

as little of their realised means as possible. They ought to be on the constant outlook for other and better methods of employing their time, their industry, and their money. Let them not be too easily carried away by the idea that what they do live by, they ought to live by, or that they have any vested right in the dealing of perdition to the bodies and souls of their fellow-creatures, for most undoubtedly there is no solid ground for the soles of their feet in these ideas. The most moral of trades is liable to decline under changes of taste and of fashion; and it is the duty of those who suffer by such changes, not to sit down and cry how hardly they are dealt with, but to try the next best course of remunerative industry which is available to them.

"The time has now come, indeed, when many besides them should look out for changes affecting their occupations and means of subsistence. In the simple fact, that money spent in any sort of extravagance or dissipation is now known to be money lost, not merely to the spender, but to the community, we see a revolution which must sooner or later lead to new relations in business. The spendthrift has lost one great protection to his self-respect, in knowing that he does no real good to anybody more than to himself. In the assurance that the millions spent annually on intoxicating liquors are millions utterly lost to the community, since the industry devoted to producing these liquors had to be sustained out of the products of other industry, the unthinking multitude itself has received a correction which cannot fail to tell upon its conduct. There are probably other trades that may find the frost of this truth of political economy. There is a growing tendency in society to act upon principles established on a scientific basis, and there is no saying how far this may go, or what forms it may ere long take. So let the ministers of idle luxury and sensual indulgences of all kinds be warned.

"There is another consideration which we would, with all delicacy and good feeling, bring before the minds of those engaged in making and selling liquors. They cannot but own that their industry is injurious to mankind. They are men, and cannot but feel concerned to think that such is the case; and some uneasiness must therefore rest in their secret minds regarding their occupation. Now, if they are forced out of this line of life, and forced upon some course of industry which comports with the good of their fellow-creatures, there will assuredly be a cessation of the uneasy and self-reproaching feeling which has hitherto harassed them, and very probably they will have cause to rejoice that they were compelled to bring their interests into harmony with those of their neighbours, and thus secure a more agreeable store of sensations. If such compulsion have in it aught of hardship, it is hardship of a kind by no means new, for many are the instances of men being driven to do that which redounded to their own advantage, and blessing afterwards the necessity which they at first deplored."

**Proceedings of Charlottetown Mutual Fire Insurance Company.**

**MEETING OF THE DIRECTORS.**  
Kent Street, Feb. 5, 1855.

William Heard, Esquire, President, in the Chair.

Present—Messrs. J. Trenaman, W. C. Trowan, J. Rider, T. Williams, J. Ings, H. Haszard, G. Beer, and P. McGowan.

Read the minutes of the last meeting, whereupon the Secretary stated that ten individuals had recently taken out Policies agreeably to the terms of the constitution. The President stated that his term of office having now expired—the term of the several officers having expired on 31st Jan., it became the duty of the meeting to proceed to the election of officers for the ensuing twelve months. Mr. Beer proposed, that the President do leave the Chair, and that it be taken by Mr. Henry Haszard. Mr. Beer then proceeded to pass several compliments on the satisfactory manner in which Mr. Heard had discharged the duties of the office for the last three years, and proposed.

That William Heard, Esq., be re-elected President of the Company for the ensuing year. Passed unanimously.

Whereupon Mr. Haszard communicated the same to Mr. Heard, who, in a very neat speech, expressed his thanks and willingness to continue in the office of President. The following appointments were severally proposed and carried:

Henry Palmer, Esquire, Secretary and Treasurer.  
Mr. John Ings and Mr. Peter McGowan, Auditors of Accounts.

Appraisers—East Ward—Mr. John Rider and George Beer, Esquire.  
For Charlottetown, West Ward—Mr. Richard Hartz, Mr. John Ings, Mr. Peter McGowan.

The Board entered into a lengthy free discussion on the propriety of accepting good and

suitable risks situated in the country parts, and finally adopted the principle to accept certain risks that may be offered in future.

The appraisers were instructed to examine several premises now applying for Policies, and to report thereon to the Secretary.

Having reconsidered the amount of premium charged on premises occupied as Druggist Shops, brought forward by Mr. Trowan, the meeting determined to abide by the charges already fixed.

The Board made an order respecting the investment of the balance of cash in hand, as audited on the 31st December last, to produce six per cent. per annum, to be invested in such manner as to command any portion of such money, should loss occur to require it.

At the conclusion of the meeting, the President expressed a hope, that the Directors would continue to be punctual in their attendance at the monthly stated times of meeting, as the usefulness and ultimate success of the Company entirely depended on the business being promptly and wisely dispatched. Adjourned until the first Monday in March.

**INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.**

**A VISIT TO THE TRENCHES.**—The following is from a letter written on board the Indiana, and dated "Before the Camp, Crimea, Dec. 25, 1854:—

"The French camp alone extends upwards of 9 miles inland. Sebastopol lies about 11 miles from us. On the 22d our captain expressed a wish to see the camp, and off we went at nine o'clock in the morning. After passing through the French camp, our desire to see the entrenchments became very great, so the captain went to the hut of the General (it is not better than a hut, being built of mud) to ask permission. He very kindly granted, finding we were English, and sent a guide with us. Travelling in these parts is very disagreeable; for five miles our path was across fields completely ploughed with shell and shot from the enemy. At length we reached the trenches. It really is astonishing to see what extraordinary amount of labour must be expended in throwing up these works; it is just like passing through a maze. During the first part of our journey through the trenches, the heavy shot and shells flew over our heads almost like flocks of birds, but by our keeping close under the entrenchments we were tolerably free from harm. We at last halted; our guide told us we were then as near, as it was prudent to go. We inquired how far we were from Sebastopol? He said, "Nearly 400 yards." The Captain said, "Can we go any nearer?" He said, "Yes; but if you get something for your pains, don't blame me." We reassured him on that point, and on we went, nor were we at all sorry to get clear of it. The position of our men in this entrenchment was fearful. We were compelled, for about half a mile, to almost crawl along through thick mud up to our knees. This trench was filled with Riflemen, whose duty was to keep a sharp look-out through very small crevices, for the purpose of picking off any poor Russian who chanced to show a head. The Russians were carrying on the same sport with our men. One poor Frenchman on my left received a shot which killed him instantly, while another within four feet of us had one passed through his arm and side. We now began to think it time to retreat, but scarcely had we turned, when a large shell fell in the trench thirty feet in advance of us. We looked at each other with astonishment, afraid to make the inquiry, Who was hurt? The soldiers laughingly exclaimed *pas bon*, and returned an immediate answer, discharging three immense bombs, one of which took up its abode in one of the largest houses in the town. We had a fine view of Sebastopol. I should have told you, we were within 110 yards of the town when we turned back. The fields are completely black with the number of shot and shell from the enemy. Those in the trenches have the worst berth. They are on duty twenty-four hours every third day; but it is the night they so much dread; it is during the darkness that the Russians make their fearful sorties. I assure you, we can see most fearful firing all through the night. On the night of the 20th, they made one of these sorties, in which we lost upward of 100 men, besides a large number wounded. No one can form any idea, unless they visit the trenches, of the dreadful nature of these sorties."

**HOW THE ZOUAVES DO THEIR WORK.**

The German Universal Gazette has the following amusing anecdote, said to have occurred before Sebastopol. The French having remarked unusual activity among the garrison of the Quarantine Fort, were anxious to know the cause of it, and for that purpose determined to get hold of some Russian sentinel at the outposts. But that was no easy matter, the sentinels being usually on the alert, and taking good care to keep out of danger. At last a Zouave offered to furnish the article in question. That very night a watchful Muscovite heard a rustling amongst the bushes. He cried, "Who goes there?" but the only answer he received was a grunt. Thinking he to himself, "This is some fat pig that has deserted from the enemy. Bless me, if I could only get hold of it, and smuggle it into the fort, so that our officers may not lay hold of it!" With this view, he returns the grunt; the conversation become interesting to both parties, and at last the worthy Russian sees the object of his desires approach. He lays down his musket to seize it; but, O horror! the treacherous beast turns the tables upon him, throws him down and gags him in no time; then, with a low whistle he calls five Zouaves to his aid, who carry off his victim to the French camp in triumph.

**A COMBAT.**

A sergeant of the 47th took a Russian officer prisoner at Inkermann. He tells the tale to his wife:—"The last round of ammunition I possessed was in my firelock, when this brave officer rushed at me like a lion. Just as he advanced within about twenty yards of me, with his sword in hand, I fired, and put the ball right through his left breast, close to his shoulder. This appeared, as if only to raise his temper, and he continued to close upon me. I then saw an officer of the guards lying dead at my feet, and throwing down my firelock, I snatched his sword out of the sheath, at the same time advancing to meet the brave foe. But he soon found he had to contend with a person who could wield a sword as well as himself. The first plunge he made at me was for my heart, but ere it reached that vital part, I knocked the weapon about twelve yards out of his hand. One moment more, and my sword would have been through his body, for my temper was properly up, but a French officer, seeing the whole, caught my arm, and requested me to spare his life, but to take him prisoner. Acting on this advice, I very soon took him by the collar of his coat, and marched him to the rear a prisoner. For the sword which saved my life, I afterwards got 10s. from an officer. That left me master of £4, and it made me feel a proud man, that I had such a nice sum to send home to you and the children to provide you with a good Christmas dinner, and for which I am deeply thankful to Almighty God, as also for protecting me through that awful day of danger."

**AN AFFECTING INCIDENT OF THE WAR.**

We have been favoured with the following extract from a letter received by a lady resident in this neighbourhood, from a friend in Devonshire:—"I have just been reading a private letter from a young baronet in the Guards who mentions that on searching the person of his friend Lieutenant A—, wounded in the battle of Alma (and afterwards died on the field of battle) he found a small Testament, which he had observed him reading the evening previous, as he lay wounded, and on turning over its pages he found bloody finger-marks on the 14th chapter of St John's Gospel—"In my Father's house are many mansions." This touching fact seemed more interesting coming direct from the field of battle, written on the cap of a young baronet, possessor of large estates, and who is now without a blanket to cover him, or water for ablution, or change of linen since the battle of Alma, yet not one word of murmuring, but sweet, loving messages home. Charles Dickens writes much of the nobility of feelings hidden in the bosoms of the poor—the upper grades of society have mines of wealth hitherto unknown, but which the battle-field is richly revealing."—*Macclesfield Courier*

**THE BALAKLAVA RAILWAY.**

The men and materials for the construction of a Railway from the port of Balaklava to the works before Sebastopol have been shipped from England, by Messrs. Peto, Betts and Brassey, in seven steamers and two sailing ships. Mr. Beatty, the engineer in chief, went out to the Crimea by way of Marselles, and arrived at Constantinople on the 23d December. He was accompanied by Mr. Kellock, as assistant engineer, and also by Mr. Campbell, who was associated with him in this Province. Mr. Campbell, it will be remembered, is son of the late Sir Donald Campbell, Lieut. Governor of Prince Edward Island. The cashier of the expedition is Mr. Charles Camidge, who resided some years at Shediac, in this Province, as principal of the Grammar School there, and who was formerly connected with railways in England.

**LIQUOR TRAFFIC.**

Let those who fancy that the Liquor Traffic cannot be put down by Law, read the following article from the New York Times. Surely, if so much can be done in a city like New York, famed for its rowdiness and the number of its grog-shops, with the comparatively feeble weapons put into the hands of the Magistrates by the License Law, great results may reasonably be anticipated from the stringent provisions of a thorough anti-liquor law.

**NO LIQUOR ON SUNDAY.**

Yesterday was a dry day in town. 'Twas a cool, tight day—the wind sharp and piercing, the sun bright and pleasant enough, but the water in the gutters stood as stiff as ever, and only the tops of the mud heaps were thawed. A dry day out of doors, but a drier one in doors. The old soakers that came out of their cribs to get their "eye-openers" found the doors shut of their haunts. They tried the door that leads into the alley, but a "Star" stood there so solemn and observant, that they went back again with the cobwebs in their throats undisturbed. The men came out yawning to get their "eleven o'clock," but the corner grocery was closed, and it was of no use to thump on the shutters. Nobody was inside evidently. They sat down on the barrels outside and on the edge of the coal-bin, and talked over Mayor Wood's droll way—these men that voted for him and threw up their hats for him, and took treats for him, and "did expect decent treatment." "There was an alien look" about them, sure. Some thought that Governor Clark had made a Maine Law, and some cursed the Know-Nothings, who must have done it.

the soldiers' coats so much that a party was sent with him, and they followed him to a wounded Russian (his owner), who had been lying concealed by the brushwood since the battle.

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The most elaborate and perfect arrangements have been made by Messrs. Peto & Co., to ensure the success of their undertaking. The railway labourers who have been sent out are described as picked men of the best description; and it is said that a finer body of men never left the shores of England for any foreign enterprise.—*Nbrk.*

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"Gentlemen men" shook hands on meeting in the streets, and said to each other, "Let us drink!" and stepping into saloons of mixed characters, where oysters are eaten at times, and marching up to the bar, saying, with the air of men perfectly assured, "Brandy for two," were shocked to hear the bar-keeper reply, "No brandy sold here to-day—by order of the Mayor." Very "gentlemen men" felt as if they had eaten salt fish for breakfast, and chewed pipes over since. They thrust unusually large quids of tobacco into their cheeks, and shewed never so vigorously. It was awfully dry yesterday.

Politicians who crowd each other in our great hotels, the swarms that blacken their saloons, were horrified at seeing neat cards stuck up in sundry places. "No liquor sold here on Sunday." There were indeed, sudden rushing to private rooms, and an unusual number of bells pulled, and servants glided rapidly up and down stairs bearing bottles; but yesterday in the finest of the white-fronted marble hotels as in the dirtiest of the "low groceries," drinks were not to be had at the bar. All honor to Mayor Wood, who has done it. Yet the Church-going people had no hint of the revolution that was wrought.—There was no rioting in the streets—no blood shed. But Mayor Wood did yesterday just what has been again and again repeated by the opponents of a prohibitory law as a thing impossible to be done—he stopped the liquor sale in New York, almost, if not quite, entirely.

Not Mayor Wood alone, Mayor Hall of Brooklyn City as faithfully fulfilled his promises to the public. In person yesterday, he with the Chief of Police, perambulated the Consolidated City. Our report says that in Williamsburg there was but one shop found open; this the two officials entered, saw for themselves the evidences of a violation of the law, and announced their errand to the keeper, after which, as may be presumed, his customers went dry. We have fallen upon new times. The idea of having laws enforced is a great innovation, but it suits the people and wins for the reformers who effect its golden opinions from all whose opinions could possibly be framed of any other than the baser metals.