

## IMPORTANT TO VOLUNTEERS.

A number of Volunteers on Monday last were brought before the magistrates in this town, for neglecting to attend drill. The trial was rather an instructive one, since it brought to light the duties of both officers and men. Eight non-commissioned officers and privates were arraigned on the charge of refusing, or neglecting to attend drill and inspection, and four out of that number escaped punishment from not having been properly warned. Three were fined five dollars and costs, and the Captain withdrew the case against one, who proved to have been sick on the evening in question. We hope also that the lesson will not be lost on the officers, by showing them that if the law requires the men to attend, it also lays down the manner in which they are to be warned. In considering this subject we are apt at first to sympathise with the men; but when we look into the matter, and consider that over one million dollars was spent on the Militia Force last year, it is our duty as taxpayers, and as loyal subjects, to see that we receive value for our money. It must be plain to every man that an armed force can be of no service without drill and discipline; and it is the evident intention of the Government that the men are to be regularly drilled, hence the building of drill-sheds and the appointment of drill instructors. In short the present law provides for forty thousand men being ready to take the field, and if that number cannot be obtained by the volunteer system, we must have recourse to the draft.—*Northern Gazette.*

## TAKEN FOR BRIGANDS IN ITALY.

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

A Verona paper publishes a curious letter addressed to a friend by Signor Carlo Cagliari, of that city, who is an officer of *bersaglieri* in garrison at Carsoli, a town in the Abruzzi. "On the 3rd inst.," says Lieutenant Cagliari, "I set out with five *bersaglieri* disguised as brigands, on an exploring expedition. For six whole days we visited the most secret recesses of these mountains without discovering anything or meeting anyone. On the 9th, at 3 p.m., as we lay in ambush, we were surprised by a volley from five or six muskets. None of us were hit, and we at once stood upon the defensive, doubting not that we were assailed by brigands who had detected our disguise. Unfortunately it was not so. I soon perceived that we had to do with a detachment of National Guards from a neighbouring village who took us for real brigands. I shouted to them not to fire, that we were *bersaglieri* in disguise, but they would not believe us, and a second volley, at not more than 50 paces, stretched one of my men upon the ground. I knew not what to do; at last I called to them to cease firing and that we would surrender ourselves and lay down our arms. They accepted this, and we laid our revolvers (our only arms) upon the ground. About 40 persons, National Guards and armed peasants, then surrounded us. I inquired for their chief, and was shown a man of ferocious and sinister aspect to whom I immediately presented my passport; but he only abused us, declared the document a forgery, had us placed upon our knees by main force, and ordered four of his men to load their arms and shoot us. I thought of my family and looked at my companions, who were mute and resigned. Again addressing the commander of the

National Guards, I warned him of the frightful crime he was about to commit, and of the punishment he would incur by shooting us without ascertaining who we were. My persistence in maintaining myself to be a *bersaglieri* and an officer only exasperated his ferocity and he threw himself upon me struck me in the belly, tore my clothes, and wounded me slightly. My *bersaglieri* all uttered a cry of indignation, and at that moment we regretted our revolvers. Just then came up a peasant, whom the others addressed as the syndic. I spoke to him, and asked at least four hours' respite, that I might write to my captain. He consented and sent us to the village under escort. I begged him to ascertain whether the soldier who had been shot down at my side was dead, or only wounded. An hour afterwards he was brought in, badly wounded by a bullet that had passed through his thigh. Three hours later my captain arrived in hot haste, and I and my men were "at liberty."

## TURRET SHIPS AS CRUISERS.

Shortly before the close of last session of Parliament, the House of Commons on the motion of Admiral Seymour, ordered to be printed certain correspondence which had passed between Mr. Corry and various officers of the Royal Navy with respect to the merits of the turret ship as a sea-going ship. Anticipating a debate on Mr. Samuda's promised motion to substitute two turret ships for two broadside ships in the course of construction, without waiting to try the Captain or Monarch at sea, Mr. Corry solicited the opinions of these officers, with a view of the fuller elucidation of the subject. Captain Chamberlain, then Captain of the Steam Reserve at Portsmouth, in reply to the specific issue raised, is content to express his belief that the construction of a sea-worthy turret ship is possible, for that such a vessel would under ordinary circumstances of warfare, be much more formidable than one of similar tonnage on the broadside principle. He does not explain how the comforts of broadside ships are to be secured to their rivals, but he thinks that where there is a will there is way, and that the difficulties may be overcome. Captain Vansittart is decidedly in favour of turrets, because he believes that guns will in the long run beat armour, and that the turret system will permit of heavier armaments. He therefore recommends the commencement of these vessels forthwith. On the other hand, the opinion of Captain Hood of the gunnery ship *Excellent*, is that sea-going ironclads armed properly on the broadside, are most decidedly to be preferred to turret ships; although when the advantages of the turret system can be developed to its fullest extent by means of low free-board, no masts, and nothing to interfere with the fire from the turrets in every direction, he considers that turret ships are by far the most formidable class of vessels for coast defence. Captain George Willes objects to a sea-going turret ship, "because directly you make one you lose the great advantage of the system, i. e., an all round fire," and he further objects to any ship being sent to sea with so few guns. He therefore approved the policy of the Admiralty in not substituting vessels of this class for the broadside ships in the building programme, until the *Monarch* and *Captain King Hall* shares the general opinion as to the utility of turret vessels for harbour defence; but he is of opinion that sea-worthi-

ness, in its comprehensive meaning, i. e., for sea cruising and long voyages, is impossible of attainment. Admiral Yelverton regrets that we have not more turret vessels than we have for coast defence, but he decidedly concurs with Captain Willes, Captain King Hall, and Captain Fitzgerald Foley in the opinion that the *Captain* and *Monarch* should be tried before others of the same kind are commenced; and he adds that "when the numerous advantages of the turret system are found to be compatible with the many and varied requirements of a sea going ship in all weathers, it would be time to depart from what I hear you now intend doing." Admiral Warden, on the other hand, has not "the least doubt in the world" that they may be constructed to meet the requirements of the cruisers, and that if they were recognized as a part of our system, he does not think that one-third of such ships would be out of proportion in the number of iron clads to be built in the future.

## A RECENT VISIT TO SEBASTOPOL.

(From the *Levant*, by R. A. Arnold.)

Street after street, the town presents the same aspect of ruined grandeur. Broken pillars, defaced escutcheons, walls pierced with gaping holes, or deeply cut into by artillery; these things are never out of sight. The west, or commercial side of the town, is more active, and less desolate. Streets of wooden shops, like the bazaars of Constantinople, but infinitely more commodious and better built, have arisen since the siege, many of them in part constructed of the half-burnt boards which remained after the conflagration. Yet on this side, out of sight of the harbours, there are the roofless walls of an arsenal to remind one of the siege. But the desolation of which I have spoken is nothing compared to that which has smitten to useless ruin the magnificent Government establishments which stood between the southern and great harbor. In the shores around the southern harbor are immense anchors, with one fluke buried—the moorings which held the Russian ships and rafts during the siege. We walked around this harbour until we reached the high ground opposite to that which stands the church modelled after the Temple of Theus. Then we were beneath the white walls of the Alexander barracks, built of masonry so finely squared and jointed that the plain surface may be mistaken for stucco until within the nearest view. These buildings cover a square of nearly a quarter of a mile, and were once I suppose the grandest military barracks in the world. Now the bare walls remain, in many places torn into ruins, chipped and spotted with rifle balls, broken and disjointed by cannon shot. Roofless and empty they stand, hopeless of repair, the blue sky showing through hundreds of window openings and many shot holes—a solemn evidence of the waste-fulness of war, both in their erection and their desolate ruin. In line with these barracks, equally destroyed, are the remains of the Russian hospital, which the Allies crammed with wounded soldiers. In the centre of the hospital quadrangle was a church, of which the cupola and walls still remain. This appears to be the only building of which the roof has survived the siege. But the cruel ingenuity of the destruction is most strikingly shown in the destruction of the docks which lay beneath the Alexander barracks, and between them and the collection of ruined houses known as the