

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.

[EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Vol. V.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1855.

No. 24.

GLOBE HOTEL,

James W. Cairns, Proprietor,
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Placently situated, and every comfort afforded at moderate cost.
Hire of cabs and vehicles, for hire, in connection with the establishment.
September 3.

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—Charlottetown, P. E. I., Jas. Purdie, Esq.,
St. John, N. B., Messrs. R. Rankin & Co.
Oct. 8, 1855.

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.

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.

"Stratford Hotel."

THE above Establishment, which is delightfully situated on
the South Side of the Hillsborough, and commands an
extensive view of the City and Harbour, IS JUST OPENED,
and has superior accommodations for Private Families and
Transient Boarders; and the Subscriber trusts, by assiduity
and attention to the convenience and comfort of his guests, to
merit the countenance and support of the public generally.
There is also good STABLE accommodation on the premises.
October 29.

Commission Merchant & General Agent.
THE undersigned having good Store, Cellar and Ware-
house room, offers his services as General Agent and
Commission Merchant; would attend to the purchase and
shipment of Produce, &c.
REFERENCES.—Hon. JAMES PEAK,
" W. W. LORD,
" D. BREXAN,
" CHAS. YOUNG,
" W. B. DEAN, Esq., Am. Con. Agent.
GEORGE MOORE.

Stratford Hotel, opposite Charlottetown, Nov. 5. 2m.

Freehold for Sale.

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

Dwelling House and Land near Charlotte-
town for Sale.

FOR SALE the newly built and commodious Dwelling
House in Charlottetown, near 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 distance
from Charlottetown 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 Charlottetown, near the above Dwelling
House.
For Terms of Sale and Lease apply to the subscriber at the Attorney
General's Office, Colonial Building, Charlottetown.
July 30.

Public Lands.

THE Commissioner of Public Lands gives notice that persons
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 themselves
liable to any alteration in these terms which may be thought
advisable.
September 17, 1855.

Notice.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against trespassing on
those 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.

Charlottetown, April 23.

Notice to Tenants.

THE subscriber requests all persons indebted to him for
Rent, or arrears of Rent, on his part of half 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 the subscriber, viz—on Lot or Township No. 56—the property of
Messrs. Thomsons; on Lot or Township No. 26—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 R. DOURKE,
M.H. View, Nov. 15, 1855. E. L. H. G.—Im.

Regular Trader and first Spring Ship for
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

NEW Clipper Ship "MAJESTIC," M. WALSH,
Commander.—500 tons, A. I. iron keel and
metalled,—has superior accommodations for Cabin
and Steerage Passengers, and is in every respect a
first rate conveyance for fine Goods,—has proved herself a fast
sailer on her first voyage,—will be despatched from Liverpool
on the 1st of April, 1856. For particulars please apply to
Messrs. D. CANNON, SON & Co., 52 South Castle Street, Liver-
pool; or the owner
W. W. LORD,
Nov. 5, 1855. Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Unclaimed Property.

AN ANCHOR, landed from the barque "Sir Alexander,"
in 1854, is still in the subscriber's possession, unclaimed.
The owner can have the same by proving property and paying
expenses.
Charlottetown, Nov. 5. W. W. LORD.

Literature.

NIGHT.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Oh, the summer night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne;
Whilst the sweet winds load her
With garlands of odor,
From the bud of the rose o'er-blown.

But the autumn night
Has a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free;
And a voice for wonder,
Like the wrath of thunder
When he shouts to the stormy sea.

And the winter night
Is all cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain,
Till the wild bee hummeth,
And the warm spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain.

Oh, the night, the night!
'Tis a lovely sight,
Whatever the clime or time;
For sorrow then seareth,
And the lover outporeth
His soul in a star-bright rhyme.

It bringeth sleep
To the forest deep,
The forest bird to its nest;
To care bright hours,
And dreams of flowers,
And that balm to the weary—rest.

SONG OF THE PEASANT WIFE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Come, Patrik, clear up the storms on your brow;
You were kind to me once—will you frown on me now—
Shall the storm settle here when from heaven it parts,
And the cold from without finds its way to our hearts?
No, Patrik, no! sure the winniest weather
Is easily borne when we bear it together.

Though the rain's dropping through from the roof to the floor,
And the wind whistles frae where there once was a door,
Can the rain, or the snow, or the storm wash away
All the warm vows we made in our love's early day?
No, Patrik, no! sure the dark stormy weather
Is easily borne if we bear it together.

When you stole out to woe me when labour was done,
And the day that was closing to us seemed begun,
Did we care if the sunset was bright on the flowers,
Or if we crept out amid darkness and showers?
No, Patrik! we talk'd, while we braved the wild weather,
Of all we could bear, if we bore it together.

Soon, soon, will these dark dreary days be gone by,
And our hearts be lit up with a beam from the sky!
Oh, let not our spirits, embittered with pain,
Be dead to the sunshine that came to us then!
Heart in heart, hand in hand, let us welcome the weather,
And sunshine or storm, we will bear it together.

THE RESULTS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

(From the Edinburgh Review for October, 1855.)

The War from the landing at Gallipoli to the Death of Lord
Raglan. By W. H. RUSSELL. Correspondent of the Times.
London: 1855.

It belongs to our daily contemporaries rather than to ourselves
to trace the varying incidents of a campaign, and to
record with a fidelity unknown at any other former period
of history the fugitive impressions produced by the great
spectacle of war. The volume before us deserves to retain a
place in our literature from the extraordinary fidelity with
which, under circumstances the most various and sometimes
the most adverse, Mr. Russell has presented to the British
public the aspects of the successive encampments, the fields
of battle, the murderous encounters, the appalling hardships, and
the stout endurance of the British army in the East; and we
must add that it is honourable to this gentleman, and to the
powerful journal which employed him, that he has performed
so delicate a task with fearless independence, strict veracity and
considerable judgment. The volume which comprises these
letters in a collected form has already attained a circulation of
17,000 copies; and in reading over these communications,
faithfully written, at the time and on the spots they describe,
we pass through all the successive emotions of the campaign.
Much, however, that appeared conflicting, discouraging and
obscure is now cleared up by more complete information; and
though the journal of a campaign conveys the most vivid pic-
ture of its progress, the critic and the historian will form their
judgment from a more dispassionate survey of the course of
events.

It belongs to others to bear the heat and burden of the day,
and to mingle in that conflict of emotions and opinions which
the interests of the nation and the fate of the army hourly
excite at such a period; but we cannot permit the great and
glorious events of the last few weeks to pass unnoticed in this
place, and we claim our humble part in the proud and grateful
sentiments called forth by a national victory. The Allied
Powers had staked on the siege of Sebastopol a large share of
their military fame and of their political influence. Forty
years had elapsed since any of the great Powers in Europe had
been seriously engaged against each other in a grand operation
of war. The object of this war was to subvert to the ex-
cessive power of Russia, and by a fortunate concurrence of cir-
cumstances the attack on Sebastopol became the ordeal of our
strength. To return from the contest without having suc-
ceeded on that point, would have been to return virtually de-
feated; to terminate the siege by a triumph, and by the forced
evacuation of the place by the enemy, was already to secure,
in the eyes of all mankind, the chief prize of the struggle.
The result has fulfilled our expectations. It has rewarded the
efforts of the Allies; and it has justified more speedily and
effectually than could have been expected, the Governments
which planned and executed this vast enterprise. Nor is this
feeling at all diminished by the fact, that the British attack
on the Great Redan was unsuccessful, like those made by our
gallant allies on the Little Redan and the Central Bastion;
without detracting in the slightest degree from the glory of
those brave French troops who carried the works of the Mala-
koff on the 8th of September, and so struck the decisive blow
at Sebastopol, the results of the campaign fairly belong, and
in very nearly an equal degree, to all the troops which have
been engaged from first to last, and on different points, in this
great enterprise.

We confess that amongst the minor causes of satisfaction
which so great a public success procures to us, we are enabled
to look back with confidence, and we shall be glad if we can
induce any of our readers to look back, to the remarks we

have ventured to make from time to time in the course of those
operations. Dispassionately considered, and cleared of that
excitement which is sometimes raised by a glimpse of a distant
object, the events of the war may be traced in their logical
connection from the landing at Gallipoli to the fall of Sebastopol.
They bear evidence of a plan deliberately formed with
reference to the circumstances of the time, and executed with the
utmost firmness and perseverance. Strange and novel obsta-
cles undoubtedly did arise, as they must ever arise amidst
the chances of war; but these were provided for and overcome
with extraordinary rapidity, insomuch that—to sum up all in
one crowning and demonstrative fact—the most difficult and
laborious siege in history has been brought to a conclusion
within twelve months by the sheer superiority we had acquired
over the armies and arsenals of the enemy. We trust that
looking at all these facts and to their results, some of those
able and eager men who spent the spring of last year in ex-
hausting every contingency of failure which imagination could
suggest, will acknowledge that ignorance and impatience—not
to speak of other motives—sometimes prevailed in their minds
over reason and truth. We may well leave the past at rest.
It is vindicated by the success of the policy of the Government
and by the glory of the army. But for the future we may
presume to invite these hasty and sometimes unjust critics to
consider the effects of the violent course they have hitherto
pursued. Professing the utmost eagerness to support the
Queen's Government in the conduct of the war, they have in
fact exhausted every mode of opposition which could embarrass
the Executive Power, weaken the confidence of our Allies, dis-
tract the councils of the nation, and even impugn the justice
of our cause. To all these attacks what reply could be made
by the Government or its supporters? The grand justification
of their policy is the plan of the campaign; but that cannot
be disclosed. Next come the means employed to give effect to
these projects; but they must be kept secret. The military
officers are to be covered from the discouragement of parlia-
mentary censure even when they have done wrong. Our com-
munications with our Allies are of the most confidential
character, for they involve not only the honour of this country,
but the interests of another which are in our keeping. In
short, the only effectual answer to be made to these innumera-
ble assailants is to be found in the results of the campaign;
and it is the duty of the Ministers of the Crown to advance
steadily towards their great objects, as little moved by the
turnout around them, as that adventurous hero of eastern
folk who bore off the speaking bird from the Black Mountain.

In the conduct of military operations, it is generally im-
possible to foretell with accuracy the particular incidents of a
campaign and the time of their occurrence, for there is in all
these calculations an *unknown quantity*, viz.: the exact
strength and resources of the enemy. The Russians have
throughout this war been eminently successful in maintaining
the secrecy of their communications, and neither before nor
after the invasion of the Crimea have the allied generals found
it easy to obtain trustworthy information as to the position and
amount of the Russian forces. These difficulties were of course
increased by the distant and unknown country which had
become the scene of hostilities, for except the campaigns of Mar-
shal Lascy in 1736-37, which are well described by a German
soldier of fortune named Munnstein, and the works of Professor
Della Porta and Dr. Clarke in the last century, we had little
military or topographical knowledge of the Crimea. But the
Crimean expedition was suggested and its results foreseen upon
strategical principles of a wider application, and these have
not disappointed us. To attack Sebastopol was not only to
assail the stronghold of Russia in the East, and the seat of her
preponderance in the Black Sea, but it was to compel her to
throw the strength of the empire to a point of the circumfer-
ence of her vast territories, that point being more accessible
to the great maritime Powers than to Russia herself. Their
base of operations was the sea, supported by the reserves, the
magazines and the hospitals established at Constantinople; but
beyond the narrow and mountainous tract of the Crimea,
lying between Simpheropol and the coast, the Russian armies
had nothing but the steepes to fall back upon, and the whole
of the Crimea north of the river Saghir is unfit for the
habitation of man. The supplies of their army were drawn
principally from the Sea of Azoff; stores of all kinds were
accumulated in enormous quantities in Sebastopol, but the de-
mand exceeded the supply, and the supply could not be re-
newed. The troops sent to join the army from the interior
lost enormous numbers of men upon the way, and arrived ex-
hausted by the fatigues of the march; and when the Russian
army which took the field in 1853 had lost large numbers of
its officers, noncommissioned officers and seasoned troops, it
became impossible to supply their place by the levies of raw
serfs which drained the population with frightful rapidity.
It is, however, a gross inaccuracy to speak of this prodigious
operation as a *siege* and of the defenders of Sebastopol as a
garrison. The Emperor of Russia in his order of the day to
his army has not disclaimed to use this appellation, and he even
says that the heroic garrison of Sebastopol will now fall back
into the ranks of the army. The truth is that the defenders
of Sebastopol were the Imperial Army of Russia. They were
only the head of a column, the apex of a pyramid, which had
the entire military resources of the Empire behind it. The
troops quartered in Sebastopol or on the Mackenzie heights
were in direct communication with the troops massed upon the
frontiers of Poland, the reserve corps at Moscow, and the army
of the Baltic, and they were incessantly renewed. In the
course of the last twelve months it is not one army, much less
one garrison we have had to defeat, but several. Of the troops
which fought at the Alma, few were seen at Inkermann; and
the exhausted regiments of last year's campaign had dis-
appeared before the bloody conflicts of the 16th August and
18th September. In speaking of a *siege* and a *garrison* those
terms commonly describe the defence of a town or fortress by
a body of men enclosed within the walls; at Sebastopol the
lines of the town were only the advanced works of an army
whose losses since the commencement of this war are not
overstated at 300,000 victims of the policy of the Czar.

We have taken the trouble to extract from the Russian re-
ports of the more important actions in the Crimea, from the
battle of the Alma to the 8th of September, 1855, the returns
of casualties transmitted by Prince Menschikoff and Prince
Gortschakoff to the Imperial Government. The sum total of
the losses sustained on the field of battle, exclusive of the final
assault and of the daily losses in the works, amounts to no
less than 70,000; if to this we add 30,000 men for losses in
the trenches and sorties, which is at the rate of about 60 a-day
for 365 days and 20,000 men for the final bombardment and
assault, (2,500 men are reported by Prince Gortschakoff to
have fallen on each of the three last days of the bombardment),
we arrive at a collective loss of 120,000 men by the fire of the
enemy. This, however, is altogether independent of the losses
by disease, by cold, in the hospitals in the interior, and in the
terrible marches of the reinforcements hastily collected from
all parts of the empire, as well as the losses of the army in
Georgia, Circassia and elsewhere. We can thus account ap-
proximately for the rude estimate of 300,000 men furnished
to the Government; and it is no exaggeration to assert, that
the siege of Sebastopol and the campaign of 1854-55 has cost
Russia the best half of her army.

* At one of the recent councils of war, held at St. Petersburg, in the
presence of the Emperor, Prince Dolgorouki, the Minister of War, was
accused of not having sent gunpowder to the army. The Czar called
on him for an explanation; but, before it could be given, Prince Men-
schikoff remarked, with a sneer, "Ce n'est pas important. Le Prince n'a
ni senti, ni inventé, ni envoyé la poudre." The results of the investi-
gation of the Anglo-French commission, since the capture, appear to
prove, however, that there was to the last no deficiency of any of the
munitions of war in Sebastopol, and General Niel states that on the
final bombardment of the southern side of the place the Russians had
800 guns and mortars mounted. The Allies had 700, but the superiority
of their fire was at last victoriously established.

The fate of war, and the policy of powerful states engaged
in hostile operations, is seldom determined by any sudden in-
cident. The termination of a campaign by such blows as those
of Austerlitz, Jena, or Waterloo, is a rare exception. It is
not the loss of a battle or of a fortress which determines the
submission of the enemy; it is the exhaustion of his resources,
shown by the inability to repair his losses. That is what has
already partially occurred in the Crimea, where the Russians
have been compelled to concentrate their resources under the
circumstances most unfavourable to their power. The sea
being in the hands of the maritime powers, and the navigation
of the Sea of Azoff cut off and destroyed, the process of ex-
haustion became rapid and inevitable. One of the most re-
markable omissions of the Russians was their not having re-
fortified the straits of Yenikale after the sunken vessels were
carried away by the melting of the ice; and on the other
hand, it may be said that the admirals in command of the
fleets last year might have explored and attacked that impor-
tant position at an earlier period! In summing up the results
of the campaign, we may fairly claim for the Governments
which planned and executed the Crimean expedition, and for
those who have constantly promoted and defended the great
enterprise, the honour of having foreseen and acted upon those
weighty general considerations; and whatever may have been
the difficulties to be surmounted at particular moments, we
have never ceased to rely on these principles to ensure our
ultimate success.

(To be continued.)

A TALE FOR THE CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE.

It was a bright sunny morning in June; the little town of
Subery seemed to have poured forth its whole population into
the streets, and the square which surrounded the church was
crowded to excess. This was evidently a festive day.

The town, nestled amidst lofty hills, is chiefly inhabited by
miners, who pass their days in laborious toil buried within the
bowels of the earth. A holiday was therefore to them a double-
welcomed event. The occasion of their present festival was
the completion of some extensive repairs which their old church
had lately undergone.

According to a long-established custom of the country, the
master-slater was to receive, in addition to his wages, a com-
plete new suit of clothes, in honor of the occasion, and he had
given notice that he was on this day to ascend the steeple for
the last time, and to perform on its very summit a *tour-de-force*
which would astonish the spectators.

Master Madel, the titular master-slater of the place, would
never have lent himself to such foolery as this—for he was a
prudent man and the father of a family—but he had lately
been very ill, and had been compelled to visit the adjoining
baths of Carlsbad in search of that health which was so
essential to the very subsistence of his family. The task of
completing the repairs had therefore devolved upon his brother-
in-law, who was still in the hey-day of youth, and to whom a
perilous exploit was only a pleasing pastime.

Holding in his hand a small packet containing the new suit
of clothes, he hastened through the assembled crowd, and
with the agility of a cat, climbed the scaffolding which sur-
rounded the steeple; by the help of a rope he then raised
himself to the top of the gilt ball which crowned its summit,
and clinging to the cross which surmounted it, he opened the
packet, and began coolly to array himself in the holiday attire
which it contained, at the same time bowing courteously at the
crowds of gazers who stood in the square below.

Having accomplished this perilous feat, he began to think
of making his way down; but, alas, the rope was no longer
to be found!—the wind had detached the loop from the point
of the cross on which he had suspended it—and in an agony
of terror he stretched out his hands imploringly towards the
spectators, who quickly perceived the cause of the alarm.
But how was help to be conveyed to the unhappy man? In
vain did the municipal authorities offer a large reward to any
miner who should possess sufficient courage or generosity to go
to his relief; not a soul stirred; and his weeping sister, the
wife of Madel, who stood amongst the crowd, exclaimed that
the only hope left was to send an express to Carlsbad, and to
fetch her husband, who alone would dare to climb the dizzy
height.

The express was accordingly just about to start, when the
young Veronica, the slater's only daughter, seizing hold of her
mother's hand, exclaimed,—Mamma, it is only a cord my
uncle wants! If so, I will bring it to him in a minute, just
as I used to bring papa his dinner when he was working up
there!

Dame Madel trembled at the thought of exposing her child,
who was but little more than five years of age, to a peril
which the boldest miner had not dared to face. But the life
of her only brother was at stake, and the little one, young as
she was, had a fearless heart as well as a sure foot; so after a
moment of anxious thought, she pressed Veronica to her bosom
and said, "Go then, my child, and may God be with thee."
A coil of rope was quickly provided; Veronica placed it in
a basket on her arm, and before many moments had elapsed,
the anxious crowd saw her on the scaffolding, exerting all her
feeble strength to throw the cord within reach of her uncle.
At last she succeeded, and a loud cheer burst from the as-
sembled multitude, who until this moment had been silent as
the grave. We need not describe the joyous welcome which
awaited both the little heroine and her uncle when they
emerged hand in hand from the church, through which they
had passed on descending from the steeple. For three days
nothing was talked of in all the country round but the heroism
of the slater's daughter, and even the columns of the news-
paper blazoned forth her noble deed.

And yet at the end of two years Veronica was forgotten!
Two years after the restoration of the steeple, the cross by
which it was surmounted was struck with lightning, and the
melted pitch falling on the roof, threatened to set the whole
structure in a blaze. The pealing of the bell soon mingled
with the rolling of the thunder, and the good people of Subery,
hastening to the spot, did all that lay in their power to ex-
tinguish the flames. Madel, the master-slater, stood upon the
roof, where the danger was most imminent, and with a trem-
bling hand directed the fire-engine towards the spots where the
flames raged with the fiercest vehemence. The great heat, the
sparks which flew around him on every side, and the glowing
flame which dazzled his eyes, caused him intense suffering; but
he and his brave companions persevered, and the fire was ex-
tinguished. From that night, however, he became liable to
continual inflammation of the eyes, and in six months Master
Madel had entirely lost the use of his sight.

I will not attempt to describe the anguish which filled the
poor man's heart when he found, that so far from being able
to maintain his family by the labor of his hands, he must
henceforth be dependent upon them for his support. He found,
however, a faithful and tender guide in the little daughter, ex-
horting her with her latest breath to be—what she had ever
been—a dutiful and tender child to the blind father, who had
now no one left to tend and care for him save her.

It was Christmas-eve. The mountaineers sought to forget
the inclemency of the season, in the cheerful recreations which
made their hearts resound with merriment. It was their
custom on this evening to illuminate their houses; and the
streets were early filled with fillers, attracted by the brilliancy
of the scene. Veronica had continued to work hard at her
lace-pillow until darkness had closed in, nor would she then
have ceased her labors, had not her cruse of oil failed her and
her lamp expired in its socket.

Then only, and much against her will, did she begin to keep
the holiday which was so gaily celebrated around her. She
fed the stove with fresh fuel, placed her blind father in his
easy-chair, and then dressing her little brother as warmly as
she could, said to the child, "Come, Georgy, we will go out