rode through a wide gap made in the wall separating it from the buildings of the dock-yard, and entered the road leading down to the series of basins and locks, of which, with the workshops, this great establishment was composed. Its low situation appears to have saved this extensive naval quarter from much of the injury which has fallen so destructively everywhere else, as only here and there are the marks of a shot or shell to be seen. The masonry of these splendid basins equalled, if not surpassed, both in finish and solidity, anything to be seen either in Portsmouth or Woolwich. In one of the largest of the locks lay the still smoking remains of a large war steamer, with the machinery, paddles, and other solid iron fittings standing all complete, though, of course, much damaged by the fire. Outside all these, and on the bank of the channel which opens into the creek, stood the charred remains of the huge shears, at which I had so often gazed from Cathcart's and the Picket-house Hills. Then came ruins of burnt and sunken boats, of all sizes, from a captain's gig to a fifty-ton lighter; and further out in the creek still, the mast-heads of a sunken brig. The road then passes down the stone quay, flanked on one side by the waters of the creek, on the other by a continuous pile of lofty two-storied buildings, used apparently for all three purposes of public offices, naval stores, and hospitals. Here I found a party of the Land Transport Corps engaged in the loathsome duty of removing some four hundred Russians dead, some of whom had been found laid outside along the quay, and the remainder within the buildings Of these last, a large number had been discovered in a vault under the building, piled up in rows, one on top of the other, and, judging from their state, they must have been dead nine or ten days. The officer in command of the party described the condition of these bodies as loathsome in the extreme. Of those found laid out on the ground floor of the building, two still breathed when they were first discovered, and a man who had accidentally strolled into the place, a day sooner than "the authorities," affirmed that he had counted twelve of them alive. Besides these, in another vault, some twenty or thirty bodies were found coffined, some with the coffin-lids firmly screwed down, and others with them lying by the side of the dead; these were doubtless officers. The Transport-corps men were piling up the last load of corpses as I rode up; and certainly the sight and the smell were offensive to the last degree. From this point, some hundreds of yards down the quay, the bloodstained and noisome rags of those who had been already borne away, still remained; but they were to be forthwith piled up and burned. From the discovery of the longer dead, it is inferred, that the wounded during the three days of the bombardment were carried hither, and here left to die; as every sign appeared of their wounds having received no attention whatever.

Towards the extremity of the quay is a new half-finished building of cut stone, of similar architectural character to the line of edifices along the front of which I had already passed. Even it, far removed as it is from the scene of action above, bore not a few traces of cannon shot, many a handsomely chiselled cornice and well-fitted joining having been shattered and displaced by a stray long-ranger. Nearly opposite this point, on the other side of the creek and within some hundred yards of the rear of Fort Nicholas, the French had mounted a mortar, and were then throwing shells at a working party employed in the construction of a fort on the north side. They made very pretty practice; sending nearly every other shell within; or close upon the new parapet, and inflicting evident detriment on those at work. The Russians replied with a few round shot, but without effect: and when I turned from viewing the pile of broken stones and mortar, which is all that remains to tell where stood the once handsome structure of Fort Paul, our allies were still pounding away. Besides blowing up the Fort, the Russians had likewise burned several rows of small buildings in this neighbourhood, and the fallen-in roofs of these were still smouldering as I rode along. Through the openings between these, as well as from the top of the ruins of Fort Paul, I had an unbroken view of the harbour, from its mouth at Fort Constantine to its termination at the embouchure of the Tchernaya. Close under Fort Paul, in about twenty feet of water, lay the remains of the burned ship whose destruction I reported some ten days ago; out further, about the middle of the harbour, appeared the mast-heads of the last sunken liners; and away beyond, under the opposite shore, was the burnt wreck of the long famed Vladimir steamer, which with the other steamers and remaining vessels had been burned a few days before—the day after I last wrote. This final sacrifice of the last remains of their once proud Black Sea fleet was occasioned by our having, on Tuesday last, brought down a couple of guns from our advanced batteries to a point near the harhour, which commanded these few remaining vessels; our gunners put four shot into the hull of one of the steamers, which were replied to by a few shells, when, seeing that defence was useless, the enemy consummated the destruction of their vessels by burning or sinking everything that remained, except a few insignificant barges, which are not worth a shot. Not less wreckful and desolate, in its own way, is the present aspect of this once crowded and navy-laden harbour than the most ruined quarter of the town itself. View the entire scene from whatever point you may, it seems as if a destroying curse had fallen upon and blasted the whole. Though nothing is to be seen in the shape of buildings on the north side, beyond the forts on the shore and some wooden huts scattered over the face of the slope, there is an extensive gathering of tents, and signs of great activity all over the enemy's new settlement. The width of the harbour is so inconsiderable, that all their movements can be seen readily with the naked eye.

I returned to our lines by the quarter behind the Malakhoff, and through that redoubt itself. With a few exceptions, all the houses in this locality are much inferior to those in the main body of the town behind. Fort Nicholas, being mostly of only one storey, and many of them built of unburnt bricks. The streets here, too, partake more largely of the character of those of an Eastern town; many of them being simply a couple of parallel dead walls, broken at intervals by doors or low gateways leading to open courtyards inside, round one or two sides of which I found similar galleries running to those which one meets with in Asiatic towns. Inside, however, I saw no traces of the universal divans to be seen in all the rooms of an Asiatic dwelling; but, externally, the streets, with the exception of being wider, might have passed for those of Erzeroum, Diarbekir, or Antioch. Although ruin had swept like a storm over this quarter, too, the consummating touch of French fingers had been wanting to perfect the desolation—and it had not been withheld; benches, doors, windows, and every internal article of furniture worth carriage to their camp, had been borne away, and what would not have repaid this trouble was all smashed to pieces. Little enclosures of flowers and ornamental trees fronted many of the houses; but even these had not escaped the gratuitous wrecking which had been everywhere perpetrated; uptorn rose bushes, roots of dead tulips, camellias, daisies, and the like, met the eye and foot at every point along the street on which this little floral nook had abutted; as if sheer love of ruin had been as strong an impelling motive with the destroyers, as their unsparing itch for plunder itself. I may here mention that all this quarter of the town, as well as the great body of it on the opposite side of the Creek, is at present formally in the occupation of our allies, the only portion of the place which is in our hands being the governmen buildings and dockyard which I have already noticed. This small moiety of the city lies behind our right attack, the reason, I suppose, why we are allowed to hold even it. In this, as in a thousand other things connected with the whole affair, English interests are most unblushingly overridden by those of the French, who, in fact, seem by their effrontery and unconcealed air of ownership, rather to tolerate our presence in the place, than to recognize an equal right to a share in it and what it contains. I would again disclaim any ungenerous feeling towards our allies; but really, in view of their general bearing since the fall of Sebastopol, one's British "monkey" is often disposed to rise and show itself. Their sentries are posted over quite three-fourths of the entire town, and into these quarters admission is forbidden us, unless armed with a pass from the French commander. Altogether, amity in fact and amity in print are here shown to be distinctions with a difference. Talk as credulous apostles of French and English unity may, the British Lion and Gallic Eagle will cherish antipathies, and occasionally shew them, to the end of the chapter: the traditional feelings of more than three centuries are not so easily extinguished, but will retain a smouldering vitality under all the surface of factitious harmony which mere political contingencies may create for them.

In construction and general appearance, the Malakhoff differs little from its neighbor, the Mamelon; the same massive parapet of earthwork, gabions, and sandbags, with similar underground sirdabs to those in the Redan, but without the formidable rear defences to be seen within that redoubt; so that the outer line of battery once gained, the mastery of the interior became merely an affair of musketry and the bayonet. As in the case of the Redan, so here again nearly every inch of ground behind the breastwork was cut by our own and the French fire. The embrasures still remain closed, as on the morning of the 8th, and will, of course, never be re-opened in the same direction. As in all the other batteries belonging to the enemy which I have visited, there has appeared no scarcity of ammunition—round shot, shell, grape, cannister, and every other missile known to artillerists everywhere abounded. I noticed that at the moment of the enemy's flight, very many of their mortars had been left loaded, and wanting only the application of a match to send their deadly contents into our own or the French lines. Before passing from this subject of the enemy's field defences, howevever, I may just mention that in the Redan, and, I believe, some of the other batteries, large magazines full of Russian powder, still remain, the daily explosion of which, strange to say, we await—passing in crowds over these hidden mines. The quantity of the powder is alleged as a bar to its removal; but, if so, why our authorities do not take measures to blow it up *selon la regle* instead of permitting it to take its own time under the smouldering gabions and other wood-work on the surface of the ground, puzzles my civilian understanding. A sentry, for example, will coolly warn you not to come near him, as he is over a magazine, "which may at any minute blow up." In the body of the town, also, it is suspected that unexploded mines yet exist; but of this there can be no certain knowledge. *Apropos* of explosions, I may mention a marvellous escape of a paymaster of the Rifles a few days ago within the town: he was riding quietly along when a shell thrown from the north side of the harbour struck the ground immediately under his horse's body, and exploding at the moment killed the animal without seriously injuring his rider. Were an incident of this kind mentioned in a work of fiction, one would be more disposed to place it to the account of the author's imagination and ignorance of what shells are, than to believe in its possibility. The fact, however, occurred as I have stated it, and is considered one of the narrowest shaves known in the whole course of the siege.

The French trade in the proceeds of their plunder continues to flourish, higher prices for everything being demanded as days roll on. In the centre of a small knot of commercial Zouaves, outside the French bazaar on the Woronzoff-road, I noticed, a few days ago, no less distinguished a purchaser than the Duke of Newcastle, who was bargaining for some Russian trophies with a closeness that would have done credit to the economic instinct of Lord Aberdeen. The Gauls chaffed his grace with a freedom which showed how little they suspected that their customer was no less a personage than the British *ancien ministre de la guerre*, frequently displaying their sympathy with the duke's linguistic difficulties by assuring him that he was a *bono Ingleez* notwithstanding. The Marquis of Sligo is also at present in the camp, on a visit to his brother, Captain Lord Richard Browne, of the 7th Fusiliers. During the late attack, and for some time preceding it, Colonel Powell Thomas, of the Contingent, was present as a volunteer with the 44th Regiment—the only one of the force to which he belongs who has as yet, I believe, taken a part in any of our operations.

By next post, I hope to be able to give you some information as to what is likely to be our next move—if any is to take place before spring. In the meantime there is nothing tangible even afloat on the breeze of camp rumour; and I need, therefore, hazard no personal surmises. Another visit to the French part of the town, as yet undescribed, will also furnish me with some materials of interest for the same mail.

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Restoration of Polvnd.—In Paris, the persistence of the republican organ, the Stecle, in advocating the cause of Poland, is beginning to excite attention. The Paris journal declares that such an opportunity for re-establishing Poland as a nation will never occur to the allied Powers again, and that they ought to seize on the occasion without any fear of the consequences, Sebastopol having proved that nothing is impossible to their arms. The Siecle advances arguments to prove that unless France and England effect this, the whole war will have been a useless one; and it calls on the two states not to allow themselves to be turned from their purpose by Germany, but to proceed straight on towards their design—the resuscitation of Poland. Now, in a government so jealous of any political suggestions, as is that of the French Emperor, such language as that of the Siecle could not pass unperceived, nor being seen, be allowed to escape uncensured, were the government not willing to allow such a theme to be discussed, without let or hinderance. No language can be plainer than that of the Paris journal, and the inference drawn from the tolerance of the French government is that the Emperor is not averse to the course which the republican organ recommends.

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It is stated that the news of the fall of Sebastopol was made public in Rome on the 11th; and by a singular coincidence, on that very evening, when the intelligence appeared in the official paper and all Rome was full of it, the Russian embassy at the Palazzo Ginstiniani was brilliantly illuminated. Crowds were collected around this apparent piece of mockery, unable to explain the cause, until it was divulged that the Russian calendar had set apart that day as sacred to Saint Alexander, and that the illumination was therefore in honor of the Emperor.

HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

Saturday, October 20, 1855.

All the crops are now fully secured, with the exception of those of the potato and turnip, which are in a due course of being completed; and, as we hear of no complaints, and as prices have somewhat lowered, we may conclude, that the harvest, on the whole, has been a favorable one. There is one circumstance that must have attracted the notice of every one who has paid attention to the relative prices of produce for the last few years, and which tells favorably for the farmer, and it is the absence of that glut that used formerly to mark this season of the year. Prices have lowered, as we before stated, but it has not been in consequence of an over-abundance of the article in market; there has been enough and that is all. A few years since, and every farmer—the smaller ones especially—would all be hastening to market with flonr, the produce of the new wheat, and the simultaneous rush that took place so overstocked the market, that the demand fell short of the supply, and ruinously low prices was the consequence. Things are altered now; there is not that absolute necessity on the part of the agricultural portion of the community, that compels them to sell at whatever loss, to obtain a few pounds, or it may be, a few shiilings, and having been warned by past experience, of the folly of coming to market in crowds; those who are able to wait a little—and they are the majority we believe—give place to those whose necessities are greatest, and thus a more equable range of prices has been, and will continue to be, the consequence. There is another, and not less powerful reason. There are now in all parts of the Island, well furnished stores, which supply the farmer nearer home with the principal articles of merchandise that he may want at prices a mere shadow above those of Charlottetown, and take his produce in return, at a fair price. In a word, capital has become more abundant, and competition has so increased, that a fair remuneration is obtained by the farmer for everything that he has to dispose of. The difference between this state of things, and the old practice of barter, is beginning to shew itself in the greater value of the articles that are every spring and fall exhibited at the doors and windows of the principal stores in the City and the total absence of any thing like barter. Shawls "cheap at £10" were things that our ancestors did not dream of, and yet, we are told, that one house in Charlottetown has disposed of a considerable number at this and like *moderate* prices. Still, capital is not sufficiently abundant; the rate of interest is far above what it is in the neighboring Colonies. Not only is six per cent. demanded, but a large bonus for the accommodation, and this upon security, where there is little or no risk. And while this state of things subsists, commerce and agriculture, and improvements of all kind, are impeded. It will not be long, we suppose, ere the routine of the Colonial Office will permit the bill for the establishment of the Bank and the other bills of the last session, to go through the form of being submitted to the Queen in Council, for her approval, and we trust, that when the Bank Bill comes out approved of, we shall then see, that there are among us some spirited individuals, who, notwithstanding the many discouragements that may be thrown in their way, will have the courage and perseverance to begin and go through with the establishment of a bank in the City, and who will not suffer themselves to be turned from their purpose by selfishness, apathy, or the opposition arising from ignorance, as well as mistaken views of self-interest. The tide of affairs has turned, and it becomes those who wish to see the Island thrive, to "take it at the flood."

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The following paragraph relative to appeals from the Colonies is of much consequence. The difficulties of getting a final decision in cases of importance, are in a great measure removed, and much may be done for further facilitations by means of judicious colonial legislation.

Colonial Appeals.—A bill to amend the procedure in appeals from the colonies and dependencies to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council was prepared and brought into the House of Commons shortly before the recess by Mr. M'Mahon and Mr. Serjeant Shee. It enacts that when, in any appeal whatever, the grounds of appeal shall turn exclusively on a question of law, the parties may, by consent of the court appealed from, state such question as a special case, in which case shall be set forth so much only of the pleadings, evidence, and ruling or judgment objected to, as may be necessary to raise the question for the decision of the Lords of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The same special case may be made as to facts adduced in evidence, when the grounds of appeal involve error in respect of the conclusions which the court has drawn or failed to draw from the evidence. A transcript of the special case, and no other document, is to be sent to the Registrar of the Privy Council: but this is not to bar the Judicial Committee from ordering a transcript of the whole proceedings. Parties, also, may agree in England