

A "Verdant" in a Cotton Mill.

A raw, straw-hatted, sandy-whiskered, six-foot gawky, one of the purely uninitiated, came in recently from Greece county, with a load of wood for a factory company. Not satisfied with contemplating the "poetry of motion" at a safe distance our hero must needs introduce himself between the cards, to get a nearer view. This move brought his "neither habiliments" into a dangerous proximity to the next card, and thereby hangs a tale.

"You, I say! She goes pooty, don't she, boss?" said Jonathan, inquiringly.

"She don't do anything else," responded the stripper. "But you must be very careful how you move around this hardware. 'Twas only last week, sir, that a promising young man from Oxford, a student at college there, was drawn into that very card, and before any assistance could reach him, he was run through, and manufactured into No. 16, temper extra, cotton warp yarn!"

"Is—s—wow! I believe you're joking!" stammered Jonathan.

"Fact, sir," continued the stripper, "and his disconsolate mother came down two days ago, and got five bunches of that same yarn as melancholy relics."

"By the poker, that can't be true!"

"Fact, sir, fact! And each of his fellow students purchased a skein apiece, to be set in lockets, and worn in remembrance of departed worth."

"Is that a fact now? Was he really carded, spun and set in lockets?"

A sense of personal danger shot across our hero's mind; he began to retreat precipitately, without waiting for an answer. But there was not much room to spare between himself and the gearing of the card behind. Another step backwards completed the ceremony of introduction. His unwhisperables being of large "calibre," the process of snarling them up in a hard knot was no ways slow. Our hero "gave tongue" instantly.

"O! murder! Let go! You hurt! Blast yer picture, let go! An't you ashamed? Get out! Let alone on me; do—can't ye?"

The card stripper threw off the belt, but the momentum of the cylinder kept it revolving, and our hero, supposing it in full operation, burst out anew.

"O, stop her, stop her, do! I an't well, and I orter be at home. Father wants the steers, and mother's going to bake. Stop the ternal masheen can't ye? Do! An't ye got no feelin' for a feller in distress? O dear! I'll be carded and spun, and made into lockets! Je—ru—sa—lem! How I wish I was to Greene!"

The card was stopped at last, but Jonathan's clothes were so entangled in the gearing that it was no slight task to extricate him, and it was only by cutting out the whole of the "invested territory" that he was finally released.

English and Foreign.

THE HON. AND REV. SIDNEY GODOLPHIN OSBORNE ON THE WAR.—It may be remembered that this talented gentleman offered his services to superintend the administration of the *Times*' fund for the "Relief of the Sick and Wounded at Scutari." Mr. Osborne has just returned to England from his charitable errand, and has communicated the result of his experience in an eloquent letter to the *Times*, from which we append a few extracts.

If England be true to herself, she must at once answer to the cry from the Crimea for more troops. No braver men ever existed than those who, having survived the issues of the late battles, wait, yet undaunted, fresh hazard in the field. Braver men never fell in battle-field than those who have found their graves in the Crimea. The past of this war and much of the future will be a page to which the greatest military authorities must look with something akin to shame. They who have read it through the mourners' tears will not feel their mourning less bitter as they see cause to think it needed not to have been altogether thus.

I am now on my way home, after nearly six weeks' stay, not at the camp, but in its deepest shadow—the scene to which it sends its wounded and sick. It is here the curse of war will bear no veil—it appears in its own, naked black truth.—There is sublimity in the storm that rages through a forest. Who can—the storm passed—look upon its ravages unmoved? Transporters are but so many floating ambulances—the hospitals but a roofed battle field. It is but the change of scene. True—in the one case we have the excitement, the active, daring bravery of the fight—in the others there is yet the fight for life, but it is in the passive courage shown on the bed of the wounded, under the pain and suffering that the foe has caused against whom the hand can be no longer raised. I have

looked for hours on the wounded, sick, weak, and dying. This I and all saw in them—they knew not what it was to boast of that which has made them their country's praise; nor to murmur, as they saw, through the feverish mist of their pain, how near to where they lay was the grave to which they must soon pass. Would you learn to hate war?—Would you feel the prayer forced upon you, that they who speak lightly of it should know more of what it is? Go to that scene—those miles of ward and corridor—thickly covered with war's work, written in all possible defacement of man, once made in God's image.

With some experience of the world, in this matter I have found myself a child. I never till now knew what a soldier really was. I never could have dreamt that the serious business of the soldier's life and death could develop such true nobility of character as I have lately witnessed.—I have myself learnt the lesson letter by letter—would that I possessed the power to impart it to others! It is one that forbids vicarious teaching.—None ever doubted what an English soldier is in the field. To know him, truly, you should see those going to it and close to it—have mingled day by day with those whom wounds and sickness have just driven from it. It is one thing to read this and that action, in all that pen-drawn beauty which has become the calling of a modern profession. It is another to hear the small details of each battle told by actors who have just been driven wounded from its stage; to hear deeds that bewilder by their cool daring recited as mere after dinner anecdotes incidental to some work which those present had shared in common. So familiar does one become with the plain sober tone in which that and this world-told action is discussed by its chief-actors, thus close to its scene, that one's conception of the bravery of each deed is clouded by one's wonder at the modesty of those who, having acted their part in them, seem to hold it to have been no more than just some everyday act of duty. As with the officers so with the men—their own great delight is to read aloud the battles in print: they speak with pride of their officers, their regiments; but, except in the way of a bit of gossip to each other, you hear no word to tell that the speaker feels aught of the honour he has really won for himself.

People in England hear of "the camp" and the trials of camp life. Chobham made camp life familiar to the public, and in some sort taught the army its general features. The "Crimea" camp is of a very different nature. Were it known what the army has endured and still endures in the camp, one more bright light would shine to the soldier's praise. I will not enter into the details of what I could tell, only on the authority of those who spoke of this, too, in the same sober, modest tone I have noted above. Men bred to every comfort—who never till lately knew one real privation, many of whom have been so brought up that what are esteemed luxuries became to them necessities—have lived for months, not only liable to all the unceasing watchfulness war demands—not only liable at any moment again to be awakened to strive for their country's honour at deadly odds to their own life—but enduring all the while an amount of real privation that defies description; for it would require me to tell of the reversal of all the ordinary rules of life, with the exaggeration of most of that trial to life all do so strive to avoid.

I do not think one man in the ranks would say his officers have not generally suffered so much himself: there is not an officer, speaking of his men who does not say they have suffered but too much. Both have again and again fought when more fit for their beds: neither, wanting rest, would have ever found a moment when they could really feel they were secure to obtain it. Shall England leave these men yet to contend with unequal odds?

The French are pouring in regiment on regiments to add to their forces. Not only do they thus fill up and extend their lines; but, with men, they systematically provide everything that can keep up health in the climate to which they send them. I grudge them no atomy of any glory they can fairly win; but God forbid we should see the day when the great end, in aiming at which our deeds of bravery have already won the honest, highest praise of our allies, shall be gained by their leading where we have no longer the power to lead their grasping by mere strength of hand and heart that which our men have yet all the heart to attempt, but not the strength to attain.

No living soul can now hate war more than I do. Few, at least of those who in England will read this, have seen more of the awful effects which shadow the last scenes of its victims. I have learnt something, of what they who have to mourn in England suffer, from what I saw of the apprehen-

sion of that suffering in those who seem to fear death chiefly because death would cause it. 'She must be told it; tell her how I felt the telling it to her,' said one brave fellow, for whom I wrote to one he loved, that he could not live. Still thus hating war—thus knowing what it entails—I feel it but charity to pray that no expense be spared—no means left unused—at once so to strengthen our army that some quick issue may come of that strife, to prolong which, as things now are, is only wantonly to risk the brave, and feed those hopes of our enemy the destruction of which is our sole hope of peace.

London, Jan. 1. S. Q. OSBORNE.

The following four despatches from Lord Raglan are published in the English papers. They give an authentic account of the proceedings in the Crimea up to the 30th ult.—

Before Sebastopol, Dec. 18.

MY LORD DUKE,—Nothing has occurred since I had the honour to address your grace on the 13th instant.

The weather, which was then fine, changed on the following afternoon, and from that time to the evening of the 16th, it hardly ceased either to rain, hail, or snow.

The night of the 16th was particularly severe, but it cleared up yesterday, and to-day it is again dry.

The bad days above-mentioned have, however, retarded the movement of supplies and stores.

The 89th and 17th regiments have arrived from Gibraltar, and will take their place in the 3d and 4th divisions this day.

A considerable portion of the warm clothing has been received, and is in course of issue; and the men are most grateful to her Majesty's government for having provided for them what conduces so essentially to their comfort.

I have the honour to transmit returns of the casualties between the 11th and 16th.

I have, &c., RAGLAN.

[The total casualties from the 11th to the 16th December were—5 rank and file killed; 2 sergeants, 21 rank and file wounded.]

Before Sebastopol, Dec. 23, 1854.

MY LORD DUKE,—A great deal of rain has fallen in the last forty-eight hours, and the weather has again become very inclement.

The only occurrence in the siege operations has been a sortie made by the enemy on both our right and left attack, during the night of the 20th, one being conducted silently, the other with drums beating, and shouting; the first being probably the real object of the advance, as nearer the Inkerman heights.

Owing to the extreme darkness of the night, the enemy were enabled to come very near the right attack without being perceived, and having made a sudden rush upon the most forward parallel, they compelled the men occupying it to withdraw, until reinforced by a party under Major Welford, of the 97th Regiment, when it was regained possession of, and the Russians retired, not, however, without occasioning some loss in both killed, wounded and missing, Lieutenant Byron, of the 34th Regiment, being amongst the latter.

On the left attack, the enemy were met with great gallantry by Lieutenant Gordon, of the 38th Regiment, who, when supported by the covering party of the trenches, under Lieutenant Colonel Waddy, of the 56th, succeeded in at once driving them back. But here, too I regret to say, the loss was still more severe; Major Moller, of the 50th, fell mortally wounded, and, I am concerned to add, is since dead; and Captain Frampton and Lieutenant Clarke, both of the 50th Regiment are missing. Sir Richard England speaks in high terms of the gallantry and vigilance of those troops, and of the distinguished conduct of Lieutenant-Colonel Waddy.

I enclose the return of casualties to the 20th inclusive.

Two regiments of French cavalry under General D'Altonville, made a reconnaissance on the 20th, towards the ground recently occupied by the enemy in front of Balaklava, while the 42d Regiment, a detachment of the Rifle Brigade under Colonel Cameron, 42d Regiment, and a battalion of Zouaves, made a corresponding movement on the extreme right. The latter saw only a picket of Cossacks, which retired on their approach, the former exchanged shots with the enemy and ascertained that they had scarcely any troops on the left bank of the Tchernaya.

I have, &c., RAGLAN.

[The return of officers wounded and missing from 17th to 20th December is, wounded, Major J. O. Moller, 50th Regiment, since dead missing, Lieutenant J. Byron, 34th Regiment, Capt.

H. J. Frampton and Lieutenant M. A. Clarke, 50th Regiment.]

Before Sebastopol, Dec. 26.

MY LORD DUKE,—I have nothing to report to your grace to-day.

The rain which prevailed on Saturday was succeeded by snow on Sunday, and it was almost the worst day I ever saw. At night it froze, and the frost has continued ever since, without being severe, but it has not yet tended to dry the ground, still in a lamentable state.

Every effort is making that the state of the roads will permit to bring up ammunition and the materials of siege, and General Canrobert is in this respect affording us every possible assistance.

The garrison keeps up a heavy fire upon our trenches, particularly at night, and your grace will regret to see by the returns which I enclose that we daily sustain some casualties.

I have, &c., RAGLAN.

[The total returns of casualties from 20th to 25th, December, is—2 sergeants, 23 rank and file killed; 1 officer, one sergeant, 48 rank and file wounded; 3 officers, 21 rank and file, missing.]

Before Sebastopol, Dec. 30, '54.

MY LORD DUKE,—Since I wrote to your grace on the 26th, the weather has been somewhat more propitious; but the state of the ground is hardly more satisfactory. The 13th regiment has arrived and I have likewise the honor to inform you that we are daily receiving vast supplies of ammunition, warm clothing, and huts for the army. The utmost efforts will be made to disembark all these stores; but the difficulty of effecting this desirable object is very great, owing to the very limited extent of the harbour, its crowded state, and the narrow entrance to the town, and want of space on the beach, the rocks on the north side rising directly out of the water, and their being consequently no accommodation but on one side.

The Russians continue to withdraw from the valley of the Tchernays, whilst they have constructed defensive works on the heights above, which would imply a difficulty of maintaining their troops in the field.

A reconnaissance was sent out this morning by General Canrobert towards the river, in co-operation with a portion of Major-General Sir Colin Campbell's force, to the extreme right of Balaklava, the result of which is not yet known. I enclose a list of casualties from the 25th to the 28th.

(Signed) RAGLAN.

[Return of casualties from the 25th to the 28th December, both inclusive. 2 rank and file killed 8 rank and file wounded, 1 sergeant, 1 rank and file, missing.]

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—We have to record one of the most melancholy accidents, which ever took place in this County. On Friday last, Mr. John Storr, (brother of Mr. R. Storr, merchant of this town,) together with Messrs. Drugan and J. Healy, went to the shore near Woodward's Cove, Grand Manan, and were looking out at the sea during the severe storm, when an immense wave rolled towards them, which they did not observe, and came so far up on the land as to knock them down, and carry two of them out several yards into the boiling surge.—Drugan held on to the sea grass, caught young Healy, and dragged him on shore; but we regret to add, Mr. Storr was rendered insensible by being struck against the cliffs and was swept out by the waves about fifty yards; when thrown on shore by a return wave, life was extinct. His remains were brought to St. Andrews and interred on Tuesday. He was universally respected, and has left a wife and seven children, with relatives and friends, to lament their sudden bereavement. Mr. S. was a native of Lincolnshire England, and was in the 33rd year of his age.—*St. Andrews Standard.*

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Mr. and Mrs. Williams, No. 248 Seventh street, testify that they have both been suffering with the liver complaint for about five years, during which time they have spent a large amount of money, and tried many remedies, but to no purpose.—Finally, hearing of Dr. M'Lane's Pills, they purchased four boxes, which they took according to the directions accompanying each box; and now pronounce themselves perfectly cured of that distressing disease.

P. S. The above valuable remedy, also Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in this city.