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all kinds of miscellaneous articles, such as stones, beams, buckets, old grape-shot, and muskets. The French, short of ammunition, replied with the same weapons, varying their resistance by rushes at the point of the bayonet. They were giving way, however, before the advancing Russians, discouraged by intelligence of the impending failure at the Redan and Black Works; but, at the critical moment, the supports of the Division marched up and entered the work on all sides. The Imperial Guard, consisting of Grenadiers and Zouaves, swarmed into the Malakoff, and commenced a desperate conflict, hand-to-hand, amongst the labyrinth windings of the Redoubt, amongst shell holes, broken gabions, and irregular elevations. Each side fought and bled. They fell, side by side; and, in many instances, above each other; the ground was strewn with them, so as to be completely invisible. To add to the horror of the moment, the shells from the Redan and steamers fell in numbers upon the position of the portion of the work in possession of the French, and added to the heaviness of their losses; but the Russians were unable to regain the Malakoff, as the French poured in supports every moment, and brought in field artillery over a hasty bridge into the Redoubt. The Russians slowly yielded, and commenced a retreat, which ended in a rout. The scene of it was the way leading from the dockyard to the Malakoff, a road traced inside of the second line of defence, to which the Russians trusted as a means of retrieving their losses. A long series of batteries had been erected from the foot of the Malakoff to the Naval Hospital, part of them bearing upon the Redan, and part upon the Malakoff. A large 6-gun battery at the base of the southern front of the hospital had been armed with sixty-eight pounders, and the windows in the ground-floor of the hospital, on the eastern face, had been turned into embrasures, from which ship cartridges placed upon the Malakoff and the ascent to it. The rapidity of the French movement, when the Russians commenced their retreat, prevented the latter from uniting their second line of defence efficaciously. The hand to hand conflict down the descent did not enable them to kill a few without destroying a friend; and thus the French passed down from the Malakoff towards the town until they came to the base of the hill and on a level with the dockyard. From that spot they receded, moving to their right, and driving the Russians through the streets of the Karabelnaia suburb, whilst the field artillery and some of the lighter guns left in the Malakoff were turned against the second line of defence, which it successfully enfiladed. Darkness now supervened, and the Russians, under its cover withdrew from the works of the Karabelnaia, the Little Redan, and Black Battery.

INTERIOR OF SEBASTOPOL.

The wonder of all visitors to the ruins of Sebastopol is divided—they are astonished at the strength of the works, and that they were ever taken; they are amazed that men could have defended them so long with such ruin around them.

The surprise throughout the camp on Sunday morning was beyond description, when the news spread that Sebastopol was in fire and that the enemy were retreating. The tremendous explosions, which shook the very ground like so many earthquakes, failed to disturb many of our wearied soldiers. When I arose ere daybreak, and got up to Cathcart's hill, there were not many officers standing on that favourite spot, and the sleepers who had lain down to rest, doubtful of the complete success of the French, at certain of our own failure, little dreamed that Sebastopol was ours. All was ready for a renewed assault on the Redan, and the Russians having kept up a brisk fire from the rifle pits and embrasures to the last moment, and having adopted the same plan along their lines, so as to blind our eyes and engage our attention, abandoned it, as is supposed, about twelve o'clock, and the silence having attracted the attention of our men, some volunteers crept up and looked through an embrasure, and found the place deserted by all, save the dead and dying. Soon afterwards, wandering fires gleamed through the streets and outskirts of the town—point after point became alight—the flames shone out of the windows of the houses—rows of mansions caught and burnt up; and ere daybreak, the town of Sebastopol—that fine and stately mistress of the Euxine, on which we had so often turned a longing eye—was on fire from the sea to the Dockyard Creek. Fort Alexander was blown up with a stupendous crash that made the very earth reel, early in the night. At sunrise the large explosions on the left flank of the town succeeded, and announced the destruction of the batteries of the Central Fort and the batteries of the batteries of the Central Fort and the batteries of the batteries of the Central Fort.

At this time the Russians were marching with sullen tramp across the bridge, and boats were busy carrying off material from the town, or bearing men to the south side, to complete the work of destruction and renew the fires of hidden mine, or light up untouched houses. Of the fleet, all that remained visible were the eight steamers and the masts of the sunken line-of-battle ships. As soon as it was down the French began to steal from their trenches into the burning town, undismayed by the flames, by the terrors of these explosions, by the fire of a lurking enemy, or by the fire of their own guns, which kept on slowly discharging cannon shot and grape into the suburbs at regular intervals, possibly with the very object of deterring stragglers from risking their lives. But red breeches and blue breeches, kopsi, and Zouave fez, could soon be distinguished in amid the flames, and moving from house to house. Ere five o'clock there were numbers of men coming back with plunder, such as it was, and Russian relics were offered for sale in camp before the Russian battalions had marched out of the city.

AFFECTING SCENES.

As the rush from the camp now became very great, and every one sought to visit the Malakoff and the Redan, which were filled with dead and dying men, a line of English cavalry was posted across the front from our extreme left to the French right. They were stationed in all the ravines and roads to the town and trenches, with orders to keep

back all persons except the generals and staff and officers and men on duty, and to stop all our men returning with plunder from the town, and to take it from them. As they did not step the French, or Turks, or Sardinians, this order gave rise to a good deal of grumbling, particularly when a man, after lugging up a heavy chair several miles, or a table, or some rich article, was deprived of it by our sentries.

Mingled with the plunderers from the front were many wounded men. The ambulances never ceased, now moving heavily and slowly with their burdens, again rattling at a trot to the front for a fresh cargo, and the ground between the trenches and the camp was studded with carriages or mule litters. Already the funeral parties had commenced their labors. The Russians all this time were swarming on the north side, and took the liveliest interest in the progress of the explosions and conflagrations. They took up ground in their old camps, and swarmed all over the face of the hills behind the northern forts. Their steamers cast anchor, or were moored close to the shore among the creeks on the north side, near Fort Catherine. By degrees the generals, French and English, and the staff officers edged down upon the town; but Fort Paul had not yet gone up, and Fort Nicholas was burning, and our engineers declared the place would be unsafe for 48 hours. Moving down, however, on the right flank of our cavalry pickets, a small party of us managed to turn them cleverly, and to get out among the French works between the Mamelon and the Malakoff. The ground is here literally paved with shot and shell, and the surface is deeply honeycombed by the explosions of the bombs at every square yard. The road was crowded with Frenchmen returning with paltry plunder from Sebastopol, and with files of Russian prisoners, many of them wounded, and all dejected, and with the exception of a fine little boy, in a Cossack's cap and a tiny uniform great coat, who seemed rather pleased with his kind captors. There was also one stout Russian soldier, who had evidently been indulging in the popularly credited sources of Dutch courage, and who danced all the way into the camp with a Zouave and an indigene. There were ghastly sights on the way, too. Russians who had died, or were dying as they lay, brought so far towards the hospitals from the fatal Malakoff.

Inside the sight is too terrible to dwell upon.—The French are carrying away their own and the Russian wounded, and there are five distinct piles of dead formed to clear the way. The ground is marked by pools of blood, and the smell is already noisome; swarms of flies settle on dead and dying; broken muskets, torn clothes, caps, shakos, swords, bayonets, bags of bread, canteens, and haversacks are lying in indescribable wreck all over the place, mingled with heaps of shot, of grape, bits of shell, cartridges, case and caustic, loose powder, official papers, and cooking tins. The traverses are so high and deep that it is impossible almost to get a view of the whole of the Malakoff from any one spot, and there is a high mound of earth in the middle of the work, either intended as a kind of shell-proof, or the remains of the old White Tower. The guns, which, to the number of sixty, were found in the work, are all ship's guns, and mounted on ship's carriages, and worked in the same way as ship's guns. There are a few old-fashioned, oddly-shaped mortars. Look around the work, and you will see that the strength of the Russian was his weakness—he fell into his own bomb-proofs. In the parapet of the work may be observed several entrances—very narrow outside, but descending and enlarging downwards, and opening into rooms some four or five feet high, and eight or ten square. These are only lighted from the outside by day, and must have been pitch dark at night, unless the men were allowed lanterns. Here the garrison retired when exposed to a heavy bombardment. The odour of these narrow chambers is villanous, and the air reeks with blood and abomination unutterable. In one of these dungeons, which is excavated in the solid rock, and was probably underneath the old White Tower, the officer commanding seems to have lived. It must have been a dreary residence. The floor and the entrance was littered a foot deep with reports, returns, and perhaps dispatches assuring the Czar that the place had sustained no damage.

ENGLISH LOSSES AT THE REDAN.

The full lists of the killed and wounded at the Redan on the 8th, were published in an Extraordinary Gazette, on Wednesday. Our casualties have been as follows:—29 officers, 36 sergeants, 6 drummers, 314 rank and file, killed; 424 officers, 142 sergeants, 12 drummers, 1,608 rank and file, wounded; 1 officer, 12 sergeants, 168 rank and file, missing. Total—Killed, 385; wounded, 1,886; missing, 176—2,447.

FRENCH LOSSES AT THE MALAKOFF.

Our Allies have 5 generals killed, 4 wounded, and 6 captured; 24 superior officers killed, 20 wounded, and 6 missing; 116 subaltern officers killed, 224 wounded, and 8 missing; 1,489 sous-officiers and soldiers killed, 4,259 wounded, and 1,400 missing. Total French loss, 7,551.

Horrors of the Hospital of Sebastopol.

From the Times Correspondent.

Of all the pictures of the horrors of war which have ever been presented to the world, the hospital of Sebastopol presents the most horrible, heart-rending, and revolting. It cannot be described, and the imagination of a Fuseli 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 to the line of the Redan. The whole row was peculiarly exposed to the action of shot and shell bounding over the Redan, and 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, arched at the top, and dimly lighted through shattered and unglazed window frames, lay the wounded Russians, who had been abandoned to our mercies by their General. The wounded did not 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, stopped 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 roof and sides of the rooms in which they lay, with the cracking 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 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 to appal and root one to the ground by a sort of dreadful fascination.

Could that bloody mass of clothing and white bones ever have been a human being, or that burnt black mass of flesh have ever had a human soul? It was fearful to think what the answer must have been to the bodies of numbers of men were swollen and bloated to an incredible degree, and the features distorted 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 horror'—for there were 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 corrupted flesh, 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 this retreat was secured, the enemy cared but little for their wounded.

EFFECTS OF THE SIEGE.

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 shot 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 attendants, to pieces. Everywhere wreck and destruction. Climbing up to the Redan, which was fearfully cumbered 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 up with English dead, some of them scorched and blackened by 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.

CONDITION OF THE TOWN.

The grandeur and beauty of the captured city is thus described:—Whatever idea one has formed from looking at Sebastopol from Cathcart's hill and the trenches, and every one has heard of its respectability as a city, I must say I was little prepared to witness the remains of anything so beautiful. To ride along what must have been the grand street, and see the lamp posts and pavements, seemed to call forth the remembrance that there are such things yet in the world. The houses, or I should say mansions, that are passed one after another in the most frightful dilapidations, are most surprising; a number of these appear to have been public buildings. Nearly every house must have had some architectural pretension; the rows of pillars and columns are uncounting, and from the visible remains, I should say it ought to have been one of the prettiest places in the world.

The cleanliness, and I was going to say order, was astonishing; what I mean by order was the cleanliness of the streets, save where barricades had been erected. The fronts of some houses appeared so perfect that, with the aid of a strong imagination, you could almost fancy you were riding in a nice town where nothing had happened, and in other parts that you were only visiting the scene of a disastrous fire, and presently expected to get beyond the pale of its rage; but alas! wherever you went, all was alike—never was destruction and desolation more complete; never had man worked more successfully to destroy his own work.

PERSONAL INCIDENTS.

In descending the slope which leads down to the head of the Creek, I came in sight of piles of new cannon and shot, ranged as one may see them along the river front of Woolwich Arsenal—on both sides of the Creek. Certainly this was a contradiction of the generally-believed reports of the enemy's shortness of guns and ammunition; and similar evidence met my eye at every battery I passed—shot, shell, canister, grape, and musket cartridges seemed everywhere abundant. On gaining the summit of the opposite slope, on and beyond which the main body of the town is situated, French nothing but French were to be met with the majority of them drunk, and all laden with every conceivable kind of plunder. A prohibition has been issued against our own troops sharing in the spoil, while carte blanche has been allowed to the French. Our camp is swarming with these last, offering for sale every conceivable kind of plunder, and getting high prices for their goods. The discontent is general in consequence.

CITY AND OTHER ITEMS.

Loss of Whaling Vessels.—The whale ships King Fisher and Enterprise, of New Bedford, were lost near Buessole Straits. Vessels and cargo a total loss. The ships Jefferson, of New London, was lost on Cape Elizabeth, and Edgar, of Cold Springs, at Lona Island. The loss of fourteen whale ships this season is reported, but no names are given. Another ship was seen off Lona Islands, bottom up, could not make out her name.

INQUEST.—We learn from a Halifax paper that the body of a man named George Malcolm, an old Newfoundland Pilot, was found in Calkwell's Dock on

Thursday last. A verdict of "found drowned" was returned by the jury. The deceased was a resident of Miramichi, where about four years since during his absence from home, his house took fire, and three or four children perished in the flames.—*News.*

We regret to state that the Paper Mills of Messrs. Phelps & Co., in the neighborhood of this City, were totally destroyed by fire last Friday morning. Estimated loss £4500; insurance £2000.—*Ch. Witness.*

DR. KANE'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION SAFE!

RETURN OF THE PROPPELLER ARCTIC AND THE RESCUE TO NEW YORK.
New York, Oct. 12.—The propeller Arctic and the barque Rescue, which sailed from this port in June, in search of the Arctic Expedition of Dr. Kane, arrived here this evening, having on board the Doctor and his party.

The propeller and barque made their way north in Smith's Sound, to lat. 79° 30', where they were stopped by ice, and worked their way in shore to find a passage; they discovered an Indian village, which Dr. Kane's party had gone south of. They then returned to Disco Island, in Davis's Straits, where they found the Kane Expeditionists.

It appears that Dr. Kane pushed his vessel as far north as 81°, when she was frozen in, and remained all the winter, sending to the Indian village before mentioned, about 80 miles south, for provisions, which were supplied by the inhabitants.

In the spring they abandoned their ship, and made their way southward, in sledges, until they reached the town of Uppernavik, a Danish settlement on the west coast of Greenland, from which they were conveyed in a Danish vessel to the Island of Disco, where they were found by the Searching Expedition.

Three of Kane's party died from exposure, viz., Pierre Schubert, cook, Jeff and Baker, seamen. The remainder were more or less frost-bitten. On the 4th of September, the barque Rescue narrowly escaped being wrecked, by coming in contact with an iceberg, which stove her bulwarks, and carried away her bows. The two vessels were fast in the great pack, for several days, and thought they were frozen in for the winter, but succeeded in getting out.

Last winter was unusually severe in the Arctic Regions. Many natives perished from exposure and starvation, and had to eat their dogs, the extreme cold having prevented hunting expeditions. No traces whatever were discovered of Sir John Franklin and his party.

Letters received at the Religious Intelligence Office during the week ending October 17th.
Elder Wm. Pennington, — Wellington, YETK.—
Elder William Kinghorn, — Lydia Jonah, rem.—
George H. Wallace, rem., sent 1 year and six copies.
—A. McLean.

DISTRICT MEETING.

The Fourth District Meeting will commence its annual Session with the Church at Upper Hampstead, on Saturday the 20th day of October next at 10 o'clock, a. m. Elders J. Perry and E. McLeod are appointed to attend. Other brethren are requested to attend. Elder Perry requests brother French to attend the above District Meeting.
Sept. 29th.

MISSIONARY BOARD.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Free Baptist Missionary Board, will take place in the vestry of the Free Baptist Meeting House, Waterloo St., on Tuesday the 6th day of Nov. next at 5 o'clock, p. m.
Sept. 29. E. McLEOD, SECRETARY.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE MISSIONARY FUND.
The following persons are authorized collectors in the places annexed to their names, for the subscription to the Missionary Fund, and also to solicit and receive further subscriptions and forward them to the Treasurer, or to us.
Jacksontown, — Elder S. Harrit,
Bristol, — Elder C. E. Bell,
North Branch Oronoco, — John Alexander,
South, do do — W. Patterson,
Patterson Settlement, — W. Patterson,
Little River, Hawkestead, — Asa Smith.

Also all the Ministers belonging to the General Conference of Free Christian Baptists of New Brunswick, wherever they may travel.
E. McLEOD.

ASK ANY ONE WHO HAS EVER USED
DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS.
What they think of them? Ninety-nine in a hundred will tell you they are the best Pills for liver complaints, sick headache and dyspepsia that they have ever used. Read the following from one of our most respectable citizens:
New York, August 3, 1852.

I do hereby certify that I have been suffering from a pain in my side and breast for a long time, and after trying many remedies came to the conclusion that my liver was affected. I immediately commenced using Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, and the few that I have taken have already given me more relief than all the other medicines I have taken put together. I went to a clairvoyant to consult him; after examining me carefully, he advised me to continue the use of Dr. McLANE'S PILLS, that they would effectually cure me.
W. W. PHILLIPS.
No. 2 Columbia place.

P. S. The above valuable remedy, also Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, can now be had at all the respectable Drug Stores in this city.

From the New York National Monitor of Feb. 24.

Hygean Vapor.

Dr. Curtis has done more to ameliorate the condition of humanity afflicted with lung complaints, than any other practitioner of medicine that has struggled with the secrets of the materia medica, for the last century, by the invention and perfection of an instrument that will convey to the lungs a medicine in the shape of a highly Medicated Vapor, which acts directly on the disease, and not, as hitherto, by sympathy. Those who are troubled with diseases arising from disordered lungs, will subserve their interests by giving the Hygean Vapor a trial.

CAUTION.—DR. CURTIS'S HYGEAN is the original and only genuine article.

Marriages.

On the 10th inst., by the Rev. W. T. Carv, Mr. Thos. Brangage, Senior, to Miss Maria Glaham, both of this city.

On the 9th inst., by the Rev. James Bennet, Richard Neiley, to Elizabeth Proctor, both of Sussex, K. C.
On Thursday last, by the Rev. Wm. Smithson, Mr. Charles Irvin, to Miss Eliza Cochran, both of Portland.

Deaths.

At Coverdale, Albert Co., on the 26th ult., Elizabeth, wife of Arnold Stevens, and a dear daughter of Simon Outhouse, aged 35 years, leaving a husband and two children to mourn their loss.

At Moncton, on the 6th inst., Frances Alveretta, third daughter of Willm J. Lewis, aged 5 months and three days.

ST. JOHN'S MARKETS.

[Corrected for the Religious Intelligence, up to the 18th.]

BUTTER, in firkins, 48 lb	1 2 @ 1
Roll, 48 lb	1 3 @ 1
EGGS, 48 doz	0 10 @ 0 11
HAY, 48 ton	65 0 @ 75 0
MEATS—	
Beef 48 quarter 48 lb	0 34 @ 0 4
Lamb, 48 lb	0 34 @ 0 44
Mutton, 48 lb	0 3 @ 0 4
Veal, 48 lb	0 3 @ 0 4
OATS, 48 bushel	3 0 @ 3 6
POTATOES, 48 bushel	4 3 @ 4 7
CHICKENS, per pair	2 0 @ 2 6
GEES, per pair	2 3 @ 2 6

LOWER MARKET SLIP.

BUTTER, 48 lb	1 2 @ 1 24
CHEESE, new milk	0 6 @ 0 74
Skim milk, 48 lb	0 3 @ 0 4
EGGS, 48 doz	0 9 @ 0 10
FISH—	
Cod, 48 quintal, small	15 0 @ 16 3
Pollock, "	9 0 @ 10 0
Herring, smoked, 48 b x	3 0 @ 4 0
do, pickled 48 bbl	20 0 @ 22 6

FIREWOOD—	
Maple 48 cord	25 0 @ 27 6
Mixed, 48 cord	24 6 @ 23 9
FLOUR—	
Canada best, 48 bbl	50 9 @ 51 3
State "	47 6 @ 50 0
Rye "	40 0 @ 42 6
CORN MEAL, 48 bbl	28 3 @ 27 0

MOLASSES, Muscovado 48 gal	1 8
Clayed, 48 gal	1 5
Porto Rico, 48 gal	1 9
POTATOES, 48 bushel	3 0 @ 3 6
TURNIPS, 48 bushels	1 9 @ 2 0

E. C. FREEZE, Country Agent.

BOOKS! BOOKS! An assortment of new and valuable BOOKS have just been received at the "Religious Intelligence Book Store," and a further supply is expected per next steamer from Boston. They have all been selected with care, and are sold at very low rates. The Public are invited to call and examine.

CLARK'S COMMENTARY. This valuable work in 4 vols. at 38.

LIFE OF DR. NEWTON. A few copies at 5s.

CAUCHEY'S EARNEST CHRISTIANITY.

MRS. PALMER'S WORKS, including her ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE ECONOMY OF SALVATION.

THE WORKS OF JAMES ARMINIUS, in 3 vols. Religious Encyclopedia; Webster's Dictionary, unabridged; American Vocalist; Sabbath School Libraries, Tracts, &c. &c. oct. 18.

FARM FOR SALE.—The Subscriber offers for sale his FARM on the Post Road leading from Annapolis to Digby; being one and a half miles from the Town of Annapolis. The Farm contains 330 acres, consisting of tillage, pasture and wood land, with 20 acres of Dyked Marsh; and there are on the premises an extensive Orchard of Apple Trees, the most of which are engrained with the best kinds of fruit. Attached to the house is a large garden, well stocked with choice Fruit Trees—Pears, Cherries, Plums, &c. The buildings, which are mostly new, consist of a comfortable Cottage, three large Barns, Shop, Shed, Wood House, Pigsty, Carriage Room, Harness Room, Smoke House, Fire-proof Room for safe, Milk Room, &c., all of which are in good order. The situation is remarkably fine, and commands a most extensive view of the surrounding country. There is upon the premises, and within 100 rods of the barns a peat-bog, from which any quantity may be taken, and the river runs along the whole front of the farm, affords an abundant supply of Marsh Mud, an excellent manure for grain and grass. The Farm is in a high state of cultivation, and cuts 100 tons of hay. Apply to

ANNAPOLIS, 8th Oct.

GEORGE S. MILLIDGE.

RICH PURS—Hats, Caps, Gloves.—The Subscriber, thankful for the generous support he has received from the citizens of Saint John, as well as their country friends during the period they have been in business, now have to announce that they have received part of their FALL GOODS by Packet ship "Joseph, Laratt," from "Bilbon," steamer "America," and Boston Steamers, which, with the Goods manufactured by them, form a large and complete assortment.

LADIES' FURS—In stone Martin, French Sables, Fitch, Squirrel, British Sables, in Muffs, Boas, Queens and Cuffs. Our Furs have great advantage in shape.

GENT'S FUR CAPS—In Otter, North and South Seal, Beaver and Nutria, all of the newest styles.

SATIN VELVET HATS—Best London, best French, best Boston; the finest Goods, warranted fashionable.

GENT'S GLOVES—A fine variety of Oil Tan Buck, with every other kind in Fur and Cloth.

GENT'S SHIRT COLLARS—Latest improved, for comfort and appearance. Flush and Cloth Caps, Glazed Hats and Caps, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Umbrellas, Hat and Cap Covers, Reversible and Gooden's India Rubber Coats, Children's Belts, new.

Gent's Fur Coats—In Wolf, South Seal, Hair Seal, and Buffalo, large for travellers.

SLEIGH ROBES—In Wolf, Bear, Racoon, Lynx and Buffalo, fancy lined.

Ladies' small CLOAKS, fine Wool, Balmoral patterns; with a stock of unannealed articles. Wholesale and Retail.

LOCKHART & CO

WE HAVE SOLD our entire Stock of TEAS, SEAGRASS, MOLASSES, and general GROCERIES, to W. E. STRONACH, and respectfully solicit for him a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed on us while engaged in the Grocery Business.

HALL & FAIRWEATHER.

St. John, N. B., Sept. 20th, 1853.

HAVING purchased from HALL & FAIRWEATHER their entire Stock of West India GOODS & GROCERIES, the undersigned now offers for sale low—

45 Chests and 29 Half Chests (Gaugon TEA, the following Brands—"Chebucto," "Challenger," "Eagle Wing," "Horatio," "Golden Gate," "Wild Pigeon," and "Hussar."

15 Half Chests Orange Pekoe (favourite brands);

20 Do. Oolong;