

could be taken out, and the gunners tried to shelter themselves behind their gun, rather than to get it loaded and fired. One gun only could be discharged, and the Russians were now only 10 yards from the gun I was with, which was more advanced than the rest. As a forlorn hope of saving it, I called to the gunners to draw their swords and charge. I pulled out my own and galloped at them. There was 10 or a dozen together; three at least fired deliberately at me, but a merciful Providence preserved me, and not a bullet touched either me or my horse. With a little support I could have driven them back, for they checked their pace instead of using their bayonets, as they ought. I gave one cut with my sword at the nearest man, which he parried with his firclock; my horse swerved, I found myself alone, and accordingly cantered back, leaving my cap, which had fallen off, on the ground among the enemy. I found the battery some way back, with a line of infantry on the right front and another in the rear, but three of our guns had been deserted. I asked the Major if he could do nothing to save them. He ordered an officer behind, and some of the Cossacks (25th) and the 47th came forward with a cheer to me. Filled with the most intense excitement I ever experienced with them. No five Russians did we see, but several dead and wounded, and soon came up to two of the guns. The third I gave up for lost. I could see it nowhere, but, following up the wheel-tracks, I found it still in the old spot, with my cap still lying in front. All was now complete, and my delight was beyond description. The infantry pressed on while I got the guns limbered up as quick as possible, and took them to a safer place. One man had been shot dead; I found him lying over the trail of the foremost gun, and brought back the body with me. We were soon moved to the front, and came into action again, but only the left half of the battery was there, for the other half had moved considerably to the rear, and afterwards came up a long way to our right. Luckily the Russians had only spiked our vents with wood, which was easily removed; one had not been spiked at all. In our new position we had a very heavy fire of artillery upon us. Sometimes we could see nothing at all, and at all times the smoke hung about to such a degree that I could not see the result of a single shot. How the battle was going on we did not know, but in one place the enemy's artillery had advanced considerably. The fire upon us was awfully hot. The Adjutant, Captain T., was wounded in the head by a splinter, which an inch lower would have killed him; and when we moved him to the rear out of fire about 12.30, there were only 10 horses to my two guns, instead of 16, and at one of the gun detachments every man was wounded except one. Most thankful we were to escape out of the horrible scene, and most grateful at being preserved through it. For about five hours we had been under a heavy fire, and were besides tired with the hard work, especially as we had had no breakfast. We remained for some time in rear, in case we should be required, but after some time the last Russians in sight retreated, and all the columns of French who had come up in support began to return home. The Turks had been under arms all day, but kept carefully out of danger. The cavalry came up towards the close of the action. When the battery returned to camp I went back to look at the number of the dead horses, &c. I saw some Russian field carriages, which had been deserted, four ammunition carts, two limbers, and one gun carriage; the gun itself had been saved by dragging it with ropes along the ground. The number of dead and wounded along the Inkermann-road was sickening; they seemed to me far more numerous than at Alma.

THE WORK OF THE PICKETS.

The following is an extract from a private letter of an officer in the second division:—
 "My dear Jane,—You see I am still trying to eke out an occasional scribble to you, indited on a blank book that I brought with me for the purpose. I am on picket. This is a duty that begins at four in the morning and ends at four the next morning. Each regiment furnishes two companies for picket duty; therefore it takes place every fourth day. A picket is an advanced guard thrown out close to the enemy's lines, in order to protect the camp from a surprise; consequently the sentries can see each other, and we can see large masses of Russians manoeuvring in the hollow all day. We command, from our position, a road which is a short cut for the enemy into Sebastopol, and as they often try to dodge past our sentries, we have shot several of them at a surprising distance with our long rifles. Hardly a day passes in which the pickets have not a brush with the enemy, but our pickets always drive their back without alarming our main body, which has not been engaged since I wrote you that we killed 600 Russians, and an officer wounded. Another of our duties is the defence of our batteries. We have five batteries, and these require a large armed guard and fatigue party day and night—a fatigue party to keep the works in repair after the enemy's fire, and a guard to defend them from sorties. This is the most dangerous of our recreations, and not a day passes that two or three fatal cases do not occur. At night they shell us incessantly from the forts; but at night shells are not so dangerous as in the day, because we can always track their fiery course for half a minute through the air. I have often scarcely had time to roll over from one trench to another before these fiery messengers fall and explode. I have accumulated all kinds of Russian relics, which I got after the different fights, but I see no chance of carrying any of them away. I need hardly tell you that, clothed as we are, this kind of night and day work is telling on us. As yet it has only affected my limbs and gums with rheumatic pains; the vital parts—chest and throat—are thank God, pretty safe. Sometimes, after lying on the wet ground all night, my limbs are all pains, and my teeth quite loose in the gums. I went yesterday to Bala Clava, and was lucky enough to buy two flannel shirts for £2, and a tooth-brush for 8s. Rumour is very busy assigning us this horrid life for the winter; if so, it will finish any of us that the Russians leave. It is said that we are to assault the place soon, and if the Russians defend it half as obstinately as they have done hitherto, England will again be gratified with a 'long butcher's bill.' It is only when the word to 'charge' is given that the old valour of the Briton is really shown; then I do believe, from what I have seen and felt, that 1,000 English soldiers would send 5,000 Russians flying like chaff before the wind."
 T. B. D."

MISS NIGHTINGALE AND THE NURSES AT SEBASTOPOL.

Miss Nightingale and her nurses are going on wonderfully well, and the benevolent subscription raised by the British public is being applied with the best effect. The French have all along had the assistance of the Levantine Catholics, and although their hospital arrangements have been more complete, and the number of their official medical men far greater than at Scutari, yet they have shown unwillingness to accept the contributions and to employ the labours of their co-religionists. The Sisters of Charity in Smyrna alone have supplied large quantities of sheets and socks, and not less than 8,000 shirts; those of Pera are employed in the hospital, and from all sides their sick and wounded are supplied with little comforts which were unknown in the British hospital until a week ago.

EXPENSES OF THE WAR.

The cost of the contest is very heavy. The London Times emphatically and advisedly states as follows:—
 Government has now laid its hands on every available steamer, and there is not a line of packet service which is not deranged in consequence. We are undertaking the conveyance not only of our own reinforcements, but also those of the French. The coaling, victualing, repairing, and occasionally replacing these transports is an immense addition to the hire.

Then we are buying and building at a greater rate than ever. If we are not substituting new fire-arms for the whole of the army, we ought to be. The forces in the Crimea are represented as fairly out at elbows, ragged, shirtless, ill-shod, and altogether approximating to the condition of Omar Pasha's brave, but ill-used soldiery.

Government is doing its best to mend matters in these respects, and a shipful of woollens had just arrived at the date of our last advices. It is also sending on wooden houses for 25,000 men, stoves, charcoal, wood, and even coal from Herculæa. It ought to give them the means of baking their own bread, roasting and grinding their coffee, and cooking their rations into a more nutritious form. Every soldier on the heights of Sebastopol ought to be made as comfortable, this winter, at least as any laborer at home; and this, as we are aware, cannot be done without enormous expense. The least extra pressure or the smallest unusual demand is sure to raise the price of materials and labour. Only yesterday we were told that the leather market was in a state of great excitement, and the Hudson's Bay Company thrown into transports, by some Government purchasers, comprising an order for 18,000 buffalo hides, fortunately in store.

We presume that next year we shall not be content with merely holding our annual naval review in the Baltic instead of Spithead, but shall attempt some achievement worth the salt of our navy. For that purpose it is evident we must have an entirely new description of vessels, that can enter shallows and defy granite batteries. This cannot be done without vast expense. Then we should like to know the expense of the new company to every regiment in the line, the augmentation of the artillery, and to bring a hundred regiments of militia into form and condition for regular service.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR—

I have observed in the *Islander* of the 22d ult. an article on the subject of the "Winter Mails," wherein I am accused of "trafficking in Executive appointments," but more especially charged with superceding, or being the means of superceding the Messrs. Irving, of Cape Traverse, in the carrying of the winter mails, and of corruptly inducing Messrs. Bell & Co. to relinquish a contract about to be entered into by them for the performance of that service.

Reference is likewise made to the carrying of the winter mails in 1854, in connection with which I am charged with subletting the contract for that service, and thereby pocketing, as the editor elegantly styles it, a portion of the "public plunder."

I shall enter into no detailed discussion with the editor of the *Islander* on the subject of those grave accusations. He admits that he does not pledge himself to their absolute truth, and that he is not personally acquainted with the facts about which he writes. This admission is somewhat judiciously made by the editor of the *Islander*, for I wish that individual to understand that all the charges he has preferred against me, in reference to the mails, are absolutely and unequivocally false.

The remarks respecting Mr. Tol and the alleged inquiry into the validity of his title, are equally untrue. Notwithstanding that the agent of that gentleman used his utmost influence against me, and in support of Dr. Conroy, at the last election, I felt that my position in the Third District was too strong to require any aid from promises of Escheat, or anything of that kind, the subject of which, during my recent canvass, I never mentioned.

Had the smallest tittle of evidence been adduced in support of those accusations, I might be more particular in my reply to them. But I feel that the unauthorised and unproved calumnies of the *Islander*, emanating from the pen of a man whose total disregard of truth and whose libellous and malevolent disposition are notorious to the whole community, can never injure me either in my public or private capacity.

I am, Sir,
Your, &c.
W. W. LORD.

Charlottetown, January 3, 1855.

FOR THE EXAMINER.

SIR—

You have proposed for public discussion whether it would be better to have a steamer to run from Charlottetown to Halifax, instead of two steamers to ply between Charlottetown and Pictou, and between Charlottetown, Bedouque and Shediac.

From Charlottetown to Halifax requires an attentive pilot the whole distance; and from the Gut to Halifax a thick fog may be expected for half the summer, and in that fog a swarm of sailing vessels, to avoid which requires slow steaming and a good look-out. The Captain could not keep watch the whole passage, and the *run-away* sailors who might be found about Charlottetown or Halifax are not to be trusted to keep a look-out; and in the event of an accident, they would leave their passengers to sink or swim, as they did in the *Fairy Queen* and the *Arctic*. A vessel to be employed only seven months in the year could not keep a steady crew, and any bounty which this Island could give would not be an inducement to obtain a steamer that would be fit for the purpose contemplated. With an easterly gale, there is as much sea on the Halifax coast as on any part of the Atlantic; and a steamer will roll and toss about as much, or more, in a sea than a vessel of the same size under canvas; therefore very few would take such a passage for pleasure, and none would prefer that passage for safety. Then, in regard of freight, the owners or agents of the steamer would require a warehouse upon the wharf along side of the steamer, where she could load and land goods, rain or shine; without such warehouses there would be no freight.

It appears that there are sailing packets which ply between Bedouque and Shediac. If their owners were left to themselves they might convert their packets into a steamer as soon as there would be employment for one.

W. C.

THE EXAMINER.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., JANUARY 8, 1855.

THE BATTLES OF THE CRIMEA.

We give in this No. fuller details of the great battle of Inkermann than have yet appeared in any Island paper, believing that nothing can be more interesting to our readers than the most minute particulars respecting the progress of the great war now raging in the Crimea. We have likewise devoted our last page—which is usually filled with advertisements—to an authentic and connected account of the battle of Bala Clava on the 25th Oct. This may appear like an old story to some of our readers; nevertheless we do not remember that any of our cotemporaries in Charlottetown gave such a complete account of this battle as that which will be found in our present columns. Some of its details came to us only by the last Mail from England, and therefore our previous accounts of it were by no means complete. Besides, the battle of Bala Clava was but the commencement of that sanguinary and terrible engagement which took place on the 5th November. It was the first great attempt to drive the

allies from their entrenchments; or, by keeping them actively engaged, and reducing their number, to defer the fall of Sebastopol. Every day spent in inaction on the open plain brought the labours of the siege nearer to a close. It was therefore the interest of the Russians to assume the offensive whenever an opportunity offered; this they did, for the first time, since the siege commenced, on the 25th October; and the affair of the 5th November was merely a repetition of the unsuccessful attempt to overwhelm the allies at Bala Clava; but the Russians found themselves on the 6th November in the very position that they occupied before, after having thrown away in a fruitless combat their best soldiers, the prestige arising from the presence of two grand dukes, and the morale of their army. As to the account of the terrible conflict of the 25th being an old story, we believe it will be read with nearly as much interest a hundred years hence as it is by most of the present generation. We know of no battle in ancient or modern history to compare with it for extraordinary feats of valour. The charge of the Grays and Enniskilleners against a force five times greater than their own; and the desperate attack of a handful of cavalry under Lord Cardigan, while mowed down by a murderous fire in front, and flank and rear, notwithstanding which they made good their attack—were such prodigies of heroic daring and courage, that we think we cannot dwell upon the recital too often. To say that the battle of Bala Clava was the greatest yet fought in the Crimea, is but an equivocal compliment to the brave soldiers of the allied armies. The engagement on the banks of the Alma was a glorious affair—the rale of Inkermann was the scene of a terrific fight, and a successful one for the allies; but in going over the story of Bala Clava we feel as if we were reading rather of the achievements of demigods and giants than of the ordinary exploits of a battle field.

We received this morning, through the politeness of a friend, two late papers from Liverpool, G. B.—one as late as the 22d ult. They came via the United States, and reached here last evening—a private boat having crossed over from Cape Tormentine with some passengers. There appears to be no European news of any importance since the sailing of the last English packet. We give, however, a few extracts from the papers kindly furnished.

An English Mail is hourly expected, and may arrive before going to press.

RUSSIA.

Letters from St. Petersburg state that the news of the hurricane on the 4th and the loss of the Allies on the Crimea coast was received with an outburst of joy. This feeling was soon tempered by other reports from the Crimea, which told the pitiful state of the Russian troops themselves. They had been almost without provisions or forage during the several days. The tempest had not only scattered and destroyed convoys, but even the ricks of forage, and so forth, of the inhabitants. "In the midst of peace even," says a report from Perekop, "such a hurricane would have been more destructive than a visit of locusts, and would have brought famine and plague with it, for, to the destruction of crops, must be added that of habitations."

A letter from Odessa of the 2d, in the *Soldatenfreund* of Vienna, states that the inhabitants of Odessa continued to be in daily fear of seeing the allied fleets arrive. On the other hand they were also afraid of a visit from the Turkish troops.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 8.—It ought not to be supposed in England that because Russia remained entirely passive this summer in the Baltic, and allowed her ships to be cooped up at Cronstadt and Sweaborg, that she intends to follow a similar course in the ensuing campaign in the Baltic. It may with truth be asserted that the declaration of war took Russia by surprise, and that, with all the gigantic resources she possesses, neither the army nor the fortresses were at all prepared for active warfare. The same may be said with regard to the navy, and to a much greater extent, both in the Baltic and the Black Sea.

ACTION FOR LIBEL—McEACHEN vs. PIPPY.

This action, of the commencement of which we gave a brief notice in our paper of the 8th May last—came on for trial on Thursday, and terminated, as we hoped and expected it would, in the complete discomfiture of the plaintiff. The Hon. Edward Palmer and Frederik Brecken, Esqrs., were counsel for the plaintiff; the Hon. Charles Young and William Minns Howe, Esqrs., for the defendant.

It appears from the declaration, that John James Pippy, formerly publisher and proprietor of the *Weekly Advertiser*, "greatly enjoying the happy state and condition of the plaintiff" (the Hon. Emanuel McEachen,) published in his paper of the 23d March last some remarks relating to the said Emanuel McEachen, wherein he was styled an "insane man;" and in the *Advertiser* of the 30th March the defendant did further "slandering and maliciously cause or procure to be published" another "defamatory libel" concerning the said McEachen, as to the imputed insanity being "an hereditary taint." "By means of the committing of which said several grievances by the said defendant," recites the declaration, "the said plaintiff hath been and is greatly injured in his good name, fame and credit, and brought into public scandal and contempt with and amongst all his neighbours, and other good and worthy subjects of this realm, to whom he was in any wise known, inasmuch that divers of those neighbours have on occasion of the committing of the said several grievances by the said defendant from thence hitherto suspected and believed, and still do suspect and believe the said plaintiff to have been affected with the malady so as aforesaid mentioned to have been imputed to him as aforesaid, and have by reason of the committing of the said several grievances by the said defendant from thence hitherto refused and still do refuse to have any acquaintance, intercourse or discourse with the said plaintiff; and the said plaintiff hath been, and is by means of the premises otherwise greatly injured and damaged, to the damage of the plaintiff, of five hundred pounds."

Here is the ground of action modestly and graphically described. Mr. McEachen is much to be pitied, if there be any truth in legal phraseology. Mr. Palmer, who mainly conducted the prosecution, merely enlarged upon the verbiage contained in the declaration—dwelt long and pathetically on the injury which might possibly be inflicted on his client by its being declared in print that he was a man of unsound mind—quoted law to show that such an assertion was criminal, and maintained that if not checked by the verdict of a jury the party thus assailed would be justified in resorting to physical violence for the defence of his character. The evidence with which the counsel for the prosecution followed up his address to the jury, was of the most flimsy character. In fact it amounted to nothing. It was not proved that McEachen had sustained the slightest damage from the alleged libel. In short, the evidence only proved the fact of publication, which the counsel for the defence, at the commencement of the trial, admitted with the utmost candour.

The defence was very brief and straight-forward; but we must premise that the first step taken by Mr. Pippy's counsel was a motion to postpone the trial, on account of the absence of the defendant. The grounds for this motion are clearly stated in the affidavit filed by Mr. Young, and put in evi-

dence by Mr. Palmer, who did so in order, "to avail himself of the admission that Mr. Pippy was the editor and proprietor of the paper which contained the alleged libels. This affidavit recites, "that the writ of common process issued in this cause was made returnable on the sixth day of May last, and that on the thirtieth day of the said month of May defendant caused a demand of particulars of the alleged cause of action to be served upon the plaintiff's attorney; but no particulars were then, nor have been since given to deponent;—that the attorney of the plaintiff allowed last Trinity Term to pass over without filing his declaration herein, when the defendant was in Charlottetown, and did not file his declaration in this cause, nor serve the same until the sixteenth day of September last, and which was sometime subsequent to the departure of the defendant from this Island. That the said defendant hath been since the month of September last, and is now, as this deponent believes, residing at Woburn, in the United States of America. That in consequence of the particulars of the plaintiff's alleged cause of action not having been served upon this deponent, and of the declaration not having been filed, until after the defendant left the Island as aforesaid, this deponent has had no opportunity of personally consulting with the defendant upon the nature of his defence to this action. That issue was joined in this cause in October last, and notice of trial was given for this present Term on the 16th day of December last. That so soon as the said declaration was served upon this deponent, he communicated the fact by letter to the defendant, and shortly after he received an answer from the defendant, dated the 30th September last, stating it to be his intention to be in Charlottetown in June next, for the purpose of being present at the trial of this cause. That this is an action on the case for alleged libels against the plaintiff, published by the defendant in the newspaper called the "Advertiser," owned and edited by the defendant; and this deponent believes that the said defendant is the only material and necessary witness in this cause, and that he could not proceed to trial with safety without his testimony. And this deponent lastly saith, that this application is not made for the purpose of delay, but that the said cause should be tried on its merits."

We were not in Court when this very reasonable application of the defendant's counsel was discussed, and we are therefore ignorant of the grounds upon which it was rejected. The counsel for the defence had consequently to rest their case upon the good sense and justice of the jury. Mr. Howe—a barrister from the other Provinces, who has lately taken up his abode amongst us, and whose talents and legal acumen will speedily procure him a high reputation at the Bar—addressed the jury on behalf of the defendant. "We will not attempt to give an outline of his speech; suffice it to say, that he clearly demonstrated to the jury that the publication of the 23d March, charged as libellous, was far from being so—that the expression "an insane man," applied to the plaintiff, was a common one, and used to designate silly and ridiculous behaviour—that the subsequent publication of the 30th March was a magnanimous declaration on the part of the publisher, that inasmuch as the accusation of insanity had given offence to the plaintiff, he (the publisher) would treat him with more indulgence in future, since it had come to the knowledge of the publisher that the taint of insanity, was unfortunately and unhappily hereditary—that the plaintiff had suffered no damage from the publications, as no damage had been proved—that he (the advocate) was surprised to see a gentleman like Mr. McEachen coming to that Court for a vindication of his character in such a case—that he thought his Scotch blood should rebel against such a proceeding; and that even the name of Emanuel McEachen itself had appeared attached to publications much more libellous and defamatory than those on which he based his present action.—Mr. Howe concluded by stating that it was not the intention of the defendant's counsel to call any witnesses; as the only material witness for the defence, the defendant himself, was not on the Island.

The Chief Justice then charged the jury, and we must do his Honor the justice to say that we have never listened to a charge with more sincere pleasure. It was in the highest degree dispassionate and impartial.

The jury were out for a considerable time, and returned into Court, as we are informed by some of themselves, unanimously agreed to a verdict of Not Guilty. When in Court, one of the jury asked the Bench for some explanation respecting the nature of a libel. On this they were directed to go back to their room, and deliberate further on their verdict. Having done so, they again returned in a short time, unanimously agreed, as before, to render a verdict of Not Guilty; but the jurymen who interrogated the Bench, on the first occasion, again suddenly manifested some scruples of conscience, and while the foreman was in the act of handing the verdict of Not Guilty to the Clerk of the Crown, Mr. Palmer jerked himself up, and moved for a nonsuit of his client—thus ingloriously terminating the action, and evidencing a most pitiable dread of having the verdict of Not Guilty, recorded against his client. It was a pitifulian retreat, from the ignominy of a disastrous defeat.

We have been particular in reciting the facts connected with this suit, not because it derives importance from the individuals immediately concerned, but because it affects a great principle we all hold dear—the liberty of the press. The result of the trial must teach the Tory party the futility of going to a jury of Queen's County—as juries are now-a-days unpannelled—to recover damages against, and perhaps destroy, a printer who may be fearless and honest enough to discuss the actions and to reprobate the bad conduct of bad public men. The Tory press—itselt the most abandoned and licentious—has on many occasions advised its friends to institute prosecutions for libel against the Liberal press, in order to crush it, because it was believed the Bench, the Bar and the Jury Box were all impregnated with anti-liberal opinions, and a liberal journalist had therefore a small chance of escape. McEachen has been the first to follow the advice; and he knows now it is not the first time he has fallen by following advice from the same quarter. The Tories made a tool of him to support their party in the House of Assembly—he was rewarded for that act of perfidy by the overwhelming indignation of a constituency whom he dare not face for the second time. They have made a tool of him again to try the experiment of putting down the liberal press by legal persecution; but it is fortunate for the cause of civil liberty that they could not pervert the institution of trial by jury to their iniquitous purposes.

Who is Emanuel McEachen? Is he a man of such discreet habits—so tender of the reputation of others that he should be so ready to fly to the courts of law for protection against the strictures of the press? Those who may take the trouble to refer to the *Islander* of March or April last, and to the reports of the House of Assembly for the session then going on, will find the character of this man portrayed by himself. The gentleman who then edited the *Advertiser*—the paper prosecuted for libel—was assailed in the most ferocious and vindictive manner by this very Emanuel McEachen—even the proprietor of the paper (Mr. Pippy) was threatened with personal violence by the same individual;—and in short his conduct, his exhibitions, his antics at the time were such, that we thought any man might be well excused for considering him insane. Whatever our opinion on this point may have been, we have never scrupled to express our firm belief, that he was a most arrant fool. His short public life afforded sufficient proof that we were right in this respect; but in addition to his being a fool, he has proved himself a foul-mouthed calumniator—one, indeed, of so low a grade that his performances as a sordid and dealer in slang might put a fish-woman out of Billingsgate to the blush. Nor was he satisfied with spreading his abusive trash over