

structed last night with the greatest success. Although right under the enemy's batteries, the working parties were not discovered before dawn, when the batteries were almost completed, and only one man was killed by the fire which was then opened upon them. The strength of the enemy is estimated at 12,000, of which half are regular troops, the remainder Mingrelian militia. We have no positive information as to the number of guns which are mounted upon the fortress of Ruchi, which is situated upon the opposite bank. The denseness of that foliage prevents our seeing this fort, but there is a picturesque old ruin near it, behind which some of the Russian tents are visible. In many places the opposite bank is flat, and nowhere do they seem to exceed 100 feet in height. We have been most fortunate in our weather. I have not seen a cloud for a month. All the troops that were struggling through the woods a week ago have arrived, and are in excellent heart and spirits, have unbounded confidence in their commander, and from the anxiety they manifest to cross the river, entertain no doubt of success. To-day the firing on both sides is a good deal more lively.

6 p. m.—The order has just come that all fires are to be put out and lights in tents, which involves my closing this, and going to bed when other people are going to dress for dinner. There is a report that we are likely to be on the move to-morrow morning. If so we may expect some hot work. The passage will probably be attempted at a ford about two miles lower down the river than the present position, while the batteries we have recently constructed here, will occupy the attention of the enemy.

Head-quarters, Nov. 7.—The energy with which Omar Pacha has pushed forward operations has met with a glorious reward, in the utter defeat of the Russians and the successful passage of the river Ingour, yesterday evening, after a short but bloody battle. In the morning the order came for the troops to get under arms immediately, and at eleven o'clock a. m., we crossed one branch of the river about two miles lower down without opposition. We now found ourselves upon an island five or six miles broad across which the troops marched. Three battalions of rifles, under Colonel Ballard, were put forward to line the woods through which we advanced by a narrow path. About one o'clock we reached a large field of Indian corn, and heard the rifles hotly engaged with the enemy, in a thick wood in our front. The Russians were soon driven from this across the river, and opened a tremendous fire from behind a battery upon the wood, of which the rifles had now taken possession. As the leading columns of the Turkish army showed itself upon the plain, a battery consisting of five guns opened upon them, which was speedily replied to by our artillery. A path was formed under cover of a steep bank, under which the infantry advanced to the support of the rifles in the wood, who had been sustaining and replying in the most determined manner to the tremendous fire which the enemy had been concentrating upon them. Sufficient credit cannot be given to the gallantry of Colonel Ballard, whose steadiness and courage were infused into those under his command, and contributed largely to the successful issue of the affair. While this was the position of affairs opposite the battery, Omar Pacha detached Osman Pacha with six battalions to a ford which had been discovered about a mile and a half lower down the river. Here they found themselves warmly received by the enemy drawn up in force upon the opposite bank. Notwithstanding the velocity of the current and the depth of the water, the Turkish troops, after firing a volley, dashed across the river in the face of a cruel fire, and in splendid style drove the Russians into the woods behind at the point of the bayonet. At almost the same moment Col. Simmonds, at the head of the two battalions of infantry and three companies of rifles, crossed the river in front of the fort, and assaulted it under a murderous fire. Here his aide-de-camp Captain Dymock, was killed while gallantly charging at the head of his battalion, while a Russian column which attacked them in flank was promptly met by the column under Colonel Simmonds at the point of the bayonet and completely routed. This decided the day. The Russians evacuated the battery in the utmost confusion, leaving five guns and ammunition waggons in our hands, besides about fifty prisoners. The ground was strewn with killed and wounded; their loss must have been very great, though so many escaped into the woods to die that it is difficult to form any just estimate. Upwards of 300 have already been found, among which were the bodies of eight officers and two colonels. I counted twenty-two horses lying dead in one heap. Our own loss amounts to 400 killed and wounded, of whom about 140 were killed. The rifles alone lost twenty six men killed and seventy-five wounded.

The English officers concerned in this affair all behaved most gallantly; of the 5 attached to the army three had horses shot under them, and one was killed. There can be no doubt that this victory will exercise a most important influence upon the population of Mingrelia. A great portion of the troops opposed to us were Mingrelians, with no very strong Russian propensities; and when they find that victory has declared for the Turks and the power of resistance of the Russians, upon which they calculated so largely, has availed them so little, they will probably disperse to their homes, if they do not actually change their colours. Of the force which was opposed to us a very correct estimate cannot be formed, but from the accounts we have received, it cannot have been far short of 100,000, of which

4,000 were Mingrelians and the rest regular troops.

The Russian army is now upon full retreat upon Kutais, whither I trust that we may speedily follow them. This victory has put our troops in excellent spirits, and made them more confident than ever (if that were possible) in the lucky star of their general. We have just heard from Skende Pacha, who was left in charge of the batteries opposite to the fortress of Ruchi, that the Russians have abandoned their position there, and that the troops under his command have crossed.

The Politician.

THE COLONIAL PRESS.

From the Fredericton Reporter.
STATE OF THE PROVINCE.

From various causes the Timber trade of this Province is at present an undesirable medium for the investment of capital, while the cultivation of our lands yields a sure return for that most valuable of all capital—labour. Between these two descriptions of outlay the distinction is every day becoming more prominent. On the one hand we have an overstocked market—the vicissitudes of the European money-market—the extraordinary rate of Colonial labour—the chances of droughts and freshets—and the losses consequent upon the neglect of rural labour to contend with; while on the other we have had for encouragement, the opening of a world wide market—an increasing city population—and home prices—which if they are not of the class denominated extraordinary, may at least be set down as fully remunerative.

In view of this state of things we believe that in the present winter numbers of the young men who for the last two years were in the lumber woods, will be found on their farms; while others—such is the difficulty of breaking off a habit once formed—will either go to the woods relying upon the chances of another game, or spend whatever they may have to spare, in looking all over the neighbouring country for a place where speculation is likely to take the lead of labour. To be sure all these will in the course of a short period return to New Brunswick, but the misfortune is, their absent time is all loss, and they never return better men than they were at their departure.

It has often been said that the large tracts of lands placed in the hands of persons who in former years were great government favourites, and by them and their families still held unreclaimed, for the sole purpose of speculation, is one prominent cause of the tardy progress made of late years in the settlement of the country. We believe this is true. No one can tell how discouraging it is to a settler in the woods, to have to select and cultivate a tract of land lying far beyond the thousands of tempting acres which in many instances are held in this manner in the respective vicinities of our towns, great roads, and rivers. Every stroke the old man strikes—every blade of grass which he produces—every house, however humble, which he builds—every perch of road he makes—tends to contribute to the value of those very lands which ever and ever rear their lofty trees around his clearing, and shut him out from the blessings of free winds and broad day-light. We have in our time felt all the discouragement resulting from such injustice; and we imagine that there are few in the country who have not to some extent been subjected to the same inconvenience.—What can be done in such a case we do not know; but we know what should be done. Those lands should, in a period to be named by the Legislature, be either settled or escheated. It is impossible to estimate the change which would have to bring into immediate and successful action the dormant energy of our present rural population, while hundreds who have hitherto stood aloof from rural occupations through a consciousness of the injustice to which we refer, would shortly become cultivators of the soil.

We would not ever harp upon our string.—We well know, while we give a prominence to agricultural labour, there are several other employments,—a part from our general mechanical trades—which the people of this Province may pursue without the danger of being run over in the highroads of competition. We can, and do build the best ships on this side of the Atlantic; and there is enough of fine fish in our own waters to give profitable employment afloat to a large portion of our Seaboard population. The County Carleton, independent of its rich soil and favourable climate possesses boundless stores of raw mineral wealth, which from their fine qualities and readiness of access, can and must be prosecuted to a much larger extent than hitherto. Indeed we believe that the Iron mines of Carleton are just as exhaustless as the Limestone rocks of St John; and we also know that the work now in progress in our sister County, has, beyond solving the problem of its excellent material, already been made remunerative. It is impossible, on a view of the public works which imperatively force themselves upon the Province at the present crisis, to estimate the vast advantages which may be derived from the extensive working of these mines; nor should it be lost sight of in any future contracts between our government and the operatives who may be employed, that we have plenty of Iron as well as wood in the Province.

It is also said and, we believe with truth that the same County contains Copper mines which the point of extent and richness cannot

be excelled on the Continent. For the discovery of this latter, as well as several of its antecedents, we believe the County of Carleton as well as the Province, is principally indebted to Mr Stephens.

Nor let us be understood as averse to Lumbering when it is legitimately as well as prudently pursued. The Province—if it have frequently suffered from the reckless and inordinate pursuit of this business, has on the other hand reaped large incomes from its fortunate prosecution; and were the money thus realized as prudently expended as it is hard earned, the advantages would be much greater. It is not the calling of the Lumberman, but to its abuse by persons who should be otherwise employed, that we raise the objection.

THE BRITISH PRESS.

From Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper.
NO PATCHED PEACE.

Let us have peace by all means. In the name of suffering humanity—in the name of sweet religion, give up peace. Let the sword be sheathed, and let pacific rust eat it into dust.—Let the guns be dumb for ever; and let Crimean fields, where so many noble, gallant, loving hearts are now but so many clods,—let the fields rejoice once more with golden corn.

“The blending slopes, with corn-fields clad,
Are hung as though with golden shields.”

Let the beautiful idea of the poet be realised, and let peace—white-robed peace—once more walk the earth. But then this same robe must be of enduring texture: above all things, it must not be fashioned of Manchester cotton.—Assuredly, too, the robe must have no patch in it, cut from the white cloth that makes the Austrian's coat. Give up peace, we cry with the loudest peacemakers; but a just, an honorable, an enduring peace.

Even now there are fresh rumours of the impertinent intervention of Austria. This power if power she can be called, paralysed as it is by the Pope's Concordat—Roman chloroform!—has, it is said, again endeavoured to thrust herself forward as a mediatrix between Russia and the Western Powers. Not that Russia has been a consenting party to such mediation: by no means—such condescension, such moderation would be undignified in Russia, in no whit shattered or shaken by the shock of the war. There is in Russia—at least to say the Russians—an internal, volcanic, self-supplying power, that defiles all process of exhaustion. Such is the brag of the Northern Bee, still buzzing on the final triumph of Russia, the final discomfiture and overthrow of the allies. But then the Bee buzzes and bumbles for the ear of the foreigner; such humming will not do for the precincts of Russian stoves. In Russia, no house is too high, no cabin too low to have escaped the calamitous scourging of the war. The nobles, proverbially the most extravagant, the most fantastically expensive race in the world, are as men frost-bitten by the severity of the times. The nobility taxed in money, and taxed in human cattle—namely, the serfs who, ox-like, labour the land—the nobility murmur their curses, not loud but deep, upon the war. “Holy Russia” are beautiful words,—but they cease to have music, as roubles cease to jingle. Nevertheless, Russia will not condescend to ask for mediation. No; it is the pure unsolicited benevolence of Austria that stirs her to the motion; of her own beguiling impulse does she advance to thrust her nose into the conference, and sure we are, the voice of the people of England inwardly cries—“pull it.”

Nevertheless, the peacemakers at any cost would patch up an amity. It will last our time is the old, narrow, self-accommodating policy by which the world continues to suffer so many evils. If it last our time, cried the indolence of fifty years ago, and the present generation inherits many an iniquity, bequeathed by the selfishness of their progenitors. Thus, a peace with Russia—think the peacemakers—will last their time. Not in their day can Russia rebuild Sebastopol; not in their day can she again stock that arsenal for the destruction of Turkey, and the due possession of the Mediterranean. That is a matter of distant date: whereas, give us the advantages of peace in our time—a patched peace if it must be—but, any way, peace. It may be fifty years ere Russia shall think of casting cannon to batter at European civilization; whereas the double income-tax, the fourteenpence, is a hard, present reality. Let us then, at any cost of pride and fame, eat the lotus of dreamy repose; for all-sufficient unto the days of our children's children is the gunpowder thereof.

Proud are we of England to know and feel that there is no taint of this meanness at the national heart. However a few, and among the few we doubt not the existence of men of the purest motives, of men of the most Christian-like goodness—however the few may call for peace at any cost, the people scorn the thought of peace, unless with final victory, as a treason to the high interests of humanity—as a mockery, and most cruel would be the mockery, of the sufferings of the thousands sacrificed to the northern homicide; of the miseries of those who shall miss many and many a dear loved one from the Christmas hearth. “Their places know them not.”

The people, it is plain, will have no trimming in the matter of peace and war. They will show out-speaking. This was significantly shown at Rochdale, in the very dove-cote of John Bright. The peace-maker of St. Martin's Hall, Mr Miall, was duly called upon for an explanation of his gentleness towards Russia.—He must truly tell his constituency how it re-

ally stood with him and his conscience in the matter of peace and no peace. Well, we cannot be very far off a general election. We do not profess to be, with a daily contemporary, as near to Lord Palmerston's thoughts as Lord Palmerston's night-cap; nevertheless we think we may count upon an early dissolution; and this fact is, it is plain, generally present to the consciousness of members; for, however they may have hesitated and trimmed in the progress of the war, they have, in rendering an apologetic account of their stewardship, tried their best to talk great guns to their constituents. Mr Miall, for instance, dulcet and flute-like at St. Martin's Hall, brayed like a trumpet at Rochdale. He objected to the war at the commencement; believed that with something short of consummate statesmanship the war might have been avoided; but, the sword being drawn, he would now with his best strength lay about him. Now how much of this new energy is inspired by the will of the people—how much really wells up from the heart of the individual man.

The addresses presented to the King of Sardinia, all of them more or less breathe war; give utterance to an exulting determination to fight out the fight of a righteous end; England blithely taking upon her the cost and peril of the struggle as a solemn duty due to present and future generations. Posterity will have good cause of gratitude towards the strong-handed, strong-hearted men of our day, who, with their blood and treasure, seek to obtain the blessing of a lasting peace, the most precious legacy they can bequeath to the generations that shall follow them. If peace have her future glories, her future triumphs by which our common condition is refined and elevated, by which human nature still advances nearer to the portals of light, such glories and such triumphs will be solely due to the unselfish, self-sacrificing spirit of our day; yes, even to this our day of meanness and hypocrisy, as denounced by the Scottish Jeremiah, Thomas Carlyle.

The men who cry for peace of any sort, for peace that will last their time, are not the men who, in their homes and in their personal discomfort, feel the pressure of the war; but the men in whom an eager, selfish commercial spirit takes the place of almost every generous emotion. Their souls have no larger abiding-place than the till—their minds are of no further stretch than the yard-measure. These are the men who would shake the hand of Austria if she brought it in the hand of Russia; would take even her own pledge of Russia for good behaviour, with bigotted Austria and bemuddled Prussia as most welcome and most honoured sureties.

Let us have peace by all means; so that it is a perfect peace. Let us have the garment of peace woven without seam; that would be a robe of righteousness. But a peace of patches would be a covering of shame; a mockery and an abomination.

NEXT SPRING IN THE BALTIC.

The visit of the King of Sardinia to our great dockyard at Portsmouth, and to our Spithead fleet, and the recent launch of the largest frigate afloat from the same port, naturally set us thinking on the preparations making by both sides for the renewal in the spring of the fearful game in which we have all so deep an interest. The rumours of peace are so vague, that at present it is necessary to assume that the war will continue to be prosecuted with the same vigour as hitherto. The short breathing time which the winter months bring is like the pause before the volley so graphically described by Campbell—

When the bravest hold their breath
For awhile.

And whilst we are well assured that the indefatigable perseverance, untiring energy, and unquenchable bravery of our enemy—so absurdly described by some short-sighted people among us—will turn the leisure of this winter recess to a wonderful good account, it is singularly refreshing to find an equal amount of activity and forethought at work on the part of ourselves and our brave allies. As regards the naval part of our warfare it may fairly be assumed that, as far as ships against ships are concerned, the Russian is completely, utterly, and incontestably beaten and overwhelmed.—His fleet at Sebastopol lies snugly at the bottom of the harbour at the mercy of the Allies. His fleet in the Gulf of Finland lies just as snugly in the harbour of Cronstadt, owing its immunity merely and simply to the granite fortifications underneath which it nestles, and so tacitly acknowledging the superiority of our own squadron. Nor is there ever likely to be—we may safely assert—any great naval collisions like those of St Vincent or Trafalgar; for both sides are by this time fully conscious that it is not between three-decker and three-decker that the real struggle is destined to take place. Where then? Russia's strength lies in vast granite fortifications and wonderful earth works, constructed with surpassing skill and amazing energy, approachable across shallow waters or almost impracticable level shores.—What are we to bring against these formidable works? Ship to ship we are well prepared, but what against the granite and the earth? The affair of Sveborg, solved the question in part. The pounding of Kinburn completed the solution. Vessels of very shallow draught rafts even for choice, carrying enduring ordnance of enormous calibre—these, and these alone are the efficient antagonists of the Russian batteries.

The attention, then, of both the French and English Governments seems bent this winter on turning out by the spring, an enormous flotilla of gunboats, mortar-vessels, and floating