

# The Examiner.

WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

EDWARD WHELAN]

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

[EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Vol. V.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1855.

No. 17.

## Original Poetry.

### THE DEVIL'S REPAST. A TALE.

DEDICATED TO TA'-TALKERS GENERALLY.

The most venomous evils are often concealed,  
Like serpents, beneath fairest flowers.  
There are passions to which human reason may yield,  
And by which all good thoughts, acts and words are congealed;  
There are natures that false pride devours.

But of all evil passions there is none to compare  
With a gossip's, (the devil's estate,)—  
Whose poisonous fangs will no character spare,—  
A foul vice beside which all others seem fair,—  
A failing with little and great.

Miss A, Mrs. B, Mrs. C, and Miss D,  
Misses E, F, and G, H, and I,  
Assembled at J's to partake of some tea,  
And a tete a tete, and a fiddle-de-dee,  
And to talk of their neighbours, and—like.

And they sat round a table, like doctors employed,  
Dissecting their very best friend;  
And many a character there was destroyed,  
And many an unsightly fault was described,  
But none did the victims defend.

There Envy and Malice found vent for their spleen,  
And took a peculiar delight  
In distorting the character, air, dress and mien  
Of all luckless wights that obnoxious had been  
In A, B, C, D, or E's sight.

The evening was deepening into dark night;  
A storm was abroad in the skies;  
The thunder roared loudly, which caused much affright,  
And the lightning flashed fitfully, luridly bright,  
And bewildered and dazzled all eyes.

But the revel ceased not, though to many a heart  
Dread Terror had sent home a shaft;  
Yet none seemed to think it was time to depart,  
And each one was anxious to act well her part,  
And drink deep of Calumny's draught.

A storm, I said, was abroad in the skies,  
And grimly strode over the land;  
In its midst, on a cloud, sat the Father of Lies,  
And around him his councillors, deputies, spies,  
All waiting to do his command.

And Beelzebub sat on a thunder-forged chair,  
In deep thought enveloped he seemed;  
And his councillors said 'twas some weighty affair  
That batteneth his mind with such deep-seated care,  
And his forehead with wrinkles beset.

He started, at length, and his sceptre thrice waved,  
(A sign of decision, 'tis told.)  
And said, "Since mankind by a Saviour were saved,  
The women my vengeance and fury have braved,  
And have, from long-suffering, grown bold."

"To-morrow I purpose to hold a levee,—  
A dinner most grand to behold,—  
At which I'll assemble a great company  
Of Hell's old and long-standing aristocracy,  
To whom a deep scheme I'll unfold,

"Which I've been concealing this many an age,  
To regain our old happiness, lost,—  
And to make preparation a new war to wage,—  
And some human victims, no doubt, will engage,  
And gain the good will of the host.

"What vice most revolting, what dark monstrous crime,  
Shall distinguish the victims I'll choose?"  
"The foulest, unsightliest, curst of all time  
Since Eden saw Adam and Eve in their prime,—  
Since Moses deliv'ed the Jews!"

Thus answered the councillors. Beelzebub said,  
"Let Sin's representatives come,  
And pass 'fore us here in perspective parade,  
And we will select from the gay cavalcade  
The filthiest, vilest—the scum."

And, at his command, there approached and passed by  
A troop of fantastical forms:  
Superstition, Suicide, Hate, Bigotry,  
Murder, Parricide, Theft, Felony,  
And Pride, and all else that deforms.

But none pleased his fancy, until there drew near  
A shape like a shrivelled old maid,—  
"What weird shape 's this, and what comes it for here?"  
Asked Beelzebub, with a demoniac sneer.  
The shape paused, and, answering, said:—

"My name is Miss Gossip, great master, and know  
I delight in backbiting my friends;  
The seeds of dissension 'midst neighbours I sow—"  
"Enough," interrupted the devil, "I know  
You of old, and we ought to be friends.

"Tis you I'll depute, as most worthy of all  
Who've before us this evening defiled,  
To furnish the victims from Calumny's stall,  
That will grace with their presence our feast at the ball,—  
That may be stewed, roasted, or boiled."

And Gossip bowed low in obedience. But let  
Us return to our friends A, B, C,  
And the rest of the gossips that at J's house met,  
But who, as if hoarding no thunder nor wet,  
Still talked and still laughed merrily.

The storm at length seemed 't have run its career,  
When, just as they rose to depart,  
A huge clap of thunder broke frightfully near,  
Which caused them to tremble, and turn pale with fear,  
And the blood to run chill'd to each heart.

The candles waxed dim, and anon went out quite,  
And darkness discovered a scene  
More awful than e'er was shown to mortal sight,—  
Than ever a maniac brain did affright,—  
Than Dante in vision had seen.

Before them stood Beelzebub, fearfully grand;  
The lightning zig-zagged round his head,  
And formed a crown. In his mighty right hand  
Was a thunderbolt grasped, as a truncheon, or brand,  
Or a sceptre. Above him was spread

A flame-coloured canopy, varied in hue.  
Like sharp pointed arrows, his eyes,  
His features were livid, approaching to blue,—  
And his forehead was furrowed by dark thoughts that rue  
And regret unsuccessful emprise.

And Beelzebub bade his attendants appear,  
And seize on the shuddering dames;  
And bear them to Tartarus' realms, and there  
Dispose of them as he'd instructed, nor fear  
Interruption, for none else had claims.

The attendants obeyed, and each seized on a dame,  
And bore her with swiftness away;  
The thunder resounded, the lightning's blue flame  
Flashed brightly and constant as onward they came,  
Revealing each imp with his prey.

And loud piercing shriekings o'erburthened the blast,  
And frightened the storm-clouds away.  
And this is the end of all gossips at last—  
They'll be taken to furnish a devil's repast,  
And for demons become a fit prey.

T. K.

## Gleanings from late Papers.

### THE WAR.

#### PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF ON THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

General Order to the Army of the South and the Sea and Land Forces in the Crimea.

Head-quarters, Heights of Inkermann, Sept. 12.

Valiant Comrades,—On the 12th September last year a strong hostile army appeared before the walls of Sebastopol. Notwithstanding its numerical superiority, despite the absence of obstacles which military art might have opposed to it in the town, that army did not dare attack it by main force, but undertook a regular siege. Since that time, notwithstanding the formidable means at the disposal of our enemies, who by their numerous ships, constantly received reinforcements, artillery and ammunition for eleven months and a half, all their efforts failed before our bravery and firmness. It is a fact unexampled in military annals that a town hastily fortified, in presence of the enemy, should have been able to hold out so long against a force the means of attack of which have exceeded everything that hitherto could have been foreseen in calculations of this nature. And with means so enormous and of such a description, after the ruinous effects of an artillery of colossal dimensions, continued for nine months, the enemy having frequently had recourse to prolonged bombardments of the town, firing on such occasions many hundred thousand rounds, they became convinced of the inadequacy of their efforts, and resolved to take Sebastopol by a combat. On the 18th of June they made the assault on different sides, and courageously entered the town, but you received them with intrepidity, and they were driven back on all points in the most brilliant manner. This check forced them to return to a continuation of their first plan of siege, multiplying their batteries, and increasing the activity of their trench works and mining operations. Since the memorable day upon which you repulsed the assault two months and a half elapsed, during which, animated by sentiments of duty and of love to the throne and to your country, you have heroically disputed each inch of ground, forcing the assailants to advance only foot by foot, and purchase with torrents of blood and an incredible loss of ammunition each yard of ground gained. In this obstinate defence your courage did not flag; on the contrary, it rose to the highest degree of self-denial. Taking advantage of the superiority of their fire at short range, the enemy, after the concentrated action of their artillery during thirty days—which cost our garrison from five hundred to one thousand men per day—commenced that infernal bombardment (*bombardement d'enfer*) from an infinite number of engines of war, and of a calibre hitherto unknown, which destroyed our defences, repaired by us at night with so great labour and at great loss, under the incessant fire of the enemy. The principal work, the Korniloff Redoubt, on the Malakoff Hill (the key of Sebastopol, as a point dominating the whole town) had experienced considerable and irreparable damage. To continue under these circumstances the defence of the south side would have been to expose our troops daily to a useless butchery, and their preservation is to day, more than ever, necessary to the Emperor and to Russia. For these reasons, with grief in my heart, but with a full conviction, I resolve to evacuate Sebastopol, and take over the troops to the north side by the bridge constructed beforehand over the bay by boats. Meantime the enemy, beholding on the 8th of September, at 10.30, the half-ruined works before them and the Korniloff Redoubt with its ditches filled up, resolved upon a desperate assault, first on Bastions No. 2 Korniloff, and No. 3, and after about three hours upon Bastion No. 5, and the Belkin and Schwartz redoubts. Of those six attacks five were gloriously repulsed. Some of the points of attack, like that on Bastion No. 2, on which the enemy had succeeded in bringing guns by flying bridges having at various times been taken and retaken, remained finally ours. But the Korniloff Redoubt, more damaged than the others by the bombardment, was taken by the French, who brought more than 30,000 men against it, and could not be retaken after the great losses we had suffered at the commencement of this combat, for it would have been necessary to ascend in the midst of the ruins a very steep incline, and then cross a narrow ridge above a deep ditch of the rear face occupied by the French. Such an undertaking might have prevented us achieving the proposed object, and would have cost us, without the slightest doubt, incalculable losses. The attempt was the more needless, as, for reasons already mentioned, I had resolved to evacuate the place. Therefore, as the success of the enemy was confined to the sole capture of the Korniloff Redoubt, I ordered that no attack should be on that redoubt, and that troops should remain in front of it to oppose any continuation of the enemy's attack on the town itself, an order which was executed despite of all the efforts of the French to get beyond the gorge of the redoubt. At dusk the troops were ordered to retire, according to the arrangements previously made. The examples of bravery you gave during that day, valiant comrades, aroused such a feeling of esteem in the enemy, that, despite the knowledge they must have had of our retreat by the explosion of our mines, which our troops fired one after the other as they gradually retreated, they not only did not pursue us in columns, but even ceased firing with their artillery, which they might have continued with impunity. Valiant comrades,—It is painful, it is hard to leave Sebastopol in the enemy's hands. But remember the sacrifice we made upon the altar of our country in 1812. Moscow was surely upon as valuable as Sebastopol—we abandoned it after the immortal battle of Borodino. The defence of Sebastopol during 349 days is superior to Borodino, and when the enemy entered Moscow in that great year of 1812 they only found heaps of stones and ashes. Likewise it is not Sebastopol which we have left to them, but the burning ruins of the town which we ourselves set fire to, having maintained the honour of the defence in such a manner that our great grandchildren may recall the remembrance thereof with pride to all posterity. Wherever the enemy may show himself we will present our breasts to him, and defend our native land as we defended

it in 1812. Valiant warriors of the land and sea forces!—In the name of the Emperor I thank you for the unexampled courage, firmness, and constancy you have displayed during the siege of Sebastopol. Let us remember the immortal names of Nachimoff, Korniloff and Istomine, and let us address prayers to the Most High that he will grant them peace, and eternalise their memory as an example to the future generations of the Russians.

### SUFFERINGS OF A PRISONER OF WAR.

Constable James Vickers, late of the Cork constabulary, who was attached to the Commissariat Corps in the Crimea, until taken prisoner this time twelvemonth by a party of Cossacks, has written a letter to a friend in Cork, of which the following is an extract:—

"Black Sea, off Odessa, on board H. M. S. Dauntless, September 15, 1855.

"At about half-past six o'clock, p. m., on the 24th of October, 1854, I was returning to Bala Clava from having a view of Sebastopol, when I was captured by a party of Cossacks, who took me, with my arms tied behind my back, before General Liprandi, in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol, where I was questioned relative to the number of troops that were guarding Bala Clava, and afterwards sent to sleep under a gun wagon. On the following morning I was placed under a guard, and kept in the rear of the Russian troops, and on that night put to sleep with the wounded and unwounded belonging to our Light Cavalry. I remained so, for I think, three days, and then marched to Simpheropol, where I arrived on the 30th October, and was then put into prison and allowed a greatcoat for a bed, and a portion of soup, a little beef, and about 2lb. of bread once a-day, by the governor for my maintenance, which was inadequate, but the inhabitants brought in tea and sugar, &c., which were very acceptable. On the 7th, I together with the soldiers, were served out with a sheepskin cap, a pair of gloves, a pair of large boots, and two large pieces of grey cloth, to answer the purposes of stockings, and also nine days' pay; the soldiers at the rate of 9 kopecks (3d. nearly), and I 30 kopecks (1s. per day, after the receipt of which we were marched off on our long and tedious journey, marching at the rate of 12 or 14 versts a-day, for two or three days, and then halting one day for rest. A verst is about three-quarters of an English mile. We were supplied with waggon drawn by bullocks to convey any of us that were unable to walk. When we commenced our journey we expected to receive better treatment with regard to lodgings, but I am sorry to say they were woefully bad, being placed in very small village prisons, having only one cell, and in the event of there being no prison, we were placed in cabins of the most miserable description, to lie in filthy straw on the floor. We went on in this manner until the 10th December, when my allowance was reduced to 8d. a-day, and the soldiers increased to the same amount (except a poor Turk, who was left on 3d. a-day.) The snow commenced on the 10th of December, and remained on the ground during the remaining part of our journey, and it was not unusual to see ice in considerable quantities hanging at our ears. In this manner we went on from day to day until we reached Varonez, where the English soldiers were appointed to remain. I was also kept here with a Mr. Johnson, belonging to the commissariat, for ten days, and we complained to the authorities of our bad treatment, being placed in a wet damp room of small dimensions, to sleep on the floor in company with twelve other prisoners (Russians), but we got no redress. On the 8th of February, 1855, I and Mr. Johnson left Varonez for Rezan, being about 500 versts from there according to the way we were taken; but during this part of our journey we could sit upon sleighs whenever we felt fatigued, but as the sleighs only went at a walking pace, and the weather being intensely cold, we were obliged to walk to keep ourselves from being frost-bitten. Every night we were obliged to have a scolding match with the sergeant in charge of us, before we could get an additional cabin to enable us to sleep apart from the convoy of civil prisoners who were forwarded with us from the very commencement of our journey, and who were very disagreeable to us, as they sometimes numbered upwards of 100, and consequently delayed us standing in the snow sometimes for hours, while lodgings were being procured for them by the person in charge. On our arrival in Rezan we were put into prison for six weeks, but allowed to walk out at pleasure. My companion here got fever and ague, and having only a small cell, we wrote a memorial to England for money to enable us to purchase clothing, and to live at a private lodging, at the same time stating our grievances and dating from Rezan prison, and sent it to the Governor. In about ten days after, we were sent for by the Governor of Rezan, who informed us that he had received instructions to give us lodgings in a private house and 75 kopecks (2s. 6d.) a-day, and in a few days after this our memorial was brought to us, with a request to put it in another form, which we did. It was then forwarded, and our application was granted, which enabled me to live comfortably, I may say, during the latter part of my stay in Russia. On the 13th August I left Rezan, and came down night and day, as fast as horses could come, in company with the officers that arrived in Rezan subsequent to me. There were fourteen English at one time and one French. There is one there still—Lieutenant Jones, of the Royal Engineers. I arrived at Odessa on the 1st inst., was locked up until the 4th, when we were escorted on board the Viper, and afterwards placed on this vessel; and it is unknown when there may be an opportunity of sending us on, (there are ten of us on board, including two of the Hango men, Her Majesty's Ship Cuckoo, Dr. Easton and Master's Assistant Sullivan), as there are only this vessel and three other small ones to blockade Odessa, the mouth of the Dnieper, and some other place.

"JAMES VICKERS."

men came to our assistance, but it was too late, we never could make our footing inside again. The Russians now came up in swarms; one party attacked us in our flank, and another made a dash at us in front: it was no child's play for us now, for those who were not killed or wounded stood a good chance of being made prisoners; they fairly forced us off the parapet into the ditch. Now ensued a scene that baffles all description: we were nearly all precipitated into the ditch. I tried to go down by the ladder and had got almost halfway, when about 40 or 50 came tumbling over me, knocking me down headforemost with a leg sticking through the staves. I was most afraid of being run through with some of our own bayonets as they came tumbling over me, but fortunately I never lost my presence of mind for a moment; if I had, I was lost. I managed somehow or other to get to the bottom, the Russians pouring a murderous fire upon us, and bayonetting all they could. I, however, got on my legs, and by some means (how I cannot tell), got up the other side of the ditch. I had lost my firelock and bayonet, and forage cap. I immediately secured another firelock and bayonet, which, luckily, was loaded; on looking round I saw the enemy close behind, and not many of our own men left. I gave them a farewell shot, and ran, bareheaded, for my life. Every gun they could bring to bear upon us was dealing death around me. On all sides were dead and dying, the shot flying like hail; still I pressed on, and by little short of a miracle escaped.

Next morning a considerable number of dead and wounded of the 90th were found either inside or on the parapet of the Redan; and also a great number of Russians inside, showing how fierce the strife had been. I could extend my letter to a considerable length, had I time to do so, but I have not, so you must be contented to learn that I am well and all right at present. I have 26 men out of the 44 that I took with me to look after, for I only brought 18 home again. My love to everybody and I expect to be home soon. I have enclosed a small artificial flower I took out of a Russian house in Sebastopol. All is quiet now. Your affectionate son,  
R. GIBBS.

FROM SERGEANT PARKER.

Camp before Sebastopol, Sept. 12, 1855.

My dear Sister,—The regiment to which I belong had to advance for a distance of 240 yards under an extremely heavy fire of cannon and musketry, but the worst of it was when we got through this terrible fire there was a deep ditch to get into, and all the ladders, except a few, either broken or left behind with men who had been killed or wounded; however, I got into the ditch and scrambled up the opposite side as best I could, the Russians all the time giving us grape, shell and rifle bullets in abundance. I got through an embrasure into the Redan, when such a sight met my view. Close before me, behind a breastwork, through which some great guns were playing, were the Russians firing at our men, and they in return were blazing away at the Russians, whilst in front some officers were trying to form our men, and have a go with the bayonet at the Russians behind the breastwork; but it could not be done. As soon as they came up to form they were shot down, and many a gallant fellow fell in this way. The Russians had now many a thousand men inside the Redan, while we had got no supports, and had lost a deal of men. The Russians saw this, and rushed over the breastwork at us with the bayonet, our men met them man to man. Then came such a struggle that I hope I shall never see again. There was a Russian officer close to me making himself very conspicuous, so I made for him, and in less than a minute I stopped his course, and succeeded in leaving the mark of my sword on his head, while at the same time I received a bayonet wound from a very tall Russian soldier, who was immediately bayoneted by a grenadier belonging to the 41st. Despite all that we could do, they drove us back over the parapet and through the embrasures into the ditch, from which place we made our escape to our lines. The Russians had got enough, I think, for they set fire to every part of the town that would burn that night. They loaded all the guns to the muzzles, filled all the shell, undetermined their batteries and magazines, and laid slow matches to them. Then the scoundrels set fire to the shipping and the place and left it. Explosion followed explosion for two or three days; in fact, they are not yet over. We are not allowed to go into the city yet, because it is not safe, the houses being full of live shells, to which slow matches are laid. I cannot give you a correct account of the loss, but it must be heavy. The Russians were lying in thousands. My regiment lost 255 men, 23 sergeants and 13 officers. The Light Division lost about 1,300 men, and is very much talked about here.

J. T. PARKER, Sergeant.

FROM A "YOUNG PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN."

On Friday night we were told that it was the intention of the generals to storm the Malakoff and Redan at 11 o'clock the next morning; I went to look for a position where I might see the fight, but found that the heights were all occupied by Lanciers, who were keeping the people back. However, by going round about for some distance, I managed to elude them, and to get on a hill between them and the Malakoff, where I had a splendid view of all the batteries and trenches. The French began early to march down into the trenches in thousands. Punctually at twelve the firing began, and, fortunately for me, the wind was strong enough to carry away the smoke quickly. I could distinctly see the French advancing up the Malakoff hill, planting their standard in the middle of the battery. The Malakoff was taken without much difficulty. The English did not get on so well with the Redan. The musketry and cannonading went on for about an hour—I was tired with hearing it. I knew that some must be suffering most fearfully, and thought I might now be more useful in the camp than on the top of the hill. What I saw on my way back horrified and disgusted me with war. I met many Russian prisoners, some of whom were severely wounded; also some English and French wounded, being carried to the hospitals. When I arrived at the 88th, the surgeon was glad to see me, for he had more wounded than he could manage, and his assistants were at the front. I had several operations, such as removing bullets and cutting off fingers. I cut off one arm by the shoulder joint, which is called a capital operation in England. During the next night I heard many explosions, and when I awoke in the morning I was informed that Sebastopol was in the hands of the allies. I applied for pass to enter the town; and, in consequence of my exertions the day before, had no difficulty in obtaining one. On my way to the town I passed through the Redan, and saw the scene of the previous day's havoc. The dead soldiers were being buried by their comrades in the trench of the Redan. Some of them were mangled horribly enough, and presented about as frightful a sight as one can well imagine. The interior of the Redan is large enough to hold a considerable army; but, as far as I could see, it is not commanded by any battery except the Malakoff; so that when it was taken, the Redan must yield. The waste of English life on Saturday appears to have been totally useless, as has since been proved by the evacuation of the (Redan) battery when the troops had ceased to attack it. When I arrived at Sebastopol I found hardly any English in the place, but many French were hard at work plundering; I think I must have been one of the first fifty Englishmen who entered the town. All the houses and public buildings were in a frightful state of dilapidation. The shells had penetrated their walls in every direction, and large portions of the town were in flames; every now and then powder magazines were exploding. I brought some plunder away with me, but none of any value. All portable valuables had been carried off by the Russians. I have a young dog with me now, which I took prisoner in Sebastopol.

### LETTERS FROM SOLDIERS IN THE CRIMEA.

FROM A COLOUR SERGEANT OF THE 90TH FOOT.

My dear Mother,—About 11.30 a. m., the morning of the 8th, the French attacked the Malakoff with about 15,000 men, and soon took possession of it, the Russians not expecting an attack at that time. The English were to attack immediately after. Our force consisted of 100 Riflemen as an advance, 100 of the 97th, with scaling ladders, and 300 of the 90th Regiment, as the storming party. Well, at last we got the word to go over our trench, and over we went, having to run about 190 yards to the Redan; we ran like greyhounds, each one anxious to be in first. As soon as the Russians saw us, they opened a most terrific fire of shot, grape and musketry upon us. Many a poor fellow never reached the Redan. I, however, reached the ditch, scaled the Redan, mounted the parapet, and into the Redan, where two captains and two lieutenants were immediately shot dead. We, however, succeeded in driving the Russians to some little distance, where they got behind abutments and kept up a terrible fire upon us. The artillerymen, who had no small arms, threw shot, grape and stones with their hands at us. I was taking aim at one of them when another Russian saw me: he had a shot about 2lbs. weight in his hand which he instantly threw at me, hitting me on the breast. In the excitement of the moment, I forgot all about the firelock I had in my hand, or I could easily have shot him, instead of which I picked up a stone and threw it at him, giving him a knock on the head for his impertinence. About this time the Russians brought up considerable reinforcements, and as our ranks were pretty well thinned, and no more came up to help us, they drove us fairly out of the battery on to the parapet, where we again made a stand, for, I should think, an hour. A number of