

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

#### THE GREAT REDAN.

The Great Redan was next visited. Such a scene of wreck and ruin! All the houses behind it a mass of broken stones—a clock turret, with a short right through the clock—a pagoda in ruins—another clock tower with all the clock destroyed save the dial, with the words "Barwise, London," thereon—cook-houses, where human blood was running among the utensils: in one place a shell had lodged in the boiler and blown it and its contents, and probably its inhabitants, to pieces. Everywhere wreck and destruction. This evidently was a *beau quartier* once.—The oldest inhabitant could not recognise it now. Climbing up to the Redan, which was fearfully encumbered with the dead, we witnessed the scene of the desperate attack and

defence, which cost both sides so much blood. The ditch outside made one sick—it was piled with English dead, some of them scorched and blackened by the explosion, and others lacerated beyond recognition. The quantity of broken gabions and gun carriages here was extraordinary, the ground was covered with them. The bomb proofs were the same as in the Malakoff, and in one of them a music book was found, with a woman's name in it, and a canary bird and vase of flowers were outside the entrance.

The special correspondent of the Daily News furnishes the following additional details of the appearance of Sebastopol after its evacuation by the Russians. He commences with:

#### A DESCRIPTION OF THE REDAN DEFENCES.

As a sufficiently detailed and accurate account 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 18 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 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 been gathered into the ditch for burial, which has since been done by levelling over them a portion of the parapet above. The ghastly pile nearly filled the vast trench to a level with the outer surface, and the 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 peering up the out made by our sappers thro' 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, sand-bags, and earth, I need hardly say that artillery of even the heaviest calibre could have no sensible effect: sixty-eight or ninety-eight 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 a 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' riders. You admire the cover provided for their artillery when not actually working the guns, in little retreats prove 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 capboards, containing empty wine bottles, and other traces of their occupants' regard for creature comforts. On a shelf in one of them I lighted on a cheap Harrington 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 Malakoff. The open 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 passed over in the general burial I am unable to explain.

#### THE BRAVE GREET THE BRAVE.

It so happened that as the remnants of the French regiments engaged on the left against the Malakoff and little Redan marched to their tent this morning, our Second Division was drawn up on the parade ground in front of their camp, and the French had to pass their lines. The instant the leading regiment of Zouaves came up to the spot where our first regiment was placed, the men with one spontaneous burst rent the air with an English cheer. The French officers drew their swords, their men dressed up and marched past as if at a review, while regiment after regiment of the Second Division caught up the cry, and at last our men presented arms to their brave comrades of France, and the officers on both sides saluted with their swords, and this continued till the last man had marched by.

#### THE VAULT OF DEATH.

Here I found a party of the land transport corps engaged in the loathsome duty of removing some hundred Russian dead, some of whom had been found outside the quay, and the remainder within the buildings. Of these last, a large number had been discovered in a vault under the building, piled up in rows, one on top of the other, and judging from their state, they must have been dead at least nine or ten days. The officer in command of the party described the condition of these bodies as loathsome in the extreme. Of these found on the ground floor of the building, two still breathed when they were first discovered, and a man who had accidentally strolled into the place a day sooner than the authorities, affirmed that he had counted twelve of them alive. Besides these, in another vault, some twenty or thirty bodies were found confined, some with the coffin-lids firmly screwed down, and others with them lying by the side of the dead: these were doubtless officers. The transport corps men were piling up the last load of corpses as I rode up, and certainly the sight and the smell were offensive to the last degree. From this point, some hundreds of yards down the quay, the bloodstained and noisome rags of those who had been already borne away, still remained; but they were to be forthwith piled up and burned. From the discovery of the longer dead, it is inferred that the wounded during the three days of the bombardment were carried hither, and here left to die; as every sign appeared of their wounds having received no attention whatever.

#### THE QUARTER BEHIND THE MALAKOFF.

I returned to our lines by the quarter behind the Malakoff, and through that redoubt itself. With a few exceptions, all the houses in this locality are much inferior to those in the main body of the town behind Fort Nicholas; being mostly of only one story, and many of them built of unburnt bricks. The streets here, too, partake more largely of the character of those of an eastern town; many of them being simply a couple of parallel dead walls, broken at intervals by doots or low gateways leading to open courtyards inside, round one or two sides of which I found similar galleries running to those which one meets with in Asiatic towns. Inside, however, I saw no traces of the universal divans to be seen in all the rooms of an Asiatic dwelling; but, externally, the streets, with the exception of being wider, might have passed for those of Exzeroum, Dairbelir, or Antioch. Although ruin had swept like a storm over this quarter, too, the consummating touch of French fingers had been wanting to perfect the desolation—and it had not been withheld; benches, doors, windows, and every external article of furniture worth carriage to their camp, had been borne away, and what would not have repaid this trouble was all smashed to pieces. Little enclosures of flowers and ornamental trees fronted many of the houses; but even these had not escaped the gratuitous wrecking which had been everywhere perpetrated: upturn rose bushes, roots of dead tulips, camellias, daisies, and the like, met the eye and foot at every point along the street on which this little floral nook had abutted; as if sheer love of ruin had been as strong an impelling motive with the destroyers as their unsparring itch for plunder itself. I may here mention that all this quarter of the town, as well as the great body of it on the opposite side of the creek, is at present formally in the occupation of our allies, the only portion of the place which is in our hands being the government buildings and dockyard which I have already noticed.

#### NOTICE.

Mr. DAVID RITCHIE, is duly authorized as my Attorney, to act for me during my absence from the Province, in all things whether in my own name, or in the name of the late firm of Johnson & Mackie.

JAMES JOHNSON.

Chatham, 9th July, 1855.

## Editor's Department.

### MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1855

TERMS.—New subscribers Twelve Shillings and Six Pence, per annum, in all cases in advance. Old subscribers 12s. 6d. in advance, or 17s. 6d. at the end of the year. We prefer the advance price, and as it effects a large saving, we hope soon to see all our subscribers avail themselves of it.

### CENTRAL BANK AGENCY, CHATHAM.

Discount days TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS. Hours for business from 10 to 3 o'clock. Notes for Discount to be lodged at the Bank before 3 o'clock, on the days immediately preceding the discount days.

This Paper is filed, and may be seen free of charge, at Holloway's Pill and Ointment Establishment, 24, Strand, London, where Advertisements and Subscriptions will be received for this Periodical.

### EUROPEAN NEWS.

AFTER a careful perusal of our files of British papers, we perceive but little news of interest in addition to that we presented to our readers last week, with the exception of the Letters of the Correspondents of the London Press giving details of the bombardment, assault, capture, and state of Sebastopol after it was occupied by the Allies. From these letters we have drawn copiously, feeling assured the stirring events they record will be read with interest.

We refer our readers to the Telegraph Despatches for some late intelligence by the steamer at New York. It appears the Allied Generals have come to the wise conclusion, not to report their intentions, as they no doubt have ascertained that the information reaches the Russian capital as speedily as it does either Paris or London. From the news thus obtained, we shall not be surprised to learn of decisive feats of arms performed speedily by the Allies both on land and at sea.

### COUNTY GLOUCESTER.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.  
Bathurst, 18th October, 1855.

Weather cold, damp and cheerless. Trade dull. Four out of our six shipyards silent.—Winter fast approaching, and the notes of preparation for a lumbering campaign in all quarters are feeble.

In the absence of graver matter to communicate, allow me to draw your attention to a *jeu d'esprit*, perpetrated by the Editor of the Provincialist at the expense of some one of our northern small wigs—here it is:—

"At a former period in the history of this province, when strict attention was paid by the Justices in session, as well as Grand Juries, to the regulating of Tavern Licences, instead of withholding or curtailing them—and a far greater degree of surveillance used in preventing illicit selling than at the present day—a person in one of the Counties on the north shore, at it is called, was presented by the Grand Jury for selling liquor without licence. On coming up to stand trial, the presiding Justice addressed him in the following strain:—

"Hearken sir, to your Indictment—The Grand Inquest on their oaths, have presented you to the Court, for selling Licence without Liquor."

"Me, sir!" said the culprit in great amazement, "it must be a mistake. I never did such a thing in my life. It is the Clerk of the Court that sells Licence without liquor—and he ought to be fetched up for it."

Now I don't mean to question the truth of the foregoing, at the same time I think it would puzzle the worthy editor to name him and place. Not so difficult, however, would it be for him to point out the scene of the following facts narrated from personal observation.

In a certain village, famous for its mills and lumber, and situated not fifty miles from the shire town of Charlotte, there lived some five and twenty years ago, two Justices, who each held a court, under the act for the recovery of small debts. One of these Courts was located on the top of the hill about the centre of the village, and perhaps for this reason, was called the upper or superior court; the other held near the base of the hill was called the lower or inferior court. These tribunals was rivals in their way, and each had its party of patrons and supporters, who were ready at all times to maintain the superiority of their favorite, with tongue and arm if necessary. The upper court, however, seemed to be regarded with most favour by the up-river millmen and teamsters, and odd enough, were many of the scenes about this court in those days, and odder still the tests by which the merits of some of the causes brought there, were sometimes decided. A description of one may serve to give some idea of the practice.

A teamster brought an action against an up-river millman for work and labour, to the amount of thirty-five shillings; a jury was empanelled, and after much opposition, noise and bandying of wit, the plaintiff managed to prove pretty clearly the whole of his claim. The Justice summed up, and the Jury returned to con-