

phenomenon. It occurs only one night. The sun goes down to the horizon, who can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise.

Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hours. The hens take to the trees about 7 o'clock P. M. until the sun is well up in the morning, and the people get into the habit of rising late too.

WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?

A regard for the opinion of others, is a commendable quality in the character of a young man. Instead of obtruding his advice and crowding down those who are many years his seniors, it is better to be modest and unassuming, and respect the opinions advanced, although he may not fully agree with them. But this respect should not lead you to advance or countenance an opinion which you know to be wrong. If you are sustained in your position by the word of God, it will be unwise to enquire what will the world say? It is of but little consequence to you. A fear of the world—the contempt and reproach of men—have turned many a man from the path of duty to his utter ruin.

If you do not retaliate when injured, you may be laughed at and ridiculed by the multitude, but you have before you the example of One whom it is safe always to follow. If you invariably pursue a straightforward course, you will often encounter enemies, but should you stop to enquire what the world says, and turn aside from the path of duty? Never. As a general thing the world is wrong, and but precious few are right, and it will not be strange, if in your endeavours to discharge faithfully your obligations and duties, you should meet with many hard rubs. Stand firm in your principles, and eventually you will see the good effects of your faithfulness. Be not bribed by gain, by honor. Let the star of your virtue shine forever. Obscured it may be by clouds and doubts, but the steady light will pierce through the darkness to shine with greater effulgence.

A LONDON ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following advertisement appears in a London newspaper. It is unique, and we commend it to similar advertisers in this country:—
“Wanted—By a young lady, aged nineteen, of pleasant countenance, good figure, agreeable manners, general information and varied accomplishments, who had studied everything, from the creation to a crotchet, a situation to a gentleman. She will take the head of his table, manage his household, scold his servants, nurse his babies, (when they arrive,) check his tradesmen's bills, accompany him to the theatre, or in walking or riding, cut the leaves of his new books, sew on his buttons, warm his slippers and generally make his miserable life happy. Apply in the first place by letter to Louisa Caroline, Linden Grove, and afterwards to papa on the premises. Wedding ring No. 4, small.—No Irish need apply.”

THE MODEL MINISTER.

He never exchanges. Is not particular whether he occupies a four story house or a ten footer for a parsonage. Considers “donation parties” an invention of the adversary; preaches round and round the commandments in such a circular way as not to hit the peculiar-istics of any of his parishioners. Selects the hymns suit the singing choir instead of himself; never forgets, when excited in debate, that pulpit cushions are expensive articles. Visits all his people once a month, and receives their visits whenever they choose to inflict ‘em; brings forth things “new and old” every Sunday, more particularly, new. Knows by intuition at a funeral, the state of mind every distant relative of the deceased, and always hits the right nail on the head in his prayer. When he baptizes a girl baby, never afflicts the anxious mother by pronouncing Louisa, Louzy! frowns upon all attempts to get him a new cloak, looks upon “bronchitis throat complaints,” and “journeys to Europe,” as modern humbugs; never wears a better coat than any of his parishioners. Submits his private personal expenses to a committee of the greatest dunderheads in his congregation; has the eloquence of Paul—the wisdom of Solomon—the patience of Job—the meekness of Moses—the constitution of an elephant—and—lives on 200 dollars a year!

A WORD TO LITTLE GIRLS.

Who is lovely? It is the girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles as she passes along; who has a kind of sympathy for every boy or girl she meets, and a kind heart to help her companions out of difficulty; who never scolds, never teases, nor seeks in any way to diminish, but to increase, their happiness. Would it please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, or other precious stones, as you pass along the street? But these are precious stones which can never be lost. Sympathise with those in trouble.—Strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy. If you do this, you will be sure to be beloved.

Superstition is but the fear and belief; religion is the confidence.

Incidents of the War.

CAPTURE OF KERTCH AND YENIKALE.

It will not be in my power to do more than announce the complete success of the expedition to the present date, and the reduction of the forts and flight of the garrison, without loss on our side. For some time back it was believed that General Canrobert had incurred the serious displeasure of his imperial master for the check given to the first expedition, which was laid to his door, and it was understood that General Pelissier would inaugurate his command by some very decisive coup. On Monday the principal officers received orders to hold themselves in readiness to embark on Tuesday, and it was no longer doubtful that an expedition was preparing against Kertch and against the Russians in the Sea of Azoff. The command of the British contingent was conferred as before on Sir George Brown. It was intended that 4th Dragoon Guards and 10th Hussars should accompany the troops, but the Lieutenant-General did not think it advisable to take so many cavalry, and accordingly only 50 Hussars of the 8th Royal Irish were detached for vidette and orderly duties. The troops consisted of the 42d, 71st, and 93 Regiments, and a portion of 76th Regiment. It is said that the flank companies of the Guards are with the expedition, but I certainly have failed to discover the bearskins or white epaulettes on board any of the ships. They were, however, ordered to hold themselves in readiness when I embarked.—Major Barker was placed in command of the artillery, and 5,000 Turks were put on board our ship at Kamiesch, together with a great quantity of trenching tools. It is not unlikely that the Turks will entrench themselves in Kertch, and that a number of our smaller men-of-war will be left to cover them. No one ever doubted of the success of the expedition for a moment, and the greatest anxiety was evinced to get attached to it some way or other though it was known our troops before Sebastopol would be very likely to make a forward movement in a day or two towards the Tchernaya.

On Tuesday evening (22nd) the *Gladiator*, *Stromboil*, *Sidon*, *Volorous*, *Oderon* and *Arden* came around and anchored off the harbour of Balaklava, and the *Warcloud* sailing transport, with a party of the 8th Royal Irish, under the command of Lieut. Colonel de Salis, and several others, hauled outside, where they remained till Wednesday morning. Several of the men-of-war went away to the eastward in the course of the night. The *Bahiana* (Capt. Greene), with Dr Alexander, principal medical officer in charge of the expedition, Captain Hassard, R. E., Lieut. Anderson, R. E., Mr Fenton, the photographic artist, Mr Cockburn, medical staff, the Rev. Mr Butler (brother to the Butlers who fell at Silistria and Inkermann), chaplain to the expedition, &c., went out at 6 o'clock on Wednesday morning, and was followed by the *Hope*, (Captain Bowen,) with the officers of the commissariat staff, Mr Drake, Assistant-Commissary-General, &c. The *Trent*, Captain Ponsonby, with mules, &c.; the *Whitby Park*, the *London*, the *Mariner*, the *William Jackson*, sailing transports, formed portions of the vessels. Commander Rosecombe was in charge, and Lieutenant Geary second in command of the transports of the expedition. The *Caradoc*, Commander Derriman, left later in the day, and gave a kindly tow to the *Royal Yacht Squadron Cutter Stella* as far as Cape Elken Kaya, where she was cast off with a light beeting breeze.—Lord Ward's steam yacht *London* weighed anchor still later, and ran from Balaklava to the eastward about noon, but her speed soon enabled her to make up for lost time. The masters of the merchantmen received a sealed rendezvous from Captain Heath, which was to be opened only in case they parted company or could not find the fleet. It was the same as on the last occasion—namely, lat. 45 deg 54 min, long. 36 deg 28 min. As we started out past Cape Aia, we saw a group of Cossacks perched on the stupendous cliff about us, looking down at the flotilla.

There was not much to note on the voyage and whatever did occur must be reserved for the present, as I have neither time nor a favorable opportunity for describing it. The day was most favourable, the sea as smooth as a mirror. The general rendezvous was fixed at 3 A. M., on Thursday morning the 24th, or orders were given that if vessels were too late to reach it by that time they were to make for the straits of Kertch. We were unfortunate enough not to arrive in time, and the Captain, seeing that it would be useless to make for the rendezvous, steered right for the Straits. We approached Cape Takli, which marks the western extremity of the land at the straits. At half-past 10 o'clock a thick black smoke was visible, floating in the horizon towards the northward, sufficiently indicating the position of the fleet. As the vessel proceeded on her course, passing through the straits, which was about seven and a half or eight miles broad at the entrance, a group of people could be made out in the balcony of the lighthouse at Cape Takli, and a few wandering Cossacks were galloping through the meadows half concealed by the rich rank grass. A few

poor houses were scattered here and there over the expansive of rich green, which was freshened into extreme verdure and intensity of colouring by the salt marshes, which penetrated the sea bank of clay, and ran into the sea from the level land behind. The tops of the land which intersect the level land on the western side of the straits are covered with tumuli, large and small—most of them very sharp and well defined.

On approaching Kara Burnu it was evident that our vessels were engaged with the forts and earthworks at Pavlovskaya, which guards the entrance to Kertch and Yenikale. Frequent puffs of white smoke, followed by faint echoes and booming reports, which rolled heavily along the shore, told us that the contest was tolerably smart. But it certainly did not last very long, for at 1-40 a huge pillar of white smoke rushed up towards the skies, opened out like a gigantic balloon, and then a roar like the first burst of a thunderstorm told us that a magazine had blown up. The action grew slacker, the firing less frequent. At 2.15 another loud explosion took place, and a prodigious quantity of earth was thrown up into the air along with the smoke. A third magazine was blown up at 2.35 a tremendous explosion, which seemed to shake the sea and air, took place about 3 o'clock and at 3.30 three several columns of smoke blending in one, and as many explosions, the echoes of which roared and thundered away together, announced that the Russians were beaten from their guns, and that they were destroying their magazines. They could be seen retreating, some over the hills behind Kertch, others behind Yenikale. The allied troops commenced disembarking at once, and the boats of the fleet were ordered out and landed them on the beach between the Salt Lake, North of Cape Kamuch Burnu, and the cliff of Ambalaki, a hamlet on the hill-side in the little bay between Kamuch and Pavlovskaya Battery. The heavy steamers lay outside. The transports were anchored off the Salt Lake to the south, and the gunboats and lighter steamers lay off the smoking ruins of the Russian earthworks. As we passed slowly through the fleet I could make out the *Royal Albert*, the *Princess Royal*, the *Agamemnon*, the *Algiers*, the *St. Jean d'Acre*, the *Hannibal*, the *Malacca*, the *Terrible*, the *Sidon*, the *Highflyer*, the *Tribune*, the *Vesuvius*, the *Medina*, the *Beagle*, the *Viper*, &c. The transports *Trent*, *Euroda*, *Warcloud*, *Bahiana*, *St. Hilda*, *Mariner*, *William Jackson*, &c. The French men-of-war *Napoleon*, *Montebello*, *Phlegeton*, *Primauguet*, *Pomone*, *Mogador*, *Asmodee*, *Caffarelli*, *Ulloa*, *Roland*, *Berthollet*, *Caliope* &c. Sir E. Lyons and Admiral Stewart were on board the *Vesuvius*, and Sir Geo. Brown, after seeing the troops landed, went on board and held a conference with them. As we anchored a most exciting scene was taking place towards the westward. One of the enemy's steamers had run out of the Bay of Kertch, which was concealed from our view by the headland on which Pavlovskaya and the battery of Cape Burnu, are situated, and was running as hard as she could from the Straits of Yenikale. She was a low schooner rigged craft, like a man-of-war, and for a long time it was uncertain whether she was a government vessel or not. The gunboat dashed after her across the shallows, and just as she passed the cape, two Russian merchantmen slipped out and made towards Yenikale also. At the same moment a fine roony schooner came bowling down with a fair breeze from Yenikale, evidently intending to aid her consort and despising very likely the little antagonist which pursued her. The gunboat flew on and passed the first merchantmen, at which she fired a shot by way of making her bring to. The forts at Kertch instantly opened and shot after shot splashed up the water near the gunboat, which still kept intrepidly on her way. As the man-of-war schooner bowled down towards the Russian steamer, the latter gained courage, slackened her speed, and lay-to, as if to engage her enemy. A sheet of flame and smoke rushed from the gunboat's side, and her shot flying over the Russian tossed up a pillar of water far beyond her. Alarmed at this taste of the opponent's quality and by the sudden intimation of her tremendous armament, the Russian at once took to flight, and the schooner wore and bore away for Yenikale again with the gunboat after both of them. Off the narrow straits between Yenikale and the sandbank, which runs across from the opposite land, a great number of gunboats and small crafts were visible, and as the English gunboat ran up towards them a Russian battery opened on her from the spit on which the town is situate. One of her consorts, however, which had followed her early in the chase, was now close at hand, and the gunboats dashed at their enemies, which tacked, wore, and ran in all directions, while the gunboats chased them as a couple of hawks would harry a flock of larks. The action with the forts became very sharp, and the Russian forts on the sandbank began to take part in the unequal contest. Sir Edmund Lyons, however, soon sent off the light steamers and disposable gunboats to reinforce the two hardy little fellows, and the French steamers also rushed up to the rescue. The batteries on the sandbank were not silenced without some trouble, but at last they blew up their magazines, and the fort at Yenikale followed their example. The gunboats kept up a running fight along the coast till it was dark.—At about half past 6 o'clock the batteries in the

Bay of Kertch ceased firing, the Russians blew up their works and abandoned the town. Dark pillars of smoke, tinged at the base with flame, began to shoot up all over the hill sides.—Some of them rose from the government houses and stores of Ambalaki, where we landed, which were set on fire; others from isolated houses further inland; others from stores which the retreating Russians must have destroyed in their flight. Constant explosions shook the air, and single guns sounded here and there continuously throughout the night. Here a ship lay blazing on a sandbank on the left; a farm-house in flames lighted up the sky on the right, and obscured the pale moon with volumes of inky smoke.

All the troops whose services were required were landed at Ambalaki ere dusk, and bivouacked on the ridge about it. Each of our men landed with two days' provisions, but without rum; some of them carried their tents. A small body of Russian cavalry, with two guns, made a reconnaissance of them, for a considerable distance, ere evening, but did not attempt to interfere with their proceedings, and the men set to work to enjoy themselves in Abalaki and its neighbourhood as well they could. The French had, however, nearly all the fun to themselves, and our men, as they came down for water to the brackish springs by the sea shore, grumbled audibly at the precautions which seemed taken for the express purpose of securing everything to the French and Turks. The bulk of the inhabitants had fled, but a few Tartars gave themselves up and received protection. A respectable Russian family, in a very comfortable home a little way from the sea, seemed inclined to follow the same course at the first but terrified probably by the fires around them, they left ere night set in. The enemy did not show in our neighbourhood, and it was reported that all their troops had abandoned both Kertch and Yenikale, and had marched towards the interior. Our cavalry pickets and vedettes were not, I believe, disturbed till morning, nor could they see anything of the enemy, who had evidently been disheartened, and had retreated with much precipitation.—As there was nothing to be done at sea, the ships being brought to anchor far south of the scene of action with the gunboats, which still continued, it was resolved to pay a visit to the uninteresting land in our vicinity, and to land at the nearest spot, which was about one mile and a half or two miles from Pavlovskaya Battery. A row of half a mile brought us from our anchorage where the ship laid, in three fathoms, to a beautiful shelving beach, which was exposed however, only for a few yards, as the rich sward grew close to the brink of the tideless sea. The water at the shore, unaffected by the current, was clear, and it was evident that it abounded in fish. The land rose abruptly, at the distance of 200 yards from the beach, to a ridge parallel to the line of the sea, about 100 feet in height, and the interval between the shore and the ridge was dotted with houses, in patches here and there, through which the French were already running riot, charging down the hill, breaking in doors, pursuing hens, smashing windows—in fact, “plundering,” in which they were assisted by all of our men who could get away. Towards the Salt Lake some large houses were already in flames, and the store-houses were blazing fiercely in the last throes of fire. On the ridge above the figures of the French and English soldiers, moving about against the horizon, stood sharply out, lighted up by the rays of the setting sun. The Highlanders, in little parties, sought about for water, or took a stray peep after a “bit keepsake” in the houses on their way to the wells, but the French were ever before them, and great was the grumbling at the comparative license allowed to our allies. The houses were clean outside and in—whitewashed neatly, and provided with small well glazed windows, which were barely adequate, however, to light up the two rooms of which each dwelling consisted, but the heavy sour smell inside was most oppressive and disagreeable; it seemed to proceed from the bags of black bread and vessels of fish oil which were found in every cabin. Each dwelling had outhouses, stables for cattle, pens, bakeries, and rude agricultural implements outside. The ploughs were admirable described by Virgil, and a reference to Adams Antiquities will save me a world of trouble in satisfying the curiosity of the farming interest at home. The furniture was all smashed to pieces; the hens and ducks, captives to the bow and spear of the Gual, were cackling and quacking piteously as they were carried off in bundles from their homes by Zouaves and Chasseurs. Every house was entered was ransacked, and every cupboard had a pair of red breeches sticking out of it, and a blue coat inside of it. Vessels of stinking oil, bags of sour bread, casks of flour or ham, wretched clothing, old boots, beds ripped up for treasure, the hideous pictures of saints on panelling or paper which adorn every cottage, with lamps suspended before them, were lying on the floors. Droles dressed themselves in faded pieces of calico dresses or aged finery, lying purdu in old drawers, and danced about the gardens. One house, which had been occupied as a guardhouse, and was marked on a board over the door “No. 7 Kardofe,” was a scene of especial confusion. Its inmates had evidently fled in great disorder, for their great coats and uniform jackets still lay on the floors, and