GLEANINGS FROM LATE PAPERS.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOCELYN — LADY GAINSBOROUGH—THE QUEEN.

(*From the Morning Advertiser.*)

We subjoin a part of a letter which has just been addressed by Lord Roden to the Rev. D. A. Doudney, of Bonmahon, Ireland, relative to Lieutenant-Colonel Jocelyn, the noble lord's son now with the army in the Crimea, and which appears in a religious periodical which Mr. Doudney conducts. Lord Roden says:—"I cannot help again writing to you to thank you for your prayers, and those whom you have interested in behalf of my dear son, now Lieutenant-Colonel Jocelyn, in the Crimea. He has come out of the two bloody battles of Alma and Inkerman, in both of which he was in the hottest of the fire, with his regiment, the Scots Fusileer Guards. Many were killed about him. His company marched into the battle of Inkerman fifty-four in number, and came out twenty-six; yet he came out with them untouched. Since then he has been undergoing, in common with many others, the greatest hardships, never having taken off his clothes since the 16th of September,often sleeping in them, when drenched with rain, in the open air; never having slept in a house for nearly nine months, and still without any baggage, when he wrote on the 28th of Dec.; and yet he says:—'I do not know what it is to feel ill, although sickness is all around me. I put down my safety and preservation entirely to those blessed prayers which have been offered up on my behalf by you and your dear friends, who have been led to pray for me.' And he says in another letter; 'I hope you will not worry yourself on my account, for I am in God's keeping, and I often say to myself, that in reality, I am just as safe here as if I were in St. James's-street, for not a hair of my head can be touched without His will, and, although I have many hardships and sufferings, He can and does support me."

In connexion with this young and gallant officer, we are enabled to mention an incident which reflects the highest credit on the Queen, and which will, we are sure, afford the greatest gratification to all her subjects. It is well known that Lady Gainsborough, the sister of Lieutenant-Colonel Jocelyn, is one of her Majesty's greatest favourites at Court, and is more in her society, perhaps, than any other of England's noble daughters. When the despatches giving the details of the battle of Inkermann and the list of killed and wounded arrived at the War Office, a telegraphic despatch was forwarded to her Majesty at Windsor announcing the fact, and adding that they would be immediately sent to her. Lady Gainsborough was with her Majesty at the time, and, as might be expected, was in a state of intense anxiety to learn what had been the fate of her brother, at one time hoping the best, and at others, knowing how enormous our losses were, fearing the worst. Her Majesty, with a judgment and feeling, to which it would be impossible to do justice, soon after withdrew from the apartment in which she and Lady Gainsborough had been, and, calling the servant whose duty it was to deliver the despatches from the War Office into her hands, desired him not to bring them into the usual room, if Lady Gainsborough were present, but to put them into an adjoining apartment, and unobserved intimate to her Majesty that they had arrived. Lady Gainsborough was with her Majesty, when the despatches were received, and they were put into another room in accordance with the Queen's wishes. Her Majesty hurried away to the room in which the despatches were left, snatched them up, opened them, and eagerly ran her eye over the list of killed and wounded officers in Lieut-Colonel Jocelyn's regiment. Finding that he had escaped,—not being even wounded,—her Majesty rushed into the apartment where Lady Gainsborough was, and, forgetting for the moment the Queen in the woman, and setting the rules of court etiquette at nought, threw her arms around Lady Gainsborough's neck, and exclaimed, with an emphasis which cannot be described—"He's safe! he's safe!"

The force of such an incident would only be weakened by anything in the shape of comment. It would not be easy to imagine a circumstance more calculated to endear her Majesty to her subjects.

SEVASTOPOL ON FIRE AGAIN.—A Sergeant of Marine writes to his friends in Inverness:—"On the night of the 1st, the French set fire to the town of Sevastopol, and it was fully two hours before they could put it out. A few nights ago, some of our soldiers performed a most daring act. A party of nine men went into Sevastopol, and brought out two feather-beds, and actually the frames of the windows at which they entered. This was done while they were relieving the picquets. My heart burns for the time, when you and I shall meet again. This place is most awful to be witnessed by any man. Our poor fellows are dying off as fast as it is possible; in fact, about two a day is the number that my small party buries. I wish it were either peace or war to the knife. I am now entitled to a medal for the Crimea, and a clasp for Inkermann; so if there be any prize-money for either, I shall have a claim to a share—if I am spared till then—Sometimes in the morning when I get up, I find a sheet of ice on that part of the blanket where I have been breathing. Fancy a man who has been running about the camp all day coming home to his tent wet and tired; he has no fire in the tent; and nothing but the wet ground to lie down upon. The boots he takes off at night are so hard in the morning that, if all the Russians in the world were coming down upon him, he could not get them on his feet again. I have had no clean shirt to put on for a fortnight; my ship is still in dock at Constantinople, and there is no getting anything from her."

The following is an extract of a private letter, addressed to his family in Paris, by an officer of Voltigeurs before Sebastopol:—

"The brigade to which I belong occupies the left of the line, towards the sea, and I have only a few steps to advance to behold the town and forts of Sebastopol We are encamped on the slopes of a ravine, which hides us from the view of the enemy. The distance is such that the shells and bullets have several times ploughed up our camp. Our service consists of guarding the trenches and working at them. The guard returns every three days. The battalian leaves at 7 o'clock in the morning, passes round the ravina, and enters the trenches after two hours' march, and without any marked route. They defile one by one in the passages of communication, and we are generally given 400 meters to guard. We pass in the 24 hours under every sort of weather and without shelter, having nothing whatever to amuse us except the parabolas described by the shells, the infernal dim of mortars, varied by the whistling of cannon balls and bullets. The first day our men lay down on their faces as each shell passed. Now three-fourths of them look on tranquilly, observing to their comrades, 'See how it smokes its pipe.' On the other hand, the batteries fire but little up to the present, and do not reply to the guns of the enemy, which are so violent that many of the ravines are full of their balls. We often see a white flag hoisted to the top of a pole, and hear the trumpet-sound in the Russian ambuscades. This of course means 'flag of truce', At once the fire ceases, and a vast number of heads are seen to pop up from under the earth to the open air. The Russians hold up to the French bottles and glasses, as if they invited them to drink each others' health. The French reply by flourishing their tin cans: and then they pledge each others' health. The bearer of the flag of truce advances on horseback, stops at about 100 paces from our trenches, while the nearest French officer goes forward to receive the despatches. I yesterday witnessed a meeting of this kind. The *porlirmentaire* courteously took his glove from his right-hand, and shook that of a captain of Chasseurs who had come out to meet him. So you see all the Russians are not the Cossacks they have been taken for. The *parliamentaire* retires, the white flag is pulled down, and the murderous din recommences as before.

"During the night sharpshooters are thrown out in front of the trenches. They are generally selected from among the Voltigeurs, and as I have the honor to form part of the *corps de'lite*, I have had many times the pleasure of passing 12 hours of the night in a hole, having to struggle against cold, sleep, and projectiles. The labour of the trenches is nearly as painful as the guards, with this difference, that you pass 12 instead of 24 hours at it. At the entrance to the camp our men, instead of reposing themselves, are obliged to go 2¼ leagues in search of a faggot of wood to cook their soup. In spite of all these fatigues I am very well in health, and enjoy amply all the comforts which the solicitude of the Emperor provides us with. Owing to him our table is furnished abundantly, nay, sumptuously. What think you of Bordeaux wine, salmon, herrings, cigars, sugar, coffee, together with the haricots *de rigneur*, and potatoes at If the kilo?"

BRAVO! SIX NATIONS.—We are much pleased to learn from our friend, G. H. M. Johnston, Esq., of Onondaga, that the Six Nation Indians on the Grand River, deeply sympathising with the sufferers by the war against Russia, have liberally and unanimously contributed the sum of £100 sterling towards the "Patriotic Fund." A check for the same was handed to the Indian Commissioner, David Thorburn, Esq. on Friday 2nd February, in General Council. We are glad to see this truly noble and philanthropic spirit of liberality exhibited by our Indian brothers, for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans of our brave British soldiers. We trust that this noble and generous donation of the Indians will induce our town-folks, and neighbours to come forth in the same liberal and handsome manner.—*Brant Courier.*

HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

Saturday, March 17th, 1855.

MR. M'AUSLAND'S LECTURE.

On Thursday se'night to a numerous audience collected in the Temperance Hall, did this gentleman give a most interesting lecture on Distillation. There was a small Still in operation, placed beside the Lecturer, who had previously separated a bushel of Barley into a certain number of portions, for the purpose of shewing practically, how much good food was expended, in order to enable a man to drink a gallon of Ale, and by the same means, experimentally convincing the most obtuse, that the waste of the means of sustenance bore no proportion to the gratification afforded by the excitement produced whether in the shape of Ale or Alcohol. It was proved to mathematical certainty, that if the millions of bushels of grain annually consumed the in parent Isles in the manufacture of Ale and Whiskey, were converted into money, and judiciously employed in the furtherance of education, the erection of Crystal Palaces, Botanic Gardens and places of public resort for the purpose of pleasure and recreation, immense national advantages would result therefrom, and the people be more contented, besides being infinitely better off. We are not able to follow the lecturer through the various processes by which he showed, that in order to convert a bushel of barley into Ale, upwards of five-sixths (we think) were expended in the payment of the malster, brewer and the duties to the revenue, leaving one-sixth only to the consumer, and that even this paltry remnant did not contain as much nutriment as a penny roll; nothing could be more convincing We were glad to hear the moderate tone which the lecturer took. He deprecated the idea of abusing brewers, distillers and importers, as long, says he, as the Queen in the Mother Country and her representative here, with the members of the Bench, the Bar and the Pulpit indulge—moderately of course—and as long as it is no disgrace for them to drink wine and ale, so it cannot be any in those who either manufacture or import the article for their use. There were several present who disagreed with the lecturer, we think without reason, If all people high and low, rich and poor, could agree to make a moderate use of wine, ale, or spirits, there would be no need for Temperance, or Total abstinence societies But we know that they cannot, and the only question is, have the majority a right to say, since we cannot use these articles without abusing them, and as this abuse is the source of national and individual distress, we will prohibit their manufacture and importation altogether? Should the experiment which is now in the course of trial in the United States and other places succeed, should it have the effect of raising the people among whom it is adopted, to that height of national prosperity and refinement, which it is justly expected it will do—if really and truly carried out—there is no doubt, but that gradually the whole civilized world will adopt it. And such lectures as that we are now treating of will go a great way to effect a change in the opinions of the rising generations. We have thrown off a great many of the vices and follies of our forefathers; we no longer hang people for stealing to the amount of thirteenpence: whipping posts, stocks and pillories which they considered essential to maintenance of good order and the preservation of the peace, we look upon as relics of barbarism. Already the drinking customs of our Saxon ancestors are getting into contempt and another generation may probably look upon us as greatly wanting in the knowledge, which constitutes the true happiness of our race, though they may acknowledge that we had a glimpse of it, and children now unborn may perhaps lift their eyes in wonder, that their fathers sat longer at the dinner table than was necessary to take the food necessary for the sustentation of life.

PATRIOTIC FUND CONCERT.

We were in common with all who attended last evening, the Concert at the Temperance Hall in aid of the Patriotic fund, highly delighted with the entertainment; the excellent manner in which it was conducted, reflecting the utmost credit upon all concerned. The Hall never looked so well, that we can remember. The upper end was most appropriately decorated with the national colors of England, France and Turkey, forming a species of trophy. The arms of the Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland, and a splendid figure of the Gallic Eagle graced either corner of the canopy. Two large British ensigns upon which the words "Silistria" "Alma" "Balaklava" and "Inkerman," stood conspiciously displayed, covered the walls on either side, appropriate mottoes were festooned above and around the emblems of war, among which we observed,

"AS WE MOURN THE VALIANT DEAD,
WE SUCCOR THEIR BEREFT ONES."

The whole when viewed under the powerful influence of the gas exhibited on this occasion in new and elegant shapes—stars and roses—presented a pleasing picture, and gave decided proof of the taste and judgment possessed by those under whose auspices, the whole had been arranged. We never pretend to give an opinion upon the performances of musicians, being unacquainted with the divine art, though, judging from the excution of a medley composed of several of those familiar household tunes with which all are accquainted, and which formed a part of the entertainment that was long and loudly applauded, we should say that it was excellent and highly creditable to the amateurs of whom the band was composed. The singing was allowed by all to be very superior, and the solos given by Mrs. Warren, the wife of Mr. Warren the Artist, called forth repeated and unanimous bursts of applause. There were addresses to have been given during the course of the evening, but the gentlemen who were to have delivered them were unavoidably absent upon professional and other business. A short impromptu but appropriate address was made by Heath Haviland, Esq., M. P. P., which was well received. The Hon. George Coles, M. P.P. at the conclusion of the Concert, rose for the purpose of moving a vote of thanks to the ladies and other amateurs, and took occasion to say, that although the sum of £2000 which he had the honor of proposing in the House of Assemdly, had met with the opposition of some of the members, as being more than the colony could well afford, yet he was now convinced from the appearance of the Hall, on this evening, that the Country would sustain him, and he felt assured that when the private contributions, and the sum raised this evening, were added to the Provincial grant, it would amount to a sum of which Prince Edward Island the smallest of Her Majesty's North American Colonies, her population and resources being taken into consideration, might well be proud. The Hon. gentleman made several other and appropriate remarks, complimented the amateur choir and Mrs. Warren, who being a Swede came forward the more readily because she had severely felt the aggresions of the despot of the North, upon her native land. He then proposed that the thanks of the meeting be given by acclamation to the Ladies and Gentlemen by whose exertions and under whose management the present entertainment had been so well got up, and so creditably sustained. The approbation of the meeting was ascertained by the gentlemen present rising unanimously and giving three loud and hearty cheers, John Pidwell, Esq., responded to the compliment in behalf of the Ladies. The National Anthem was then sung, the audience all standing, and thus terminated one of the best conducted, and altogether most satisfactory public entertainment, that we ever remember to have been present at in Charlottetown.

COLONIAL LEGISLATURE.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

Thursday,

Mr. Mooney presented a Petition of Inhabitants of Lots 35 and 36 praying the House to establish a Court of Escheat.—laid on the table.

Mr. Perry presented a Petition of P. Power Esq., setting forth the amount of duties performed by him as Post-master at Summerside, and praying an increase of salary.—referred to supply.

The House went into Committee on the Bill to consolidate and amend the Acts relating to the public wharf at Georgetown, and other wharfs, and reported progress.

Friday, March 16.

Mr. Mooney presented a Petition of Daniel Scott, for payment of Four Pounds, for putting a railing on Poplar Island Bridge.

Hon. the Treasurer, moved that the Petition be rejected, which was carried.

The House went into Supply.

Mr. Montgomery reported a Bill, to prevent the running at large of swine, in Princetown Royalty, which was read a first time.

A Colonial Mail arrived yestesday morning, but it brings no later news from England. The *Pacific* had not arrived in New York up to Saturday last, our latest dates from New Brunswick.

The Couriers bring word that the Mail Boat, with three passengers, left Cape Tormentine on Saturday last, and have not since been heard of. One of the Couriers that crossed from this side on Wednesday, sent a man to search the coast North, while he proceeded South, to see if intelligence could be had of them.

Mr. McRea, who has two sons on board the missing boat, has informed us that they left at six o'clock in the morning, the weather then looking fair, but the ice was very much broken up, which would impede their progress, and make the work heavy. Mr. McRae thinks that if they got clear of the ice before it came on to blow, there can be no hope for them, as the boat would swamp immediately, but that if they were still in the ice, they might be driven down to the coast about Pugwash. He thinks that the signal lights that were made on Thursday, gave no indications of their safety, being answers to lights from this side. Should any light have been made last night, it would indicate good news. It has been ascertained that Mr. Wier, of Georgetown, was one of the passengers, the others were two students.