

and see whether the good Jesus has not something to give us too, that we may keep the feast to-morrow like everybody else." The two children accordingly set forth hand in hand. Lights and sounds of rejoicing met them at every step. Miners in holiday attire wandered through the streets in merry groups, and puffed beneath the windows of the richer citizens to sing their Christmas carols. The doors of the house thus screened never failed to open when the singers paused, and the leader of the party always received from the generous host a few pieces of glittering coin in exchange for his song and his good wishes.

The children, following the example of their elders, joined themselves in little bands, and went singing from door to door, whilst many a Christmas-box was ungrudgingly bestowed on the young musicians.

As Veronica gazed on the merry scene, a sudden thought flashed across her mind—Why should not she, too, sing, and perhaps obtain a little money to buy a few Christmas comforts for her father? He sat at home so desolate, and a dry crust was their only provision for the morrow!

Brought up in retirement, and having no time to mingle in the pastimes of the children of the place, Veronica at first shrank from the thought of doing any thing to attract attention; but the recollection of her blind father's pining for the task, and drawing her veil yet closer round her, she hastened to the quarter of the town where she was least known. Holding her little brother by the hand, she paused beneath the windows of a small, neat-looking house, and with a beating heart but a pale, fresh voice, began the following couplet:—

"Cheer up, cheer up, ye miners brave!
And though your lot be one of toil,
Still let your hearts with joy be true,
Beneath the might your right hand wield
The earth her choicest treasure yields,
Cheer up, brave hearts—cheer up!"

The words were simple and unartistic, and poor Veronica's voice at first trembled so much that she could hardly articulate them; but her courage rose as she proceeded, and she sang the chorus with an energy and expression beyond her years.

She paused; a deep silence ensued, and two long minutes elapsed—minutes which seemed to her an age. Confused and humiliated at the thought of her unsuccessful attempt, she was about to retire when the door opened, and a woman placed in her hand a piece of cake and three kreutzers.

Veronica's heart overflowed with joy. "Oh look, Georgy!" she exclaimed. "Has not my first attempt been a successful one? You shall have the kreutzers for your share, and the cake I will keep for poor papa, that he too may know it is Christmas. Who knows but the good God may send us another piece!"

Encouraged by this encouragement, the little songster went on her way, and many a heart was opened to her, and many a kreutzer and Christmas cake found their way into the pockets of her little brother. But there is no rose here below without a thorn. From one window a harsh voice cried out, "Go on, and do not disturb us, you impertinent little wretch!"

Veronica, with a glowing cheek and tearful eye, went her way, and thought she would sing no more. But as she passed before the house of the superintendent of the mines, the wealthiest man in Sabury, she said, "I will try my chance yet this once." This time she did very best; her voice rose clear and sweet in the still, frosty air of evening—it might almost have been deemed an angel's song.

Soon a window on the first story opened; she held out her hand for the expected boon; a kreutzer was dropped into it, but as it touched her she uttered a piercing cry, and let it fall upon the ground. The kreutzer had been heated red-hot, and the author of this gratuitous piece of cruelty only met her cry of anguish by an insulting laugh.

Veronica, weeping bitterly, turned to rejoin her brother, who lingered a little way behind her, whilst eating one of his Christmas cakes. He asked her why she cried, but she would not say the seeds of bitterness in his infant heart by telling him that man—man created in the image of God—had dared to inflict so grievous a wrong on one of the "little ones" whom the Saviour came on this night to bless and to save.

With a heavy heart she returned home; and heavily will the tears which Veronica wept that night weigh one day upon the conscience of him who caused her to shed them.

The next day Veronica spent some of the money she had received the preceding night in the purchase of oil to heal her wounded hand, in the hope of being soon to work as usual; but alas! day after day passed on without its getting better.

The performance of her household duties was one continued torment to her; and often when she tried to ply her bobbin, and earn a scanty meal for her father and little brother, the pain became so great that she would lay her head upon the cushion, and wish it were pillowed by her mother's side in the silent grave.

Sometimes her father, to whom she had never told her sufferings, would ask for his favorite song; and the gentle child, suppressing her own grief, would sing the fatal couplet which had cost her so much; whilst the blind father, listening in delighted admiration, would say he had never heard any voice like hers, and bless his "dear, good child." These were some of her happiest moments; but oh! that was a sad, sad winter for poor Veronica.

In these mountainous districts it is a common thing for a single school to contain from one hundred and fifty children, taught by a single master. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at if he should frequently prove unacquainted with the peculiar capabilities of each of his pupils, unless some chance circumstance should lead to the discovery.

"Is it possible that your hand is not yet healed?" asked M. Rossel, the schoolmaster of the parish and leader of the village choir, as he gently laid his hand upon the arm of his pupil, Veronica Madel. "It is now three weeks since you have been able to write. Let me see—what have you applied to the burn?"

"Some leaves of the vast-harrow," she replied, unfastening the bandage which confined it. The kind-hearted schoolmaster was shocked when he saw the inflamed state of the wound, and being skilled in the science of healing herbs, undertook himself to conduct its cure.

By degrees he elicited from his young pupil an account of the way in which it had been inflicted on her, and explained, indignantly, "What a monster! thus to insult a poor child singing her Christmas carol. But come, my child, let me hear this song, for I am very fond of music, and that is the reason I was so anxious for the office of chanter."

Veronica was half afraid of singing before so great a personage; but he was so kind she could not refuse. At first her voice trembled, but it gained strength and sweetness as she proceeded; and when she paused, the good master could not refrain from embracing her in a rapture of delight, and exclaiming, "Who taught you, my child, to sing thus?" "Nobody," replied the child. "I only sing to amuse my poor blind father—it is his greatest pleasure, and it costs nothing."

"But the melody—the melody! and this method—how did you learn that?"

Veronica looked perplexed; at last, thinking she had caught the master's meaning, she exclaimed, "Oh, I have often heard some of our miners singing this little air."

"My child," replied the chanter after a few moments of meditation, "this red-hot kreutzer, which has prevented you from making your lace, and has caused you so much misery, has been the means of discovering a precious gift with which you are endowed, and which will, I trust, enable you to provide amply for your father's wants during the remainder of his days. I will myself teach you to use this gift, and shall feel well repaid if I am permitted hereafter to see you make a noble use of it."

From that day forward the good Rossel gave Veronica constant lessons in singing, and instructed her in all the rules of the art; he also interested several benevolent persons in the case of the blind sister, so that his wants and those of his family were well provided for.

Twelve years had passed away since that Christmas-eve which had been so full of sadness to the little Veronica. It was a fine autumn evening, and all the citizens of Sabury were to be seen hastening en grande toilette to the Hotel de Ville, where an enjoyment awaited them of which the inhabitants of this secluded spot had not often been permitted to partake. The first cantatrice of the capital, who enjoyed a European reputation, was on this day to give a concert in the town, assisted by her brother. Listeners came from ten leagues round, and the ticket office was thronged with yet the more joyful alacrity when it became known that the generous cantatrice destined the profits of the concert for the poor of Sabury.

At the entrance of the concert-room stood the old chanter and schoolmaster, Rossel, who filled the office of cash-keeper. He smiled with delight as the money flowed into his box; and each time that the purchaser of the ticket clasped to by an

old acquaintance, the good man drew from his pocket a golden snuff-box, and offering him a pinch of the best Virginia, whispered confidentially, but so that all the world could hear, "It is the gift of a grateful pupil; see! that is engraven on the lid; and when I received it, it was filled with gold?"

Then while the visitor was expressing his admiration of the gift, the old man would hastily draw a handsome gold repeater from his bosom, and exclaim, "She gave me this, too! Now, if you want to know the exact hour"—And with the innocent delight of a child who has just received a new toy, he would make the repeater strike.

"Is it not true, good Master Chanter," said a new arrival, "that this is a very triumphant day for you?" "Yes, indeed it is; and for the town of Sabury too. She is my pupil, and she was born within its walls. May the Almighty spare me to the close of this day, and then I am ready to depart in peace."

The concert-room resounded with applause when, after a few moments of silent expectation, the door opened, and Veronica Madel, radiant with beauty and with goodness, appeared upon the scene with her blind father leading upon her arm, and her brother standing by her side. The mountain musicians, proud of accompanying their admired country-woman, played their best, and Veronica sang as she had never sung before, even in the imperial halls. Every heart was touched, and every voice was raised in acclamations.

Her brother George also, and his performance upon the violin, met with a due meed of praise.

All the pieces announced in the programme had been gone through, and the audience was about to retire, when suddenly the musicians commenced an air which was well known to all present. The young Madel took up the theme, and displayed his talent in a series of brilliant variations, whilst at the close his sister burst forth in a voice whose sweetness and power bore it above the full tones of the orchestra.

"Cheer up, cheer up, ye miners brave!
And though your lot be one of toil,
Still let your hearts with joy be true,
Beneath the might your right hand wield
The earth its choicest treasure yields,
Cheer up, brave hearts—cheer up!"

At this moment the whole assembly arose like one man, the musicians laid down their instruments, and every voice joined in the chorus—

"Cheer up, brave hearts—cheer up!"

The concert-room resounded with the joyous song, and even the cantatrice herself was forgotten in the enthusiasm of the moment, when suddenly the old schoolmaster was seen forcing his way through the crowd; and in another moment, forgetful of the imposing audience and the dignity of the prima donna of the Imperial Opera, he had clasped to his heart his grateful pupil, who had so far transcended his brightest hopes; and Veronica, turning to the wondering audience, told them with tears of grateful affection that to this good old man she owed, under God, all the success she had attained, and all the happiness she now enjoyed. Then gracefully bowing to the assembly, she withdrew, followed by universal plaudits.

The inhabitants of Sabury had clubbed together in order to give a splendid banquet to their talented and generous country-woman at the close of the concert. Whilst the preparations for the festival were in course of completion, the chanter drew his pupil aside, and said to her, in the familiar tone of former days, "My good Veronica, can you spare half an hour to accompany me home? This money weighs me down: I should like to dispose of some of it to-night, and to leave the rest in a safe place."

In order to afford additional pleasure to the benevolent heart of the old schoolmaster, Veronica had entrusted him with the distribution of the receipts of this evening's concert, and she now gladly acceded to his request.

Confiding her father to George's care, she followed the chanter through many a winding street, which the darkness of the night and her long absence from Sabury prevented her from recognizing. At last Rossel stopped before the door of a gloomy-looking house, and turning to the cantatrice, said, "I wish you, my dear Veronica, to see with your own eyes the manner in which I employ the money entrusted to my care. We shall find on the ground-floor of this house a most necessitous and miserable family, and a man whose present state offers a melancholy confirmation of the truth of God's word. This unhappy man was the son of wealthy parents, who died leaving him possession of an abundance of this world's goods. Idleness, gambling, and drinking ruined his health and dissipated his property. He is, moreover, a prey to the bitterest pangs of remorse; and none can approach his dying bed without feeling in his inmost soul the truth of the divine words, that 'As a man soweth, so shall he also reap.'"

The old man ceased to speak; and groping his way through a dark passage, at length placed his finger on the latch of a door which opened into it. Followed by Veronica, he entered a large room, which presented a striking contrast to the brilliant halls they had just quitted. A single lamp cast its feeble glimmer upon the walls, and barely served to make the miserable scene which this abode of sorrow offered visible to the eyes of the strangers. A pale, care-worn woman was pacing the apartment, and seeking to still the cries of the infant who hung at her breast; two other children, about three or four years of age, slept in a corner upon a heap of rags, but even in sleep their sickly faces spoke not of the healthful repose of happy childhood. In a bed, which was placed near the stove, lay the sick man, supported by straw pillows, on which he vainly sought to find repose for his wearied head.

The woman received the two strangers with the mournful indifference of despair.

"Is your husband asleep?" asked the kind-hearted old man in a gentle tone.

"No," replied the woman, "he is not; and Heaven only knows what is to become of me!"

Rossel approached the sick man's bed. "How do you feel to-night, Kunkel?"

"Just as I always do," he replied, in a desponding tone; "and I shall never be better so long as I feel that piece of burning money, which I never can get rid of, sticking just there in my throat."

"So you will persist in your idea about this burning money?" interrupted the chanter. "Have not the doctor and I told you a hundred times that the pain you feel is only the natural result of your sore throat! What is the use of making yourself worse by allowing such follies to take possession of your mind?"

"I ought to know best," replied the sick man in a trembling voice. "I feel it there burning me continually. I long for cold water; but when I have swallowed it, the heat becomes more intense than before."

"Kunkel," resumed the chanter, "believe me this is a mere chimera. How could a piece of burning money have made its way into your throat, and retained its heat all this time?"

"I know how it was—I know how it was," answered Kunkel with a look of the deepest anguish. "It was last Christmas-eve, at 5 o'clock, that I first felt this burning kreutzer in my throat."

"Because just then your disease had advanced till it reached that spot?"

"No, no!" exclaimed the dying man; "there was another than that. Twelve years ago, at that very same time"—He paused and sighed deeply.

"Go on with your history," said Rossel, in a smothering tone. "This young lady feels an interest in your history, and may perhaps be able to alleviate your sufferings."

"Oh no, no! none can alleviate them!" cried Kunkel. "The agony I now suffer is a just recompense of my wickedness. Oh that burning kreutzer!" He stopped and seemed as if listening to some sound. "Did you not hear a cry outside the window?" he asked in a tone of anguish. "That was just the way the poor child cried out when I threw the burning money into her hand twelve years ago!"

He had no sooner uttered these words than a cry escaped Veronica's lips, and she turned deadly pale. She felt as if she were suddenly transported into the presence of the all-righteous Judge, and saw the commencement of the great day of retribution.

"Is it possible?" she exclaimed, turning with an anxious look towards her old master.

He gazed upon her with a look of mingled sympathy and affection; and after a moment's silence, said, "Will you forgive me for having brought you here, Veronica? Will you not crown the work you have done this day by saying to this repentant sinner, 'My brother, be of good cheer; I forgive thee, even as I hope myself to be one day forgiven?'"

With tears in her eyes, Veronica placed one hand within

that of her good old friend, whilst she laid the other compassionately upon the arm of the dying man.

"Kunkel," said the chanter in a solemn tone, "here is the hand in which you once placed the burning kreutzer; it now bestows upon you a free pardon. See, the wound is healed!" Kunkel raised his head and looked anxiously at Veronica. "No," he exclaimed with a groan; it is impossible that that fine lady can be the little girl to whom I was so cruel. You are only mocking my misery."

"Believe me," said Rossel, "it is indeed she. Through God's mercy, your burning kreutzer became to me a golden mine. Here are some of its produce." And so saying, he laid a handful of money on the table and adding, "This is for you, and I have more yet in store for you."

Kunkel, with a bewildered air, gazed alternately at the money upon the table, at his wife, Veronica, and the chanter. At length he exclaimed, "Oh how gladly would I believe you! but it cannot—it cannot be! Unless I were to hear the lady repeat the very song that poor child sang I could not be convinced."

Veronica, in a half-suppressed, softened voice, began the miners' song. The mother stood by in silence, listening to the celestial sounds; the infant's wailing was hushed; the dying man folded his hands upon his breast, and raised his dim, expiring eyes towards heaven. This time Rossel could not join in the chorus; the sick man did so in his place, and sang with an earnest though a faltering voice, "Cheer up!" It seemed to him in that hour as though he heard the angels singing their song of joy over a repentant sinner, and he was comforted. He no longer felt the burning pain in his throat. He stretched out his wearied limbs and fell asleep—it was the sleep of death.

The good chanter laid his hand in silent blessing upon the marble brow and said, "No longer, my son, do we need to say unto thee, 'Cheer up!'"

After saying a few words of comfort to the poor widow, Veronica and the old schoolmaster left together this house of sorrow, for they knew their fellow-townsmen were awaiting their presence at the banquet. A higher joy than any which this earth can give, although it was a joy tinged with sadness, filled their hearts. The scene they had just witnessed had seemed to open another world to their gaze. And so glasses touched around the table, and kindly wishes circulated, they extended their wishes beyond this earth, even to a meeting in a brighter and better world. And thus as the miner, when he issues forth from the gloomy depths of earth, welcomes the bright light of day with the joyous chorus "Cheer up, brave hearts—cheer up!" so did the old chanter and his young pupil, as they thought of that brighter day which no night shall ever interrupt, sing with thankful hearts, "Cheer up!"

Happy they who can do the same! Happy they who, like Veronica Madel, have learned to "overcome evil with good!"

Correspondence.

MR. WHELAN;

Hazard's Gazette, of Wednesday last, contains some editorial remarks on the late storm, in which appears the following:—"One vessel which has gone to pieces between Country Harbour and Merigonish, is supposed to be the Bay Stella," &c. I understand the talented editor of that paper hails from Nova Scotia, his birthplace being Halifax. From the juxtaposition in which the places "Country Harbour and Merigonish" are noted, one would suppose that these two localities were near each other, not unlike to Fownal Bay and Charlottetown Harbour; and few of your readers—who will learn from said talented editor's own writing in the same paper, that he who could write himself as having addressed so special a meeting as was convened at the Mechanics' Institute in a most gallant style!—will suppose that he is so supremely ignorant of his own country, as to make such a "holy show" of his geographical knowledge of it. Why, sir, these two harbours are pretty nearly opposite each other on different sides of Nova Scotia. I should say they are at least one hundred and eighty miles apart, with a shore between them rough enough to smash up and contain all the vessels now afloat anywhere under Heaven, and of course there would be room for all the pieces of the Bay Stella to find lodgings. Merigonish is not very many miles beyond Pictou, about opposite Georgetown Harbour, and to reach Country Harbour one must pass through the Gut of Canso and up the eastern coast of Nova Scotia, till you are almost in the rear of Pictou.

Verily, Nova Scotia has just cause to be proud of her loyal, talented, gallant son—the very versatile and geographically learned editor of *Hazard's Gazette*.
Ch. Town, Dec. 13, 1855. PUNCH.

THE EXAMINER.

CHARLOTTETOWN, DECEMBER 21, 1855.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE FROM EUROPE.

The Packet *H. Ingram* arrived in our harbour on Friday morning, carrying the English Mail, but, owing to the ice, did not succeed in getting to the wharf till the afternoon. The intelligence from the seat of war is not very important. Considerable damage and loss of life had been occasioned by the explosion of a French siege train near Sebastopol, and some important operations had been accomplished in the Sea of Azoff by a portion of the British fleet. But in all respects the campaign is over, and the troops comfortably housed for the winter.

The arrival of the King of Sardinia in England, was the principal event of the past fortnight. The welcome given to our distinguished and popular ally, by every class in Britain, from Her Majesty down, appears to have been enthusiastic in the highest degree.

In the present issue our readers will find ample accounts from our latest papers.

NEWS BY THE ENGLISH MAIL.

THE CRIMEA.

Little has recently occurred to mark the progress of events in the Crimea. With the exception of the gallant exploit of Captain Osborn in destroying the Russian stores at Gheisk, which was performed on the 13th of November, and the terrible explosion of the French magazine in the vicinity of Sebastopol, which occurred on the 15th of the same month, nothing of the slightest note has taken place to disturb the serenity of the winter quarters into which the Allied army seems now to be quietly and comfortably settled down.

A correspondent at Balaklava, in speaking of Captain Osborn's success, says—"This news has afforded us the highest gratification. It seems that this gallant officer has succeeded in destroying, at Gheisk, fodder and grain of various kinds, piled up in stacks for the distance of no less than two miles, and that the efforts of the 3000 Russians stationed on the spot for the protection of these prodigious stores were unavailing. The fire of the Vesuvius and the gunboats, and the precision of their shell and shot practice, drove those grey-coated gentry away in confusion and dismay, and they were unable to fire a shot in defence of their magazines, which our men burnt before their eyes. Officers and sailors are said to have displayed great coolness and zeal in the affair, which has more importance, perhaps, in Russian eyes than it will have in our own, bearing as it does so materially on the position of the enemy in the Crimea and their supplies during the winter. The exploit is all the more welcome that it was quite unexpected, as no one imagined our gunboats would be able to remain in the Sea of Azoff after the first week in November." The same graphic pen gives us a vivid picture of the awful explosion of the French magazine:—"I was riding from headquarters reading my letters last Thursday when the explosion

took place, and had just reached the hill, or elevated part of the plateau, at the time, and happened to be looking in the very direction of the park. The phenomena were so startling that they took away one's breath. Neither pen nor pencil could describe them. The rush of fire, smoke and iron attained a height I dare not estimate, in one great pillar, and then seemed to shoot out like a tree, which overshadowed half the camp on the right, and rained down missiles upon it. The colour of the pillar was dark grey, flushed with red, but it was pitted all over with white puffs of smoke, which marked the explosion of the shells. It retained the shape of a fir-tree for nearly a minute, and then the sides began to swell out and the overhanging canopy to expand and twist about in prodigious wreaths of smoke, which flew out to the right and left, and let drop, as it were from solution in its embrace, a precipitate of shells, carcasses and iron projectiles. I clapped myself to my horse, and rode off as fast as I could towards the spot, as soon as my ears had recovered the shock. The noise was horrible; and, when the shells began to explode, the din was like the opening crash of one of the great cannonades or bombardment of the siege."

Apart from this calamitous incident, and from the daring and successful exploits of Captain Osborn, the attitude of the Allies in the Crimea has become one of complete inactivity. The weather, we are told, continues to be remarkably fine and favourable in the highest degree for any kind of operations that might be undertaken in the field; but nothing is attempted—nothing thought of—the troops are huddled, and the Crimean campaign of 1855 at an end. Whether our Generals have not left off a little too soon, may be open to cavil. The *Times* is very angry upon this point, and rails at all the Commanders in "good set terms;" but our contemporary is not always just in his censure; and in the present instance it is to be borne in mind that the Allied Generals, in preparing for the winter of this year, had only the experience of last year to guide them. Winter overtook them in the first week of November in 1854. If it has not done so in 1855 the fact is only to be attributed to one of those variations of the season against which it is impossible for any human foresight to provide with exact accuracy.

Let us congratulate ourselves that the army is this year comfortably housed and amply fed—that it is in the highest health and discipline—and that it bids fair to be capable of any duty that may be demanded of it on the first return of spring. The correspondent from whom we have already quoted, in speaking of the present condition of the camp, further remarks:—"The health of our troops is excellent; the draughts which arrive are rather younger than is desirable, but they will get experience and instruction during the winter. They are admirably clothed, and fed as no army was ever fed before—fresh meat, bread, and vegetables are issued to all. Henceforth the men are to get fresh meat only three times a week, and bread only three times a week, instead of every day. On the other days they will receive pork or salt beef, and excellent biscuit. In respect of winter clothing, hutting, and feeding, our men are immeasurably better off than our Allies, and it is not unusual to see the latter eating in the English camp of the excess of our soldiers' cooking kettles." This state of things, presenting so striking a contrast to the condition of the English camp at this time last year, ought at least to be satisfactory to all who profess to feel an interest in the welfare of our gallant soldiery.

The intelligent writer, from whose communications (penned in the midst of the scenes he describes), we have so largely borrowed, does not think it probable that Prince Gortschakoff will succeed in extricating himself from the critical position in which he is now left. "The Russian General," says he, "must be a man of extraordinary confidence if he thinks he can extricate his army when the spring comes from the grasp of an enemy which already clutches the whole of his coast, is established at two points in his rear, and has four distinct bases of operations, with sufficient troops to use them all, and to concentrate a prodigious force on any point he pleases. He may err, and if he does, and the blot is hit, the result will be fatal. The Russian infantry, in spite of its stubborn endurance and passive courage, is not equal to either French, Sardinian, English, or Turkish troops. Every day shows us that it has no chance even against the latter when they are led and officered by Englishmen or brave and skilful European soldiers. Their cavalry, in equal numbers, will be ridden down like grass whenever they stand against English or French squadrons; and notwithstanding the excellence of their artillery, compared with other arms of their service, it cannot compete with ours for an instant as regards rapidity of motion or precision of fire. Prince Gortschakoff will be a grand strategist opposed to very weak generals if he succeeds in saving his army, and marching them seatless from the Crimea."

These opinions, founded upon observations made within sight of the position which the Russian General now occupies, must be allowed to have considerable weight. Let us trust that they may prove to be correct.—*News of the World*.

NAVAL OPERATIONS IN THE SEA OF AZOFF—DESTRUCTION OF THE TOWN OF GHRISK.

"Off Mariopol, Nov. 5.—Yesterday, Ardent, Weser, and Curlew attacked the sea side of the new town (Ghrisk.) All the marines and as many men as could be spared went inside the lake in the gun-boats. Recruit, Cracker, Grinder, and Boxer attacked the old town. We kept up a heavy fire during the morning, which was answered from rifle pits in front of the town, and in the afternoon we landed on a spit to the left, and destroyed the custom-house and several large buildings by fire. Some cavalry rode out and attacked our boats' crews employed in this business, but of course to do so they had to expose themselves to a heavy fire from the ships, which they got, and no mistake; many and many an empty saddle telling sad tales of the correctness of our fire. Our men finished their work before they again embarked, as the cavalry, owing to our cover, could not remain long on the spit; and as the shades of evening began to close around us we could see the old town in a perfect blaze, showing that the other division of our squadron had also succeeded. To-day the gun-boats got close to the town, so the place was half surrounded. It is a very large place and well built. After shelling it for an hour, the gun-boats landed their men on the lake side, and we landed ours on this. They began to advance about ten o'clock; but as they neared the town the head-most column received such a tremendous fire that they had to fall back. They had no sooner done this when it became evident to us that the enemy were out in very strong force, and that our men stood a chance of being cut off. Lieut. Ross, of the Weser, formed a junction with them, by crossing in front of the town, and this move saved them, for we could then see, as the Russians in their turn fell back, how nearly they were surrounded. During the whole of the day our men were on the advance, and the town in several parts in flames; all their windmills and one or two manufacturing were burnt to the ground. Having destroyed all we could, and seeing the necessity to keep the open ground in our position, we beat a retreat at half-past two, and embarked the men. Although the enemy had such heaps of troops in the town they did not care, after yesterday's experience, to follow up our retreat, or attack us in any way."

"Yenikale, Nov. 13.—We left Ghrisk with the idea of retreating Arabat, which was to have been the finishing stroke to this year's operations in the Sea of Azoff; but on arriving here we find the expedition abandoned. All the squadron, it appears, are to return to Genitchi again, except Weser and Recruit, which are to await at Kergh for further orders from the commander-in-chief."