, dated the 16th ult., is given by the Constitution:—"During the last three days the bad weather has recommenced, and our poor soldiers suffer much from this humidity, mingled with cold and snow. However, the works have been urged on as rapidly as possible. At present our batteries are armed, and can at any time open fire with 250 guns, of which 71 are mortars. Our third parallel is at 150 metres from the town, and our sharpshooters are close to the town. Our entrenchments extend from the sea to the Quarantine Bay, and as far as the Chermaya. Last night a band of volunteers from our army surprised a numerous guard of the Russians within 200 paces of the town, and killed twenty-five men with the bayonet, without themselves losing a man. The Russians, having two or three battalions of Cossacks of the Black Sea brought up, thought to frighten us by the boldness of the *coup de main* of these savages, accustomed to such things in the war of the Caucasus; but they will soon find that it is dangerous work with men like ours. Our reinforcements are arriving without interruption, as well as those of our Allies. You are aware of the formidable amount which our army will soon reach. Add to that the arrival of 40,000 Turks, and a new basis of operations, having Eupatoria for pivot. The health of our troops is excellent."

### Jack's delight—a ride in the Mud.

An English sailor, after having drunk a bottle of port wine, was seized with a great longing to have a ride. But horses are rare, and letters-out of horses still rarer. Not being able to find anything else, he paid two Turks to allow him to take his ride on their backs. In consequence, he got on the back of one and commenced riding through the mud. An English officer, having met him whilst so occupied, said, "Jack, you are wrong to torment that poor man so." "Oh, sir," replied the other, "I am reasonable, and when this one is fatigued, I will get on the other," pointing to the Turk's companion. You see that, in spite of everything, we laugh sometimes here."

### Work under the Enemy's Fire.

The following is from a soldier in the 7th Company, Royal Sappers and Miners:—"I go out to work every other night, from half-past 4 o'clock p. m., and remain till 9 o'clock on the following morning, in pouring rain and all weathers. It has

been very wet ever since our company have been here, and the wet and cold have caused the death of many of our soldiers, many of whom, as well as the horses, are lying dead in all directions. I was at work yesterday within 400 yards of the enemy's work at the trenches. They were firing away at us, but we had too good a cover for them to do any harm. I took the gun and shot at them several times. I do not know whether I killed any of them or not, but I can assure you they are so very numerous, they are all over the country. There are a great many Russian officers and men lying about on the hills ever since the 5th of November; hats and guns all over the place; we buried hundreds of them ourselves. There are a lot of our men wearing Russian boots, which they pulled off them. There was a Frenchman yesterday pulling one fellow out of the grave to get his boot. I thought I would rather go without boots for a long time before I would do that. Sebastopol looks to be a beautiful place. There is a very fine arsenal. We can see them working, but we could, if we liked, fire in and destroy the best part of the town. I believe Lord Raglan will not allow that, as he thinks of taking it soon, so by that means he don't wish to destroy any, or more than he can avoid. The French would go and storm it at once, if they were allowed to do so, and our men would likewise. There is no mistake about the English soldier; he will go through fire and water if you once get his blood warm. You mentioned about the many thousands of pounds that have been collected for the soldiers' comforts or sick and wounded; but I have to tell you that the comforts the soldiers get here is very little. If they go to the doctor he might give them a pill, and send them away again. If a man can stand on his legs at all he must do his duty."

### Ways, means, and high prices in the Camp.

The writer, assistant paymaster of the 2d Battalion Rifle Brigade, writes as follows:—"I thought by this time to have addressed my letters from Sebastopol, but the Russians still hold out, and I fancy the Commander of the Forces will not fire upon the town until he has tried every plan, as the Russian commander refused to send the women and children out, although Lord Raglan offered to send them under escort to the interior of the country. I am very successful at candle-making; cut up an old stocking and dip it in the fat from our meat—capital candles, but do not burn very steady, in consequence of the salt. Our clothing is in rags; I am just about trying my hand at trousers making from an old blanket, but I suppose we shall get some clothing soon. Some speculating people have arrived with provisions, but the prices are, or will be to English people, fabulous. Butter, 5s.; bad cheese, 4s.; and soap, 2s. per pound; a fannel shirt, £1 10s. and £2; worsted socks, 8s. per pair; boots, £4 4s.; but there is one thing in our favour—we can wear what we like; some make shirts from biscuit bags. I am pretty well off for under-clothing. I feel certain that the place must soon fall. I believe that our regiment is to return to England with the first; I shall be very glad. Thank God, my health continues very good; we have very little sickness in camp at present—a few suffering from fever brought on by exposure. Our regiment has suffered fearfully. We came from England 950 rank and file; we have now only 580 effective men! 390 dead or sent away unfit for service, or ill in camp."

### THE FOUR CONDITIONS.

There has not appeared as yet any authentic account of the identic interpretation of the four guarantees. These guarantees were laid down in the identic notes of the 8th of August. It was then declared by each Power separately, but in the same terms, that the relations of the Sublime Porte with the Imperial Court of Russia could not be re-established on solid and durable bases:—

"1. If the protectorate hitherto exercised by the Imperial Court of Russia over the Principalities of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Servia, be not discontinued for the future, and if the privileges accorded by the Sultans to these provinces, dependencies of their empire, be not placed under the collective guarantee of the Powers, in virtue of an arrangement to be concluded with the Sublime Porte, and the stipulations of which should at the same time regulate all questions of detail.

"2. If the navigation of the Danube at its mouths be not freed from all obstacle, and submitted to the application of the principles established by the acts of the Congress of Vienna.

"3. If the treaty of July 13, 1841, be not revised in concert by all the high contracting parties in the interest of the balance of power in Europe.

"4. If Russia do not give up her claim to exercise an official protectorate over the subjects of the Sublime Porte, to whatever rite they may belong; and if Austria, Great Britain, France, Prussia, and Russia do not lend their mutual assistance to obtain as an initiative from the Ottoman Government the confirmation and observance of the religious privileges of the different Christian communities; and to turn to account, in the common interest of their co-religionists, the generous intentions manifested by His Majesty the Sultan, at the same time avoiding any aggression on his dignity and the independence of his Crown."

### Lord Clarendon's Explanations of the Guarantees.

Lord Clarendon, in his despatch of July 22, explained the meaning attached by the English Government to the guarantees. He said:—

"These guarantees are naturally suggested by the dangers to guard against which they are required. Thus Russia has taken advantage of the exclusive right which she had acquired by treaty, to watch over the relations of Wallachia and Moldavia with the suzerain Power, to enter those provinces as if they were part of her own territory. Again, the privileged frontier of Russia in the Black Sea has enabled her to establish in those waters a naval power which, in the absence of any counterbalancing force, is a standing menace to the Ottoman empire. The uncontrolled possession by Russia of the principal mouth of the Danube has created obstacles to the navigation of that great river which seriously affect the general commerce of Europe. Finally, the stipulations of the treaty of Kutschuk-Kainardji, relative to the protection of the Christians, have become, by a wrongful interpretation, the principal cause of the present struggle. Upon all these points the *status quo ante bellum* must undergo important modifications."

POLYGAMY IN THE UNITED STATES.—Some very amusing letters from Utah have been recently written by new saints, and published in the Chicago papers. One lately-acquired brother is in raptures with the institution of polygamy. He has three wives; the latest, he says, which he "took three months ago, is from near Ham-burg, Germany. She is