

CRIMEAN HEROES.—It is gratifying to find, that England has not forgotten the services of her brave army in the Crimea. Men of all ranks who distinguished themselves by their bravery and good conduct, are receiving their reward. The services of the non-commissioned officers and soldiers richly deserve to be recorded and known, and we have great pleasure in publishing the following interesting article from the Times, in which some of their services receive honourable mention:—

Before Parliament rises, there is one publication to which we would gladly call the attention of all our readers, and when we add that it is a parliamentary paper presented by the Queen's command to both Houses, we shall stand acquitted of any tendency to extol it from interested motives. This "Paper" contains the names of the non-commissioned officers and soldiers who have been selected for recommendation to the Emperor of the French to receive the French military war medal. As many persons as desire to mitigate the feelings of disgust which they must have felt on perusing the proceedings of the Chelsea board would do well to turn to this proud bead-roll of heroic achievement. Here we have the names of the men who did the work, while, in too many instances, the so-called leaders looked on and left the army to its fate. Nor must it be taken as any reflection upon the courage of the many thousand gallant soldiers whose names are necessarily unmentioned in a record of this kind. The praise of distinguished valour could only be assigned to those who had conspicuous opportunity for its display. It was impossible to lay before the French Government the names of all the individuals in a regiment who may have distinguished themselves by peculiar gallantry in the field or by extraordinary endurance under the extremities of human suffering. These few words we write, lest there should be any soreness of feeling among the many stout soldiers whose deserts were great, but for whose names no place could here be found. We should add that these are the names of the living—not of the dead. There is no French medal for the men who toiled up the hill at the Alma, for those who saved the allied armies from destruction upon the terrible day of Inkermann, and then succumbed. They sleep in their Russian graves. Of the living, we will now give a few names—we can do no more, for they occupy 34 closely printed pages of a Parliamentary paper.

Sergeant Seth Bond, of the 11th Hussars, served in the Bulgarian campaign of 1853. He bore his part in the affair of Boulganak and in the battles of the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann—that is to say, in all the principal actions in which a cavalry soldier could bear a part throughout the war. "At the Alma, when ordered to pursue and capture prisoners, he exhibited great subordination in sparing (at the suggestion of a Staff officer) a Russian who had wounded him; and also at the action of Balaklava his coolness and gallantry were noticed." Might not Colonel Peel have found a better word than "subordination" to characterize such action? A man who could so conduct himself was not likely to act inhumanly even to an enemy who had wounded him. Sergeant Seth Bond, of the 11th Hussars, served in the whole campaign from 1854 to 1856. Driver Robert Smeaton, R. H. A., was present at the battles of the Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann, the Tchernaya, and throughout the siege of Sebastopol. "On the 25th of September, 1854, this man gallantly jumped into the river Belbek, and succeeded in saving the life of a French soldier, who would have been drowned but by the timely assistance rendered by Driver Smeaton." Here is a pretty little incident of Gunner and Driver John M'Arble, of the same regiment:—"On the 18th of June, during the storming of the Redan, Gunner Glass left the advanced trenches of the right attack with a few men, and advanced towards the Redan. On getting towards the Redan, he was badly wounded in three places. Gunner M'Arble crept out of the trenches on his hands and knees, managed to get Gunner Glass on his back, and brought him back into the trenches."

Bombardier Angus Sutherland, in the first bombardment of Sebastopol was severely

wounded in the leg by the bursting of a shell. This untoward incident, however, does not seem to have slackened the zeal of the gallant Bombardier. We find him serving again in April and subsequent bombardments. "At the explosion of the French gun-park, he was the first to volunteer to carry away a number of live shells and carcasses." This article should consist of extracts, and yet so uniform is this record of courage and devotion, that we are utterly at a loss to establish any principle of selection. We find that Colour-Sergeant Charles Sargent, of the Grenadier Guards, embarked with the battalion in February, 1854, and served throughout the whole campaign without intermission. No urgent private affairs claimed the presence of the worthy Colour-Sergeant in England. He served at the battles of the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann, where he was wounded, and was present throughout the siege and at the capture of Sebastopol. This is to say a good deal in a very few words. We earnestly trust this brave soldier has returned in health and strength to England, and is at this moment resting happily from the toils of war.

Privates Philip Balls and Charles Turr joined the first battalion of Coldstreams in Turkey, in July, 1854. They were actually engaged at the Alma and Inkermann, and did duty in the trenches without any intermission throughout the siege. "Corporal Joseph Coulter, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, particularly distinguished himself at the Alma, continuing to fire on the enemy after being severely wounded." Corporal Horsfall, and Privates Daniel Moran and James Colver, of the 1st (Royal) Regiment, are recommended, for continual faithful service in the trenches during the whole of the siege operations. John Clarkson, of the 4th (King's Own) Regiment, was at head quarters during the whole of the Eastern Campaign, "zealous and active in the performance of his duties in the trenches; twice wounded,—viz., on the 14th of April and 22d June, 1855." A short note tells us, that Colour-Sergeant John Watts, of the 7th (Royal Fusiliers) Regiment landed in the Crimea on the 14th of September with his regiment, and remained with it until the war was at an end. Here is a note of this brave soldier's achievements:—"Was engaged at the Alma and brought the Company out of action; engaged with the enemy on the 26th of October, 1854 also at Inkermann on the 5th November, 1854, and brought the company out of action; at the taking of the Quarries and both the assaults on the Redan; never absent from his Regiment." We can only regret, that considerations of space forbid us to extract more names and notes from this glorious record.

The Parliamentary document is as interesting as any novel or romance, and has the merit, moreover, of containing truth. It is highly desirable that every publicity should be given to it, in order that the brave men whose names are mentioned, and whose achievements are so briefly summed up in it, should feel that the remembrance of their deeds will not perish from the memory of their countrymen. In remarks of this kind, we can do nothing more than take the regiments in order as they are set down, and pick a name or two from each, not as being the names of the most distinguished where the services of all are so eminent, but in order to call public attention to the existence of the list. The publication of such a list may be the beginning of a better system. We admit that it is fair and reasonable, that every soldier actually engaged in a victorious conflict with the enemy should receive some mark of his presence in the conflict. Nothing however, would excite greater emulation among the soldiers than the knowledge that those among them who showed themselves most conspicuous for courage and fortitude would also be most distinguished by the admiration of their country.

At St. Thomas, on the 31st July, the Cholera was raging violently, and proving fatal to many. At Crabb Island, the sickness was extremely bad.

A heavy shock of an earthquake was experienced at Antigua on the 20th July.

THE STORY-TELLER OF STAMBOUL.

In the reign of Sultan Murad IV., there was among the humble subjects of his capital a worthy and venerable book-merchant named Schemauddin. He occupied one of the principal stalls in the book-bezestan, and was well known to all the literary world in Stamboul. It is true, this did not imply a very large circle of acquaintance, for there were not many persons who inclined to such matters; but the few among who shared this knowledge between them all knew Schemauddin well, and often visited his repository. He dealt largely in copies of the Koran, and in commentaries thereupon, in which were chronicled the opinions of distinguished lawyers and cadis upon the civil code of the land. There were also the works of the Turkish and Arabian poets and romancers, the songs of Abou Toman and Hafiz. The wild legend of Astar, and the Thousand and one nights. He had, moreover, a secret store, containing choice specimens of the literature of other languages, classic and modern. This was carefully withdrawn from the public gaze, and reserved for the few whose love of learning rendered them less bigoted than the majority of their faith, who would limit the researches of the true believer to the writings of the Prophet alone. Seldom could the litterer have passed the stall of Schemauddin without finding him in learned communion with some reverend man or gray-bearded cad, deep in questions concerning law, divinity, or art. Nor would he object, though it was accorded as a favour, to business with the Frank and the infidel, particularly if he approved himself a man of learning; for Schemauddin, though a most devout Mussulman, approached in his heart some distance towards the creed, that common knowledge makes men free of a common guild, and that the learned are brothers all the world over. There had Schemauddin sat for nearly the whole of his life, seldom going from his place of business, till years had come upon him, and his face had grown as yellow and wrinkled as the old parchments upon his stall; and since the business in which he was engaged yielded a handsome return of profits, he hoped, 'by the blessing of Allah,' as he was wont to say, 'still to occupy his place in the bezestan, until the predetermined day should come, and he should be transplanted to the gardens of Paradise.'

But every man has his lot of trouble; and even the quiet life of the book-merchant was not untroubled by care. Schemauddin had an only son, named Selim; and in every respect the hopeful heir of the book-stall was the opposite to his father's wishes. That father was a man of peace, and he had at one time great difficulty in keeping his son from joining the Sultan's army, he was fond of quiet and regularity, Selim was as wild and restless as an untamed colt, the old man had a lingering fondness for money, Selim got it only to spend it with a reckless hand. His father had early marked his unsettled and impulsive disposition; but, hoping that time and regular employment would subdue him, he had taught him to read and write, caused him daily to commit portions of the Koran to memory, and by some strong moral agency induced him to read aloud for a part of each day from some book upon Turkish law. Selim grew clever against his will; but no one could have hated his studies more than he did, and he took every opportunity of showing his dislike to them. It required more than Schemauddin's powers of watchfulness to retain the lively boy; and whenever he fell into a dreper task than ordinary with a customer, or whenever he indulged himself in a dose, his escape was soon to be found in books, bezestan, and everything, and scamper off to a game on the Atmeidan or a bath in the Bosphorus. There was only one class of reading which had the slightest attraction for him—the poems and romances aforesaid. These he read until he had committed them to memory; and the recital of these to himself and his youthful companions formed his great delight. Occasionally, despairing of his own ability to produce any impression on his wayward son, Schemauddin would induce some of his friends, reverend or learned in the law, to remonstrate with his conduct but Selim having ready wit and a strong inclination to fun, always succeeded in turning the tables upon them. As he used to laugh loud at his own repartee, a crowd soon gathered about them; and as they always sided with the mirth maker, the discomfited seniors speedily retired from the contest. Thus Selim held on his course, greatly to the grief of his parent, until he found himself a young man, the choice spirit and delight of a band of youths, as wild though not so clever as himself, but without any of procuring a subsistence, except by dependence on his father.

"My son," said Schemauddin one day, speaking even more gravely than was his wont, "thou art now eighteen years of age, but thou hast learned none of the wisdom proper for manhood. Thou art like the colt of the wild-ass; thou dost not love the calling I would have taught thee; thou seekest not to build the house of thy father. For every man there is an appointed time of death, and I am drawing near to the end of my course."

As the old man uttered these words with great feeling, Selim, who loved his father in his heart, could not refrain from tears.

"I should not mourn, my son; if thou wert industrious, and wouldst fill the place of thy father, the eve that is old and decayed, expects to fall; happy is it if it has cherished a sapling,

strong and vigorous, to grow where it has grown."

Selim bent to the ground before his father, and kissed the hem of his robe.

"I have this day made my will," pursued the man. "I have intrusted it to the care of my friend Mollah Hassan, on whom be the blessing, and I have charged him to see it strictly fulfilled. If thou reformest thy life, and pursue the course I have marked out for thee, thou wilt receive at my death the whole of my property; but if thou continuest wild and reckless as thou hast been hitherto, thou shalt be disinherited, and thy portion shall endow the mosque of which Mollah Hassan is the priest. Arise, my son; thou hast heard my will; may Allah give thee grace to obey it."

For more than a year after this time, Selim laboured hard to fulfil the wishes of his father: he forsook the idle company into which he had fallen; he undertook studies that were most disagreeable to him, and became the model of a dutiful son; he endeavoured, moreover, to repress the love of fun which had distinguished him, though not with very signal success. At times the pent-up steam would burst forth, and frequently at the expense of his father's friends, the Mollah Hassan, the arbiter of his fortune, not excepted; but, setting aside these trifling outbreaks, Selim's conduct was most exemplary, and obtained the often-expressed approval of his father. Yet it was not altogether the prospect of the wealth which induced him to this diligence; his affection for his parent, and his sense of duty, had a share in it, for Selim had many good qualities as the foundation of his character.

At last Schemauddin's apprehensions were accomplished, and he was gathered to his fathers. The old book-dealer was missed from his seat among his literary wares, and his wonted customers stroked their beards and lamented gravely the loss of so much learning. The bezestan seemed to lack its most accustomed presence, and the sole memorials of his having been were a new cypress and a turbaned stone amid the gloomy groves of Scutari.

Selim mourned perhaps more earnestly than a more dutiful son would have done, and determined to observe his father's wishes even more rigorously, now that his presence was removed from him. When a decent time had elapsed; he betook himself to the mollah, the executor to the will, to request that the requisite forms might be complied with, and that he might be put into possession of his father's business and wealth. To his great astonishment, Mollah Hassan received him with bitter revilings and reproaches, and commanded him to quit his dwelling.

"Begone!" said he, "thou impious rebel! Thou hast broken the heart of thy father, my loving friend, the camel of my house. Thou hast to gain his wealth; but it is forfeited by thy crimes. Hence! The Prophet's curse be upon thee!"

In vain did Selim protest that he only wished the strict terms of the will to be observed; in vain did he offer to furnish evidence of his father's approval of his late conduct—the mollah was obstinate, persisting that he had not reformed his life, and therefore had no claim to the property. The unfortunate youth applied for advice and assistance to some of his deceased father's friends but they all entertained a prejudice against him, and none of them were willing to exert themselves on his behalf; and when they began to give him grave counsel on his conduct, he found that they had taken greater offence at the mirth he had passed upon them, than at his former idleness and neglectful habits of life. Selim made application to some of the inferior officers of justice, but these had been secretly bribed by the mollah, so that they would take no steps in the matter; and as justice in Turkey at that time was very blind and uncertain, it seemed most likely that the hapless youth would never gain his right.

(To be continued.)

Victoria Cloth and Carding Mills.

THE subscriber begs to return his sincere thanks to the public generally, for the very liberal support given to the above mills, for the last five years, and would intimate that he is now prepared to take in Cloth and Wool, and return the same with despatch. The above Mills having undergone a thorough repair, parties may depend on having justice done to anything they may please to forward. JOHN HENDERSON & Son, Brackley Point Road. Agent, Messrs. Beer & Son, Charlottetown. August 12, 1856.

Douglas Estate, Lot 19.

OFFERS will be received by the undersigned for the purchase of that portion of Lot 19, known as the "Douglas Estate" comprising about 1720 Acres of excellent land. The whole of this property is under lease for 999 years to various tenants at a reserved rent of one shilling Currency per acre. An indisputable title will be given. R. STEWART. Charlottetown, March 21st, 1856. Ex. only

DRAIN WATER PIPES.

FOR SALE at the QUEEN SQUARE HOYER, a quantity of superior Salt-glazed Stone ware, Pipes, Junctions, Bends, &c. from 3 inches to 10 in diameter, supplying the cheapest and most efficient method of conveying water under ground. WILLIAM HEARD, Charlottetown, 22d April, 1856.