surrounded by a force which he did not expect, and Prince Woronzoff approached him with the words: 'Your majesty is my prisoner.' Nicholas smiled, and handed his sword to the prince, who, not accepting it, delivered his own sword to his master. But instead of making a compliment to the prince for his clever generalship, the czar, on the same evening, sent orders to Prince Woronzoff to take care of his health, and to visit the spas of Germany. He was banished, in this form, for having been a better general than his imperial master and friend, and for several years he remained in disgrace. It was only when Schamyl's mountaineers had repeatedly defeated the Russian army, that the czar remembered Woronzoff, and intrusted the civil and military command of Transcaucasia to the accomplished prince. I have this anecdote from one of the Austrian officers, who were present at the camp of Woznosensk; and I do not doubt its authenticity, as it is entirely in the character of the czar.

Two foreigners only, both of them having had the opportunity of seeing Nicholas at his court—Custine, the Frenchman, and Henningsen, the Englishman—give us a description of his character and of his measures.

Custine says: 'It is easy to see that the emperor cannot forget who he is, nor the constant attention of which he is the object; *il pose incessamment* (he attitudinises unceasingly), from whence results that he is never natural, even when he is sincere. His features have three distinct expressions, not one of which is that of simple benevolence. The most habitual seems to me that of constant severity. Another expression, though more rare, better befits that fine countenance—it is that of solemnity. The third is politeness; and into this glide a few shades of graciousness, which temper the cold astonishment caused by the other two. But notwithstanding this graciousness, there is one thing that destroys the moral influence of the man; it is, that each of these physiognomies, which arbitrarily replace each other on his face, is taken up or cast aside completely, without leaving any trace of the preceding to modify the expression of the new. It is a change of scene with upraised curtain, which no transaction prepares us for. It appears a mask taken off and put on at pleasure. Do not misunderstand the sense I here attach to the word mask; I use it according to its etymology. In Greek, hypocrite means actor—the hypocrite was the man who masked himself to perform a part. I mean, that the emperor is always mindful of his *part*, and plays it like a great actor.'

Henningsen says of his character: 'The Emperor Nicholas has not the brutal instincts of the Czar Peter I., any more than his talents; he has not the disordered passions of Catherine, his grandmother, any more than her brilliant intellect and her innate liberality; he has not the fitful ferocity of Paul, his murdered sire, any more than his enthusiastic generosity; neither has he the irresolute, impressible nature of Alexander, his brother and predecessor, nor Alexander's benevolence of intention.

'The Emperor Nicholas, who nervously shudders at the physical danger in which he sees a private soldier placed, is probably not innately cruel; but absolute and irresponsible power, the self-deification to which his auto-veneration has led, acting on a limited intellect and selfish heart, have made him think himself the irate Jupiter Tonans, whose wrath should be as terrible as his interests and glory should be sacred from competition with those of humanity. When they are so, he passes over them ruthlessly and remorselessly, without even apparently the consciousness of evil-doing.

'The influence of wealth, of family, of customs, and of privileges, affords no longer any shelter. Prudent as he is in disposition, being aware that he possesses a power unparalleled, he uses it in a manner unprecedented. Not only does he hourly trample on both his great vanquished enemies—the nobility of his empire and the Polish nation; not only has he uprooted whole races, and succeeded in extirpating the religious creed of millions; but he seems now bent both on destroying the nationality and religious faith of the whole of Poland, even, if required, by transplanting its population to Asia. Political violence and cruelties, the mere extirpation of races or of creeds would be nothing, however, to the condition to which his subjects are reduced—comparatively nothing—because races are doomed, according to the law of nature, to perish, and creeds flourish and wither, and being immaterial, spring again from their ashes. But the dull, monotonous, hopeless, all-pervading oppression to which his subjects are reduced, producing the same moral effect on the human mind as the slough of his northern bogs on the human frame sinking into it, blinding the eye, silencing the tongue, and paralysing the agglutinated limbs, is infinitely more terrible—doubly terrible—because it is a destiny the sufferers must not only endure, but propagate by foreign conquest, and by the natural reproduction and increase of population.'

MARRIAGE. The following are the opinions of two prominent ladies upon the subject of marriage:

"Marriage is to woman a state of slavery. It takes from her the right to her own property, and makes her submissive in all things to her husband."—*Lucy Stone.*

"Marriage a state of slavery! Aye, but the bonds are silken and easily worn. Marriage is the sanctifier of love—an institution which acknowledges the right of woman to be protected, and the duty of man to protect her. The offices of wife and mother are not those of slaves. *What* higher destiny beneath the skies than to instruct the infant mind in thoughts of purity! What holier mission than to soothe the turbid torrent of man's passions by a word—a look—a smile! It is to woman that this work is given. Woman, in her vocation, may cheer the tired spirit, may lend hope to the desponding, may whisper love to the lonely—while *man* may toil, and traffic, and fuss, and fret, and grow savage. Who would exchange place with him?"—*Ella Wentworth's Journal.*

SYMBOLS AMONG THE SIMPLES.—In North Carolina it is frequent, among her forests of fat pine, for a lover in distress to send the fair object of his affections a bit of its staple vegetable production, with an *eye* painted upon it. This signifies "I pine." If favourable to him, the young lady selects from the woodpile the best and smoothest specimens of a *knot*—this signifies, "pine not." But if, on the other hand, she detests him (there is no middle ground between detestation and adoration, with young women), she burns one end of his message, and this generally throws the young man into despair, for it means I make *light* of your "pining."

Progress of the War.

Interesting Incidents of the Siege.

THE BELLEROPHON IN ACTION.

The following is an extract of a letter received by the friends of an officer of the Bellerophon:—"We got our top-gallant masts, studding-sail booms down, bound our yards up, and made everything ready. We were towed by the Cyclops. It was a splendid sight to see as we were going in, the ships and forts firing; a tremendous fire was kept up. I was looking out of the bow port, with Granville, when we heard a sharp report close to us, the pieces of the shell fell within ten yards of us. We anchored within about 1,200 yards of Fort Constantine, one of the heavy entrance forts, (the Agamemnon was ahead of us). We had hardly commenced firing when Admiral Lyons sent his flag lieutenant on board to ask Lord George to come to his assistance, as he had four forts bearing on him. We of course immediately weighed, and steamed in to within eight hundred yards of the Wasp fort and some mud batteries on the top of the hill. We were the closest ship in. The fire we kept up was splendid, the men were so cool. I do not believe that one of our shots was thrown away—not one fired till he got his object exactly on. We soon silenced Wasp fort, and then turned our attention to the mud batteries, which had got our range to a T. The Agamemnon made the signal, 'Well done, Bellerophon,' and then went out and left us. So we had three forts playing on us. I can tell you, it got rather hotter than I liked. The shells were coming against us like hail; one came through and burst over the second gun in my quarters. I secured a piece immediately after it burst. A few minutes afterwards we caught fire forward on the lower deck, so we had to cease firing, and extinguish the fire, which was done in about ten minutes. I could not see a yard before me; the smoke was so thick. It got so hot at last, that Lord George gave the order to slip the cables. Whilst the men were over the port side slipping the cables, a shell and shot came in forward. It must have cleared two guns' crew away had they been at their guns. When we slipped the cable, we found that the anchor had never been on the ground, so we had been drifting in towards the forts all the while, and, what was worse than all, we had got a shoal ahead and astern, so the steamer could not go ahead. Luckily the Spitfire was within hail, so she towed our head short round, and we got out. We were the last ship, and we hauled out at 7 o'clock. Two shells had burst on the main deck, and one on the upper deck, which I am sorry to say killed poor little Forster. He was standing under the poop, the port side, when the shell came in, and burst close to him. He was as black as a coal. A piece of his skull was knocked out; he also had severe wounds on his face, and luckily he died 24 hours afterwards, but was not sensible. We anchored in our old diggins with our side and rigging beautifully cut up. We had five men killed and 16 wounded, besides several bruised with splinters. The Albion was the worst cut up. She had a narrow escape; a shell burst in the handing room of her magazine. She has gone down to Constantinople to be docked. Fort Constantine was nearly silenced; it is cracked right down, and has been since propped up with spars. Most likely we shall go in again, when the troops storm the place.

RUSSIAN ATTACK ON THE ALLIED CAMP.

The *Constitutionel* gives the following narrative of the attack made by General Liprandi on the 25th and 26th, on the English and French camps:—"It is known that the allied army forms a semicircle around Sebastopol; the French extend from Cape Chersonesus and the sea to the rivulet which flows into the military port of Sebastopol, and the English from that rivulet to the river Tchernaia. At about two and-a-half leagues from the lines of the besiegers is Bala Clava, where the magazines of the allies are established, and where the latter communicate with the fleet. The protection of Bala Clava was confided to 1,000 or 1,200 marines, supported by a detachment of cavalry and artilllery. At 2 kilometres ($1\frac{1}{4}$ miles) above Bala Clava, on the road which leads to Sebastopol, and at the point at which a second road leading to Simpheropol, and into the interior of the Crimea strikes off, we meet the first heights of the Tauric chain. These heights, which dominate, on the one hand, Bala Clava, and on other the barren steppe in which the allies are encamped were defended by redoubts, the guard of which was confided to the Turkish troops. Finally, at the foot of these heights, and in the rear of the besiegers, were the corps destined to cover the siege; for the French, the division of General Bosquet supported on the sea; for the English, the division of the Duke of Cambridge; and, finally, two brigades of English cavalry, under the orders of Lord Lucas, protecting the Tchernaia. After receiving General Liprandi's reinforcements, Prince Menschikoff resolved to turn the right of the allied army, in order to place the besiegers between two fires, and make a bold attack on Bala Clava. If this *coup de main* had succeeded, the allies could only have communicated with the fleets by Cape Chersonesus, would no longer have had an open road to the sea, and would have been deprived of their magazines; and yet they would have been obliged to reply to the fire of Sebastopol, and to defend themselves in their entrenchments. They would consequently have become besieged in their turn. General Liprandi, with all the troops which Prince Menschikoff could spare, entered the mountains from which the Tchernaia flows, and which the allied army had crossed in its turning movement from the Belbek to Bala Clava. He does not appear to have taken with him any artillery, or even cavalry, which explains the rapidity and precision of his operations. He succeeded completely in disguising his march from the allies. Whether the Turks, according to their custom, were not on their guard, or were not in sufficient numbers to defend themselves, is not known, but it is certain that they abandoned their redoubts after spiking their cannon, threw themselves in complete disorder into the plain, and went to give an alarm to the corps which covered the siege. The corps immediately marched out. The division of light cavalry, under the command of Lord Cardigan, arrived the first, and immediately charged the Russians, who descended in good order into the plain in pursuit of the Turks. In spite of their courage, the three regiments which composed this brigade, in vain endeavoured to check the march of the enemy. The Dragoon Guards went to their aid, and were, at first, more fortunate; but their ranks were broken by the artillery of the redoubts, of which the Russians had turned the cannon, after unspiking them, against the allies. In the meantime the British infantry arrived in line. It held firm under the fire of the Russian infantry, and under that of the redoubts, and thus gave time to the division of General Bosquet, the farthest from the scene of action, to come up and to form. The allies then took the offensive, and drove back the Russians to the heights. There the latter succeeded in maintaining themselves in possession of two of the redoubts which they had carried. Thus ended the first day, which was extremely sanguinary and undecided. On what took place on the following day we have only few details. The bold movement of General Liprandi had partly failed, since Bala Clava remained in the power of the allies, and the latter preserved their communications with the sea; it had partly succeeded, since the Russians were in possesion of the sole beaten road, which leads from Bala Clava to Sebastopol, and had taken position in the rear of the besiegers. Accordingly on the 26th, Prince Menschikoff made a strong sortie against the English lines, in order to place them between two fires. If he had succeeded in carrying them, and in effecting a junction with General Liprandi in the midst of the besieging army, the operations of the allies would have been almost irreparably compromised. But the 26th put an end to the hopes of the Russian Generalissimo: after a very sharp engagement, he was driven back into Sebastopol by the division of General Sir De Lacy Evans, with a loss of more than 1,000 men. At the same time, the allies attacked in front the heights occupied by the General Liprandi, took the redoubts which the Russians had captured the previous evening, and drove back the latter completely broken and demoralized, beyond the Tchernaia, in the ravines of the mountains.

ESCAPE OF A PRIVATE OF THE 33d.—In the course of the afternoon a private of the 33d, who had fired his last cartridge, was crouching to join the covering party nearest to him, when two Russians, to his great surprise, sprang from behind a rock, and, seizing him by the collar, dragged him off towards Sebastopol. After having recovered from his temporary stupefaction at this sudden change of route, our friend of course commenced reflecting on the possibility of an escape. The Russian who escorted him on the left side held in his right hand his own firelock, and in his left the captured Minie. By a sudden spring the 33d man seized the Russian's firelock, and, on the speculation of its being loaded, discharged it at its owner. The man rolled over dead, and his companion was not less rapidly clubbed. Calmly picking up his own Minie, our friend returned towards the camp and joined his regiment. This little episode was witnessed by a sergeant and several other skirmishers. Another anecdote, somewhat cruel, is related of a skirmisher, who, having picked off his man, took the body to a covered spot and laid it down. He issued forth, shot a second and a third Russian skirmisher, and quietly deposited their bodies in a row with the first. Then, seeing a Highlander approach, he led him by the arm to the spot, and said, "That's not such a bad afternoon's bag, Willie?"

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE 88TH.—A large puff of smoke ascended from within our lines, and excited some alarm. That it could not have been an explosion in a battery we easily perceived, for the guns continued their fire without interruption. It was ascertained later, that the explosion had proceeded from an ammunition waggon, which had been left in a ravine, the horses dragging it having been either killed or disabled. In this ravine, not twenty paces from the waggon, had been concealed since daylight a covering party, composed of three companies of the 88th, under Major Maxwell. The position occupied by this party had been most exposed, and many casualities (six killed and eleven wounded) had occurred from the enemy's shell, falling repeatedly amongst them. An order at length arrived, directing the three companies to take up a position in a less exposed spot, and the men in consequence ran up the ravine one by one, and screwed themselves in a quarry which presented itself. Major Maxwell had scarcely left the ravine when a shell struck the ammunition case, and the explosion took place. This accident, from which the 88th escaped by a miracle, was attended with the loss of only one man, who, being missed, is supposed to have fallen a victim to the explosion.

ADMIRAL HAMELIN UNBER FIRE.—A letter in other *Gazette du Midi* gives the following account of the effects of the shell which burst on the poop of the Ville de Paris:—"This shell blew up nearly the whole of the poop, on which were standing at the time Admiral Hamelin and four of his aides-de-camp. The Admiral was thrown some feet up into the air, but without being hurt. After having glanced at his aides-de-camp, one of whom was cut in two, another had his two legs carried away below the knee, and a third was slightly wounded, he merely exclaimed. 'Poor fellows!' and resumed the command with as much coolness as before."

THERE HAVE BEEN MANY HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES before Sebastopol. A red nightcap used by one artillery-man was taken from the head by a round shot, but the person of the wearer remained untouched. A cannon-ball passed between the legs of an officer's horse while in the act of galloping, and on another occasion the gabion upon which an officer was seated was carried away, and the astonished gentleman suddenly let down, just as a shilling in the hat-trick darts from its support into the tumbler beneath.

CONDITION OF THE RUSSIANS IN SEBASTOPOL.—The Emperor of Russia is reported to have said that, even supposing Sebastopol taken and the Crimea in the hands of the Allies, Russia must eventually win, inasmuch as the defence of her territory must cost us ten times as much as it costs her. It is not our present purpose to follow out that calculation to the future progress of the war, though we are very much mistaken, if we cannot bring our men and materials to the seat of war, as long as its lasts, as cheaply as the Emperor. Certainly, the consumption of powder, shot, food, and other materials—not to speak of the men—must be tremendous; but the supply at home, only a fortnight from the scene of action, is inexhaustible; whereas the Russians can get no supplies whatever. Every day is a day subtracted from their total stock of life. They have given up all hope of the sea. As the land, though we have not been able to cut off their communication with the interior, and though they are in force in our neighbourhood, their army in the field can hardly maintain itself, much less contribute to the support of the city with either food or other materials. We are told that unable any longer to live in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol, they have ravaged the country so far and so utterly, that the irritated natives are flocking under the protection of our guns at Eupatoria to escape the further extortions and cruelty of their own masters. Thus it would seem, that the army in the field is worse off than the garrison of Sebastopol, even for food.

THE ZOUAVES.—The Zouaves are natives of the French provinces of Algiers, disciplined and exercised by French officers, and now forming part of the French contingent employed in the Crimea and the siege of Sebastopol. They hold exactly the same relation to the French army, that the Sepoys in India have to the regular British troops.

The *Impartial* of Smyrna states, that Lord Raglan is said to have intercepted a letter from the Emperor Nicholas to the Archbishop of Bala Clava, who has taken refuge at Sebastopol.

SHOOTING OF RUSSIANS BY PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF.—A polish deserter came over to the French this morning; he speaks of the destruction of Russian artillerymen by our guns as very great, and states that the troops are in many regiments quite mutinous. A few days ago (and this is positively stated by some who *were* our enemies) Prince Menschikoff, to stay anything like an expression of mistrust and want of *patriotism*, shot 300 men, as an example to the garrison of his determination.

HOW THEY CARRY THE SHOT TO THE BATTERIES.—Strings of mules and horses pass daily from Bala Clava, these animals carry equipoised bags of round shot. The horse which follows has the end of the halter attached to the tail of his companion in front, so that you often see 50 forming a line and going along ploddingly, as if they had been brought up to that especial occupation.

COUNCILS OF THE ALLIES.

According to common report, there has been a question in the councils of the Allied forces whether Sebastopol should be stormed as soon as there is a practicable breach, or whether the assault should be delayed till the cannonade and bombardment have done the work of destruction more completely; and Lord Raglan's judgment is said to be in favour of the latter plan, as sparing the lives of his troops, and equally ensuring the capture of the place. Sebastopol, swarming with defenders, is in the best condition to meet an assault, and in the worst to bear cannonade and bombardment, for every shot and every fragment of shell must tell upon the over-crowded garrison. But there is a counter-consideration on our side, namely, whether, in protracting the siege, our troops may not suffer more by sickness through hardships and exposure to bad weather, than they would lose even by an assault. And it is to be borne in mind that an army wasted by disease looses more than an army wasted by the sword, for the spirit of the men, which will rise in carnage, sinks under the unseen enemies fever and cholera. The health of the troops will doubtless, therefore, be an important element in the decision of the Allied Generals as to the operations, and the time which it may or not be advisable to assign to them. There is however, still another point to be considered. It may be expedient for the Allies to hold Sebastopol against the Russians, and in that case any destruction of the works exceeding what is necessary for the capture of the place must be so much detriment to those who in their turn will need the defences. To reduce the fortress to a heap of ruins might not suit ulterior occasions and purposes, so little so that the Russians themselves in the last extremity are too likely to contribute to that consummation. Moscow is, indeed, the one idea which always seems to be in their heads, when their hands can no longer avail them. Hence they sink their ships at the mouth of their port, and, in consistency, their troops at Alma should have cut their own throats by word of command to deprive the Allied armies of the glory of conquering them, fulfilling the words of the old Irish song upon the marvels of St. Patrick;—

"The beasts committed suicide
To save themselves from slaughter."

HOW A SIEGE IS CARRIED ON.—The first object is to establish a body of men in a protected position within a certain distance of the place to be attacked, or, in technical language, to "open the trenches." The trench, as its name implies, is an excavation forming a kind of sunken road in a direction parallel with that of the enemy's fortifications, and of such dimensions that troops and guns can move along it at pleasure. The earth taken from this road is thrown up on the side towards the town, so that a bank or parapet is raised for the further protection of the troops in the trench. At the most favourable points of this covered road batteries are constructed, which open upon the works of the place, and, when sufficient advantage has been obtained through their fire, a second trench, parallel to the first, and connected with it by a diagonal cut, is opened at a shorter distance from the town, and armed with fresh batteries, which go to work as before. This process is again and again repeated, and the "approaches," as they are termed, are pushed forward by successive "parallels" until they are carried up to the very walls of the place, which by that time have been "breached" or battered down at this point by the besiegers' guns. Then comes the period of the "assault." The troops advance in strong columns from their covered road, rush through the breach, and take the town. The best chances for the defence consist in difficulties of the ground which may either be so rocky as to prevent the execution of the approaches, or, as is often the case in Flanders, so exposed to inundations at the command of the garrison that the trenches may at any time be put under water, and the besiegers swamped at their posts. If the garrison, too, is very strong, it may make successful sorties, fill up the trenches opened by the enemy, spike their guns, and greatly delay the approach of the batteries to the walls of the town. In the absence, however, of any such impediments to the works, it is perfectly understood at the present day, that every place, however strongly fortified, must ultimately fall.

Forgeries and Frauds in San Francisco.

The disappearance from San Francisco of Henry Meiggs, in liabilities to the extent of $800,000, and guilty of frauds to a still greater amount, had caused great excitement there. Parties who had loaned large sums of money to him on deposits of comptroller's warrants as securities, instantly began to ascertain, if they were genuine.

Dr. Crowell had received warrants to the amount of $15,000 from Meiggs, as security for a loan of $6000, and discovered by an examination of the comptroller's books, that the warrants were forged. Adams & Co. discovered that warrants for $40,000, which they had received, were forged. Wm. Neely Thompson & Co. discovered that a forged promissory note for $10,000; purporting to be drawn by their house in favor of Meiggs, had been negotiated by him.

The first forged warrant was presented to the comptroller's office at 2 P. M. on Saturday, and at half-past 4, when the office closed, 250,000 dollars had been brought in.

During the afternoon and evening, it was discovered that the forgeries of comptroller's warrants amounted to about 1,000,000 dollars; stock of the California Lumber Company, of which H. Meiggs was President, had been forged to the amount of 300,000 dollars; and his debts incurred in regular business transactions amount to about 800,000 dollars. It is said that county script has been forged by Meiggs, but the amount is not known.

The manner in which the forger managed to raise money, with the least risk to himself, was to borrow money pledging double the amount of warrants as security.

The effect of the failure and forgeries will be most injurious upon the business of the city. Confidence among business men is weakened. Probably not less than 200 persons who were a week ago considered to be sound for their engagements, are now broken, so far as they could be broken.

It is supposed that Meiggs carried off with him not less than $400,000 in eash. He was accompanied by his brother and by his wife and three children. Much speculation exists as to the destination of the barque American, which he had bought and in which he so secretly took his departure. Meiggs was born in Catskill, N. Y. and lived for many years in Williamsburgh, where he was long a member of the City Council. He was a prominent member of the City Council in San Francisco.

The total loss occasioned by his failure and defalcations is not less than $2,100,000. He was, we are told, a very bold speculator, and had three favorites for speculation, land, lumber and music. He built Musical Hall, and made great efforts and many sacrifices to have excellent musical performances there. Shakspeare tells us, that he who hath not music in his soul is fit for "treasons, stratagems, and spoils;" but the case of Meiggs shows that a man may be infinitely roguish at heart, and musical too.

A REPRIEVE.—We do not refer to a reprieve from Capital Punishment. There is a slow torture, from which a respite is equally desirable. We refer to Dyspepsia—a word in which all the horrors of Indigestion are summed up. To the sufferers by this painful and harassing disease, we can hold out not only bright hopes, but the *certainty* of immediate relief and permanent cure. Vhere is a tonic, cordial and alterative principle in Hoofland's German Bitters, which inevitably arrests and changes the morbid action of the stomach and the secretive organs, removes the disease, and restores to health. Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia.

HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

Satuday, December 2, 1854.

WE have been directing the public attention hitherto, to our wants, and in some instances, to the methods of supplying them. We feel disposed to unbend a little, and as a seasonable and agreeable change, request our readers to give us their attention for a little, in order that we may together take a view of the present aspect of things, and our future probable prospects. One of the first, and the most prominent circumstances that attracts the attention is, the increased impetus that has been given to our industrial energies. Every man that is willing to work, has plenty to do, and what is better still, is well paid for it. We are not that respectable gentleman, the "oldest inhabitant," whose memory is so often appealed to for the verification of things credible, and incredible sometimes, but we may safely say, that within our own memory, which reaches some thirty years back, labor was never remunerated at so high a rate as it has been during the past season. A common labourer demands and receives his dollar a day, or the worth of it in Island currency, as in the French and American war, which we are old enough to remember. It is true, that some of the articles of life have risen to a correspondent price, but in his circumstances taken all together, the labouring man is better off than we have ever known him since our residence here. This is one of the most certain manifestations of increasing prosperity. The demand for mechanical labour has been still greater, perhaps and equally as well paid. It rejoices our heart to see so many excellent buildings erecting and erected during the course of the past summer, in different parts of Charlottetown; all we regret is that more have not followed the example set by Messrs. Duncan & Foster, of building with the more permanent and less combustible material—brick. Then if we turn our eyes to the Ship-yards, we shall find equal cause for gratification. The number