

Our men remained in possession of the larger of the pits under the trying circumstances I have mentioned without any decided attempt being made to turn them out. The general of the day or the night attack telegraphed to head-quarters that our troops had gained the pits, and he received directions in reply from Major-General Jones to keep them at all hazards. At two o'clock in the morning a strong column of Russians, certainly double the strength of our men, advanced against the pits, and the combat was renewed. The English troops fought with the "immoveable solidity" for which, in the opinion of our allies, they are so celebrated. The enemy charged them with the bayonet, but they were met with courage more cool and arms more nervous than their own, and by the bayonet they were thrust back again and again, and at its point they were driven up to their batteries once more. It was while setting an example of conspicuous bravery to his men that Colonel Egerton fell mortally wounded. Her Majesty's service could boast no more valuable officer, nor was there one who was more esteemed by officers and men—more deserving of the kindest esteem and respect. He was an excellent drill and disciplinarian without being a martinet, and his exertions had brought his regiment to a state of singular efficiency. He commanded his regiment at Alma and Inkermann, and was as brave as he was kind. The rifle-pit is now in our hands, and a smart fire is kept up from it. Its fire is most serviceable, not only against the embrasures of the Redan, but in reducing and disturbing the fire of the Russian rifle-pits on its flank. Lieutenant-Colonel Mundy, 33rd Regiment, is at present in command of the party in the pit. The Redan is scarcely able—or, at least, seems diminished (meaning by the Redan the men inside it)—to fire a shot. The second rifle-pit we could not hold, but no doubt it will be attacked—and, if we attack it, it will be taken—to-night."

According to the *Daily News*, "the capture of these ambuscades has since been found of great value, not only on account of the removal of an impediment to the progress of our sap in this direction, and of the annoyance caused by the fire of the Russian rifle-men against our artillerymen, but also on account of the opportunity it has afforded our men of interrupting the Russian artillerymen in the Redan. The ambuscade, first taken, and now connected with our trench, at present forms a miniature bastion, as it were, and from its loopholed wall, turned towards the enemy, our men discharge their Minies with impunity. The work is so close to the Redan, and in such a position, that its guns cannot be sufficiently depressed so as to bear against it. Some men of the 1st battalion of the Rifle Brigade have been also placed under cover on the opposite side of the left ravine—near to which, on the right, our zig-zag is being formed—and have thus been brought to act in concert with the troops in the advanced trench on the right attack. The united fire of these two bodies has for the present almost silenced the Redan: a gunner could not show himself near any of the embrasures but he was at once marked down, and the Russian artillerymen were compelled to close these openings. In turn the enemy is constructing another formidable cover for his rifle-men, taking advantage in its formation of a large quarry a short way below the abatis, which extends in front of the battery above.—This work threatens to be strong and formidable. It assumes at present the appearance which would be given by a number of crescent-shaped ambuscades joined together at the free extremities of their parapet. It will give cover to a large body of rifle-men, who will have the opportunity of throwing out a diverging fire of a very considerable range. The part of the Redan hill on which it is placed has a steep incline, which will add to the difficulty of dislodging the enemy from this situation."

The same writer describes the funeral of the heroes, and their burial places:—

"Colonel Egerton, Captain Lampriere, and four soldiers of the 77th regiment, all of whom were killed in the first attack on the rifle pits, were interred a little after 10 a. m. to day. Lord Raglan, and a very numerous assemblage of staff and other officers, attended the funeral. They were buried on a gentle declivity, where the hill in front of the Light Division slopes down toward the left ravine. The Woronzoff road to Sebastopol skirts the burying place, and a neatly cut vest-stone marks the distance—five versts—from the city. The picket house, which has been so often spoken of, is a little way on in front. Formerly the burials from this part of the camp took place in the low ground of the ravine itself, but many objections to this site were discovered, and the present cemetery was se-

lected. The ground is not enclosed, but already a few unpretending head-stones tell the names of some of the English soldiers whose remains lie beneath. There are nearly a hundred graves here. Nothing can exceed in beauty the magnificent prospect which opens on the view at this point. It is here that, on ascending the hill from the plateau, a traveller approaching by the highway would first perceive the city and roadstead of Sebastopol. They lie stretched at the feet of the spectator, like a map spread out before him, while the hills on the north side and a vast expanse of ocean complete the picture. The Chersonese Cape and its lighthouse, the long line of ships off the coast, from the vessels guarding Kamiesch to the sentry ships on watch before the mouth of the great harbor, the works of the French and those of our left attack are all visible at a glance. When there were vineyards and groves in the valleys, and flocks and herds grazing on the hills, and ships gliding in and out of the roadstead, the prospect must have been indeed charming—one of the finest in the world. Now, the serried lines dividing the besiegers and the besieged—the barriers closing the harbor—the lifeless ships, prisoners in their own port—the ground furrowed by trenches in which the plough has had no part—the scattered encampments, French, English and Russian—the wreaths of smoke from many batteries, and the booming of the guns—all these awaken far different emotions than would have been evoked by the more peaceful prospect of former days."

The *Times* says a Polish deserter reports that we missed a golden opportunity last Monday, the 13th ult.—"It appears that the Russians were apprised of the landing and march of the Turks, and received information which led them to believe we were about to attack Liprandi's army. Every available man was sent out of Sebastopol on Sunday last, and when we opened fire on Monday morning they had only 8,000 men in the place. This accounts for their silence and their surprise. For two days they worked night and day to get their men back from Liprandi's army to the town again, and they have now 28,000 men inside. The deserter says "the place is a perfect hell."

We have some notes of the fleet beginning to take an active part in the siege. "On the night of the 14th, the *Valorous* first and then the *Gladiator* ran in towards the forts, and, after firing shot and shell into the batteries, retired. Only one shot from the batteries struck the *Valorous*. For the rest of the night the casemates were lighted up. On the night of the 17th, the gun-boat *Wrangler* followed this example. A thick fog overpread the sea. Preceded by a boat with muffled oars, sounding as it advanced, the *Wrangler* steamed slowly in, and approached, it is stated, "within four fathoms of the forts." From a little after seven until past one, she kept up a fire of shot, shell, and rockets, from her Lancaster guns; and retired, having "suffered no further injury than the cutting of one of her stays." On the night of the 18th, the *Furious* and *Tribune* went in and fired 68-pounder shots into the forts and the town, but the night was fine, and they could not remain long. On the 20th the *Dauntless* ran in, but was forced to return at the second broadside, because one of her guns burst and set her on fire. The fire was speedily extinguished, but four men and a boy were wounded. These attacks keep the Garrison on the alert."

The Constantinople correspondent of the *Times* announces the total destruction of Broussa by another shock of earthquake, which, on the 11th ult., levelled to the ground the greater part of the ancient city, and destroyed some of the finest monuments of Roman, Byzantine, and Mussulman art which Turkey can boast of:—

"Since the first shock, on the 28th of February, the population had taken precautions in case of a recurrence of the calamity, and it is to these that the small number of casualties is due. Every one who had an open space before his house pitched a tent, where the family passed most of its time, and very often remained during the night. The upper stories of the houses were abandoned, and the household lived in the hall with open doors, so as to be ready for immediate flight whenever the subterranean roar of the earthquake should make itself heard, and the trembling of the furniture denote the approaching destruction. The previous warning, and the fact that the fall of buildings does not take place until the end, and sometimes not till after the cessation of the vibration, is the reason that out of a population of 70,000 souls not more than one hundred have been killed or wounded by a catastrophe which has made half of them houseless and destitute. On the 16th the full extent of the calamity was known at Constantinople. The great shock of the 11th was only the first of a series almost innumerable. At least forty vibrations were felt during the first night, and not a day has passed since without three or four of more or less severity."

Taking advantage of a steamer sent for the relief of the English residents by Lord Stratford, the *Times* correspondent visited the spot. From the summit of the line of hills overlooking the plain of Broussa, there was not a bridge, a wall, or a house which had not more or less suffered. "The road was thronged with fugitives—veiled Turkish women, carrying with

them all their goods on the back of a miserable horse to obtain which they had probably parted with a number of necessaries. The very poor, mostly Armenians and Jews, were on foot, bedding under the weight of counterpanes and kettles, and dragging after them their weeping and footsore children, who would be a couple of days in making the weary journey of twenty miles through the bush and quagmire before they arrived at Gzemlik. The most fortunate were the peasantry, who lived at a distance from narrow lanes and crumbling mosques. Most of these had their cottages destroyed, but they had quietly erected rude tents among the mulberry trees, and were living as happily as if nothing had occurred. On approaching the city the results of the convulsion were visible on every side. The village of Tchelsplik was in ruins, the houses seeming as if they had been crushed in by the fall of some enormous weight on their roofs. At last Broussa was plainly visible, its snowy mosques and dark red houses standing out against the green sides of Olympus, which towered up above with its crown of snow. Perhaps no more romantic spot can be found in the world than this, which has been the site of an imperial city for more than 2,000 years. The rapid torrent which passes through the midst of the city and across its plain, is crossed by massive stone bridges, two of which date from Roman times. The most solid of the structures, a work of the early Cæsars, is now shattered, and impassable. Huge masses of masonry have been hurled down into the stream beneath, and the solid arch is cleft in two. The greatest aquarian loss which the place has suffered is, however, in the demolition of the great mosque, formerly the Convent of the Virgin, an edifice erected shortly after the age of Justinian, and second to St. Sophia alone for vastness and beauty. The lofty dome is crushed, the mosaic work, fresh and beautiful as if not ten years old, is scattered over the pavement; the minarets—of course a Mussulman addition—are broken short off at a third of their height from the ground, and the structure, which lately was filled with worshippers, is now deserted by all but the Turkish guard which is placed at the gate to prevent the depredations which often follow a general calamity. The tomb of Sultan Orchan, son of Othman is also crushed. The monarch who made Broussa the capital of his warlike State, and who has rested peacefully in the grave for 300 years, now lies under the ruins of his ancient city. Whole quarters of the town are levelled with the ground, not a house remaining. The Jews with their lofty head-dresses, were to be seen sitting amid their fallen walls, desolate and desolate. Not even at such a moment does compassion subdue the Jack aversion which separates this unhappy race from the people among whom it lives. Who will care for a Jew? not a piece of bread or a cup of water will Turk, Greek, or Armenian give to the expiring Hebrew, even at a time when the judgment of Heaven has involved all in a common misfortune. From the European residents alone have the poor of all classes received help heretofore, and now the Europeans, even the consuls, have fled the place."

CANADA.—The Imperial government has proposed to the Canadian government to cede to the province all ordnance lands which are not required for military purposes, and also the garrison at Toronto, Niagara, London, Penetanguishine, on condition of the province maintaining them in good military repair—the garrisons to revert to the crown in case of actual war.—The home government will, however, retain the more important forts at Kingston, Montreal and Quebec. It is believed that such arrangement as this will prove mutually advantageous. The question of the removal of the seat of government has, it is thought, been set at rest by the determination of the government to make it a cabinet question, and to insist upon the carrying out the original intention of removing it to Toronto next autumn.—*St. John Courier*.

Up to the present date the trade of the port of Halifax has increased beyond that of the corresponding period last year. This is contrary to the expectation of many shrewd persons.—*Chronicle*.

Henry Chubb, Esq., for many years senior partner in the firm of Chubb & Co., proprietors of the *St. John N. B. Courier*, died at his residence in that city on Sunday, 20th inst. He was the Nestor of the press in New Brunswick, and was much esteemed.—*Ibid*.

The Cunard line ever since the withdrawal of the New York boats, has made faster passages than usual, whilst the slow time made by the Collins line arises from the fact that they now carry large cargoes, and drawing more water cannot make the time accomplished when comparatively empty.—*Ibid*.

EXPORTS FROM CANTOWN, P. E. I.—*Hazard's Gazette* furnishes the following information. Cleared at the Custom House, Cantown, between April 18, and May 5, 1855:—

3,726 bushels Oats	30,680 bush. Potatoes,
1,775 ditto Barley	1,000 ditto Turnips,
50 tons Oatmeal	34 kegs Lard,
57 bags Pearl Barley	144 brls. Flour,
20 ditto Hayseed.	