

Incidents of the War.

EXPEDITION TO THE MOUTH OF THE BUG.

The Times' special correspondent who accompanied the Kinburn expedition, furnishes the following interesting particulars of the reconnaissance of the confluence of the Bug and the Dnieper:

ears, continually saying, 'I am sure he is not dead.' The men represented the utter absurdity of such an idea; but finally overcome by her tears again departed. With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreadful half hour again came round, and found him as cold and rigid as ever. She renewed her entreaties so desperately, that the messengers began to think a little gentle force would be necessary. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will; but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such frantic strength, that they could not easily loosen her grasp. Impressed by the remarkable energy of her will, they relaxed their efforts. To all their remonstrances she answered, 'If you bury him, you shall bury me with him.' At last, by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, they obtained from her a promise that, if he showed no signs of life before they came round again, she would make no further opposition to the removal. Having gained this respite, she hung the watch up on the bed post, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed kegs of hot water about him, forced brandy between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, and held hartshorn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch: in five minutes the promised half hour would expire, and those dreadful voices would be heard, passing through the street. Hopelessness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining; her hand trembled violently; and the hartshorn she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally, the position of the head had become slightly tipped backward, and the powerful liquid flowed into his nostrils. Instantly there was a short, quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened; and when the death men came again they found him sitting up in his bed. He is still alive, and has enjoyed unusually good health.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1812.

WHEN Napoleon's army advanced on the Russian frontier, the spirit of old times lay heavily on the whole Russian nation, and its armed defenders. Napoleon's desire to bring the enemy to close quarters was fruitless. The retreat of the Russian army was the signal for the nation to fly as well. The Russian peasants had no property to leave behind. He drives his horse and cow before him into the dense forest, and, with his own hands, he builds up again the wretched cabin which becomes the prey of the flames, in which the landlord must assist him. The immense forest covered district between the Duna, the Dnieper, and the Niemen, was a favourite place of concealment from a greatly dreaded enemy.—Recollections of Russia by a German Nobleman.

A CIRCASSIAN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

CARA was the beau-ideal of an eastern warrior. Slender and not exceeding the middle stature, his strength was yet prodigious. His muscles were clearly defined, and traversed his wiry and sinewy frame like small cables. His tchouka fell gracefully over his shoulders, and his lofty crowned, martial-looking cap, gave a truly warlike expression to his bronzed and weather-beaten countenance. But if I gazed with admiration on the warlike proportions of Cara Bey, I was absolutely fascinated with the transcendent beauty of his lovely daughter. She was a little above the middle stature, and exquisitely formed. Neither the chisel of Praxiteles or Canova could ever do justice to her million graces, neither could the finest polished marble, or the whitest lily, equal the whiteness and purity of her swelling bosom. Her eyes were jet black and surpassingly lustrous, that unless they had been shaded and softened by long silken lashes, their lustre would have been too dazzling. No need was there for the touch of art to improve the graceful arch of those bewitchingly formed eyebrows; no frizzieurs art to improve the natural curl of those dark shining tresses. A thousand dimples glanced like light over her peachy cheeks, a thousand graces lurked in her enchanting smiles, and if ever an angel descended from heaven and animated the form of an earthly mortal, that mortal was Nazeek. We sat down by the pellucid fountain, and I shared my pipe with the noble minded Circassian as freely as I would my heart's blood. They gave me an account of the wrongs which oppressed their beloved country, and the stern determination of all their fellow countrymen to preserve their liberty unpaired or to perish—all, in the noble struggle. During these discussions I was astonished at the wisdom, energy, and fortitude displayed by the fascinating Nazeek. Every moment brought some noble quality to light, and the charms of her mind seemed to transcend, if possible, the marvellous charms of her person.

FROM THE LONDON BUNCH.

A Picture of Despair.—The Russian bearing his paws out of rage that he cannot lick the Allies, or the Turks, or the Circassians, or anybody else!

The Telegraph.—'Wife I don't see, for my part, how they send letters on them 'ere wires, without tartin 'em all to bits.'—'Oh, my! they don't send the paper, they just send the writin' in a fluid state.'

Saturday Oct. 20.—The French rear-admiral in one of the small gunboats, weighed early this morning, and stood up Kleron-bay with the lighter vessels of his squadron before the English admiral was aware of his intention. Our smaller gunboats started in the same direction soon after dawn, and Rear-admiral Sir Houston Stewart, having sent off his despatches to Sir Edmund Lyons, hoisted the signal for the large gunboats and steam sloops under his command to weigh anchor, and at nine o'clock, with his flag flying in the Stromboli, led the way towards the confluence of the Bug and Dnieper. He was followed by the Gladiator, Spiteful, and Triton steamers, and by the Wrangler, Snake, and Viper gunboats; and a whole shoal of gunboats, small and large—Cracker, Grinder, Clicker, Fancy, &c.—were some miles in advance, cruising, in company with the French squadron, among the intricate shoals which guard the entrances of the Dnieper.

Before we weighed in the morning a French boat left the rear admiral's ship with a large flag of truce for Oczakoff. She carried the reply of the allies to the request sent by the Russian general under a flag of truce the previous day, and informed him that the 'major general who had commanded in Kinburn 'se porte a merveille,' that forty five wounded Russians were in the French ambulances, and that the French general regretted that he could not state the names of the officers who were prisoners, but he did not state whether he was owing to any difficulties in orthography or not. As the boat neared the beach, an officer, followed by two soldiers, came from the town to meet them. One of the men bore a tremendous flag of truce—there could be no Hango mistake about it; he had a large tablecloth suspended from a long pole, under the weight of which he staggered as he walked. The boat touched the beach, and with much formal bowing and martial civilities, the missile was handed to the Russian, who retired with his tablecloth waving behind him up the hill, and was lost to sight amid the houses.

OCZAKOFF TO BE LEFT ALONE.

The weighty objects in the ruined fort of Nicolaieff are removed, and, owing to the fresh breeze or the renewed efforts of the Russians, the fire in the broken mass of stonework and timber spread, and threw out columns of white smoke this morning. The inhabitants in the town were more numerous, and ceased their attempts to carry off live stock and property. Two old priests scrambled down to the ruins of the fort, and, with their flowing robes and long beards, seemed like ancient prophets invoking maledictions—as no doubt they were—upon the fleet. Oczakoff is to be left alone; indeed we could do very little with it, as we should not be in a position to hold it against the large force which could be moved against the place, and which could not be reached by the guns of the fleet owing to the shoal water; while they could hammer away at the garrison from the commanding ridges in rear of the town. Besides, the possession of Kinburn is enough for us, and secures all the objects we have in view. Above the long low spit on which the fort stands we could see the hulls of the men-of-war high above the water on our right hand, and the high cliffs of the steppes of Cherson on our left, tapering away in the distance the promontories of the Bug. The steam squadron, anchored inside Kinburn Spit, could cross fire with the vessels in deeper water on the other side, and in order to avail ourselves of that advantage the troops are drawn inside the fort and nearer to the extremity of the Spit, so that an enemy marching to attack the position would be exposed to a terrible raking fire along the whole of this front from the fleet on both his flanks and centre. The steppe on the other side presents a uniform face of cliff, varying from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet in height towards the sea. Sometimes it is precipitous, but frequently it slopes abruptly, or is seamed by ravines and water-courses. The water is very shoal at the base of the cliffs, and occasionally there is an extensive beach of sand and sands spits beneath them, which are inhabited by a few fishermen, and are covered with wild fowl, swans, geese, ducks and cormorants.

VIEW FROM THE MAST HEAD.

The most prominent objects on the edge of this steppe, of which little can be seen from the deck of a ship, are telegraph stations, farm-houses of great extent, herds grazing, Cossacks, and windmills. On ascending to the masthead the steppe is seen to extend in vast sheets to the horizon, its monotonous level being little diversified by the few tumuli and deep water courses visible for many leagues. The quantity of cattle, of poultry, and of corn and hay in stack, is prodigious, but the farm-houses are wide apart. At intervals of four miles or so there is a village to be seen of whitewashed houses, each with a church so like the other that it is hard to believe they are not built of

pasteboard by some ingenious Nuremberger.—The telegraphs are all alike, and are built substantially of stone. It is strange that we have not destroyed them, as our vessels ranged along the coast. They anticipate our movements, report every change of station, every appearance, every event, and enable the enemy to prepare in some measure at least for our operations.—Captain Inglefield, of the Firebrand, asked permission to knock them over, but for some reason or other the admirals did not consider it politic or advisable to grant it, and the telegraphs remain intact. Perhaps it would not be very easy to hit them from the sea, as they stand on elevated cliffs, but the expenditure of ammunition might possibly be justified on the plea that we had put an end to rapid communication along the seaboard of Southern Russia, and that the Cossack was their quickest intelligencer. There was nothing remarkable on the coast, beyond the features I have already indicated, except that a strong corps of cavalry was observed on the beach watering their horses, and a column of infantry could be seen advancing from behind Oczakoff towards Nicolaieff. There were considerable numbers of cattle grazing all over the plains, which the Cossacks or the owners were collecting into great herds, and driving off from the vicinity of the shore.

RETURN DOWN THE RIVER.

That there was no intention of going up to Nicolaieff with a steam-sloop, a surveying sloop, and two small gunboats I need not say, and had the enemy been driven out from the point ten times a day they could have returned at any time, and have constructed just such another flying defence as that which we were engaged. Sir Houston Stewart resolved to return, and, with a parting salute from our guns, the Stromboli set her jib, slewed round and steamed slowly down the river. The enemy fired two guns one after the other, but the Spitfire, Grinder and Cracker soon silenced them, and a final shell from the latter fell right into the earthwork, burst and appeared to do the Russians a good deal of mischief. As we returned the Spiteful, Triton and Arrow, which had remained off the mouth of the Bug, were seen steaming full butt up to us, as they apprehended they could do some good and help us out of a scrape; but their zeal was not gratified, and the emulative gunners had not a chance of doing anything. The little flotilla returned to its anchorage off the Bug, and anchored there for the night, without the smallest apprehensions that the enemy could do us any harm from Nicolaieff.

THE FLEETS ENTER THE BUG.

As we approached the mouth of the Bug the water became of a green colour, and was covered with a skum of spawn and vegetable matter like a duck pond. The mouth is about five miles wide, the banks steep and high, and studded with farmhouses. As we approached we observed a portion of the French squadron coming down the river, and the smoke of the light vessels, which were hull down, rose up from the horizon towards the Dnieper.

Sir Houston Stewart was assured by the French admiral that he was up to the Spit in the river, which extends from the western bank for some distance into the stream, at about seven miles from Ajiojhiol point on its western entrance, and that he had not seen anything there. As there was nothing else to be done, the admiral resolved to have a look for himself, and weighed in the Stromboli, which was followed by the Spitfire and by the Grinder and Cracker, small gunboats, and proceeded slowly up the river. The banks are high on both sides, and the brown steppe, studded with herds, farmhouses, and Cossacks, presents no object of interest. About three miles up, on the left-hand bank, there is a small village with two pretty churches. There are guard stations and look out posts on both sides, as usual. The river is three or four miles broad up to the Spit, where it narrows considerably. On both sides the cliff is upwards of 100 feet high, and can scarcely be commanded by the guns of a ship. However, it was advisable to ascertain what defences there were on the lower part of the river till it contracted into within range of both banks. The Cracker and Grinder went on ahead, the Stromboli followed with the admiral's flying, and the Spitfire came along slowly, busily engaged in her indefatigable labor of sounding, and probing, and angling every bit of the earth's face and of the waters under the earth. We glided merrily long, examining bearings and farmyards at our leisure.

A BRAVE OFFER.

Mr Brooker one of the active and intelligent officers of the Spitfire—and that is indeed saying much, were all are so able and so willing—volunteered to go up in one of the small gunboats (the Cracker) right up to Nicolaieff, after dusk to ascertain the force and position of the enemy's batteries; but it was judged inexpedient to hazard the loss of a gunboat, which would be made a subject of great rejoicing and triumph to the enemy, while the success of the experiment would not be of much importance, inasmuch as we were not in a position to attack and occupy Nicolaieff. Had Marshal Pelissier listened to the earnest demands of Sir Edmund Lyons for 15,000 or 20,000 men, there would, indeed, have been some object of utility

in such a reconnaissance, for the operations of our steam fleet might have mystified the enemy so completely as to enable us to land a force by a coup de main to destroy, though not to occupy Nicolaieff; but it appears that from the Spit below the confluence of the Ingal and Bug the town is 5,000 yards off, and is invisible, so that it would be necessary for a fleet showing a very narrow front and in very shoal and difficult water to force batteries, booms, sunken vessels, gunboats, and get round into the Ingal itself before they could fire a shot on the place; and meantime every vessel would have to run the gauntlet of high banks lined with riflemen which their guns could not reach. Soon after the flotilla anchored a large convey was observed parallel to the river proceeding along the east bank to Nicolaieff, and the Spitfire signalled for permission to go in and shell them, but, in the absence of the admiral, who had not yet cast anchor, the request was not complied with, and, indeed, the evening was too far advanced to permit of her doing any good. The night passed quietly, all the ordinary precautions in presence of an enemy being strictly adhered to.

BURNING OF RUSSIAN PRODUCE.

Sunday, Oct. 21.—Late last night the glare of fires was seen on the Kinburn spit, near the south mouth of the Dnieper, and, although the gunboats are operating in that direction, it must be that the Cossacks are burning the produce of the Russian peasants, lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy.

The French admiral, in one of the gunboats attended by two others, went away during the night. This morning the wind blew strong down the river, and raised a rough tideway, troublesome to small boats. The atmosphere was cold and gray, with immense refraction.—Dark clouds of smoke arose from over the land to the S. S. E., which would indicate that the Cossacks were still at their work on the Spit.

DIVINE SERVICE IN RUSSIAN WATERS.

Church pendants were hoisted in the forenoon and divine service according to the church of England was duly celebrated in the confluence of the Bug and Dnieper for the first time since Christianity blessed the earth, and within site of the spires of many Greek orthodox churches. The French had little "missa solemnis" of their own. At 2.30 three large and one small gunboat got up steam and weighed. They stood straight up the river, and great was our excitement less they should think it necessary to silence the battery which we had left with its teeth drawn, if not its tongue tied yesterday.

Before they started, and just after church service, Sir Houston Stewart, having signalled for an officer of the Spitfire to come on board, went off in the Cracker, attended by the Grinder, to examine the coast to the S. S. E., and ascertain the cause of the numerous fires indicated by pillars of smoke in that direction. They were speedily invisible in the haze to the southward, and they in vain endeavoured to find out the position of the troops who were supposed to be advancing along the spit to destroy all the forage and provisions in their way for forty miles, so as to make the country a barren waste, and prevent the enemy marching towards the fort without taking with them supplies. However harsh this measure may appear, it is a necessary operation of war.

The admiral returned, having disturbed immense quantities of wild fowl, which have frequented the banks of the Borysthenes since remotest ancient history.

VISIT OF THE COLUMBO TO ODESSA.

The special correspondent of the Daily News attached to the Kinburn expedition gives some interesting particulars respecting a large number of exchanged English and Turkish prisoners, received from the authorities at Odessa, with an account of what took place on the occasion of their exchange.

THE EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

After the receipt of a despatch from Constantinople, on the 19th inst., Sir Edmund Lyons sent off the Colombo to Odessa on the following day, to deliver up two Russian Officers, and the wife and child of one of them, in exchange for the mate, boatswain, and two sailors of H. M.'s gunboat Wrangler, who had been surprised and taken some weeks ago by a party of Cossacks, near Yenikale, on the Sea of Azoff. On reaching Odessa the Colombo hoisted a white flag at her fore, and Captain Methuen accompanied by Messrs Smith and Moser the first and second pursers of the ship, rowed towards the shore with a flag of truce.

A Russian boat, however, put off at the same time from the landing-place, and met them about half way from the vessel, when Captain Methuen was informed that, in addition to the four men of the Wrangler, the Russian authorities were prepared to deliver over one hundred and thirty-two others, and two hundred and eighty Turks—the latter captured at various periods within the last two years in Asia and on the Danube. As the lateness of the hour, however, rendered it impracticable to embark so large a number of men that evening, it was arranged that the exchange should be made on the following morning. Accordingly, about ten a. m. on Sunday, Captain Methuen, accompanied as before and bearing with him his pri-