

of the infuriated Kerryman. This, however was no easy task; but by endorsing his declaration of being able to beat ten Frenchmen any day, I finally reduced the storm, and sent him on his way to the outskirts of the town.

## LETTER FROM A FRENCH SOLDIER.

Dear Parents,—Since I write, you see I am not killed. I have been slightly mangled, for when my regiment mounted the assault I was in one of the three companies that blazed away for upwards of two hours on a gang of Russians who obstinately defended a mortar battery. We were all the while over a mine, and did not know it. At last the devils set fire to the mine and blew us up. Several of us and I among them went up eight or ten feet into the air, and when we came down again some 200 men found themselves up to their middle in the earth. I found myself buried under eight or ten men who fortunately were not much hurt, otherwise I should not have been able to get out; but I forced my way to the upper air, and found that I had merely a contusion on the left shoulder, and another on the right arm. You see it is nothing since I can do my duty and write; but it will be carried to the account of my services in the regimental books.—Well at last we have taken this Sebastopol, so much desired. It has cost us dear, but I promise you we have paid off the Russians well. We did as we liked with them, and if any one among us did not kill his four men, it is because he did not choose to do so. You should see how they ran away in closely packed masses, and did not dare to look behind them. We knocked them about with our butts, with our bayonets, and kicked them besides, till we were so tired that we did not know which way to have them. We have been down into the town; it is handsome. We have seen the theatre, the cafe, and all the storehouses, and we have bought some fowls and cabbages wonderfully cheap. The shops were all open, and there were no shopkeepers, so you may guess how cheap we bought our poultry. This is enough for today: I will tell you more in another letter. Thank God for having preserved and protected me! I embrace you with all my heart.—Your son—

## A DELUGE OF SHOT.

The French, says a Sebastopol letter, are amusing themselves by laying down on the footpaths of the ravines leading to Sebastopol, the shot and shell which have fallen in those parts. The shot varies from sixteen to thirty-two pounds, and the shell from a six to a fifteen inch bore. There are literally, hundreds of thousands of round shot and unexploded shells in the ravines near the town and the defences, and splinters of shells abound in all directions. A favourite expression of the English and French soldiers is, 'If we had only one tenth of the value of those shot and shell we should have plenty to live on for the rest of our lives.'

## THE ATTACK ON THE REDAN.

For two mortal hours, says a Crimean writer, the men remained on the parapet, penetrated twice into the interior, to be massacred needlessly in detail, but no efforts of the officers could induce them to go forward and ring themselves on the enemy en masse, because the soldiers were not men, but mere boys just came out, without either physical strength or moral pluck, or discipline to make up for the want of them. At last the Russians threw stones over at them; those who were struck fell into the ditch, which was filled with their comrades; one man knocked another down, and at last they were all struggling and writhing at the bottom in terrible disorder. An officer, who was on the glacis at this moment, states that he could compare the scene to nothing but 'a mass of worms wriggling on a plate.'

## NARROW ESCAPE OF AN OFFICER BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

The following extract from a letter of Lieutenant Frederick Jebb, of the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, to one of his relatives, we (Derbyshire Courier) are permitted to present to our readers:

I had charge of 100 men. We were detached off the support, and were reckoning on having a quiet night of it in the rear; but the Russians would keep yelling and firing so much at the working party, that it was thought they were meditating a determined attack. The 97th lost three officers and about thirty men. We only lost five men. I mean by lost, put hors de combat. \* \* \* We were not relieved at all, and had to remain a second night in the front parallel—hungry, very dirty, and tired. About one a. m. that night we were all seated down—that is, ten officers of the 23rd—on the banquetta looking very mean, and talking over our hard fate. The grog was just coming round. I had drunk mine, and B— was just giving me some of his, when a round shot struck the parapet in the rear of B—, pushing him off the banquetta and burying him. I was shot forward several yards from the parapet, after having received a lot of grog in my face. I picked myself up, and found that I was all right, except a scratch on the wrist. We then proceeded to unbury B—, who was rather stunned by the blow. He managed to

walk home, and is returned slightly wounded. I might have been similarly returned some time ago, but I did not receive my wound in my proper place. I was running about the unfinished most advanced work, with the white cap cover and the red tunic on, which brought on me a double cross fire from the Redan and Round Tower. I found it no easy task to dodge the balls. One from the Redan grazed my forehead—just above my left eye. I heard it coming, and fell down, but not quite quick enough. It was nothing at all, for it only took about three quarters of an inch of skin off. Just before being relieved (Saturday, Sept. 1st) I had a most providential escape from being shot right through the heart. I was standing on the banquetta of the 5th parallel, watching the enemy through my glass conveying cartloads of something into Sebastopol across their new floating bridge. Our men were sharpshooting on both sides of me, so that it was difficult to hear a bullet coming. Suddenly something (I thought it was a stone) struck me right in the centre of the left breast. I staggered a little. There were several officers near me who heard it strike me, and saw the hole in my tunic, about two inches from the centre on the left of my body. They exclaimed, 'Poor fellow! he is shot right through the heart.' They could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw me carefully getting down from the banquetta, instead of tumbling backwards and breaking my neck. The first words I said were, 'Thank God it has not touched my lungs.' On looking down I found the ball had passed through the tunic in the side, and again through the sleeve just under my arm. I fancied the ball had gone through my breast, and had come out through my ribs. Judge of my astonishment, and that of every one else, when, on opening my tunic and shirt, no hole was to be found in my body, nor even a trace of blood. The only way I can account for it is, that I was leaning on my left arm which hardened the muscles of the chest, and thus caused the ball to turn. The part where the ball struck is rather painful, but the skin is not scratched. When the ball struck me it made a noise as if it had hit a board. Every one who has seen my coat and shirt declares that my escape was marvellous. It seems to me like an act of a special providence. How thankful I ought to be to the Almighty for so wonderful an escape!

## THE ZOUAVE AND HIS CAT.

The Gazette de Lyon, of the 19th, states among the numerous wounded soldiers just arrived there, a soldier of the second Zouaves excited particular attention. He was dressed in a republican hat with a plume, a frock-coat buttoned up to the chin, and with him a cat minus one leg. It appears that he was performing a character at the French theatre before Sebastopol when the drum beat to arms. Without having time to doff his theatrical costume, he was soon in the trenches, where he lost one arm from the splinter of a shell, and had his right ear carried away by a musket-ball, his cat, which remained during the engagement on his shoulder, losing its paw at the same time. Even in the hospital he would never part from his cat, which has come with him to France, where the Zouave figures in the same dress that he wore when the alarm was given.

## A FOUR-FOOTED CRIMEAN HERO.

The Trieste Journal contains the following:—Great sensation was created in the camp of the allies by the courageous conduct of a large dog, belonging to Colonel Metmain, of the 73rd Regiment of French infantry. On the 16th of August, during the battle of the Tchernaya, the animal broke his chain and dashed into the fury of the fray, fighting in the ranks of the soldiers. He saved the life of a serjeant and a private of the regiment, and made three Russian prisoners. A ball grazed his four-paw, but the smarting wound only served to make him more infuriated. He singled out a Russian officer, and attacked him with ferocity, threw him down, and dragged him as a prisoner to the French lines. A surgeon dressed his wound, and the four-footed hero is going on well. He will probably be decorated with a medal as a reward for his bravery.

## VULTURES IN THE CRIMEA.

A letter from the Crimea tells the following tale:—Vultures are very numerous in the Crimea. They smell the powder and await the coming of the fight to throw themselves on their victims. After one of the recent combats, an English officer was found on the battle field, who had just expired, pressing in both arms one of these birds of prey, dead like himself, and which he had crushed in a last effort of agony.

## THE CRIMEA A GOLD COUNTRY.

Dr. F. Maynard's from Paris to Sebastopol has the following:—If England and France were to take possession of the whole of the Crimea, and wished, without keeping up an army of occupation at a vast expense, to prevent Russia from ever re-establishing her power, they have only to decree that henceforth the Crimea should be an independent State, self-governed; and to attract thither, in less than a year, as many millions of in-

habitants as could be lodged on the soil, it would be sufficient for them to declare the ports free, and to plant on the Tchatir Dagh a banner inviting the gold seekers of every nation to come and search its sides. In the rocks of the Tchatir, the Dimirdgi, Sinab, and Aluehta, there is enough to pay the expenses of a war, if it lasted a century. Perhaps my readers may feel astonished at making such a statement. They would be less astonished if they knew the authorities on which I rely. I do not merely appeal to geographical documents and the history of past times to prove infallibly that the gold mines of the Tchatir Dagh exist, and have been worked; I also invoke the testimony of those who, de visu de manu, have seen and touched veins of gold more abundant a thousand-fold richer than those of the Ural, and all the known mines. It suited the policy of the Czars to leave these mines unworked, and to efface the recollection of them as far as possible. If they were worked by free men, that would have attracted from every corner of Europe a multitude of adventurers, men of enterprising character, on a single point of empire; it would have been kindling a conflagration which the could not have mastered. If on the other hand, serfs and prisoners were employed as miners, the Crimea was not, like the Ural so remote from Europe that the groans of the slave-martyrs could be smoothed, and they might have escaped the fangs of the despot. The Russian Government, consequently proclaims the auriferous strata of these mountains, which evidently attack the Alps to the Caucasus, to be fabulous.—The Crimea, within ten years, will become the El Dorado of the Old World.

## The Politician.

## THE BRITISH PRESS.

From Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper.  
WHO ARE THE SANTALS.

It is perhaps necessary to say a word regarding the nature of our new enemies in India. 'Who are the Santals?' is a question which, until recently, few even in India could answer. The name is familiar enough to those who have paid any attention to the condition of the aborigines of India, and much light has been thrown on the habits of the people by recent missionary researches. Thus a very elaborate description of a branch of the tribe—a branch which is not yet, we hope, implicated in the insurrection—will be found in a work lately published in London, entitled, 'India is a Field of Foreign Missions,' by Macleod Wylie, Esq. It is sufficient for our present purpose to say that the Santals, though possessing many of the characteristics of the real hill tribes, whose similarity, if not identity, as they exist throughout the country from the hills of Assam to those of Concan, is so remarkable, are still in many respects distinct from their highland neighbours.

The tribe in question, occupy rather the lower slopes of the hills themselves, and extending as they do from Bhaugulpore to Orissa, they form a sort of connecting link between the various hill tribes which occupy the higher regions of that section of the country. Thus although any direct communication between the present insurgents and the hill men of Orissa would be out of the question, yet by means of the Santals, who are common to both districts, such communication becomes easy. And to this circumstance it is that the rapid spread of the disaffection seems to be attributable. For the rest, the Santals are little better than savages; they are for the most part destitute of fire arms, but they in a measure make up for this disadvantage by their skill in the use of the bow, which they do not hesitate to render more deadly by the cruel device of poisoned arrows. Their religion is a simple and barbarous idolatry, the worship of stocks and stones without any of those mystical refinements by which the idolatry of the Hindoos is overlaid. Their mythology compared with that of the Hindoos, is almost a blank, and they have no notions of caste. Their food consists of almost anything that can be eaten, from toads and caterpillars up to tigers and horned cattle, for the flesh of kine is not forbidden to them. As to their vices, it is certain from their recent proceedings that they combine cowardice with cruelty to a remarkable degree, for they war with women and children as well as men, and, unlike the North American Indian, who prizes most a warrior's scalp, the head of a woman is to the Santal the most acceptable trophy that he can take away from the village of his enemy. But with all this it is remarkable that the Santals are distinguished for a love of truth, which exists nowhere else among the natives of India. Their numbers are said to amount to 100,000 fighting men, and if they are joined by the other tribes, the number of Vindhyan hill men capable of bearing arms against us would become formidable indeed.

## Editor's Department.

## MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1850.

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 days.

This Paper is sold, and may be seen free of charge, at Holloway's Bill and Ornament Establishment, 214, Strand, London, where Advertisements and Subscriptions will be received for this Periodical.

## COUNTY SONAVENTURE.

WE insert the following Letter of a Correspondent from this County, with much pleasure. Such communications are at all times welcome, and we shall be pleased to hear from him at any future time. The account he gives of the high state of Agricultural operations, and the prosperous condition of the rural districts of the County, are highly cheering.—We trust they will continue their avocation, and not be seduced to abandon it for the more seductive allurements of the Lumber trade, which periodically brings a host of evils on all those who are silly enough to leave their cultivated fields and transfer their labours to the woods, in the manufacture of timber and logs.

## NEW RICHMOND CATTLE SHOW.

The heartfelt pleasure and satisfaction which I experienced on Tuesday last, in the society of the worthy farmers of New Richmond, on the occasion of their Cattle Show, imposes me on a pleasing duty—that of giving publicity to the proceedings of that, to me, most interesting and agreeable day.

A nation whose citizens possessed, each in his own right, the acres they cultivate, was considered by the ancients a Nation of Kings—and justly so. Such a position makes a man independent—and in no county, is this important principle more generally developed and appreciated than in Canada. The Canadian farmer, protected by sound and wholesome laws, maintained by a paternal government, in defence of which he is ever ready to shed his blood—knows but one master—that master his rightful Sovereign. He is ashamed to be a tenant farmer but he glories in the proud possession of a few broad acres. In a word "of being Lord of all he surveys." Free from taxation, that deadly incubus, which impoverishes the agriculturists of other counties—and absolute master of the land he cultivates, his labour is sweet—he toils manfully because he knows and feels that he is working for himself, for his children; and his confidence and self-importance increase with his prosperity. He is naturally ingenious and persevering, he braves like the severity of the climate and the frowns of fortune, fearlessly and without inconvenience; he is a self-imposed hard task master; incessant laour nerves his brawny arm, which, in the hour of need would boldly wield the musquet and the sword in defence of his country. The toils of a siege are trifling compared to those he has undergone, to fell the giants of the forest, to uproot their stubborn stumps, and remove the countless stones, which first encumbered the plot of ground which now yields him a comfortable subsistence. A certain portion of his land once cleared his attention is directed to the improvement of his breed of cattle, in which he takes an honest pride. And be it remembered his wealth increases in proportion to the improvement of his stock. New Richmond has far exceeded our expectations in this respect, and the Cattle Show on Tuesday last, proves that its inhabitants are feeling alive to the advantage resulting from this important basis of true agricultural prosperity. The horned cattle exhibited were all worthy of commendation, being either pure Ayrshire or crossed with that breed, the symmetry of each proving that the owners have spared neither pains or expence to improve their stock.

The sheep, which are I believe of the Leicester breed, far exceed, as a whole, any I have seen in this Province, not only as to size and symmetry but as regards the weight and silky fineness of their fleeces.

The cheese particularly attracted my attention. I have attended Agricultural Shows in Nova Scotia and Lower Canada, but I saw no cheese, in either Province, that could be compared with that exhibited at New Richmond, either in flavor, colour, or quantity—each sample being marked for its beautiful cleanliness and shape. In fact the judges were quite at a loss amid such a collection of dainty morsels to which good dame the prize should be awarded. Such cheese would, I am confident, be eagerly sought after in the markets of any City in Canada.

The unreflecting mind sees nothing worthy