GENERAL SUMMARY.

LETTER FROM WITHIN A BASTION IN SEBASTOPOL.

"The bombardment of the 17th and 18th of April," says the writer, 'brought a terrible variety to the heroic garrison, in the wearisome uniformity of the almost incessant cannonade which has lasted nearly eight months. Nothing could be more terribly magnificent than the picture which a bastion represents upon such a day. It then resembles the crater of a volcano The gunners indefatigably works at their pieces. Riflemen stand upon the banquettes. Officers pass to and fro in the batteries, and direct the fire. Round shot, shells, bombs, musket and rifle-balls fly, whistle, hiss, scream, burst, rebound and strike in all directions. No one pays attention to them, except the signal-man, who stands with a spy-glass at his eye, to watch the enemies' batteries. He knows them all inside and out; he knows each embrasure, he knows whether this or that gun fires with precision. quick or slow, and when this or that battery will open fire. The cannonade lasts 14 hours by day. and the bombardment all night. The signal man watches vigilantly the whole time, and he calls out as if the enemy fired at his command—"Look out! the six gun battery! one, two, three,—six. halt! The three mortar battery! a shell; have a care to the right; a shell for the troops (meaning the covering party in reserve) A shell has gone to water (fallen in the harbour;) a shell for us; it looks bitter angry," and down it comes and bursts in the battery. Some men are killed, some lose arms or legs; but one hears no groans or lamentations. The bearers arrive immediately, and carry off the wounded to the dressing-place. Meantime the signal man has not turned his head; his eyes are fixed on the enemy's batteries. The cannonade bellows on; "The second turn has begun!" They fire and scarcely has he said this, ere a shell plunges into the rampart beneath, bursts, and dashes up the earth on all sides. "A shell for us," and another shell falls and bursts through the blendage with awful explosion. "Look out above, lads!" exclaims the commander of the battery, and in an instant the mighty gun-carriage is overwhelmed with stones and mud. Another bomb falls in the same place, down in the blendage, and crushes a dozen men beneath. The most terrible is when the whole boquet of shells fall upon a powder magazine, and blow it up. The night brings no repose. Shells fall like hail on the bastion. One rips open an embrasure, another smashes a gun-carriage. This kills half a dozen, that wounds twice as many. Sailors, meantime, drag up fresh guns, or carriages, to replace those damaged or destroyed. Others bring up balls, shells, cartridges, or powder, or else they labour like bees, to repair embrasures or merlons: and so it goes on all night.'—*German Paper.*

LOSS OF THE POLAR STAR.—The barque *Anamooka*, of this port, and just arrived in the Birkenhead Docks after a long voyage, is an object of more than ordinary attention, on account of Captain Hutchinson (her commander) and crew having rescued 96 souls from the large ship Polar Star, which was destroyed by fire on the 4th of October last in the South Seas. The facts of this case are not generally known, but the following may be relied on as authentic:—The Polar Star sailed from London with a detachment of the Royal Artillery, commanded by Lieutenant Temple, the ship's destination being New Zealand. She was commanded by Captain Walker, and had some very respectable passengers, amongst whom were some ladies and children. There were 96 souls altogether on board. On the 1st of October, in lat. 31 south, lon. 25 west, the ships was found to be on fire. The flames raged with great fury until the 4th. and on reaching lat 31 south, lon, 32 west, the ship's last blue light was burned. Captain Hutchinson, of the Anamooka, was on his voyage from Callao to Cadiz, and happened to see the light. He immediately bore down to the ship, in a few minutes all was explained to him. Seeing there was not a second to be lost, he at once had all the people on board removed to his ship, and in less than ten minutes afterwards, the flames burst out of the hold of the Polar Star, and destroyed the ship in a very brief period in sight of all. Captain Hutchinson took every care of the helpless creatures who were in the agonies of despair, when he rescued them. He at once resolved to alter his course, and steer for St. Helena, which island he reached in 19 days with all hands well, and landed them there, The Governor, J. G. Brown, Esq, and the inhabitants, presented Captain Hutchinson with an address. The Admiralty has since rewarded Captain Hutchinson with £150. At St. Helena, he was presented with letters of thanks and addresses by Captain Walker, (of the destroyed ship.) Lieut. Temple, and the surgeon (Thomas Jones) of the troops, and the passengers and crew of the ship, for his kind attention to all. A day or two since he received from the committee of Lloyd's a beautifully framed testimonial. The committee of Lloyd's presented to him also a gold chronometer watch, value 60 guineas. which the inhabitants of St. Helena subscribed for, and forwarded through the committee.

A German Astronomer says that in twenty millions of years from now, the world will be destroyed by a comet.

INSTRUMENTS OF WAR.—The Liverpool *Times* sys that the first gun for the English steamer Horatio is nearly finished, and will be ready for trial in a few days. It will weigh with its carriage fifty tons. According to the estimate which have been made of its capabilities, it will throw a shot of half a ton weight a distance of four miles. Two and a quarter barrels of gunpowder, or two hundred and twenty-five pounds will be required for a single charge. If such guns as these are ever brought into practical and successful operation, they will make little of the walls and fortresses of engineering skill.

UNITED STATES.

The Providence Journal understands, that Dr. Wayland has resigned the Presidency of Brown University, and that his resignation will take effect immediately after the ensuing Commencement. He has occupied the office for 29 years.

Thos. Hall of Rochester, N. Y., has been convicted of grand larceny, and sentenced to two years in State Prison, for neglecting to advertise a package of $1,600, which he had found.

We see it stated, that Sir Moses Montefiore, who lately passed through Vienna on his way to Palestine, goes there to purchase a large district in the country, to settle upon it the Jewish paupers of Jerusalem. Eventually his purpose is to settle there also all those Jews who feel inclined to return to the country of their ancestors. This is, perhaps, the first practical effort yet made at procuring a return of that widely-scattered race.

REAPING MACHINES.—The *American Farmer* gives an account of a trial between Hussey's, McCormick's, and Atkins' Reapers in a heavy field of oats. All of them worked well, but the self-raking attachment of Atkins is described as giving it a superiority over the others. The three machines cut 36 acres of oats in seven hours, or 12 acres each.

A gentleman of our acquaintance made a visit through a great portion of Long Island during the past week, to witness the farmers getting in their harvest. He was astonished at the great number of reaping and mowing machines employed, and the farmers assured him, that but for them they would not have been able to secure their large crops. Hand help could not be obtained; good laborers were receiving $2 per day and board, and enough of them could not be obtained at that. The reaping machines have proved to be "the farmers' best friends this season."

It is stated that Santa Anna has made an investment in New York city, by purchasing elegant houses and other real estate.

A duel took place in New Orleans lately, between a telegraghic operator and a medical gentleman. The difficulty originated in a difference of opinion in relation to the strength of the Malakoff and Redan towers at Sebastopol.

MURDER ON SEA.—*Baltimore* July 27.—By the barque Lapwing, which arrived this morning from Rio, Janeiro, we learn that Capt. Frazer, of the Clipper ship Sea Witch, was murdered at sea on the night of June 5th, while the mate had charge of the deck. His skull was beaten in by three distinct blows, evidently from a marline spike which was afterwards found in the mate's room. Dr. Brolasky, the surgeon of the ship, who suspected the mate, insisted on having the vessel taken into Rio. This the latter refused at first, but was finally overawed by the doctor, who accused him of the murder, and threatened to shoot him if he hesitated longer. On arrival at Rio, the American Consul, after an examination of the affair, ordered the arrest of the mate before being taken ashore. He made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide. Maxwell Wright & Co. have charge of the ship, and have appointed Captain Long to the command. The body of Capt. Frazer is to be sent home in the ship Union, about to proceed to New York. The mate's name is Sylvanus M. Spencer.

BALTIMORE, AUG. 20.—*Yellow Fever.*—Intelligence received via Pittsburg, from Norfolk and Portsmouth, down to Sunday evening, states there is no decrease of the yellow fever in those cities. Twenty new cases had occurred at Portsmouth on Saturday.

The collection in Baltimore for the sufferers now reaches $9,000.

NEW ORLEANS.—Aug. 20.—*Yellow Fever.*—The yellow fever is rapidly increasing here. The deaths for the last week were 517: of which 394 were from fever.

The Boston papers announce the death of the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, one of the wealthiest and most enterprising merchants in the United States. His worth may be gathered from the fact that on his death becoming known the shipping in the port displayed their flags at halfmast, and at many of the public buildings were similar demonstrations. A meeting of the citizens was held to determine upon a proper testimonial of appreciation of the distinguished character and services of the deceased.

A CASE OF ALLEGED FRAUD.—Once in a while there appears in the papers an advertisement for agents to whom a good chance will be given. In answer to such an advertisement a few days since, a young man from the country applied, and found that the advertiser was about establishing a store, and wanted a clerk. A money guarantee for honesty was demanded, however, and finally the application put into the hands of his employer one hundred dollars, his little stock, receiving a note for the same. He was placed in the store, which was partially filled with bottles containing a liquid for exterminating bed-bugs, flies, cockroaches, &c., &c. His employer soon after announced that he was going to New York, and should in a short time send for him there; but the new clerk, growing suspicious that the whole thing was a cheat, got out a writ for debt, and attached all the property in the store, which will probably cover a portion of his claim. It turns out, however, that there are several other young men who have given similar guarantees for their honesty, and who, from present appearances, are minus the money which they have deposited. The respectable owner of the bed-bug exterminator had, it seems, two names—one for his store and one for his boarding house: at one he was single, at the other married. Just at present he is "not at home," but is supposed to be somewhere about the city.—*Boston Traveller.*

LICENSING THE NEWS-BOYS.—The authorities of Boston have licensed about sixty boys to sell papers, tooth-picks, shoe-strings, &c. Each boy has a locality assigned to him, beyond which he cannot stray. He is obliged to wear a badge, with the word "licensed" upon it, so that he can be known to the police, who have orders to complain of any boys selling without license, must have previously attended school for a certain period. In many cases, the small amount earned by these boys is the chief means of support of families for certain periods in the year. These boys are under the superintendance of an officer, who has brought forth order out of disorder, and abated what at one time threatened to be a decided nuisance. Boys no longer sell newspapers merely to get money to frequent the theatre, and to gamble in alleys and by-places. This appears to be a good regulation, and we have no doubt that good effects will flow from it.

A VERY USEFUL INVENTION.—The *Richmond* (Virginia) *Dispatch* speaks of a newly invented bedstead, which, in view of the mosquitoes that are to come, is one of the most useful inventions of the year. The frame of the bedstead contains machinery, at once simple and effective, which being wound up, will put in operation a fan or fans, suspended above the sleeper. When wound up, the machinery will move the fans from seven to twelve hours with rapidity, regulated at pleasure by the occupant of the bed, creating a brisk and stirring breeze, or gentle, soothing zephyr. The bedsteads can be made at from $5 to $50.

A JEWISH WEDDING.—The Syrcuse *Organ* describes the ceremonies of a Jewish wedding which recently took place in that city:—The bride, attired in white, closely veiled, with her friends, advanced from one side of the house, while at the same time the groom, with his friends, came from the other. The priest commenced by singing alone, with his back to the parties. Wine was then presented to the groom and bride, and again the priest sang with several little boys dressed for the occasion; then an exortation or address and more drinking of wine. Here the bride commenced crying, which was soon followed by the groom—a ring was given, and they were declared married. Both kissed and cried, and both returned to their former positions, and the ceremony was concluded.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

Dear Sir;

Since we left Charlottetown, our interest in the welfare of your city—I suppose I must now call it—seems to have increased rather than diminished. We eagerly look forward to the arrival of the Mail, and among the papers first examined, is generally *Haszard's Gazette.* The list of marriages, deaths and births is immediately scanned, and often we find some names not unfamiliar to us. Even your political movements, though we don't—and never did—take much interest in them, perhaps for want of ability—brains I was about to say—to comprehend their importance, seem to assume some consequence in our eyes, now such matters reach us in the shape of news from a distant land, where we resided more than seven years. Most heartily do we wish you prosperity, politically, socially, temporally and eternally. My present scribbling has been called forth by your description of the rising town on the opposite side of your harbor, and your enquiry for the name of the place in that locality where the Indians usually pitch their tents. I am happy to be able to furnish you with this name, and *I* think it very euphonical. It is *Adousăk*; pronounce it *Adoosahk*; the *a* in the last syllable sounded as in father, and made very *long*. It means a "square rock." I suppose there has been—perhaps there is now—such a rock at or near that place. Were the place called "Adousak," it would be as near the thing as we usually come "in murdering the Sachem's Micmac," in the few original names we do use. The name of your Harbor is more euphonical and appropriate still. I should vote for *that*, and would then pray, that the rising town might soon eclipse the old one, and that justice might thus restore the name which the once rightful owners of the Island gave it, a hundred ages hence, by which it still is called and which cannot cease to be applied until the last Redman shall have ceased to be, or shall have become absorbed in the Anglo-Saxon tide. This name is *Booksake*, in the pronunciation of which there can be no difficulty to any one that can pronounce the common English words *book* and *sake*. The accent is on the last syllable. It means—so my interpreter tells me—"a narrow passage between rocks." The entrance of the "Little Bras-d'or," in Cape Breton, bears the same name, and on the same reason. I shall be happy to visit the City of "Booksake" before I die. The name of your Island is *Epaygwit*. It means "lying on the water." A log lying still on the water is said to be *agwitc*. This is one of the many words in Micmac in which a little imagination enables one to trace a resemblance to the Latin and Greek. You would come sufficiently near the truth to call it *aquitc*, and then you see the *aqua* without any trouble. It is a thousand pities this appropriate and ancient name had not been retained. Neither St. John nor Prince Edward Island has either sense or meaning in it as a name for Island. Alas! why did it not occur to the discoverers, that these queerly dressed beings were of the human *genus*, and had human rights, and human feelings and customs like the rest of the race, and that their Rivers, Islands and Countries, as well as their children, had proper names. The question would then probably have been asked, what call you this Island? and it would in that case possibly have been marked on the map "EPAYGWIT." But, in a subject so intensely interesting, I must forbear. I have a collection of some scores of Micmac names of places within the limits of *Migumahke* or *Micmac land*. I may publish them one of those days.

Yours truly,
S. T. RAND.

Hantsport, Aug. 19.

HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

Wednesday, August 29, 1855.

WE publish the letter from the Rev. Mr. Rand with much pleasure. We agree with him, that it is to be lamented, that so few of the Indian names have been preserved and adopted instead of the silly custom of giving names of places in the mother land, most of which are inappropriate. New London for instance; can the most fervid or extravagant imagination perceive the slightest appearance of similarity even in the locality?—Where is the Thames? or any thing that can be likened to it? And Greenwich is, we take it, fully as unlike its namesake. Now, Cascumpec, Miscouche, Bedeque, Tignish, &c., are peculiar to the respective localities, and call up no invidious associations; they cannot be compared to towns and cities in England, Scotland or Ireland. A man from Scotland, when shewn New Glasgow. will naturally look for something at least, like a town, even if he does not expect to see the volumes of smoke issued from countless chimneys belonging to Steam Mills. We are happy to be able to afford the Inhabitants of the rising village the choice of the two names. We confess we differ from our Rev. friend; we prefer the real name "Adousak." It is more Indian like. "Book" and "sake" are both English words, and ignorant people might suppose, that the name was some inexplicable compound of the two.

We were pleased to see so good an audience at the Exhibition of last evening, the Russian War, (the evening before was equally so) it is indicative of a desire on the part of the many to be better acquainted with the localities of a region where events are transpiring which will influence the future destinies of at least, two great empires.

The series of panoramic runs gave great satisfaction. We were ourselves highly pleased with the passage of the Dardanelles by moonlight, the scene illusion was very complete. We have been led to understand that the managers intend giving a benefit for the indigent distressed of the City. This is highly praiseworthy.

It is their intention also, to exhibit on Thursday and Friday evenings.

THE MAILS.—We have no later News from Britain by the Steamer from Shediac yesterday. We take the following from the New Brunswick Chronicle but it contains little more than the telegram which we published in our last issue:

THE steamer *Pacific*, which arrived on Wednesday last at New York, brings dates one week later than our previous advices. At the seat of