

FROM ONE OF THE LADDER PARTY.

My very dear Friend,—I volunteered for the ladder party, and the duty we had to perform was to carry the scaling ladders, place them across the ditch and against the ramparts, and I need hardly say that this was a dangerous task. At 7 o'clock in the morning of the 8th, we marched down to the trenches and patiently waited for the signal. It was arranged that the French were to attack the Redan, and when they had got into it, we were to assault the Redan, and about 12 o'clock, noon, our gallant allies stormed and took that formidable position with little loss, as the Russians were completely taken by surprise. Had we attacked the Redan at the same moment, we should have gained an equally easy victory, but most fortunately it was otherwise ordained. As soon as the Malakoff was in possession of the French, up sprang our little party, and headed by our gallant Major, the Bulls not only passed the ladders but rushed into the stronghold and drove the enemy in confusion from their guns. They retreated to an inner line of defences, and being reinforced, they poured in volleys of grape and musketry; even stones, shovels, pickaxes and pieces of wood were used by the Russians, and in a short space of time our little body, who from some unaccountable cause were left to hold their ground unsupported by any other regiment, had to retire with a loss of 6 officers wounded; 1 sergeant and 24 men killed; and 9 sergeants and 41 men wounded. Thank God, I escaped unhurt, though 40 bullets flew like hail all round me. Bitter was our disappointment at not succeeding, and we were only consoled by being told that we were to renew the attack the next morning, and accordingly we marched down again at 7 a. m., when to our surprise, we found the English flag floating on the Redan, and the town in flames. During the night the enemy, knowing that all hopes of holding out were lost, blew up a portion of the Redan, and setting fire to the town, retreated across the harbour, destroying the bridge after them, and leaving their wounded in our hands. They destroyed all their whigs, and when we entered the town we found the dead in piles of nine feet high. Oh, my dear friend, the sight of a battle-field is awful, and to see hundreds of human beings lying in their blood is enough to sicken any one of war. However, we have at last obtained the object of our twelve months' labour and privation, and all we hope is that now Sebastopol is fallen and the Russians defeated, a speedy peace may follow and permit us all to return home. We are now busy in clearing the town and repairing the buildings, and our division is going next week to occupy barracks, while the remainder of the army are expecting to go round to the north and complete the route of the enemy, while the fleet will batter down the northern forts. The whole army are in the highest spirits and ready to attack any force the Russians may collect; but I think they will never stand against us again, and I hope that the war will now end. Sebastopol is a fine town, and when cleaned out and repaired will make us famous winter quarters. I stated before that it was very fortunate no large force had entered the Redan, and I will explain why: the whole of this formidable fortification was undermined, and the Russians, there is no doubt, would have fired the train and blown us all to atoms if once they had got a large body in the place. When inspected the Redan was found to consist of a series of vaults and caves, in which it is evident the troops used to live, and even shoemakers shops and places for other kinds of artificers were found, just as their occupants had left them, and so secure was the covering that a thousand men could have sheltered themselves from our fire during the bombardment, and would be ready to spring up and oppose us when we attacked the place.

JOHN HENRY.

FROM A ROYAL ARTILLERYMAN.

My dear Father,—I was in a fine place for a view, for I was right opposite the Malakoff, in what we call the Quarries, which we took from the Russians on the 7th of June last. The French came upon them quite unawares, and when they landed at the Malakoff they never had had a single shot fired at them; but when they got on the top of the parapets they commenced a regular hard fight for about a quarter of an hour, and then the Russians fell back a few yards. The French jumped down the parapets into the Malakoff, and how plain we could hear their officers cheering on the men. The Zouaves and the Imperial Guard were the men who made the charge. The Zouaves are the best soldiers in the Crimea. After about an hour's hard fighting, the Russians gave way and ran fit to break their necks, the French chasing them even down the streets. When we saw from the Quarries the Russians gave way and ran, we fired upon them, and with so much confusion and dust flying, we did not see the Zouaves following after them, and consequently killed a few of them. We ceased firing down the streets, and commenced firing upon some rifle pits, in a low battery extending from the Malakoff. We pitched a gun shell into one of these pits, and blew them up. They were soon driven from that position and the French were in full possession of the Malakoff. About 12 o'clock the English made an attack on the Redan, but it was a bad job for them, for when the Russians saw the French tackle the Malakoff, they of course charged all their guns with grape and canister, and when our men jumped over our advanced trench, the Russians fired a regular volley which cut them up awfully; and as they got charged they gave them another volley. It was an awful looking place for them to climb up; there was a great deep ditch, and then they had a parapet of about twenty-five feet high, with logs and sand. It was a terrible task for them to climb under such circumstances. After firing for about half an hour we were forced to retire back into our advanced trench. The Russians fired grape and canister at us all the blessed time; the grape came flying through the embrasures and over the parapets. There were only two wounded in our battery—one officer and one sergeant. When our men returned from the Redan it was a shocking sight to see the poor wounded men coming along, some with their arms shattered like a handful of hay, and others with their legs shattered or heads knocked and cut in all manner of ways. But the worst of all was to look over the parapet, and there one would see an awful sight—a sight I never wish to see again. They were lying in hundreds; some cut in two with solid shot, some with their heads shot off, and arms and legs were lying about in all directions. Thanks be to God, I never received a single scratch. It was a miracle that any man escaped from being either killed or wounded. If we never had attacked the Redan at all, it would have been a good job for us, as it would have saved many a good man's life; for after the French took the Malakoff, the Russians could not have lived in the Redan, as there was no covering for them. I have been through both the Redan and Malakoff, and if England had had such strong fortifications she might have defied the world; as we might have fired at them for years, and never hurt a man; for when we commenced a heavy fire upon them, they had barracks into which they slipped, and never a hair in their head was touched. The Redan is a much stronger place than the Malakoff. When we were coming out of the trenches at night, we met the Highland Brigade coming in from Bala Clava with their kilts on. They were all saying they would have the Redan before morning. When we came out of the trenches at night we had enough to do to keep ourselves from tumbling over the dead and wounded whom the handmen were carrying to the rear, and the ground was strewn with firelocks, pouches, belts and old clothes. The Russians left three large magazines full of powder to the very month; it will soon be taken away. Many explosions have taken place since we took possession of it, and the sappers have been springing mines, but they are done now. It took four or five days to bury our dead, and they scarcely covered them. They buried most of them in the ditch in front of the Redan; there is some odd ones not buried yet. I was down in Sebastopol the other day and saw some awful sights. The English have found some dead houses, and there were many hundreds thousand dead, some having lain there for a month or two; they were black and swollen up, and in a decayed state—the small would have knocked a brass monkey down—they buried them in the ruins of an old house which we had knocked down, and they threw the ruins out of the foundation, and brought ten dead men up in a wagon; one man caught hold of one leg, and another the other leg, and pitched them in. When I hit one pit there was no less than five hundred bodies in it. I saw the bodies of four Englishmen which they took out of the dead houses. Sebastopol has got a severe cutting up; the houses are riddled with shot and shell, which shows that the artillery have done their duty. You would have laughed to have seen the Frenchmen; they were allowed to plunder, but we were not allowed to take a single thing. They came up carrying beds and bedding, tables, chairs, looking-glasses, flour, peas, wine, corks and

hens, ducks, geese, pigeons, and everything you could mention. I enclose you a small Russian picture which I got out of Sebastopol, it is not worth anything, but you can say what you like about it, that you have got something out of Sebastopol. I have a Russian sword, but I cannot say how I can get it to reach you.—P.S. I am sitting up in bed writing this letter, as the post goes away at 7 o'clock this morning; bed I call it—the cold damp ground, and our blankets all covered with these infernal fleas, some of the men are nearly worried with them; it is only an odd one that bites me. Send word if there was any great fight when Sebastopol was taken; for in Constantinople the town was illuminated, and the Turks were calling "English, no bono," on account of retiring from the Redan. Our chaps nearly kill the Turks and Greeks, but now they pitch into them worse for shouting that in Constantinople. I mortally hate the sight of the Turks and Greeks, for they are dirty and lousy-looking rascals, and would stick a knife into you in a moment, but if you have a stick they will run away like the very devil from you.

A LOST BROTHER FOUND.

The following letter was received by the Rev. E. Fawcett, of Cokermouth, last week, and published by him in a paper printed in that town. It will be seen from the letter that the writer, Corporal Greene, formerly belonged to Cokermouth. In a paragraph in the manuscript he states his impression that all his relations are dead—that he has not a friend left in the place of his nativity that he is aware of—and which he pleads as his excuse for writing to Mr. Fawcett. However, the letter had not been published many hours before a person called upon Mr. Fawcett in a state of pleasing astonishment, and said he had fortunately seen the letter addressed to Mr. Fawcett from the garrison of Sebastopol; that the writer, Corporal Greene, was his brother; that he lost trace of him for twenty-eight years; that he had not the slightest idea he was with the army in the Crimea; that, in fact, he had concluded he was dead years ago; that, moreover, there was a small property belonging to the corporal, for which letters of administration had been taken out, &c. Mr. Fawcett and the brother, now in Cokermouth, have both written to the corporal, whose brave heart will be gladdened by the news:

Garrison, Sebastopol, Sept. 11, 1855.

Rev. Sir,—My regiment formed a portion of the troops appointed to storm the garrison of Sebastopol on the 8th instant, a fortress which the late Emperor Nicholas termed impregnable, but which is now in the hands of the allies. We had to advance against a tremendous heavy fire of grape, canister, musketry, and heavy shell. We stood under their fire, which we returned, for about one hour and a half. In position they had much the advantage, for we had to climb up to the batteries, when we were destroyed in detail. After suffering a very great loss, we were under the necessity of retiring, during which operation we were exposed to the fire of their large cannon, loaded to their muzzles with grape and canister; the parapets of their battery were the same as a *chevaux-de-frise*. On the morning of the 9th we again advanced, and drove them before us without our receiving the fire of a single gun from them. They then retired to the north side, setting fire to various parts of the fortress; their dead they left with us to inter with our own who were slain on the previous day. I have not now time to enter further into detail, as duty now calls me. Permit me, however, to mention two individuals who fought amongst the many thousands, on that day, and who appear to me well worthy of holding higher rank—one is General Windham, and the other Lieut-Colonel Mauleverer, of the 30th Regiment, in which I have the honour to serve; he is not only his Queen and his country's soldier but he is a soldier of Christ, and one whom every man in the regiment would risk his life to serve. Rev. sir, I have often looked back to the days when I accompanied my dear mother to the old church to attend Divine service under your ministrations. You have often been forcibly brought to my mind when I have been listening to the same truths of Christianity advocated by other ministers of God in Turkey and in the Crimea, particularly when standing in one of the squares in front of this fortress. That God in whom I trust, and who has protected me through all the perils of this war hitherto—at Alma, Bala Clava, Inkermann, and the arduous duties of the trenches—will continue to me His protection, and bring me safely to my native land, is the earnest prayer of, rev. sir, your humble servant,

Corporal WILLIAM GREENE, No 4 Company, 30th Regt.

WHO DISCOVERED THE VULNERABLE PART OF SEBASTOPOL?

There is now not a child but knows that great Sebastopol trusted for its safety to the Malakoff Tower; but so intricate were its formidable fortifications, and so cunningly had their engineer knelled and sealed his art, that the secret of its strength, like that of Samson, baffled detection. It was Sir John Burgoyne who discovered its vulnerable heel. He at once declared, in the most explicit manner, that the Malakoff was the key of the position—the corner stone of this mighty citadel, on which its whole foundation rested. Let that point be struck, and all its vast works, its mountains of earth and guns spread on every side, would, as he averred, fall like a stack of cards. But, who gave ear to his counsel? The judgment of Sir John, founded on the experience of a score of sieges, was overruled; and General B. not insisted on directing the principal attack against another quarter. The arrival of General Nott gave another turn to affairs, and that distinguished engineer instantly recognized the correctness of Sir John's views, embraced his principles, and adopted his plans. It is to the execution of these plans that we owe the reduction of Sebastopol.

THE RUSSIAN ACCOUNT OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED AT SEBASTOPOL.

The *Invincible Russ* gives the following list of losses sustained by the Russian army on Sept. 8:—

KILLED.—Superior officers, 4; Inferior, 55; Soldiers, 2,625.

WOUNDED.—Superior officers, 26; Inferior, 206; Soldiers, 5,826.

CONTENDED.—Superior officers, 9; Inferior, 58; Soldiers, 1,183.

MISSING.—Officers, 24; Soldiers, 1,730.

The *Invincible* further says the Russians lost 1,500 on August 17, and 1,000 men per day on every day following up to Sept. 5. The *Invincible* mentions among the officers killed Generals Lysekne, Bousseau, and Joussaroff.

REGULATION IN THE RUSSIAN NAVY.—THE FLEET AT NICHOLAIEFF.

We read in a letter from Moscow:—The idea of creating a new steam navy at Nicholasieff, to replace the Black Sea fleet so ingloriously sunk and destroyed at Sebastopol, pompously announced by the Russian organs, seems likely to prove a failure, for it cannot remain a secret that the resources of the country are not of a nature to admit of ships of war being built with the celerity so desirable. There are no stores of dry and seasoned timber at Nicholasieff suitable for shipbuilding. Whenever a stock is required the Minister makes a contract with some favourite, or whoever pays him the most handsome bribe, who makes an advantageous sub-contract, and thus the affair may pass through the hands of ten or a dozen different persons, each of whom makes a pretty picking of a Government contract; and when at length the timber is floated down the Dnieper from up the country, it is found to be quite green, full of sap, and generally cut at the wrong time of the year; consequently, perfectly worthless, and totally unfit for immediate use. The Emperor's shipbuilders at Nicholasieff may celebrate the presence of their sovereign by laying down the keel of a 131-gun ship, to compete with the Royal Albert, but the day of its completion is far distant.

The leading article in the last No. of the *Islander* is another proof of the utter folly of any political party choosing for an advocate a man of such a false and reckless cast of mind as Duncan Maclean. He imagines that by his scribbles he is always doing infinite damage to his political opponents, but the plain fact is, that he is forever bringing eternal disgrace upon his supporters and friends. All the liberal officers, according to his veracious testimony, are either peculators and robbers, or intend to be so, while, according to the same truthful chronicler, they are the poorest wretches that ever broke a crust of bread. All this kind of stuff naturally leads to reflections and enquiries regarding the circumstances and doings of public officers on the opposite side of politics. This is the way in which Mr. J. Spencer Smith suffered so much at the hands of Maclean: the real character and practices of that gentleman became fully exposed so soon as the *Islander* set up a silly defence in his behalf by abusing his political adversaries. The same thing occurred with regard to Mr. J. Duff McDonnell in the Excise. We all know what his career was; but the knowledge of it would not have been so extensively diffused, had the *Islander* abstained from its usual injudicious advocacy of the man. Every week the *Islander* still blackguards the present holders of office. Let us go through the list. The Colonial Secretary to begin with: he never robbed the public out of fees; he never trafficked with the gable land funds; and if he were to leave his office to-morrow, he would not leave it as Mr. Secretary Longworth did, with a deficiency in the Road Correspondent's cash account to the amount of £30 or £40, which, it appeared, could not be paid back for a considerable time after his retirement from office; and as to his private circumstances, we believe nobody ever yet regarded him as a bankrupt.

With respect to the present Treasurer, we shall not do that gentleman the injustice to compare him with his predecessor of the Tory regime on the score of probity. He has never yet applied the public money to his private purposes, nor fleeced unconscious and incredulous people out of their hard earnings. He may not be a very rich man, but certainly is not near so poor a being as the predecessor to whom we allude.

A comparison of the present Collector of Excise with his predecessor of the *ancien regime* would be equally odious. If Mr. Clark should ever become a cast-off of tipping houses and an absconding debtor, we may think quite as bad of him.

We cannot for the life of us see that there was such a tremendous amount of wealth amongst any or all of the officers of the old Tory Government that their successors must be always reminded of their inferiority in this respect. Mr. Haviland was not a rich man, else his property would not be heavily mortgaged. Mr. Palmer is, as every body knows, poor enough. Mr. Longworth is a tremendous distance from being millionaire; nobody has ever yet mistaken Mr. George Wright for being a man who had more money than he could find use for; and as for the incumbent of the Excise to whom reference has been already made, there is no necessity for saying anything more about him.

But let us return to the article in the last *Islander*, in which Mr. Clark is made the object of some base calumnies, in order to set up a defence for Mr. Charles Stewart, that was uncalled for and unnecessary.

We are told that there is no authority for Mr. Stewart "owing any balance" to the Agricultural Society. The minutes of the Society's meetings ought to be authority enough, that there was a deficiency when Mr. Stewart left office. It is said also that he was summarily dismissed from the Society, and was not allowed time to make up his books. This is not true. Mr. Irving did not take the office for nearly a month after his appointment to it, and not for a fortnight after Mr. Stewart expressed to the Committee of the Society his readiness to retire from it, and stated that it was his wish for the new Secretary to relieve him. At the time he was called on to surrender the office, he had four or five hundred pounds in cash on hand, which ought to have been remitted to the creditors of the Society months before; and the whole of the cash was not handed over for weeks after Mr. Stewart left the office; and when he did make up his account, he represented a certain sum as the balance due the Society, when in fact it was subsequently proved to be between £70 and £80 short of the proper amount.

It is said that the new Secretary was not capable of making up the Society's accounts, and that they had to be handed over to Mr. Cundall. It is not our business to discuss Mr. Irving's efficiency in this matter. We know it was not his place to do any thing of the kind. The accounts, it was to be presumed, required no making up, but auditing, in accordance with the Act; and the books were accordingly placed in Mr. Cundall's hands, as one of the public auditors, when he discovered that the accounts had not been made up for three years, notwithstanding that Mr. Stewart annually made a pretence of furnishing the Government with a statement of the Society's affairs, showing the balance in hand, which, of course, must have been all guess work. This discovery having been brought to the knowledge of the Committee, Mr. Stewart was requested to bring up the arrears of his work, both as regards the accounts and the copying of the minutes of several committee meetings held prior to Mr. Irving's appointment; but he refused to comply with this reasonable request, although he had been paid for his services up to the very day he left office. Mr. Cundall was then directed to do what Mr. Stewart should have done, and in examining the books, he found that Mr. Stewart had received several amounts not entered in the Society's accounts, and which he, of course, was called upon to refund. We have heard that Mr. Stewart received from a gentleman who takes a deep interest in the Agricultural Society, a small sum of money to be given as a prize on a certain occasion. The story runs that the money was not appropriated in the way intended, and no account of it found in the Society's books. At all events, three glaring facts have been brought to light, and made unnecessarily conspicuous by Maclean's folly in trying to establish reputations for his supporters at the expense of his opponents. These facts are: a deficiency in the Society's cash account when Mr. Stewart left its service; a deficiency of the amount that ought to be in hand for implements sold; ditto, ditto, for seeds sold. It is pure nonsense to allege, by way of excuse, that either Mr. Stewart or his securities are able to make good any deficiency. What would be said of Mr. Warburton, if, retiring from his office to-morrow, he left his books unposted for three years; refused to post them, though paid for doing so; and when examined, found that he had not accounted for a large sum of money? It would be an insult

to the common sense of the community to say that he is able to make good a deficiency. Why should there be a deficiency? We suppose that Messrs. Cundall and Brecken will esteem it a high favour to be told by the *Islander* that their report of an audit of the public accounts is not to be relied upon—that, in fact, as the *Islander* insinuates, they report falsely in order to keep their situation. When we read this we concluded that Maclean's extensive knowledge of the Tory party of late days must have inspired him with small confidence in even the most upright of its adherents.

It is universally believed in this Island that Duncan Maclean gets about £30 or £40 a year—made up by begging subscriptions from all who are foolish enough to give—to prepare for every weekly issue of the *Islander* a certain quantity of abuse against the Liberal party. Having no discretion, and being often, we may charitably suppose, in liquor, he writes in such a way as often more seriously to compromise those who are secretly, but ashamed to avow themselves, his friends, when he imagines—the silly old man, that he is inflicting terrible havoc on his foes; while the publisher is so notoriously and contemptibly stupid as to be unable to exercise any judgment regarding what he should print or what reject. Under these circumstances, and seeing that the Tory party cannot conveniently, perhaps, shake off Maclean—without gratifying his avaricious propensity for the siller—we suggest that would it not be far better to pension the fellow off, and let there be a bond and condition therein, viz., that if ever he should write another line for the *Islander*, his allowance would be stopped?

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

The annual show of domestic manufactures and agricultural productions took place at the Temperance Hall on Wednesday last—numerously attended by farmers, their wives and daughters, from distant parts of the country, as well as from the neighbouring settlements. There has been a decided improvement in the manufacture of cloths, shawls, carpets, hearth rugs and flannels, some of these things being of a remarkably fine texture and neat pattern. The exhibition of agricultural productions was not considered as favorable as those of former years. We subjoin a list of the prizes awarded:—

- For the best 10 yards of Cloth, Island wool, span and wove in the Colony and dressed in Pictou,—Mungo McFarlane, £1 10 0
" 10 yards wool grey Homespun, milled and pressed,—Mrs. Warren, York River, 1 0 0
" 10 yards do., finished,—Mrs. P. Forbes, 1 0 0
" 10 yards fancy mixture do.—Wm. Scott, East River, 1 0 0
" 10 yards Shepherd's Plaid,—Mrs. David Lawson, Covehead, 1 0 0
" 10 yards twilled Flannel,—Mrs. J. Leard, 0 10 0
" 10 yards plain do.—Wm. Lea, Tryon, 0 10 0
" 10 yards Homespun, women's wear,—Wm. Lea, Tryon, 0 10 0
" 10 yards wool and cotton do.—Mrs. J. Leard, 0 10 0
Best Linen Table Cloth,—Wm. Scott, East River, 0 10 0
" pair of Horse Rugs, milled,—Miss Larga, Little York, 1 0 0
" Hearth Rug, woollen yarn,—Miss McNutt, 0 10 0
" do. rags,—Mrs. Lyall, 0 10 0
" woollen fancy Plaid Shawl,—Mrs. J. Leard, 0 10 0
" do. Shepherd's Plaid do.—Miss Lane, Dunstaffnage, 0 10 0
" do. Scarf Shawl,—Miss Isabella Robertson, 0 10 0
" do. Scarf Shawl,—Miss Lane, Dunstaffnage, 0 10 0
" pair of thick knit woollen stockings, for Overalls,—Miss Bryenton, 0 5 0
" 3 pairs of woollen Socks,—Miss McNutt, to It, 0 3 0
" 3 do. woollen Gloves,—Mrs. Balderston, 0 3 0
" 3 do. woollen Mittens,—Miss Lane, Dunstaffnage, 0 3 0
" 6 yards Linen Towelling,—Anabella Currie, 0 10 0
" 3 linen 4-bashed Sacks,—J. Stewart, Appletree Farm, 0 10 0
" Bonnet, made of grass plait,—Miss A. Green, St. Eleanor's, 0 10 0

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

- Best Tub of Butter,—James Laird, £0 10 0
21 best do. —Wm. Hyde, 0 5 0
Best Cheese,—Samuel Hyde, 0 10 0
2d best do. —Wm. Crosby, 0 5 0
Best half-dozen Swede Turnips,—John Thorne, 0 3 0
Do. do. Carrots for table,—John Bryenton, Brackley Point Road, 0 3 0
Do. do. Roots Blood Beet,—Dr. Conroy, 0 3 0
Do. do. Roots Mangold Wortzel,—C. Binns, 0 3 0
Do. do. Roots Parsnips,—Master G. Wright, 0 3 0
Do. do. Onions,—Chief Justice, 0 3 0
Do. do. Apples,—Mr. Cairns, St. Peter's Rd., 0 3 0

POULTRY.

- Best pair, male & female, Dorking Fowls,—C. Binns, £0 5 0
Do. do. Cochins,—J. Thorne, 0 5 0
Do. do. Turkeys,—Wm. Crabb, 0 5 0
Do. do. Ducks,—Thomas Cooney, 0 5 0

Discretionary Premiums were awarded as follows:—

- Bonnet, made of grass plait,—Mary Lockerby, Caven-dish, £0 5 0
Basket of Apples,—John Lyall, 0 3 0
Do. Pears,—Mr. Cairns, St. Peter's Road, 0 3 0
Half-dozen Carrots, for agricultural purposes,—J. Cahill, 0 3 0
Piece of Homespun Cloth,—Alex. McBeath, Lot 34, 0 6 3
Piece of twilled and milled Flannel, or Serge,—Ang. McKinnon, 0 5 0
Pair of twilled Blankets,—Mrs. Lane, De Sable, 0 3 0
Piece of Linen, for Table Cloth,—Miss I. Robertson, 0 4 6
Piece of fancy mixture Homespun,—Mrs. Doekendorf, 0 10 0
Piece of Homespun,—John Laird, 0 7 6
An Anti-Macassar,—Miss Sarah McNutt, (10 yrs. old) 0 3 0
An Island Oak Door,—made by Silas Barnard, 0 10 0

PRODUCTIONS OF P. E. ISLAND AT THE PARISIAN EXHIBITION.—We take the following extract from a letter which appeared in the *Montreal Gazette* of the 17th ult., from its Paris Correspondent. It is to be regretted that better care had not been taken of the few productions sent from this Island to the Parisian Exhibition. We fear the Agents employed were not the most efficient persons:—

"The young and thriving Colony of Prince Edward Island has contributed so very little, and that little has been so shamefully neglected, that I fear no attention has been given to it by the Judges. The whole collection arrived in the building in good time, but was unfortunately placed under a counter (set apart for it) without either opening or being in any manner arranged for exhibition. Thanks to a gentleman entertaining a friendship for the Lieutenant Governor (Hon. D. Daly), as well as for the island as forming a portion of British America, a person was employed who, for a few francs, arranged the whole neatly, adjoining our own space in the gallery. Amongst the contributions, there are a remarkably good cheese, some flax and seed, excellent wheat and barley, and some fine oats and timothy seed. The hops sent are too dry or damaged, though the colour is excellent. I find too some 24 pamphlets of 78 pages, being 'Hints to the Farmers of Prince Edward Island by Judge Peters.' This pamphlet describes fifteen sorts of manures, the best method of cultivating turnips and carrots, and contains many valuable suggestions on agricultural industry. But who the exhibitors