

the flower of the Turkish army. It is remarked that the Russians have begun to arm their ships in the harbor of Sebastopol, while a portion of the English fleet is thought to be in Sinope, and a part of the French fleet at Constantinople. It was surmised that the Russians were meditating a dash by sea, to try what chance there was of an attack on our diminished squadrons.

THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

Suspension of the Siege—Uncares for Sufferings of the British Soldiers.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, NOVEMBER 25.—Although it may be dangerous to communicate facts likely to be of service to the Russians, it is certainly hazardous to conceal the truth from the English people. They must know, sooner or later, that the siege has been for many days practically suspended, that our batteries are used up and silent, and that our army are much exhausted by the effects of excessive labour and watching, and by the wet and storms to which they have been so incessantly exposed. The Russians will know this soon enough. They are aware of it long ere this, for a silent battery—to hazard a bull—speaks for itself. The relaxation of our fire is self-evident, but our army, though weakened by sickness, is still equal to hold its position and to inflict the most signal chastisement on any assailants who may venture to attack them. In fact, I believe nothing would so animate our men, deprived as they are of the cheering words and of the cheering personal presence and exhortations of their generals, and destitute of all stimulating influences beyond those of their undaunted spirits and glorious courage, as the prospect of meeting the Russians outside their intrenchments, and deciding the campaign by the point of the bayonet. It is now pouring rain—the skies are black as ink—the wind is howling over the staggering tents—the trenches are turned into dykes—in the tents the water is sometimes a foot deep—our men have not either warm or waterproof clothing—they are out for 12 hours at a time in the trenches—they are plunged into the inevitable miseries of a winter campaign—and not a soul seems to care for their comfort, or even for their lives. These are hard truths, but the people of England must hear them. They must know that the wretched beggar who wanders about the streets of London in the rain leads the life of a prince compared with the British soldiers who are fighting out here for their country, and who, we are complacently assured by the home authorities, are the best appointed army in Europe. They are well fed, indeed, but they have no shelter, no rest, and no defence against the weather. The tents, so long exposed to the blaze of a Bulgarian sun, and now continually drenched by torrents of rain, let the wet through "like sieves," and are perfectly useless as protections against the weather. No one despairs of success and victory, but the country ought to know how dearly they are earned, and to whom they are due.

Furious Fight—Russian Intrenchments carried by the French.

Last night (24) there was a brisk affair between the French Chasseurs de Vincennes and the Russian riflemen in front of the Flagstaff Battery earthworks, and the Russians dispelled all absurd myths about their want of powder and ball by a most tremendous cannonade. Assaults and counter-assaults continued amid a furious fire, which lighted up the skies with sheets of flame from 9 o'clock at night till near 4 in the morning. The French at one time actually penetrated behind the outer intrenchments, and established themselves for a time within the *enceinte*, but, as there was no preparation made for a general assault, they withdrew eventually. Volleys of musketry and salvos of cannon roared through the camp during the whole night, but very few lost their rest in consequence, for these affairs are now of nightly occurrence. The French lost two officers and several privates.

Neglect of the Ships at Bala Clava.

The gales of wind to which the fleet has been exposed are excessively strong and violent. Every night there is a storm for a few hours; every day there is a "breeze of wind" and rain. Will it be credited that, with all our naval officers in Bala Clava with nothing else to do—with our *embarras des richesses* of captains, commanders and lieutenants—there is no more care taken for the vessels in Bala Clava than if they were colliers in a gale off Newcastle? Ships come in and anchor where they like, do what they like, go out when they like, and are permitted to perform whatever vagaries they like, in accordance with the old rule of "higgledy piggledy, rough and tumble," combined with "happy-go-lucky." The vessels in Kamiesch Bay are about tenfold more numerous than those in Bala Clava, yet the order and regularity which prevail in the French marine are in the most painful contrast to the confusion and disorganization of our own transport and mercantile marine service. Capt. Christie avers that our merchant captains won't attend to him. Capt. Powell, of the *Vesuvius*, a most active and indefatigable officer, is beach master, but he has no power of interference in such matters, and there is no harbour police whatever. A drunken man may put an end to the British expedition *pro hac vice*, for, if a vessel caught fire in one of the gales of wind to which this narrow lake is exposed, nothing could save the vessels, packed as they are without order or arrangement, with fouled anchors, cables crossing and re-crossing each other, and hawsers made fast in every direction.

Preparations for the Renewal of the Bombardment.

The preparations for the renewal of the bombardment of Sebastopol are proceeding with a certain degree of energy and activity from day to day. The great obstacle to the conveyance of guns and ammunition up to the batteries is the state of the roads, or rather of the tracks across the hills. In a few days, however, it is hoped that we shall have at least 40 new guns mounted, and ready to open. These guns will be furnished from the fleet, and are of excellent construction, but our artillerymen have as yet had no experience of their practice, and I suppose they will be principally worked by the naval brigade. The *Stromboli* has arrived in Bala Clava harbour from the fleet, carrying 16 32-pounders from the armament of the *Britannia*, and the *Firebrand* came in this afternoon with 24 guns of the same description, and about 60 ton weight of shot and shell. There are also some new guns landed from the *Quebec* of the south direct from England, and large stores of ammunition are lying on the beach in readiness for transport, but the huge guns press the carriage wheels of the trucks deeply into the soft earth, and our horse-power is just now inadequate to move them up the hillside. Indeed, our cavalry is at present employed in feeding itself. It is all they have to do. The men are sent down with their horses from the camp to the waterside every day, and carry back their fodder and rations.

Scandalous neglect and forbearance.

The correspondent of the *Times* says: It is perfectly disgraceful to the authorities, whoever they may be, to see on this, the 12th day after the gale, traces of compressed hay floating about and rotting in every direction in the harbour, while our horses are dying of sheer anition. Scandalous neglect and indifference to the interests of the public service are chargeable somewhere or another in this matter. The compressed hay would have kept sweet for many days had it been fished out even within the week after it floated off the wrecks, and the slight impregnation of the outer portion by salt water would not have rendered it at all distasteful to the horses. But, no; we are all "Jolly miller wights" out here, and care for nobody or nothing, and so the fodder floated and bobbed about, stranded on the fringe of unutterable abominations and corruptions by the beach, floated off again

and rotted and stank, and stinks and rots, while the animals are half starving. In the same way the immense amount of timber which washed about the harbour and on the coast outside, and which would have answered for hutting all the army and for fuel, was permitted to drift out again the other day when the freshest set in to the head of the harbour after the rains, and when the wind blew off the shore, and very little of it was saved, though woe betide the luckless wretch who may be found by the Provost-Marshal walking off with a piece of wood for his hut without an order.

The French in the Quarantine Battery.

The struggle between French and Russian riflemen, aided by artillery, was renewed last night as usual. The great bone of contention, in addition to the Ovens, is the mud fort at the Quarantine Battery, of which the French have got possession, though, truth to tell, it does not benefit their position very materially. The Liege rifles used by the Russians are very efficient weapons, but there is not much execution done, as the combatants fire entirely at the flashes of their opponents' weapons. We have altered the hours of reliefs, of despatch of ammunition to the trenches, &c., so as to bother the Russian artillerymen, who are generally wont to favour us with a salvo of shot about the time when they expect our waggons and men are moving down. The French are said to have spiked five guns in their rush inside Sebastopol.

An Irish Dragon in Battle.

The following remarkable letter, which we find in the *Dorset Chronicle*, is from a captain in the Enniskillen Dragoons, a regiment whose olden fame has been brilliantly maintained in the recent cavalry action in the Crimea:—

CAMP NEAR BALACLAVA, Nov. 2, 1854.

DEAR JACK,— * * * I am, you see, alive at this date, but God knows for how long after. You have, I presume, devoured all the accounts which have been sent home as to our glorious charge. Oh, such a charge! Never think of the gallop and trot which you have often witnessed in the Phoenix Park, when you desire to form a notion of a genuine blood-hot, all-mad charge, such as that I have come out of—with a few lance prods, minus some gold lace, a helmet chain, and Brown Bill's (the charger's) right ear. From the moment we dashed at the enemy, whose position, and so forth, you doubtless know as much about as I can tell you, I knew nothing, but that I was impelled by some irresistible force onward, and by some invisible and imperceptible influence to crush every obstacle which stumbled before my god sword and brave old charger. I never in my life experienced such a sublime sensation as in the moment of the charge. Some fellows talk of it being "demoniac." I know this, that it was such as made me a match for any two ordinary men, and gave me such an amount of glorious indifference as to life, as I thought it impossible to be master of. It would do your Celtic heart good to hear the most magnificent cheer with which we dashed into what P. W. calls "the gully scrimmage." Forward,—dash—bang—clank,—and there we were in the midst of such smoke, cheer, and clatter, as never before stunned a mortal's ear. It was glorious. Down, one by one, aye, two by two, fell the thick-skulled and over numerous Cossacks and other lads of the tribe of old Nick. Down, too, alas, fell many a hero with a warm Celtic heart, and more than one fell screaming loud for victory. I could not pause. It was all push, wheel, frenzy, strike, and down, down, down they went. Twice I was unhorsed, and more than once I had to grip my sword tighter, the blood of foes streaming down over the hilt, and running up my very sleeve. Our old Waterloo comrades, the Greys, and ourselves, were the only fellows who flung heading first into the very heart of the Muscovites. Now we were lost in their ranks—now in little bands battling—now in whole "Heavies" on the spot in, and now out—until the good "Heavies" together plunged into a forming body of the enemy, and helped us to end the fight by compelling the foe to fly. Never did men run so vehemently—but all this you have read in the papers. I cannot depict my feelings when we returned. I sat down completely exhausted and unable to eat, though deadly hungry. All my uniform, my hands, my very face were bespattered with blood. It was that of the enemy! Grand idea! But my feelings—they were full of that exultation which it is impossible to describe. At least twelve Russians were sent wholly out of the "way of the war" by my good steel alone, and at least as many more put on the passage to that peaceful exit by the same excellent weapon. So also can others say. What a thing to reflect on! I have almost grown a soldier, philosopher, and most probably will be one of these days, if the bullets which are flying about so abundantly give me time to brush up.

My dear fellow, our countrymen have not tarnished their fame in the Crimea. Gallantry and glory will never abandon the march of Celtic hands—never! Oh, that I could have patience to write you of such deeds of individual heroism as have come within my notice! Fictionists are shabby judges of true bravery. No novel ever had a sham hero who comes up to the realities I have witnessed. One of my troop for instance, had his horse shot under him in the *melee*. "Bloody wars," he roared, "this horse do," and right at a Russian he ran, pulled him from his world by the sword-hand in the most extraordinary manner—then deliberately cutting off his head as he came down, vaulted into the saddle, and turning the Russian charger against its late friends, fought his way. This took less time to do than I tell it. I saw another of our fellows unhorsed, and wounded, creep under a Russian charger, and run the sword up his belly. The animal plunged and fell on his slayer, crushing him to pieces. * * * We must take this doomed place even, as O'Grady says, if we be doomed who take it. Any one of our fellows is a match for three Russians. * * * The light cavalry charge was a desperate but a grand affair. Lord Raglan is blamed. The general belief is that Nolan gave his orders literally. Nolan is a regular fire-ball, but not mad enough to have done that without strict commands. * * * We want reinforcements very badly; without them we cannot continue to contend against fearful odds.

Scarcity of Food for the Soldiers.

DEC. 1.—Yesterday the issue of meat to the men of the Fourth Division was restricted in most instances to two ounces of meat, and that meat was salt pork. This division received part of its grog or rations of rum. The general allowance of meat per man throughout the army now is half a ration, or half a pound. Sometimes this allowance is reduced to one-third, or even to one-quarter of a pound of salt meat. At 3 o'clock yesterday the men of one division had received no rations whatever, but they were in hopes of getting a full allowance. The Third Division and Artillery had had no rum, and were on short allowance of rations. Bread (biscuit) is, however, tolerably plentiful. The direct cause of this scarcity is the condition of the country, which, saturated by heavy rains, has become quite unfit for the passage of carts and arabas; but there is also a deficiency of supplies, which may be attributed to the recent gales at sea. There is, therefore, a difficulty in getting food up to the army from Bala Clava, and there is besides a want of supplies in the commissariat magazines in the latter place. But, though there is a cause, there is no excuse for the privations to which the men are exposed. We were all told that when the bad weather set in the country, roads would be impassable. The rawest lad from Addiscombe could have at once declared that the mountain-tracks, beaten hard by wheels and horse-hoofs, which form the roads to our camps, would be turned into mud by a few hours' rain. Still the fine weather was allowed to go by, and the roads were left as the Tartar cars had made them, though the whole face of the country is

covered thickly with small stones, which seem expressly intended for road metal.

The Russian Sortie of the 29th November

A little before midnight of the 28th, the French picket heard an unusual amount of noise and bustle going on in the Flagstaff Battery. One of them volunteered to advance, and creeping forward unobserved, distinguished through the gloom a body of Russians, between 2,000 and 3,000 strong, forming in column in the rear of the battery. He instantly returned, but in doing so was seen and fired at by the enemy, who began to move forward in the direction of the French earth-work. Fortunately, however, by that time all in it were on the alert, and instead of waiting, as they should have done, and firing on the enemy from under cover, they determined upon sallying out and meeting the Russians on the glacis. With this view, the French, who were not more than 700 strong, mounted the parapet of the battery and awaited the assault. The foremost ranks of the Russians, as they ran up, discharged their muskets, "pour encourager les autres;" but the volley was so utterly confused and ill-directed that not a single bullet struck the French. The musketry instantly showed to our allies the precise position of the enemy, and taking cool aim from the parapet of the battery, they gave, in return, three murderous volleys, which told with fearful effect among their crowded ranks. The whole column of Russians wavered and halted, and the French, with more bravery than prudence, rushed from the battery and charged them with the bayonet. As they closed with their antagonists, the Russians, who had been rallied by the voice and example of their officers, fired a volley, which, had it been steady and well-directed, would almost have destroyed the French. As it was, however, it did but little mischief. Before they had time to repeat it the French were among them with the bayonet, and a short but desperate struggle ensued. Each man used his bayonet or clubbed his musket according to his strength and the exigencies of his position, and after a regular "scrimmage," which lasted about ten minutes, the enemy gave way, and rushed back to the town in all directions. The French pursued them past the arsenal houses to the very ditches of their batteries, but which, from the smallness of their force, they dared not then attempt to meddle with, and knowing from old experience that they would open fire the instant their own men were under cover, our gallant allies made all haste to return (indefatigable Zouaves, of course) found time to plunder the enemy's guard-houses of beds, blankets, cooking utensils, and so forth, all of which were much wanted by themselves. Hardly had they got back to their battery when all the Russian earthworks, as if in revenge for their defeat, opened a tremendous cannonade, and shot and shell were indiscriminately hurled against the English and French lines for the space of half an hour. This exhibition of valour was perfectly harmless; all the Allies were under cover, but never returned a single shot, and, without showing their position, allowed the storm to subside of itself. This it did gradually at a little after one o'clock in the morning, by which time the enemy had wasted about 500 rounds of shot and shell, and, as far as I have been able to ascertain, without killing or wounding a single man on the side of the Allies. In the actual contest with the sortie party the French lost five officers and ninety-one men killed and wounded. The Russians left the bodies of one officer and upwards of 250 men in front of the battery. The whole affair must have cost the enemy some 600 or 700 men *hors de combat*.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

MY DEAR SIR—A stray copy of the *Islander* of the 15th December, which I perceive by its contents—for the printer now, as ever, appears ashamed to publish the name of his editor—is still edited by that emphatically *bad* man, Duncan McLean, has fallen in my way, in which I see a misquoted extract from the *Middlesex Journal*, headed "Americans read this." With McLean's usual subtlety he endeavours to make it appear that the article in question is the production of my pen; and reprints it in the publication which he has debased so low that it is a standing disgrace to the Colony from which it emanates—its character abroad being on a par with McLean's where he is personally known—for the purpose of endeavouring to injure me with a class of men among whom I count many of my best and most sincere friends. The article in question, re-printed in the *Islander*, is the production of a correspondent, and was forwarded to my office at a time when I was absent, and the editorial management of the *Middlesex Journal* was vested in other hands. Setting aside my willingness to at all times give the advocates of both sides of a question a fair and impartial hearing through the columns of the periodical I control—and the correspondence alluded to touches on a subject now agitating this country from the Penobscot to the Gulf of Mexico—I do not, and cannot be considered, for the reason assigned, responsible for its publication, or the sentiments it expresses. The falsifying, double-dealing editor could not but have been well aware that he was quoting the letter of a correspondent, and the public will perceive that he was but sustaining his well known reputation for gross deception when he covertly attempted to fasten the authorship on me.

A change of residence, my dear Sir, has not in the slightest degree altered my feelings and principles as regards the people and the politics of Prince Edward Island. My political principles were taught to me in a hard school; they came in lessons not only of personal observation of the wrongs inflicted on my native country through tory misrule and oppression, but of dear-bought experience, and black-hearted, malignant persecution from the clique of whom McLean is the low hireling. My principles, as well as my affection for the people, are deep-rooted and permanent, not to be eradicated either by time or distance; and it is possible that in the course of human events, McLean and his villainous coadjutors may yet again, as in days past, have cause to bear witness to this fact.

Yours truly,

JOHN J. PIPPY.

Woburn, Mass., January 5, 1855.

THE EXAMINER.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., JANUARY 22, 1855.

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Is, for the most part, very unimportant. Two or three Colonial and United States Mails have arrived here since our last publication; but the intelligence they afford, either from the Old World or the New, is meagre and unsatisfactory. The Mail which reached Charlottetown on Thursday night brought advice of the arrival of the steamship *Baltic* at New York, with seven days later from Europe. The following items of intelligence have been received over the telegraph wires at St. John and Fredericton.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE 'BAL TIC' AT NEW YORK.

(From the *St. John N. B. Courier*, January 13.)

A telegraphic despatch was received at the News Room on Thursday evening, announcing the arrival at New York of the Collins steamer *Baltic*, from Liverpool, with dates to 30th December.

(By the Quebec and Fredericton Telegraph Line.)

There is no news of importance from the Crimea.

A high diplomatic conference was to be held at the residence of the British Minister in Vienna on the 28th December, between the ambassadors of England, France, Austria, Prussia and Russia. Prince Gortschakoff was to take part in the discussion. The conference was to be of a private character.

A Vienna despatch of the 25th says, that Gortschakoff presented a note which he has received from St. Petersburg for Count Boul. It is believed to be unsatisfactory, but it is not the final reply of Russia.

The affairs before Sebastopol were unchanged up to the 20th December. The Russians claim to be doing considerable damage to the approaches of the Allies; nevertheless the French third parallel was mounted with cannon. The reinforcements of the Allies due to the 18th December reached 18,000.

An official despatch in the *Paris Moniteur* from Balaklava says that the situation of the Allies is excellent. General Liprandi with 40,000 men, was manœuvring in the vicinity of Balaklava.

Menshikoff was sick, and Gen. Ostensacken was in command.

In the meantime, 5,000 Turks had landed at Eupatoria. The destination of Omar Pasha's army was kept a profound secret. It was thought they would invest the North side of Sebastopol.

The Railway expedition from England was already on the way in seven steamers and two sailing ships, with all the materials for constructing a Railway from Balaklava to Sebastopol. The wretched state of the country had put almost a stop to all operations.

The communication between Perekop and Sinpheropol was completely interrupted, and a week had transpired since a courier had arrived at Olessa from Sebastopol.

At the last accounts the weather had improved, with heavy frost, and both armies were renewing their activity.

Admiral Hamelin, writing on the 12th, says that for the last four days the place has kept up a tolerably brisk fire. The enemy have made vigorous sorties against our lines, and those of the English. As soon as they reached the parapet they were received by a well-directed volley of musketry, and repulsed.

An obstinate struggle at the point of the bayonet and a skirmish, occurred near Inkermann, on the 15th.

On the 17th, Omar Pasha left Schumla for Constantinople. His proposed future movements were not known.

The Turkish troops began to arrive from Varna on the 18th. Twenty-two ships have been equipped and are now ready for sea.

It is probable the Russian garrison have mined the places in Sebastopol which they pretend to have left.

THE BALTIC.—France and England have notified the Swedish Government that all intercourse between Finland and the Russian harbors in the White Sea is to be stopped.

Osten Sacken is removed from the 31 to the 4th corps, vice Dannenberg, who is disgraced.

The chief engineer officer who conducts the defence of Sebastopol is Gen. Destrain, a Frenchman.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Dec. 20th.—It is confidently asserted that a resolution has been adopted to storm Sebastopol as soon as the Turkish reinforcements come up. The French, it is said, are to storm, while the British and Turks attack Menshikoff.

MELANCHOLY DEATH OF TWO YOUNG LADIES.

A correspondent, writing at Bedeque on the 18th instant, communicates to us the following particulars of the heart-rending death of two young ladies, one by drowning and the other by exhaustion on the ice near Summerside:—"On Tuesday last, the 16th instant, Thomas Robins, jun., Miss Ann and Miss Mary Robins, and Miss Eliza Johnson, (the former three of Bedeque, and the latter of Indian River,) were returning, about 8 o'clock, p.m., from visiting their friends at Summerside. The night being rather dark, they got astray on the ice in Bedeque Bay, (where no bushes were set down as a guide up to the date of the disaster). After driving for some length of time, Robins got out of the sleigh to lead his horse, when suddenly the ice gave way beneath him—(there being an opening about twelve feet wide near to where he fell through)—about three and a half miles from Summerside, out the harbour, when the whole party, together with their horse and sleigh, were instantly submerged. Robins was the first to get out of the water, and he then helped out his sister Mary, she being near the edge of the ice, and having the horse's reins entangled about her feet. Her brother removed the reins, and threw the bit of them over the neck and shoulders of his sister Ann, by which means she was also brought out of the water. Eliza Johnson was on the off side of the opening, and appeared to hold on by the ice for some time. Robins, having extricated his sisters from their perilous situation, then jumped from the ice he stood on to the sleigh, thinking that thereby he might also secure Miss Johnson. He seized hold of a cloak which she had on, but her person came not with it. Having made further search to find her, but in vain, it being so dark, and hearing a noise as if that of a person drowning, and feeling the sleigh sinking under him, Robins returned to his sisters, whom he found suffering greatly from the cold and wet. They waited for some time on the ice, in the hope of hearing some cry of distress from Miss Johnson, by means of which her position might be discovered; but no trace of her was seen or heard; and the young man and his sisters moved on a little distance, when they discovered a light, in the direction of which they walked—the horse meanwhile alive and swimming about, but could not be secured. After walking about a mile, Ann Robins, the elder sister, became exhausted. Mary Robins and her brother helped her for some time, but finally she could not move any further, and she sat down. The brother and sister still pursued their way towards the light, in order that prompt assistance might be obtained for their exhausted sister. Mary next became exhausted, but fortunately not until she approached the shore at Summerside. Here assistance was immediately had, and the poor young girl was at once conducted to Mr. Wm. McEwen's, where she was properly cared for.

"It was now about half past twelve o'clock, and the sad intelligence having rapidly spread throughout the settlement, a large number of persons volunteered to go in search of Ann Robins, as well as of Eliza Johnson. No trace could be found of either that night; but on the following morning, at daylight, the search being continued, Ann Robins was found lying on her face on the ice, quite dead. The body of Miss Johnson was also found, shortly after, at the opening, a few yards from where she fell in—her clothes being entangled in the ice and lolly, prevented her from sinking to the bottom; a small portion only of her clothes could be discovered at first. The bodies of these unfortunate young ladies, placed side by side—a heart-rending spectacle for their sorrowing parents—were then removed to Summerside, to await the Coroner's Inquest. Miss Ann Robins, it is said, was 25 years of age, and Miss Johnson 27 years. Their melancholy fate, thus cut off with hopeful, bounding hearts, in the bloom of womanhood—creates a profound and painful sensation.

"Mary Robins suffered very much from the intense cold of the night; one of her feet and her two arms were much injured by the frost; but she is recovering rapidly.

"An Inquest was held on Wednesday evening on view of the bodies, when, in the case of Miss Johnson, a verdict of 'Accidentally drowned,' was rendered; and in that of Miss Ann Robins; 'Died from cold and exhaustion.'