

The Examiner.

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EDWARD WHELAN

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

[EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.]

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Literature.

CLAIRE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

Who may the maiden be, tripping by—
Laughing her air, and her footstep light?
How in her smile, and her sparkling eye,
All that is graceful and good unite!
She's a young seamstress—the rest by her side
Mark how she blooms, and themselves despair:
Beauty like hers is a father's pride—
Yes, she's the grave-digger's daughter, Claire.

Claire has a home in the burial ground—
See you the sun on her window play?
Hark! hear you not a low murmuring sound?
'Tis from her dove-coat it comes this way.
Yonder what flutters about the tomb,
Dazzlingly white? what a lovely pair!
Whose are those doves with the snow-white plumes,
Pets of the grave-digger's daughter, Claire.

Passing at eve by her cottage wall,
Up to the roof with a vine o'erhung,
Snatches of song on your ear may fall—
Listen you must, 'tis so sweetly sung.
Ditty of love, or a carol gay—
Smiling or pensive, you linger there:
'Who the enchantress?' you well may say—
She? 'tis the grave-digger's daughter, Claire.

Oh in your thicket at dawn of day,
Under its lilacs, her laugh is ringing;
There where the flowers in rich bouquet,
Still wet with dew, to her hand are springing.
There, how superbly the myrtle is growing!
There, in the plants what a thriving air!
Roses are there ever freshly blowing—
All for the grave-digger's daughter, Claire.

But for the morrow gay scenes are planned—
Under her roof many guests rejoice;
Claire on a fiddler bestows her hand—
Handsome and young—he's her father's choice.
How will her heart in the dance to-morrow
Throb 'neath the silk and the gauze she'll wear—
Children, and toil, but no touch of sorrow,
Heaven give the grave-digger's daughter, Claire!

A PANEGYRIC ON FOX-HUNTING.

It is next to impossible to reduce fine poetry to practice—so let us conclude with a panegyric on Fox Hunting. The passion for this pastime is the very strongest that can possess the heart—nor, of all the heroes of antiquity, is there one to our imagination more poetical than Nimrod. His whole character is given, and his whole history, in two words—Mighty Hunter. That he hunted the fox is not probable; for the sole aim and end of his existence was not to exterminate—that would have been cutting his own throat—but to thin man-eating wild beasts—the Pard, with Leo at his head. But in a land like this, where not even a wolf has existed for centuries—nor a wild boar—the same spirit that would have driven the British north on the tusk and paw of the lion and the tiger, mounts them in scarlet on such steeds as never neighed before the flood, nor summered high in bliss on the sloping pastures of undeluged Ararat—and gathers them together in gallant array on the edge of the cover.

“When first the hunter's startling horn is heard
Upon the golden hills.”

What a squadron of cavalry! What fiery eyes and flaming nostrils, betokening with what ardent passion the noble animals will revel in the chase! Bay, brown, black, dun, chestnut, sorrel, grey—of all shades and hues—and every course distinguished by his own peculiar character of shape and form, yet all blending harmoniously as they crown the mount; so that a painter would only have to group and color them as they stand, nor lose, if able to catch them, one of the dazzling lights or deepening shadows streamed on them from that sunny, yet not uncloudy sky.

You read in books of travels and romances, of Barbs and Arabs galloping in the desert—and well does Sir Walter speak of Saladin at the head of the Saracenic chivalry; but take our word for it, great part of all such descriptions are mere falsehood or fudge. Why in the world should dwellers in the desert always be going at full speed? And how can that full speed be anything more than a slow, heavy hand-gallop at the best, the Barbs being up to the belly at every stroke? They are always, it is said, in high condition—but we, who know something about horseflesh, give that assertion the lie. They have seldom anything either to eat or drink; are lean as church mice; and covered with clammy sweat before they have ambled a league from the tent. And then such a set of absurd riders, with knees up to their noses, like so many tailors riding to Brandy, via the desert of Arabia! Such bits, such bridles, and such saddles! But the whole set out, rider and ridden, accoutrements, and all, is too much for one's gravity, and must occasion a frequent laugh to the wild as he goes braying unharnessed by. But look there! Arabian blood, and British bone! Not bred in and in to the death of all the strong animal spirits—but blood intermingled and interused by twenty crosses, nature glorying in each successive produce, till her power can no further go, and in yonder glorious grey

“Give the world assurance of a horse!”
From the Three Hundred into squadron, or squadrons, and in the hand of each rider a silver-laced bone, of your lances, all baro his breast but for the silver-laced bone, the gorgeous uniform of the Hussars of England—confound all carriages and carussers!—let the trumpet sound a charge, and ten thousand of the barbare chivalry be opposed with spear and scimitar—and through their snow-ranks will the three hundred go like thaw—splitting them into dissolution with the noise of thunder.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it; and where, we ask, were the British cavalry ever overthrown? And how could the great north country horse conquer perform their contracts, but for the triumph of the Turf? Blood—blood there must be either for strength, or speed, or endurance. The very heaviest cavalry, the Life Guards and the Scots Greys, and all other dragons, must have blood. But without racing and fox-hunting, where could it be found? Such pastimes nerve one of the arms of the nation when in battle; but far from it would be palsied. What better education, too, not only for a horse, but his rider, before playing a bloodier game in the first war campaign? Thus he becomes demi-corporal with the noble animal; and what easy, equitable motion to him is afterwards a charge over a wide level plain, with nothing in the way but a few regiments of flying Frenchmen! The hills and dales of merry England have been the best riding-school to her gentlemen, her gentlemen who have not lived at home at ease, but, Sweet and Stewart, and Seymour, and Cotton, and Somerset, and Vivian, have left their hereditary halls, and all the peaceful pastimes pursued among the sylvan scenery, to try the mettle of their steeds, and cross swords with the vaunted Gallic chivalry; and still have been in the shock victorious. Witness the skirmish that astonished Napoleon at Saldhana, the overthrow that overpowered him at Waterloo!—Recreations of Christopher North.

The Boston Bee says there are one hundred and twenty-five eating-houses in that city, and the money taken by them amounts to \$6,000 per day.

ANNIE LAURIE.

“If you want to hear Annie Laurie sung, come to my house to-night,” said a man to his friend. “We have a love-lorn fellow in the village who was sadly wrecked by the refusal of a girl whom he had been paying attention to for a year or more. It is seldom he will attempt the song, but when he does, I tell you it draws tears from eyes unused to weeping.”

A small select company had assembled in a pleasant parlor, and were gaily chatting and laughing when a tall young man entered, whose peculiar face and air instantly arrested their attention. He was very pale, with the clear, vivid complexion which dark haired consumptives so often have. His locks were as black as jet, and hung profusely upon a square white collar. His eyes were very large and spiritual, and his brow such an one as a poet should have. But for a certain wandering look a casual observer would have pronounced him a man of uncommon intellectual powers. The words “poor fellow,” and “how sad he looks,” went the rounds as he came forward, bowed to the company and took his seat. One or two thoughtless girls laughed as they whispered that he was “love cracked”—but the rest treated him with a respectful deference.

It was late in the evening when singing was proposed, and to ask him to sing “Annie Laurie” was a task of uncommon delicacy. One song after another was sung, and at last that one was named. At its mention the young man grew deadly pale, but did not speak; he seemed instantly to be lost in reverie. “The name of the girl who treated him so badly was Annie,” said a lady whispering to the new guest—“but oh! I wish he would sing it; nobody else can do it justice.”

“No one dares sing Annie Laurie before you, Charles,” said an elderly lady—“would it be too much to ask you to favor the company with it?” she added timidly.

He did not reply for a moment—his lips quivered a little, and then looking up as if he saw a spiritual presence, he began. Every sound was hushed—it seemed as if his voice were the voice of an angel. The tones vibrated through every nerve and pulse, and heart, and made one shiver with the pathos of his feeling; never was heard melody in a human voice like that—so plaintive, so soulful—so tender and earnest!

He sat with his head thrown back, his eyes half closed—the locks of dark hair glistening against his pale temples, his fine throat swelling with the rich tones, his hands lightly folded before him; and as he sang—

“And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true—”

It seemed as if he shook from head to foot with emotion. Many a lip trembled—and there was no jesting, no laughing, but instead tears in more than one eye.

And on he sang, and on, holding every one in wrapt attention—till he came to the last verse—

“Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fate of her fairy feet—
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet—
And she's a' the world to me—”

He paused before he added—

“And for Bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.”

There was a long and solemn pause. The black locks seemed to grow blacker—the white temples whiter—almost imperceptibly the head kept falling back—the eyes were close shut. One glanced at another—all seemed awe struck—till the same person who had urged him to sing laid her hand gently on his shoulder, saying:

“Charles, Charles?”

Then came a hush—thrill of horror crept through every frame—the poor tried heart had ceased to beat—Charles, the love betrayed, was dead.

ISLAND OF CAPE BRETON.

Of this place, which I know thoroughly, from having held courts in five different sections of it, it is impossible for me to speak in terms of sufficient praise. For its scenery, it is the most beautiful island in the world; and for its resources and advantages, in proportion to its extent, the most valuable. This, I admit, is strong language; it may sound extravagant, but to do it justice, I cannot say less. The French knew its political as well as its intrinsic value; they considered it truly as the key of the St. Lawrence, commanding at once the entrance to Canada, the gulf shore of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and intercepting the trade of the old colonies, now called the United States. They erected on this island the strong fortress of Louisbourg, at an expense of thirty millions of livres, which required a fleet of 150 sail to convey thither the troops under General Wolfe for its capture. Of its strength, you may judge when you hear that 220 pieces of cannon were found there. At that early day they had 630 vessels employed in the fishing trade, and exported to France 500,000 quintals of fish. No sooner had this magnificent island fallen into the hands of the English than it felt the deadening influence of the Imperial neglect. This second Canage was doomed to destruction; it cost twelve thousand to blow it up, and remove all trace of it from the face of the earth; the island was closed to emigration; the few who went there were squatters, having no title to the land they cleared, and no heart to improve what they occupied, lest ejectment should follow. Fishermen came in summer like water-fowl, and like them took wing at the approach of winter; and the wrecker and the outlaw lay hidden there like vultures, to feed upon what the storm or current threw ashore. It was not till 1820, when Sir James Kempt galvanized this dormant body, that respiration and vitality were restored to it, and even now it has scarcely recovered the effect of the long torpor. During the last 100 years, since it fell to us, the tide of emigration has flowed within sight of its shores, conveying hundreds of thousands—nay, millions of emigrants, to augment the strength of our rivals and unfriendly neighbours, the Americans, without a word of invitation to them to land, and occupy this vacant territory, the nearest to Europe of any part of the American continent and the best and most promising of the land of promise. (Hear, hear.) Happy, indeed, would it have been for us if the Corporation of Glasgow, instead of the authorities of Downing Street, had had the direction of our affairs—if practical men, like those able and intelligent merchants who preside over your city, and who by their industry, their talents, and their zeal, have raised it to its present state of wealth and prosperity, had had the direction of our destinies also. Alas! red tape may be strong enough to bind and compress despatches, but it is utterly worthless as a ligature to hold together the separate and disjointed parts of an empire. He who would govern us must know us, he who would regulate our trade, must himself be conversant with commerce—a landsman cannot steer, and a sailor must be at his helm if he wishes it to obey his will; as well might your affairs be regulated at Quebec, as ours be directed at London. The presence of a partner, as well you know, is every where necessary in extended business at foreign stations. But to return to Cape Breton, whence we have been so long absent that we can carry there only a few minutes. The land is of a superior quality and well wooded. There are three splendid coal fields of the finest kind of bituminous coal; the largest of these cover an area of 120 miles, and is situated just where it is required for the Canada, Halifax and American trade, and for the convenience of ocean steamers and men-of-war. Canada is, from its geological structure, destitute of coal, and here is an inexhaustible supply. It is in the centre of the fisheries, and as there is no fog on her eastern shore, and the banks in the vicinity are covered with shell fish—the cod are reckoned the best in the world. Brine springs, containing 12 per cent. of salt, are found close to the borders of the Lake, and the island contains some large, deep, and commodious harbors, besides numerous lesser ones, for small craft. I have not time to dwell farther on the beauty, fertility, and mineral resources of this valuable island. Well, indeed,

may its inlet from the sea, that penetrates nearly through the island, be called “Bras d'Or,” for it affords access to the richest country I know of. I will mention but one more fact respecting it, and then hasten on. The upper part and marginal portions of this vast inlet freeze over in winter, and settlers are in the habit of driving upon it, with their pony sleds, and in less than an hour they load them with fish, and no other trouble than cutting a hole in the ice, and hauling them out.—From an Address by Judge Haliburton in Glasgow.

Cleanings from late Papers.

THE REBELLION IN INDIA.

OPERATIONS OF GENERAL HAVELOCK.

[Some brief notices of General Havelock's operations at Cawnpore have already appeared in the Examiner, taken from English papers; but the following full and luminous account of the exploits by which General Havelock has rendered his name illustrious, is well worthy of perusal, being the most satisfactory record of those exploits which we have yet seen. We are indebted for it to the London Saturday Review.]

On the side of the Ganges, 26th July.

What with hard marching, hard fighting, and hard work, my time has of late been fully occupied; but now that a spare day happily supervenes—while the remainder of the force are effecting the crossing of the Ganges—I proceed to give you an account of the operations of Havelock's column, ordered to the relief of Cawnpore, from the commencement of the march up to the present time.

This body of troops, consisting of a portion of Her Majesty's 78th Highlanders and 64th, part of the 1st Madras Fusiliers, a company of Royal Artillery from Ceylon, a few Volunteer Horse (mostly officers of the broken Sepoy regiments), a party of about 80 of the 13th Irregular Horse, and 150 Sikhs—in all, about 1100 men, of whom 800 were English, the whole under the command of Brigadier-General Havelock—marched from Allahabad on the evening of the 7th July, to join an advanced force of 700 men, partly Europeans, partly Sikhs, under command of Major Renand, 1st Madras Fusiliers, who had proceeded on in front some forty miles.

The rains had fairly set in for some time past, and an incessant down-pour on the two preceding days had utterly soaked our tents and baggage. It cleared up a little on the morning of the 7th; but as the long column began to move off in the afternoon, down came the rain again. Our route for the first two miles lay through the large and densely populous native city of Allahabad. The inhabitants lined the streets and swarmed on to the house-tops in gloomy, silent crowds, to behold the first really offensive demonstrations of their Peringhee masters since the commencement of the outbreak. Most of the Hindoos appeared to be either indifferent or apprehensive; but wherever a Mahomedan was seen, there was a scowl on his brow and a curse in his heart. That night we camped in a snipe swamp, with the rain still pouring down on us.

Next day the aspect of affairs changed for the better. The rain ceased—the sun came out and dried our ragged feathers— the Grand Trunk Road, along which our route lay, was in splendid order, and the force moved briskly on through a beautiful, flat, fertile, well-wooded country, like the Weald of Kent without the hedges. Everywhere along the road were traces of the most wanton destruction. All the little police stations were unroofed, the telegraph posts cut down, the mile-stones broken, the staging bungalows gutted and burnt—every village was deserted and destroyed. The contrast between this state of things and what it was two years ago, when I passed down this way, and beheld the great road thronged with traffic, and each petty hamlet swarming with life and activity, was striking in the extreme.

After proceeding by regular marches for three days, intelligence reached the General which determined him to push on by forced marches, and overtake Major Renand. Accordingly, the column pressed forward along the same noble road, and through the same description of country—passing here and there evidences of our people's handiwork, in the shape of men hung by fours and fives on the trees by the roadside—till, on the morning of the 12th, the two forces joined on the line of march, and drew up on their encamping ground, a fine open plain, about four miles distant from the city of Futtehpore. We were ordered to remain in position, resting on our arms, until a party of the Volunteer Horse, sent on two miles ahead to reconnoitre, should have retraced. The main body of the force had marched twenty-four miles that morning, and the general hope was for breakfast rather than a fight. Men and officers had lighted their pipes, and a cluster of us were assisting at the manufacture of a brew of tea, when one, who had been employing himself with his field-glass, drew the attention of his neighbours to our small party of Volunteer Horse, who were returning before their time. A moment after, a large body of cavalry in white emerged from the distant trees on the edge of the plain, in full pursuit. Instantly the bugle sounded, the ranks fell in, and we stood all ready.

Meanwhile a large body of infantry followed the cavalry and now debouched on the plain; they were accompanied by guns, which moved forward and opened fire at long range on the small handful of English horsemen riding quietly down the road towards us.

And now the English force got the word to advance. Guns and skirmishers were ordered to the front—the Artillery pushed on in line with the Enfield Rifles—and soon came into action with the enemy's guns. The first three were taken after a short, sharp interchange of shots, wherein the precision and rapidity of the English fire at once established its superiority. The enemy fled from their guns, and retreated to a second battery placed on the road in the rear. Here they again made a stand. Meantime the skirmishers on both sides were hotly engaged, and the enemy's cavalry were moving round trying to outflank the line, so that the guns had to halt several times during their advance, and open fire on the right and left to keep them in check. It was hard work for the ground the artillery had to traverse consisted almost entirely of irrigated fields, in their softest and muddiest state, so that the gun-wheels sank deep, and it was all the tired bullocks could do, assisted by the efforts of the gunners at the wheels, to get the guns along. At length, however, the English Artillery came into action again, with the enemy's guns and infantry in front. There were a large number of them in rear of the principal battery, conspicuous amongst whom moved an elephant and its rider, who directed their movements. A capital shot from Capt. Maude's battery knocked over the elephant, and this seemed to be the signal for another retrograde movement on the part of the enemy, who abandoned their guns and retreated. We followed on, and so the running fight was kept up till the town of Futtehpore came in sight. Here the enemy again made a stand amongst the houses and gardens, and were speedily driven out by our men, who pressed forward, eager for vengeance.

At the entrance of the main street of Futtehpore, the road was blockaded up by a barricade of carts and baggage wagons. It was so close and firm, and placed in such an advantageous position, that it was supposed to be a defence run up by the foe, and that here they meant to make a firm stand; but by the time the artillery had thrown in a few shrapnel, and the skirmishers had worked round to the flanks, it was discovered that the supposed barricade was nothing more than an inextricable heap of the enemy's baggage, which had got jammed up into such a mass of confusion between the houses on either side the street, that they were obliged to abandon it. In the midst of the ruck were two six-pounders, with limbers and ammunition

complete, besides large stores of gun and musket ammunition; and a little beyond two tumbrils of treasure were found, one of which fell into the hands of those astute plunderers the Sikhs, and was no more seen.

This was a grand chance for “loot,” and all hands, Europeans and natives, were soon at work investigating the contents of the baggage wagons. Ladies' dresses, and worsted work, and other tokens of our unhappy lost countrywomen, constantly came to light amongst the spoils, and made the men still wilder for vengeance.

It took some little time before the baggage carts could be sufficiently cleared off to either side for the artillery to get through. At length this was accomplished, and the guns passing onward fired their last shot at the enemy's infantry, who were now in full flight about a mile on the other side of the town.

During the action the mutineer cavalry had all the time been hanging on our flanks, trying to get round to the rear and cut into the baggage train; but being everywhere met and repulsed, they at length drew off round to the right of the city, where the 1st Fusiliers, accompanied by the Irregulars, had a most fatiguing tussle after them through the swamps. At one time they got so close to a party that the Irregulars were ordered to charge. The horsemen went forward, then turned, and came back at a gallop, with the enemy's cavalry hard after them, leaving their native commandant—the only man amongst them who was known to be really true to the English—dead on the ground. It was evident the Irregulars would not act against their mutineer comrades.

The time was now past mid day, and the sun for the last 3 hours had been striking down with frightful intensity. Many had been struck down by coup-de-soleil during the heat of the action; and now that the excitement of the fight had passed away, the whole force was utterly exhausted with heat and fatigue—men and officers indiscriminately threw themselves down wherever a morsel of shade was to be found, and went off into a deep sleep. About 3 p.m. the tents and baggage came up. I don't think many were pitched that day; but many a soldier shared the considerate foresight of the Commissariat officer, who had sent on camels lightly laden with biscuit and rum, so that each man had a biscuit and a dram served out to him forthwith.

Next day the force halted to secure and bring in the captured guns, eleven in number, and to destroy all the ammunition that could not be carried on. A good many Government gun-bullocks were also brought in during the course of the day; and some Sepoys, caught lurking in the town and surrounding villages, were inconspicuously hung.

The activity displayed by the enemy's horsemen in the preceding action was very remarkable. They moved round our force, menacing us at different points, with extraordinary rapidity; and in so far as manoeuvring in the field went, this cavalry was perfect. Now, I wish to draw particular attention to this fact—because these very men were our own regular troops, mounted on our own regular cavalry horses, but armed and equipped after their own, instead of after the regular cavalry fashion. The regular Bengal Cavalry, equipped and overladen with their accoutrements, have never been of any particular use in the army hitherto; but this shows what they might be made under a better system.

On the 14th the force marched again. There were many evidences, as we moved forward, of the precipitancy with which the rebels had fled—chests of cartridges were left by the side of the road, tents were left standing in their camp, and portions of tents were scattered all along the route. Our company made a very fortunate capture of forty barrels of porter in a village on the road, which proved a most acceptable supply to our men. This day, when we went into camp, the opportunity was taken of quietly dismounting and disarming the Irregulars, whose further fidelity seemed extremely dubious. Though the loss of their services was a most serious inconvenience at such a juncture, yet it was felt to be best to get rid of a body of men whom nobody trusted, and who, justly or unjustly, were regarded with an evil eye by all.

On the following day we started at dawn with the knowledge that the enemy had again collected in force, and had entrenched themselves on the road ahead of us. After proceeding about five miles, we at length came in sight of the rebels in position at a village called Ooug. Directly we came within range of their guns they opened fire. The artillery and skirmishers on our side moved out to the front, as before, with the main body of troops following. The mutineers came out from the village and garden enclosures towards us in perfect skirmishing order, and both sides were soon hotly engaged. After a smart skirmish our guns silenced the enemy's artillery, and our men began to gain ground, driving the mutineers back upon the village. At this juncture their cavalry came out from behind the enclosures, and moved forward through the trees, menacing our right, and pressing down unpleasantly close; but the guns were immediately turned on them, and it was only after some well thrown shrapnel had emptied a score or more of saddles, that they could be made to keep their distance. Failing in this attempt, they rode away to our rear, and had it not been for the cool gallantry of the hospital sergeant of the 78th, would have cut up our baggage; but he, collecting all the invalids and stragglers in the rear, formed a small rallying square of about a hundred men, and received them with such a fire of musketry that they rode off discomfited, leaving many dead behind them.

Meantime the fight went on through the village. The rebels fought fiercely, even after their guns were taken, and it was some little time before our men could clear them out; but this was at length effected—the artillery passed through—and the whole force halted to breathe and drink water, on the other side.

But our work was only half done as yet—there was another entrenchment with two heavy guns still to be taken. They were placed in a position which swept the road for a mile, just on the other side of the Pandoo Nuddie, a large difficult stream, spanned by a bridge of three arches, which, if broken down—and we knew it was mined—would most seriously have checked our progress. Nothing could save it but pressing the enemy hard, so on we went again. The heat was, as usual, frightful, but the men bore up, having the excitement of battle on them. After proceeding another two miles—just as the head of the column wound out from amongst the mango groves, at a turn where the road ran straight across the plain—two puffs of white smoke burst from a low ridge in our front, followed by the reports of two heavy guns, and a couple of twenty-four pound shot, beautifully thrown, crashed right into us, wounding men and gun-bullocks. Another and another followed in rapid succession—the fire was heavy and most accurate.

Our light field-pieces were no match for the enemy at this game of long bullets, so the order was given for the artillery to advance and engage when within practicable range. The guns went steadily down the road, under a continuous fire of round shot, varied, as we drew nearer, by shrapnel, till a fair range was gained—then the guns rapidly unlimbered and opened fire. The effect was marvellous. Our heavy opponents ceased firing almost immediately. We could not understand this at the time, but discovered afterwards, when we went up to the entrenchment, that our shrapnel bullets had smashed their sponge staffs almost at the first fire, so that they could no longer load their guns. Their skirmishers were meantime giving way before ours, and our guns now turned on their cavalry, who were massed in front. The Enfield riflemen, too, were creeping forward; and soon the whole rebel force turned right about, and went off. It was just as well we did press forward that day; for, as we crossed the bridge, we found that they had tried to blow it up, but failed for want of time—the explosion had only thrown down the parapet walls, leaving the arch sound.

It was universally remarked how much closer and fiercer the mutineers fought that day. If they had only been under a competent leader, it would have been a much more serious affair, for the inferior details of their movements—such as depend upon the mechanical training of the soldiers—were perfect; but