HORRORS OF THE HOSPITAL OF SEBASTOPOL.

Of all the pictures of the horrors of war which have ever been presented to the world, the hospital of Sebastopol presents the most heart-rending and revolting. It cannot be described, and the imagination of a Fuseli could not conceive anything at all like unto it. How the poor human body can be mutilated and yet hold its soul within, when every limb is shattered, and every vein and artery is pouring out the life stream, one might study here at every step, and at the same time wonder how little will kill! The building used as an hospital is one of the noble piles inside the dockyard wall, and is situate in the centre of the row at right angles to the line of the Redan. The whole row was peculiarly exposed to the action of shot and shell bounding over the Redan, and to the missiles directed at the Barrack Battery, and it bears in its sides, roofs, windows and doors, frequent and destructive proofs of the severity of the cannonade. Entering one of these doors, I beheld such a sight as few men, thank God, have ever witnessed! In a long, low room, supported by square pillars, arched at the top, and dimly lighted through shattered and unglazed window frames, lay the wounded Russians who had been abandoned to our mercies by their General. The wounded, did I say? No, but the dead, the rotten and festering corpses of the soldiers who were left to die in their extreme agony, untended, uncared for, packed as close as they could be stowed, some on the floor, others on wretched trestles and bedsteads, or pallets of straw, sopped and saturated with blood, which oozed and trickled through upon the floor, mingled with the droppings of corruption. With the roar of exploding fortresses in their ears, with shells and shot forcing through the roof and sides of the rooms in which they lay, with the crackling and hissing of fire around them, those poor fellows, who had served their loving friend and master the Czar but too well, were consigned to their terrible fate. Many might have been saved by ordinary care. Many lay, yet alive, with maggots crawling about in their wounds. Many nearly mad by the scenes around them, or seeking escape from it in their extremest agony, had rolled away under the beds, and glared out on the heart-stricken spectators, oh! with such looks. Many with legs and arms broken and twisted, the jagged splinters sticking through the raw flesh, implored aid, water, food, or pity, or, deprived of speech by the approach of death, or by dreadful injuries on the head or trunk, pointed to the lethal spot. Many seemed bent alone on making their peace with Heaven. The attitudes of some were so hideously fantastic, as to appal and root one to the ground by a sort of dreadful fascination. Could that bloody mass of clothing and white bones ever have been a human being, or that burnt, black mass of flesh have ever had a human soul? It was fearful to think what the answer must be. The bodies of numbers of men were swollen and bloated to an incredible degree, and the features distended to a gigantic size, with eyes protruding from the sockets, and the blackened tongue lolling out of the mouth, compressed tightly by the teeth which had set upon it in the death rattle, made one shudder and reel round. In the midst of one of these "chambers of horrors"—for there were many of them—were found some dead and some living English soldiers, and among them poor Captain Vaughan, of the 90th, who has since succumbed to his wounds. I confess it was impossible for me to stand the sight, which horrified our most experienced surgeons—the deadly, clammy stench, the smell of the gangrened wounds, of corrupt blood, of rotting flesh, were intolerable and odious beyond endurance. But what must the wounded have felt, who were obliged to endure all this, and who passed away without a hand to give them a cup of water, or a voice to say one kindly word to them. Most of these men were wounded on Saturday—many perhaps on the Friday before—indeed, it is impossible to say how long they might have been there. In the hurry of their retreat, the Muscovites seem to have carried in dead men to get them out of the way, and to have put them upon the pallets in horrid mockery. So that their retreat was secured, the enemy cared but little for their wounded. On Monday only did they receive those whom we sent out to them during a brief armistice for the purpose, which was, I believe, sought by ourselves, as our overcrowded hospitals could not contain, and our overworked surgeons could not attend to any more.

The Great Redan was next visited. Such a scene of wreck and ruin! All the houses behind it a mass of broken stones—a clock turret, with a shot right through the clock—a pagoda in ruins—another clock tower with all the clock destroyed save the dial, with the words "Barwise, London," thereon—cook-houses, where human blood was running among the utensils: in one place a shell had lodged in the boiler and blown it and its contents, and probably its inhabitants, to pieces. Everywhere wreck and destruction. This evidently was a *beau quartier* once. The oldest inhabitant could not recognise it now. Climbing up to the Redan, which was fearfully encumbered with the dead, we witnessed the scene of the desperate attack and defence, which cost both sides so much blood. The ditch outside made one sick—it was piled up with English dead, some of them scorched and blackened by the explosion, and others lacerated beyond recognition. The quantity of broken gabions and gun-carriages here was extraordinary, the ground was covered with them. The bomb proofs were the same as in the Malakhoff, and in one of them a music book was found, with a woman's name in it, and a canary bird and vase of flowers were outside the entrance.

THE SINKING OF THE RUSSIAN STEAMERS.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 13.—As the Russian steamers were still intact, notwithstanding the efforts of the French battery at the head of the roads near Inkermann to touch them up, it was resolved to construct a battery on the ruins of Fort Paul, within 700 yards of the northern shore, under which they had taken refuge. The steamers lay in three irregular lines to the eastward of Fort Catharine, where the deep creeks in the high cliffs gave them some sort of shelter against the fire of the French. There they were agents of much mischief and injury to the allies since the battle of Inkermann down to this time. There was the famous Vladimir, with her two large funnels and elegant clipper hull; the Elbœuf, the steamer which made the celebrated dash into the Black Sea through all our fleet, last year, and burned some Turkish vessels, near Heraclea, just as the Vladimir was seen in Odessa harbor, in the month of July, 1854; there was the Grossomonetz, which had caused such annoyance from the Dockyard Creek, and there were five others with hard and, to me, unknown names, as calmly floating on the water as though no eager eyes were watching from every battery to lay a gun upon them. A number of very capacious dockyard lumps and row boats were also secured in these creeks, or hung on by the steamers. In the course of the afternoon of the 11th (Tuesday,) some of the Russian guns in the ruined battery below the Redan were turned on these steamers, and in a few rounds, not more than twelve I think, succeeded in hulling them eight times. The range was, however, rather great, and it became expedient to move a little nearer, in order to afford them the full advantage of our shot and shell. On Tuesday evening, when Lieutenant Gough, of the London, who commanded in naval batteries on the left attack, came down with his men, he was ordered to take his relief over to the right attack, and to accompany Lieutenant Anderson, R. E., down to the town, in order to erect a battery for two 95 cwt. guns on the right of St. Paul's Battery. The site of this battery was about 700 yards from Fort Catharine, on the oppsite side. The men, although deprived of the quiet night and undisturbed repose they anticipated, set to work with a will, and began throwing up the parapet, filling gabions, and as it was possible that some interruption of the work might take place from the other side, a covering party of 120 men was ordered down from the trenches. There were French sentries in charge of this portion of the place, and the little party found that their allies were on the *qui vive*, and were keeping a sharp look out on all sides. The men had been working some time when it was observed that one of the enemy's steamers had left the north side, and was slowly and noislessly dropping down on the very spot where the sailors and the covering party were at their labors. The night was dark, but they could clearly make out the steamer edging down upon them, and coming closer and closer. Every moment they expected her guns to open on them with grape and canister. The men therefore lay down on their faces, and kept as near the ground as they could, and the steamer came over gently, till she was within about 100 yards of the very spot where they had been working. They heard her anchor splash into the water, and then the rattle of her cable as it ran through the hawse hole. Now, certainly, they were "going to catch it," but, no, the Russian opened no port and showed no light, but seemed to be making himself comfortable in his new quarters. Captain Villiers of the 47th, who commanded all the covering party, ordered his men to observe the utmost silence, and the same injunction was given to the seamen. About 2 30 in the morning, when she had been an hour or so in her novel berth, a bright light was perceived in her fore hatchway. The leading steamer on the opposite side in a second afterwards exhibited gleams of equal brightness, and then one! two! three! four! fiive!—as though from signal guns, the remaining steamers, with one exception, emitted jets of fire from their bows. The jets soon became columns of flame and smoke—the wind blew fresh and strong and the night was dark, so that the fire spread with rapidity along the vessels and soon lighted, speedily licked and warmed into a fiery glow, and the rigging burst out into fitful wavering lines of light struggling with the wind for life, the yards shed lambent showers of sparks and burning splinters upon the water. The northern works could be readily traced by the light of the conflagration, and the faces of the Russian soldiers and sailors who were scattered about on the face of the cliff shone out now and then and justified Rembrandt. The work of destruction sped rapidly. The vessels were soon nothing but huge arks of blinding light, which hissed and crackled fiercely, and threw up clouds of sparks and embers, and the guns, as they became hot, exploded, and shook the crazy hulls to atoms. One after another they went down into the seething waters. The cavalry out on the plains wondered what great conflagration had broken out anew in the town. At daybreak only one steamer remained. A boat pushed alongside her from the shore. They boarded her and after remaining below about ten minutes, returned to their boat and regained the shore. Very speedily the vessel began to be seized with a sort of internal convulsion—first she dipped her bows, then her stern, then gave a few uneasy shakes, and at length, after a short shiver, went down bodily, cleverly scuttled. Thus was Sinope avenged. Of the men who planned, the sailors who executed, and the ships which were engaged on that memorable expedition, scarcely one trace now remains. Korniloff, Naschimoff, Istommine, and their crews have disappeared: their vessels now rest at the bottom of the roadstead of Sebastopol. The Russians prefer being agents of their own destruction, and did not give the conquerer a chance of parading the fruits of his victory. We can only drive the enemy to the option of destroying or of doing the work for him, and he invariably prefers the former. The Russians are fortifying themselves on the north side. The French are gone towards Baidar. Our naval brigade, after long, brilliant, and ill-requited services, is to be broken up at once.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 14.—The silence in camp is almost alarming; were it not for a gun now and then between the town and the north side, and across the Tchernaya, it would be appalling. There is an English-French commission sitting in the town. Colonel Windham is commandant of the British portion of it. The 3d Buffs have received orders to occupy it, and the French garrison is strengthened. The enemy work all day at new batteries. The Guards are to make the roads between Balaklava and camp. The army works' corps, like all bodies of men who come out from England to this climate, have suffered severely from disease and death, and up to the present time not less than sixteen per cent. of the navvies and artificers have died from different forms of malady. One ship, which sailed some time ago from home with a considerable number of them haa not yet reached Balaklava, though she is considerably beyond her time. The corps at present here does not exceed 540 efficient men, and they are principally employed in trenching and repairing the railway, which is a vital and all-important work. Sir H. Jones made an application to Mr. Doyne to send a portion of his men into the trenches, to assist in the siege approaches, but the latter very prudently urged on the general the necessity of getting the railway into proper order, and the bad economy of placing skilled labourers in a position which would certainly not conduce to the satisfactory development of their capabilities, as no untrained and undisciplined men, without arms or military habits and experience, could be expected to pursue their work calmly and energetically with round shot and grape tearing through them, and shell bursting amid their ranks. At the same time Mr. Doyne and the gentlemen employed as officers of the corps, expressed their readiness to lead their men into the trenches, if the general of engineers required him to do so. The reasons urged against such a mode of employing the corps prevailed, and they are now engaged in the more safe and peaceful works for which they are peculiarly fitted. Locomotives and stationary engines have been applied for, and will speedily be sent out to prepare the railway more adequately for its herculean task in winter, and Mr. Doyne expects an augmentation of five hundred men to the corps under his command. The sickness which harrassed the first comers is now of a milder type, and diminishes daily in virulence. Many of the men have suffered from their own recklessness in eating and drinking; but it is also a fact, that some of the steadiest and most sober men in the corps shared the fate of their imprudent and thoughtless comrades. In the hour of their illness, these men, in common with many others, have found a kind successful physician. Close to the railway, half way between the Col. de Balaklava and Kadekoi, Mrs. Seacole, formerly of Kingston and of several other parts of the world, such as Panama and Chagres, has pitched her abode—an iron storehouse, with wooden sheds and outlying tributaries, and here she doctors and cures all manner of men with extraordinary success. She is always in attendance near the battle-field to aid the wounded, and has earned many a poor fellow's blessings. The Diamond, Wasp, and Leander go home at once.

Saturday, Sept. 15, 10 a.m.—No news. The Russians still fortifying the north side.

The four monster shells which have deen manufactured at the Lowmoor Iron Works, and which are the most perfect specimens of that description of workmanship that have as yet arrived at the arsenal, have been taken from the laboratory, and been formed into a pile outside the old model room door. The immense mortar which is to propel these gigantic missiles of war which will weigh 22 tons, has not not yet arrived.

CIVIC AFFAIRS.—We are pleased to learn that the City Council has passed a sanitary Law for the City, containing regulations for the removal or abatement of various nuisances that are so objectionable at present. A Law for the regulation of Truckmen, is before the Council.

Port of Charlottetown.

ARRIVED.

Oct. 15, Schr. Matilda, Le Blang, Newfoundland; bal. Three Brothers, Boudroit, Arichat, do. Bark Ann Reddin, Liverpool; goods to D. Reddin, Esq. 16th, Brig. Medora, Bay Verte, for England. Schr. Unicorn, Buctouche; deal. Charlotte, Le Blang, do. do. Lady Le Marchant, Shediac; mails. Hope, Roberts, Pictou; coal. Jason, West Point; lumber.

SAILED.

Oct 16, Lady Le Marchant, Pictou; mails. Brigt. Monte, Cristo, Bathurst; goods.

Ship News.

SEPTEMBER 29.—Sailed from Cumberland Hill, Grand River, Lot 55, American Brig "Carolina," Stackfield, Master, for Bath, Maine, ship knees. October 4.—Schooner "Packet," Babin, Master, for Arichat; lumber—by J. M. Johnston.

New Books!

HASZARD & OWEN have JUST RECEIVED this day, per "Majestic," 1 case BOOKS, from Edinburgh, among which, are a new supply of CHAMBERS' PUBLICATIONS, viz,—Chambers' Information, English Literature,

Journal of Popular Literature, new series, Jan. to July, 1855.

Pictorial History of England, 1st volume,—A History of the People as well as of the Kingdom, illustrated with many hundred Wood Engravings, to be completed in 10 volumes,

Chambers' Pocket Miscellany. Tales for the Road and Rail. Mathematics. Algebra. Geometry. Arithmetic. Book-keeping & Natural Philosophy and Science, in all its branches, &c.

Also, from Messrs. Oliver & Boyd,

Eton Latin Grammar; Edward's Latin Delectus; Dymock's Cæsar; Reid's English Dictionary; Fulton's Johnston's do., Hutton's Book-keeping; Bridges' Algebra & Key; Key to Lennie's Grammar; Mangnall's Questions; Markham's England; Markham's France; Stewart's Modern Geography; Cumming's Signs of the Times, urgent questions; Protestant Discussion with D. French, Esq., &c.

FALL SUPPLIES.

JUST Received *ex* "Sea Star" from Boston and for sale by the Subscriber:—

Pilot Bread and Confectionary in great variety
Crackers of all kinds,
Rice, Digby Herrings, Apples,
Tea, Chocolate, Soap, Pepper, Snuff, Tobacco,
Cigars, best quality,
Nuts in variety, Fancy Soaps,
Matches, Pickles, Cake Flavouring,
Gentlemen's fancy Dress Boots,
Ladies' and Misses fancy Boots,
Ladies' and Gents Rubbers,
Ladies dress Shields,
Together with a variety of small Wares and Yankee notions.

N. B. Plain and fruit Cake baked to order.

EMILY CANTELO.

Oct. 13, 1855.

TO BE SOLD At Public Auction.

AT the OLD COURT HOUSE, Charlottetown, on Tuesday the 30th October next, at twelve o'clock, if not previously disposed of by private Sale, all that tract of land situate on Township No. 19, known as the Douglas Estate comprising 1630 Acres. This property is freehold and under Lease to various Tenants at an annual rent of one shilling currency per acre. An indisputable title will be given. A plan of the property may be seen and other particulars made known on application to the undersigned.

ROBERT STEWART.

Charlottetown, Aug 28th, 1855.

Fall 1855.

Duncan, Mason & Co.

SUCCESSORS TO

A. & J. DUNCAN & CO.

GENERAL Importers wholesale and retail have JUST RECEIVED, *ex* Barque Isabel, a large assortment of—

GOODS

SUITABLE FOR THE PRESENT AND APPROACHING SEASON.

Brick Building, corner of Queen and Dorchester Streets.

City of Charlottetown, Oct. 8, 1855.

CAUTION!

WHEREAS, SARAH ROPER, a servant in my employ, has left my service without fulfilling her engagement, this is to caution all persons from employing the said SARAH ROPER, otherwise, her producing a written discharge, otherwise, they will be prosecuted as the Law directs.

GEO. T. HASZARD.

Cod Liver Oil.

WARRANTED Pure and Fresh, sold by the Bottle, or in any quantity wished.

W. R. WATSON.