

bags of the black bread filled every corner, as well as an incredible quantity of old boots.

A French soldier, who in his indignation at not finding anything of value, had with great wrath devastated the scanty and nasty-looking furniture, was informing his comrades outside of the atrocities which had been committed, and added, with the most amusing air of virtue in the world, "Ah Messieurs Messieurs! ces brigands, ils ont volés, tout!" No doubt he had settled honorably with the proprietor for a large bundle of living poultry which hung panting over his shoulders, and which were offered to us on very reasonable terms. Notwithstanding the great richness of the land, little had been done by man to avail himself of its productiveness. I never in my life saw such quantities of weeds or productions or such inexorable ferocity towards pantaloons, or such excentric flowers of such huge dimensions, as the ground outside these cottages bore. The inhabitants were evidently grazers rather than agriculturist. Around every house were piles of a substance like peat, which is made, we were informed, from the dung of cattle, and is used as fuel. The cattle, however, had been all driven away. None were taken that I saw, though the quantity must have been very great which fed in the fields around. Poultry and ducks were, however, captured in abundance, and a party of Chasseurs, who had taken a huge wild-looking boar, were in high delight at their fortune, and soon despatched and cut him up into junks with their swords. There were some 30 or 40 houses scattered about the ridge, but all were pretty much alike. The smell was equally disagreeable in all, in spite of whitewash, and we were glad to return from a place which a soldier of the 71st said "A Glasgae beggar wad na tak a gift of."

Friday Morning.

The French moved off from the bivouac at 6 o'clock this morning, but their advanced guard started some hours earlier. They took the road towards Kertch, going to the northward, and not following the sea coast line. Our troops, consisting of the 42nd, 79th, 93rd, and 71st Regiments, Barker's battery, and 50 of the 8th Hussars, under Lieutenant Colonel de Salis, them on the right in the same direction, and the Turks seemed to form the rear and left of the line. Sir George Brown commanded our contingent. The main body of the fleet remained at anchor off Ambalaki but the gunboats were busy from day-break in chasing various Russian craft over the flats about Yenikale, and in silencing the batteries built on a sand-bank running out from the mainland of Taman, on the east, towards the Cape of Ak Burnu. In this object they succeeded completely, for not a shot has been heard since a quarter past 10 o'clock up to this moment (11.25) at which I am writing. The Admiral is on board the Bansee, waiting impatiently for the intimation from Sir George Brown that the troops are in Kertch and Yenikale, and that the light vessels are to advance; and the Highflyer has been sent forward half-way to Ak Burnu apparently as a repeating ship. Several prizes have been towed down alongside us, but they are only small 50 or 70 ton schooners. One large vessel north of the Joujnaya Bank has been burning all night. The shore batteries are silent, and from one great explosion which took place about half-past 10 o'clock A. M. on the bank, it may be inferred that the Russians have abandoned them, and blown up their magazines. There is no sign of an enemy in any direction now. All the small gunboats and trading vessels between Kertch and Yenikale must become prizes to the gunboats, for there is not a breath of wind, and the day is intensely hot. It is probable that the Russian steamers may have succeeded in towing some of the merchantmen into the Sea of Azoff while our gunboats were threading their way and sounding over the banks. The men will, I fear, suffer intensely from thirst on their march, as water is neither good nor abundant on the route, and they have no rum. In consequence of the rapidity of their march the spirits could not be landed in time, and the commissary officers were ordered to remain on board the Hope till Sir Edmund Lyons received intelligence from Sir George Brown that the squadron might advance to Kertch. All the water in the soldiers canteens must be brackish and unwholesome. In this brief preliminary account of the expedition there will be found nothing more than a record of appearances, for up to the present time I have had no opportunity of knowing what really took place, and had no communication with any one who was engaged with the enemy. It is probable I may be able to furnish some particulars ere the post is despatched from the fleet.

Sir Edmund Lyons has just weighed in the Bansee, and is standing towards Kertch. The greater number of the men-of-war steamers are following him. There can be no doubt but that the allies are in Kertch; Yenikale will soon share the same fate. The official despatches will not only anticipate this meagre letter, but will in all probability contain much more exact and interesting intelligence. The large vessels and line-of-battle ships remain anchored off Ambalaki.

The columns of the allied troops are now

visible advancing over the hill on which Yenikale is situated. Kertch has therefore fallen without a blow. We are now masters of the Sea of Azoff, and Anapa and Tagarong must fall when we please. The garrison of Sebastopol is deprived of the chief source of its supplies, and the army of Asia and of the Caucasus can no longer send its reinforcements or provisions by way of the Sea of Azoff. All the light vessels have pushed on into the Sea of Azoff. The troops are now encamping outside Yenikale. Kertch is almost untouched. It is a very fine looking place from the sea. The Austrian flag is flying in front of one of the principal rows of building visible from the sea. The completeness of our victory is more and more apparent every moment. As we passed Pavlovskay and the battery at Cape Ak Burnu, we could observe a considerable number of large guns still in position, and they, as well as the guns of the Kertch and Yenikale batteries, are in our hands.—The boats of the fleet are busy all along the coast. The loss on our side is said to be very insignificant but up to this moment (3 o'clock) we have held no communication with any of the ships. Times' Correspondent.

Communications.

RANDOM RHYMES.

BY A POETASTER.

Respectfully dedicated to the worshipful Sister and Brotherhood of mischief makers, scandal mongers, and anonymous letter writers.

Come all ye scandal-mongers,
Ye mischief making crew,
List to me and I'll tell you
Strange stories of a few.

Good dames of our village—
A misnomer some may say—
But remember I don't vouch for
The scenes I would pourtray,

They are current in your village,
And I have little doubt
That each, when shown the picture
Their likeness can find out.

When woman stoops to folly,
She's up to every trick;
And her endless artful dodges,
Can check mate e'en old Nick.

But Ladies all, I pray you,
Who may chance these lines to scan
Think not I'd seek to place you,
All under this dark ban.

I am no woman hater,
Or old bachelor forlorn;
The love of Eve's fair daughters,
Is with me a thing inborn.

Forlorn indeed is that man,
Who has no helpmate fair,
When he can all confide to,
And unburthen every care.

But woe to that poor mortal,
Whom fate to one hath bound,
Such as he'd wish were safely laid
Some ten feet under ground.

The Lords of the creation
Are bad enough I own,
But one vixen in a village
Can turn it up side down.

That the best fruit's always peck'd at,
Is an adage which such dames,
To make true to the letter
Will take the greatest pains.

And if they fear to speak out,
They have a cunning way
To wound by insinuation—
And if a word you say.

They straight way to your neighbour
Pop in with look so shrewd,
They'll scarce sit down for asking,
And hope they don't intrude.

Then after some few questions
As to children's health and crops,
The news, as if by magic,
Just on the tapis drops.

And then the insinuation
Is shily brought about,
But ere the mischief maker
The secret will let out.

She the neighbour strictly charges,
On no account to tell,
The sad mishap which she's just heard
Poor Mrs. A. befell.

'Twas told as a great secret,
By Mrs. P. from whom
She has it as a fact—of course
And has that moment come.

From house to house she posts thus,
Like a fiend let loose from hell,
On a mischief making mission,
To all around to tell.

(To be continued.)

COUNTY RESTIGOUCHE.

To the Editor of the Gleaner,

Dear Sir,—Your remarks in the Gleaner of the 23rd June, touching "so many letters from the quarter relating to the actions of certain men in office," and declining to publish some of the communications sent you, half deters me in sending you any more. But when I remind you and your patrons that this is a border county, and the ultima thule of the Province of New Brunswick, where the laws of might prevail to a great extent over that of right; and like all border counties governed and swayed by one or two chieftains, that you cannot be surprised if curiosities and cunning artifices existed, to an almost unbounded extent. And, if you will be forced to exclaim, that the half was not told you by any correspondent: exposure, at present being their only remedy. This leads me to chronicle an event which has lately taken place here, in the capture of an extraordinary fine Salmon by our Restigouche chieftain, and made off with it to Fredericton. And to the honor of the country be it told, it was none of your small fry; but one of the leading fish; a right down genuine whopper.—And from the nonsense published in the Gleaner about that "Normandy horse" which has apparently exploded the idea of our ex-member's presenting himself in full bloom at the Paris exhibition as one of the model sions of New Brunswick, he has with

Praise-worthy exertion ALBOUNE-HEUR,
Done up this fine fish,
As neat's one could wish,
With vinegar and spice,
And with manners most nice,
Present to the LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

Not as a peace offering, nor yet a sin offering; but as an introductory offering preparatory to an event which he thinks must surely take place; that is, if unsuccessful in regaining his seat in the house of Commons, that he must be called to the house of Lords, no doubt, under and by the title of the Lord of the big fish, by way of distinguishing him. But let not our Lieut. Governor take this great offering as a specimen of Restigouche hospitality, as in this he might be disappointed. And should he take a tower to this quarter, and be waited upon by this great man, with an address of welcome, or inviting him to a public dinner, all of which he prides in leaving off in "with all that sort of things." I say, let his Excellency take care that all bills are paid, lest some public-house-keeper might suffer by his visit, and he two years afterwards denied, as has been the case with his predecessor.

Yours, &c., PELEZ.
Restigouche, 4th July, 1855.

Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1855.

TERMS.—New subscribers Twelve Shillings and Six Pence, per annum, in all cases in advance. Old subscribers 12s. 6d. in advance, or 17s. 6d. at the end of the year. We prefer the advance price, and as it effects a large saving, we hope soon to see all our subscribers avail themselves of it.

CENTRAL BANK AGENCY, CHATHAM.

Discount days TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS. Hours for business from 10 to 3 o'clock. Notes for Discount to be lodged at the Bank before 3 o'clock, on the days immediately preceding the discount day.

This Paper is filed, and may be seen free of charge, at Holloway's Pill and Ointment Establishment, 244, Strand, London, where Advertisements and Subscriptions will be received for this Periodical.

SEA OF AZOFF.

The following description of this Sea is taken from Galigiani's Paris Journal:

"The port of Berdianski, where the Russian steamers were lying, is situated a little beyond the Crimean peninsula, and belongs to the continental government of Taurida, at the extreme south eastern limit of which it lies. The town is of recent construction, and contains about 4,000 inhabitants. After having visited that place, the squadron descended the Bay of Arabat, at which on the one side, and at the Bay of Kaffa, on the other, the secondary peninsula of Kertch commences. The fort of Arabat, is it appears, in a tolerably good state of defence. It was taken by assault in 1768 by the troops of Prince Delgorouki, and was then completely repaired by the Russians. The country is deserted and barren, as is the whole of the peninsula of Kertch, which consists of a plain strongly impregnated with salt. To escape from the monotony of such a scene, it is necessary to reach the opposite coast, where Kaffa is situated. From the fort of Arabat starts that narrow strip of land, known by the name of the Tongue of Arabat, which, running to the north, separates the Sea of Azoff from the Putrid sea.—This tongue of land, about seventy miles in length, is composed of a very sandy soil, and in some places is not above 460 yards in width.—It is the road generally followed by carriers bringing provisions and merchandise from Lesser Russia to the eastern part of the Crimea. The Tongue of Arabat is not, however, really joined to the continent; it is separated from it by a narrow pass, called the Strait of Jenitchi, which forms the communication between the Sea of Azoff and the Putrid Sea. The traders cross in a ferry boat this pass, which is only three feet in depth, and about 100 yards wide, and then follows the tongue is land as far as the fort of Arabat. In summer this pass is almost dry, and may be passed on foot. The Russian troops have several times taken this road to turn the lines to Perekop, and penetrate into the Crimea, but this operation, always difficult and even imprudent, could not be undertaken unless the Russians were in full possession of

the Sea of Azoff. The Putrid Sea is only a gulf of that sea; and, according to the direction of the winds, its waters overflow, or retire by the Strait of Jenitchi. When they are low, they exhale the most fetid odour, which has caused this great lake to acquire its ill-omened name of the Putrid Sea. At present, in consequence of the late successes, the command of all these Districts must be considered as virtually in the hands of the allies."

The following additional intelligence is copied from the Vienna Wanderer:

"As soon as the allies have firmly established themselves in Kertch, Arabat and Theodosia will probably become points of operation, as both lie exposed to simultaneous attacks by land and by sea. The distance of these two points from each other is somewhat over four German miles (about eighteen English), while the tongue of land lying between Arabat and the southern coast does not exceed three German miles (about thirteen English) in width.

"The communication between Arabat and Genitchi—the narrow tongue of land which runs up from Arabat to the north coast of the Sea of Azoff, skirting the Putrid Sea—can easily be stopped without the assistance of any land forces, and for this purpose a couple of ships would be amply sufficient; and it is a question whether the Black Sea Fleet does not possess a sufficient number of gun boats and light vessels to enable the allies to advance up the Putrid Sea as far as Perekop, and cut off all connection between the Crimea and the main land.

"A great number of roads have different directions, stretch from Kertch and Yenikale—some leading to the south, some to Simpheropol and Sebastopol, and some to Eupatoria and Perekop; but the most important of them all is the one which passes over Karasu Bazar, and connects Theodosia with Simpheropol. This road is the best kept, and passes through the finest districts, skirting the north of the Taurian mountains. Should the allies be successful in passing victoriously along this road, as seems to be their plan, the Russian forces will find themselves shut up between two armies, with no line of retreat open to them but that which was followed by the allies in the first advance into the Crimea. The importance, in such a case, of the position of Eupatoria is at once evident to all.

"The distance between Simpheropol and Sebastopol, with Bagtcheseraï in the middle, is between eight and nine German miles (about twenty-nine English miles); and in this district, most probably, a great battle will take place, for the retreat from Kertch is a sufficient proof that the Russians do not feel themselves sufficiently strong to divide the forces which concentrated there, in order to meet an advancing foe. All these ideas are based upon the assumption that the allies have a sufficiently strong cavalry corps, and that baggage trains and field artillery are ready at command; for, as the expedition moves further from the coast, they can no more count upon the support of the ships, and the force employed must not number less than from 30,000 to 50,000 men."

EUROPEAN NEWS.

It will be seen by our telegraph despatch, that the Steamer America arrived at Halifax on the afternoon of Wednesday, and as the Courier leaves at 6 o'clock in the morning, we will not receive our mail until Sunday.

The news from the seat of war is to the 20th June, and for the first time since the Allies set foot in the Crimea, we learn they have been unsuccessful. It appears from telegraph despatches from Lord Ragland and General Pelesier, that on the 17th, the British made an attempt to storm the Redan, and the French the Malakoff Tower, where, after a desperate encounter in which there was a great sacrifice of human life, they were compelled to retreat.—This was effected without any molestation from the enemy. The intelligence received is very brief, being but telegraph despatches, we therefore cannot be put into possession of details until the arrival of another mail. We see no cause, however, for despondency: we cannot expect that victory will constantly crown our arms; that we should be successful in all our exploits. This has never been the case. How many reverses did Wellington sustain before he captured Burges, Pampeluna, and St. Sebastian—but they ultimately surrendered to British courage and perseverance—so will it be with Sebastopol. We may be beaten back again and again, but that victory will at last crown the efforts of our brave troops and their allies, we have the fullest assurance, despite the wining and despondency of the croakers. It may be a work of time, but we should not be surprised at any time to hear of its capture.

In another page will be found some further intelligence received by the Baltic at New York.