HASZARD'S GAZETTE,

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NEW BOOK

Just issued from the Press of Haszard & Owen, price 2s.

The Constitution of the Government of Newfoundland

IN its Legislative and Executive Departments, with Appendix containing the Rules and Orders of the Legislative council and House of Assembly by JOHN LITTLE, Esq., Barrister at Law.

Union of the Colonies

AND THE

Organization of the Empire.

THE SPEECH on the Union of the Colonies, delivered by the Hon. Joseph Howe in the Nova Scotia Legislature, in February 1854, together with the Hon. Francis Hincks' REPLY to said Speech, and Mr. Howe's LETTER in Reply to Mr. Hincks —the wholeforming a pamphlet of eighty pages, has just been published, and is now for sale at Haszard & Owen's Book Store. Price One Shilling and threepence.

Sept, 27, 1855.

Lippinncott's Cloth Mills.

WEST RIVER, PICTOU, N. S.,

THE Subscriber would inform the Inhabitants of Prince Edward Island, that he has erected a NEW Establishment for dressing Cloth, in addition to his old Mills, and having a sufficiency of water power, he will be able to do a greater quantity of works.

AGENTS:

Mr. KENNETH MCKENZIE, Charlottetown.
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Cloth left with either of the above Agents, will be finished and returned with quicker despatch than usual.

Aug. 15. S. LIPPINCOTT.

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 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, without her producing a written discharge, otherwise, they will be prosecuted as the Law directs.

GEO. T. HASZARD.

(From the Daily News' Correspondent.)

Sept. 15.—My last letter, though written the third day after the enemy's abandonment of their stronghold, was necessarily confined to a narrative of the incidents of our own and the French attack. With a view of giving you the latest news, I had deferred writing it, till the last hour allowed me by the post, and was consequently unable to do more than refer to the fact that the town was already being rifled. Kertch-like by our allies, whilst our own men were virtually deprived of the very smallest benefits in the shape of plunder. The same necessity compelled me to postpone, till now, any detailed description of the state of the town itself, and of the works by means of which it has been so long and so bravely defended. In the present letter, I shall attempt to give your readers some rough idea of both.

Before entering on anything in the shape of a description, either of the defending redoubts or of Sebastopol itself, however, I wish to add to my former brief account of the operations of the 8th, a further remark or two in defence of the part enacted by our own men, and in correction of an error which I there committed, in stating, that the French had stormed the Little Redan and its adjaining works in Careening Bay. I do not, be most anxious to own a line which would bear the interpretation of jealousy or ill-will towards our allies, whose bravery and indomitable energy I have so often had occasion to admire; but, whilst extending a full meed of praise for all they have both endured and accomplished, I would permit no squeamish generosity towards them to dull my recollection, or qualify my eulogy, of what our own troops have in like manner suffered and achieved. That in the two combined attacks, however, which have terminated the siege of Sebastopol, our allies succeeded in first undertaken by them, whilst we failed in the other allotted to us, may at first seem humiliating to our military pride; but when the relative difficulties of the two operations are considered, I venture to think, that we shall suffer little either, in our own estimation or in that of Europe generally. Mainly owing to the fire of our English batteries during the three previous days of the bombardment—for the Mamelon had remained all but silent throughout that period—the French on the forenoon of the 8th found every gun but one in the Malakhoff silenced. Their advanced sap, too, had brought them also to within some forty yards of their point of attack, and during their rapid dash in column over this narrow space, they were exposed only to the grape-shot of this one gun. Once on the face of the parapet, they were safe from a second discharge, and had then only to contend against the faint and brief resistance of a body of trench guards who had evidently been taken unawares. A rapid and well-sustained fire of musketry soon expelled these, and the reserves who were hurried up by the enemy with equally little chance against the swarming columns of our allies, whom good generalship kept pouring in to the support of the first stormers, as fast as human legs could scramble up the broad parapet and jump inside the redoubt. Such a contest was rarely a question of numbers; and, having made excellent arrangements to secure their own superiority in this respect, the French commanders had no cause to doubt the result. Widely different, however, was the case on our side. Differently constructed—as I shall presently describe—and stretching over a long line, in hardly any point exposed to so close and direct a fire as that which bore upon the Malakhoff, the Redan had replied to our batteries with considerable vigor throughout the entire bombardment; and at noon of the 8th still continued to show fight with a dozen or so of uninjured guns. Instead, too, of forty yards of open space, the nearest point from our most advanced parallel to the ditch of the Redan measured 220, and this, also, everywhere exposed to the fire of twelve or fourteen 68-pounders. I have several times crossed this fatal spot since the capture of the place, and each time with increased wonder how a single man of our whole stormers could have escaped the tornado of grape and canister which such an armament could, and did, send forth. Scarcely a foot of surface is there which a gun did not sweep; and when I add that the enemy had time to fire three rounds from every piece, from the first issue of our men from the shelter of our own parapet till their arrival at the broad ditch where so many have since found a grave, I am disposed to think that most of your readers will share in my surprise. Inevitably repulsed, then, as they were, our shattered companions were compelled to fall back on the trench which they had left; and to regain this, they had to pass through the same terrible storm as before. Had they, indeed, been properly supported, this ordeal would have been spared them; and, in spite of all its grape and canister, the Redan would, without doubt, have been our own. To every attempt at repeating the attack the same formidable front was shown, and cut up as they had been in their first essay, it was not to be wondered at that our young troops, many of whom were under direct fire for the first time, shrank from a second exposure to the desolating storm.

Such, then, is a brief statement of the relative difficulties of the two attacks on the Redan and the Malakhoff; and, bearing in mind those facts, few, I am inclined to believe, will consider that the French have much ground for boasting, as compared with ourselves. That they fought and conquered bravely, I would be the last to deny; but that they would have succeeded, with the same numerical strength as our own, against the Redan, no impartial and intelligent man could believe. In proof of this, and rather more, I may add mention of their failure before the Little Redan, after the occupation of the Malakhoff. The six or eight guns of this work had continued effective throughout the bombardment; and when our allies, after their dashing capture of the larger redoubt, passed on to attempt the seizure of the minor batteries on its proper left, they were received with close and well-directed discharges of grape, which speedily checked their impetuous and confident advance. Three several times did they repeat the attempt; but they were as often driven back with heavy loss, and finally abandoned the effort. During the night, when the Redan itself was blown up, the works in Careening Bay shared a similar fate, and were entered without a blow in the morning. When I last wrote, my impression was, that the French had stormed this line of minor works with the same successful bravery as had been previously displayed in their seizure of the Malakhoff; but a few hours later, I learned my error, and therefore add this sentence in correction of what I then stated.

As a sufficiently detailed and accurate description of the Russian works, as seen from our own trenches, has already appeared in these columns, I need say nothing as to the appearance of the Redan externally. Let even those of your readers who may not have seen the topographical sketch to which I refer, fancy a huge grey bank of earth running angularly over the summit of a broken slope, and fronted by a vast ditch some fifteen feet wide by more than half that number deep—let them pierce this with gabioned embrasures at intervals of some three yards, and mentally picture these bristling with the black muzzles of 68-pounders, and their idea of the outside front of this celebrated work will be sufficiently complete. My first entry into the interior, on the morning after its abandonment, was made by a bridge of broken fascines and gabions, laid hastily over the dead bodies that had just been gathered into the ditch for burial, which has since been done by levelling over them a portion of the parapet above. The ghastly piles nearly filled the vast trench to a level with the the outer surface, and the thin covering of earth which now conceals them from view barely falls below the summit of the low bank in front. What first struck one in passing up the cut made by our sappers through the broad parapet, was the unusual solidity and strength of this last—averaging thirty or thirty-five feet along its entire front. On such a solid mass of gabions, fascines, sandbags, and I need hardly say that artillery of even the heaviest calibre could have no sensible effect. 68 or 98 pound shot might enter, but they could not penetrate. Compared with this massive structure of mud and wickerwork, the thickest of our own or the French works is as paper to a deal board. Then within—besides the great superiority of their mantlets—strong ropen curtains hung across the embrasures to shelter the gunners from the besiegers' riflemen. You admire the cover provided for their artillerymen when not actually working the guns, in little retreats proof against any but the very heaviest splinters of shell. But these, again, are nothing when compared with the shot and shell-proof chambers for the shelter of larger bodies of troops, which abound throughout the work. I dived into several of these half subterranean waiting-rooms, and found many of them fitted up with fire-places, cooking conveniences, benches, and other suitable furniture; whilst in others of smaller dimensions and which had evidently been occupied by the officers, there were in addition bedsteads, chairs, tables and in some even handsomely glazed cupboards, containing empty wine bottles, and other traces of their occupant's regard for creature comforts. On a shelf in oneof them, I lighted on a cheap Farringdon-street reprint of "Paul Clifford," and an old copy of the *Illustrated News*—the latter with sundry engravings of scenes from the siege. Even more interesting than all these, however, were the inner abutting defences of the redoubt, of which we had previously heard and imagined so much. From the irregular order in which these occur, it is difficult to describe them in any way that will convey an accurate idea of their exact appearance and relation to the main work; but they may be generally mentioned as independent supports similarly armed and of nearly equal strength in construction to the front line of the redoubt, which stands to them, in fact, in the relation of a screen. Their guns, too, so thoroughly command the whole interior of the Redan that any assailing force which might have succeeded in forcing the outer battery would have been exposed to an inner fire as galling as, and more concentrated than, the first. The whole structure and arrangement of these inner defences, indeed, are such as to justify the belief that, had the redoubt been strenuously defended, no body of attacking troops that could have been brought against it would have had a chance of success. And the same system of rear defences extended down along nearly the whole curtain leading towards the Malakhoff. The open space behind the Redan, as I have already mentioned, presents a broken surface, literally ploughed up into narrow trenches by round shot, and honeycombed into small pits by exploded shell; I doubt if there be half a foot of square space within the whole enclosure on which one or other of these missiles has not fallen. The huge pits occasioned by the exploded mines complete the wrecked appearance of the spot, and give it in the last degree an aspect of ruin and desolation. Although four days had elapsed since the closing contest, I stumbled on no less than five dead Russians in different parts of the redoubt; why they had been left over in the general burial I am unable to explain.

Passing down from the rear of the Redan, the path, which lies along what was once a handsome wall of chiselled stone—now knocked into a line of shattered masonery, leads to the first of the great series of government buildings which terminate down on the harbour, at the point at present covered with the ruins of Fort Paul. Concealed as they are from view from our trenches by the Redan hill, I was one of many who, till within the past five days, were utterly ignorant of the extent of the mischief which had been done to these buildings by our fire. Shattered and riddled at all points, they seem the very type of architectural ruin. Only a degree better is the condition of the next range of buildings beyond; the terrible effects of shot and shell everywhere met the eye, in shattered columns, levelled side-walls, and fallen roofs. Even in this extreme of desolation, however, enough remains to suggest how fine—almost grand—must have been the structures thus ruthlessly destroyed. The general character of these piles of buildings resembled in some degree that of the quadrangle of the Admiralty and other adjacent offices in Somerset-house. As the distance from the Redan increases, the injury done to the buildings becomes less in proportion, though, down to the very last of the series, opposite to where stood Fort Paul, the damage is considerable. Crossing one of the intervening esplanades, I