

SAINT JOHN, N. B. JULY 13, 1855

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We have great pleasure in informing our numerous readers that the weekly issue of this paper has reached **FOUR THOUSAND COPIES.**

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To ARRIVE.—By the first steamer, next week, from Boston, we expect a large and varied assortment of Books from different publishing houses. Also—Pictorial Cards, Tracts, Children's Illustrated Books, Gift Books, &c. June 29th.

## Editorial Correspondence.

Trip to Woodstock—Prayer on board of a Steamboat—Distribution of Tracts—Iron Works—A Prisoner—Honey Manufacture.

Woodstock, July 5th.

We sit down in the pleasant, and apparently quiet, village of Woodstock, where we arrived last evening, to write something for our much loved *Intelligencer*. Having left our own city home on Tuesday, we lodged in Fredericton that night, and at 6 o'clock, yesterday morning, left in the steamer *Bonnie Doon* for this place. We do not intend to inflict on our readers the pain of incidents by the way—we would only remark that we found the master and steward of the *B. D.* attentive and obliging, and although we have been told that considerable mischief is sometimes manifested by a certain class of passengers on board of some of the boats, running between Fredericton and Woodstock, we saw nothing of the kind on board of this—but we did see and hear what we never witnessed on board of any other boat. One of our company, which consisted of about a dozen, (we mean one of those who were going to the G. Conference with us) after having drawn around him on the deck of the boat, nearly or quite all the passengers on board, by singing a couple of divine songs, proposed to them to engage in prayer, if no one had any objection; and no objection being made he knelt down, and with him nearly every one present—probably about thirty or forty—and he earnestly implored the mercy and salvation of God upon the company. All were attentive and solemn, and we trust the occasion will not soon be forgotten. We had the pleasure also, of circulating a good number of tracts among those on board, all of which were kindly received, and, so far as we had opportunity of judging, attentively read. We trust some of them may prove to be bread cast upon the water, which shall be found after many days. Last evening we listened to a short, but sound and excellent sermon by Rev. Mr. [name] [illegible], one of our fellow-travellers; and which evidently produced a good effect on the congregation. We would that such sermons, combining doctrine and practice, were much more abundant.

Our G. Conference, not commencing until to-morrow, we have had some leisure to-day to visit some localities here, among which has been the Iron Works, situate a little above Upper Woodstock. These Works are now in operation—about twenty men are employed—and from four to five tons of pig iron is made daily. We had the pleasure of meeting at the works Capt. McLean of St. John, who is one of the proprietors, and who in the kindest manner shewed us the works, and afforded us some considerable information in relation to them. The iron ore here is of a very superior kind; not only rich in the quantity of metal which it possesses, but also in the quantity of iron which it contains, one ton of which is taken from about two and a half tons of ore, but it is also of a very superior quality. No bar iron is made at this establishment, the cost of doing so being greater than the company feel at present warranted in undertaking. The metal is sent to England, being worth there about £7 10s. sterling per ton. This establishment has cost the owners about £25,000 and but little returns has yet been made, it having been idle a considerable portion of the time; some proceeds will, however, be afforded the present season. We noticed in the water tank in the vicinity of the works, and which is supplied with water brought a distance of a quarter of a mile, through an iron tube of two and a half inches in diameter, a trout, about nine inches in length, and which had made its way through this tube into the tank. At the time of its migration its size was much less than at present. It seemed to enjoy itself in its narrow space—but, alas, it was a prisoner! These Iron Works afford, when in operation, means of labour to a good many beside those immediately at them. Large quantities of wood are required, and immense furnaces for making charcoal are erected. The hauling of this wood, and the hauling of the ore a distance of three miles, afford a good deal of labour for teams.

We think it very desirable that these works should prosper, we sincerely wish the owners every success; and every means which is calculated to develop and render available the hidden wealth of our Province, should be encouraged in every possible way. We have no doubt but the Iron Works in Woodstock, will yet be a source of great revenue to somebody.

We were shown another *manufactory* to-day, which we believe is the only one of the kind in the Province. It is carried on by "little busy bees," and the article produced is honey! Mr. Sharp of this town has about three hundred hives, each of which, he informed us, (if we remember right) affords about forty pounds of honey for sale, beside a sufficient quantity for their own sustenance through the winter! What a lesson to poor humanity—let those who, from sloth or covetousness, have nothing only for themselves, learn from the bee a lesson of industry and liberality. Each of these hives have an immense quantity of bees, who gather their honey sometimes from a distance of three miles. In looking at these busy little labourers, we could not but

think how admirably the God of wisdom and creation, had adapted everything to its particular work, and how much might be learned from these minor works of the great Creator!

## Father Gavazzi and the Gospel for Italy.

We make the following extracts from a sermon by Father Gavazzi, the great Italian orator, founded on Rom. 1 Chap. 15 verse. It has been published in England, and also in the columns of the *New York Crusader*.

"When God shall open a way for us, I and some of my fellow countrymen will return to our dear Italy to preach the Gospel to our brethren.—Of ourselves, we can do nothing; all is in the hands of God, and we can do all things under the blessing of God—we can work, but the benediction, and the blessing, and the power, come from God. If we do not succeed with the people who are strong in their prejudices, we may have the rising generation, and we will take care especially of the youth in the schools. Though there are many difficulties to encounter, we hope, under the blessing of God, we shall succeed. Already there are some prepared to welcome us in our dear country. O Christ! we desire to go on this mission, depending on thy grace only for counsel and assistance—in reliance on the faith of the Bible and the promises of God. I am ready to go; and I shall enter joyfully on this mission, for I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. I was once a priest, but now I am one no longer. After Christ, there are no more priests—only ministers; and I am now a minister of Christ. I have confidence in God that he will make me an instrument for spreading the word of life. I know the instrument is nothing; it is the gospel which is the power of God unto salvation; but the Gospel must be preached! and this is the hope that sustains me in my exile, that God will use me as an instrument for diffusion of his truth in my dear Italy. My divine Saviour has preserved my life on ten battle fields; my Divine Saviour has protected me against the French in the trenches of Rome; he has preserved me in the tempest on the ocean; he has saved me from the hands of the fanatical Roman Catholics in Canada; he has spared me through the miseries of my exile; and, therefore, I have a right to hope that he will still spare me, and accept me as an instrument for spreading the knowledge of his Word among my countrymen. There will be a great struggle, but I am not afraid of the issue. If God be for us, no one on earth can prevail against us. There has always been war at the time of any great reformation. There was war in Germany in the time of Luther. There was war in France in the time of Calvin. There was war in Britain at the time of Cromwell and Knox. There was war in Switzerland in the time of Zwingli. The Gospel of Christ has never been firmly planted without a great struggle.—Christ said, 'I am not come to send peace, but a sword.'

When the trumpet of war sounds for my dear Italy, I shall be there—not with the rifle and the sword, but with the Bible in one hand and the Italian national banner in the other, to annihilate the papal empire of Rome. I shall be there to plant the standard of universal freedom upon the ruins of the Vatican. Again shall be heard in Rome that pure gospel which Paul preached—and again it shall go forth to all the world, from that city which is now the seat of the Papacy and of slavery. Man alone can do nothing; and, therefore, it is necessary to have faithful, fervent prayer. If the news come that we in Italy are fighting for our religious and civil liberties, my Christian brethren, pray for us. Follow us with your prayers, that God may help us, and that the gospel may soon reign in Italy.

The fundamental principle of our religion is justification by faith and grace. We are not justified by our works. How can we be justified without faith in Christ? If good works are necessary to save, then the sacrifice of Christ was not complete, but a further sacrifice is necessary, which is in direct contradiction to the words of Scripture.—'By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast.' Good works are the consequence of faith; it is the faith which saves. In order to obtain remission of sins, it is only necessary to have faith in Christ, and to ask forgiveness of Christ, and not of the priests. No need for the teachings of the Pope, or the dogmas of the Church; all that is necessary for the poor blind Roman Catholic to believe, is found in the gospel. My dear Brethren, this is as important for you as for them. It is not your Protestant name,—not a creed,—not forms that will save you. It is only the gospel that can be the power of God unto your salvation. It is only by having faith in our Lord Jesus Christ that you can be saved.

This is the *freedom*, but there is also the *exclusiveness* of the gospel. It is the power of God unto salvation to all—to all that *believe*. Although the gospel is free to all, those who do not receive it will go down to perdition. It is not because you live in what is called a Christian country, where the Bible is free, that you are Christians, but only if you *believe* the gospel of Christ, and receive it into your own hearts. The sun shines and fills the world with its life and light. All creation rejoices in its beams. But if you sit in a dark room with the shutters closed, the beautiful light is of no use to you. Open the windows and admit the sun, and all within is light and happy. There is light enough in the sun for all; but you must open the windows, or you will remain in darkness."

WESLEYAN METHODIST CONFERENCE.—The Wesleyan Conference recently held in London, Canada West, requested the British Conference by a unanimous vote, to re-appoint the Rev. Enoch Wood to the office of President, and the Rev. John Ryerson, Co-delegate. The Rev. Dr. Beecham, Ex-President of the British Conference, was appointed the Representative of the Canada Conference to the former body. The Rev. Enoch Wood and Rev. R. Jones were appointed Representatives to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, to be held in Indianapolis, in May next.—*Canada Christian Advocate*.

## General Intelligence.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.  
One Week Later from Europe.

NEW YORK, July 11.

Pacific arrived this morning. The official list of the battle of the 18th, states the number of the English killed and wounded and missing, at 1437, including 98 officers; number of French, 3337, including 133 officers—among whom were two generals, both severely wounded. Full particulars not yet received. Siege of Sebastopol progressing with unabated vigor.

Lord Raglan was dangerously ill, and asked to be recalled. There were no indications of immediate operations in the Sea of Azoff or in the Baltic. Administrative reform gains ground in England. Austria continues disbandment of army.—Breadstuffs dull, at a slight decline. Money plenty. Consols 91½.

## CAPTURE OF THE MAMELON AND THE QUARRIES.

Camp before Sebastopol, June 6.—A term had been put once more to the long days of expectation and the wearisome indolence or sameness of our camp life. For the third time our fire has opened along the whole range of positions. At half-past two o'clock to day, 157 guns and mortars on our side, and above 390 on the French, awoke from silence to tumult. The superiority of our fire over the enemy became more apparent at various points before nightfall, especially in the Redan, which was under the special attention of the Naval Brigade. The Russians, displayed, however plenty of determination and bravado. They fired frequent salvos at intervals of four or six guns, and also, by way of reprisals, threw heavy shot up to our Light Division and so on the Picket house hill.

June 7.—At four o'clock this morning the Redan gave some evidence of having yielded to rough treatment, the jaws of its embrasures gaping, and its fire being irregular and interrupted.—Captain Peel came by, on his way up from the trenches, about five, very dusty, and powdery. His reckless and dauntless seamen had been making beautiful practice, and had met with what must for them be considered a very moderate proportion of loss. At nine a cool breeze, much stronger than usual, sprung up, and continued throughout the day. On the extreme left, towards the Quarantine, there was very slight firing from the French. The enemy either could not or would not keep up a very vigorous reply. About 11 o'clock a shell from the Russians exploded the magazine in our eight-gun battery, and a yell of applause followed the report. Very slight harm, happily resulted from the explosion.

The fire on our side, which had continued since daybreak quietly and soberly, took a sudden access of fury about three o'clock, and was kept up from that hour to the critical moment with great activity. Between five and six, Lord Raglan and his staff took up a conspicuous position on the edge of the hill, where it commands very plainly our 4-gun battery, and looks straight into the teeth of the Redan. The men with the *howitzers* was in readiness, but there was a pause yet for a while. Sir Colin Campbell was observed to plant himself on the next summit still nearer the enemy, commonly called, to use legal phrase, the Green Hill. His appearance drew some fire, and the shells dropped and flashed close by, but without disconcerting his purpose of having a through good look-out place. It was about half-past six when the head of the French attacking column came into view with these two spots, as it climbed its arduous road to the Mamelon. A rocket instantly went off as the signal of our diversion, and as instantly the small force of men detached for the post of honour made a rush at the Quarries. After one slight check they drove out the Russians, and turning round the gabions commenced making themselves snug; but the interest was so entirely concentrated upon the more exciting scene, full in view upon the right, that they had to wait a good while before attention was directed to their conflict.

The French went up the steep to the Mamelon, in most beautiful style and in loose order, and every straining eye was upon their movements, which the declined daylight did not throw out into bold relief. Still their figures, like light shadows flitting across the dim barrier of earthworks, were seen to mount up unaided—were seen running, climbing, scrambling like skirmishers up the slopes on to the body of the work amid a plunging fire from the guns, which owing to their loose formation, did them as yet little damage. As an officer, who saw Rosquet wave them on, said at the moment, "They went in like a clever pack of hounds." In a moment some of these dim wraiths shone out clear against the sky. The Zouaves were upon the parapet firing down into the place from above; the next moment a flag was up as a rallying point and defiance and was seen to sway hither and thither, now up, now down, as the tide of battle raged round it; and now like a swarm they were in the heart of the Mamelon, and a fierce hand-to-hand encounter here with the musket, there with the bayonet, was evident. It was seven minutes and a half from the commencement of the enterprise. Then there came a rush through the angle where they had entered, and there was a momentary confusion outside. Groups, some idle, some busy, some wounded, were collected on the hither side, standing in shelter, and now and then to the far corner a shell flew from the English battery facing it. But had the need of support become manifest, and a gun or two again flashed from the embrasure against them, then there was another run in, another sharp bayonet fight inside, and this time the Russians went out spiking their guns. Twice the Russians made head against the current, for they had a large mass of troops in reserve, covered by the guns of the Round Tower. Twice they were forced back by the onswelling flood of French, who fought as if they had eyes upon them to sketch the swift event in detail. For ten minutes or so the quick flash and roll of small arms had declared that the uncertain fight waxed and waned inside the enclosure. Then the back door, if one may use a humble metaphor, was burst open.

The noise of the conflict went away down the descent on the side towards the town, and the ar-

na grew larger. It was apparent that the Russians had been reinforced by the space over which the battle spread. When the higher ground again became the seat of action, then there came the second rush of the French back upon their supports, for the former one was a mere reflux or eddy of the stream. When rocket after rocket went up ominously from the French General's position, and seemed to emphasize by their repetition some very plain command, we began to get nervous. It was growing darker, so that with our glasses we could with difficulty distinguish the actual state of affairs. At last, through the twilight, we discerned that the French were pouring in. After the interval of doubt, our ears could gather that the swell and bubble of the fight was once more rolling down the inner face of the hill, and that the Russians were conclusively benten. "They are well into by this time," says one to another, handing over the glass. The musket flashes were no more to be seen within it. There was no more lightning of the heavy guns from the embrasures.

A shapeless hump upon a hill, the Mamelon, was an extinct volcano, until such time as it should please us to call it again into action. Then at last the more hidden struggles of our own men in the hollow on the left came uppermost. "How are our fellows getting on?" says one. "Oh! take my word for it they're all right," says another. And they were right, so far as the occupation and retention of the quarries was concerned, but had, nevertheless, to fight all night and repel six successive attacks of the Russians, who displayed the most singular pertinacity and reckless of life.

As it grew dark our advanced battery under the Green Hill made very pretty practice and pretty spectacle by flipping shells over our men's heads at the Russians. Meanwhile the fall of the Mamelon and the pursuit of the flying foe did not by any means bring the combat to an end on the side of the allies.

The Zouaves emboldened by the success, and enraged by their losses, carried their powers a step too far, and dreamt of getting into the Round Tower by a *coup de main*. A new crop of battle grew up over all the intervening hollow between it and the Mamelon, and the ripple of musket shots plashed and leaped over the broad hillside. The combatants were not enough for victory there too, but they were enough for a sanguinary and prolonged contest, a contest to the eye far more violent than that which preceded it.—The tower itself, or rather the inglorious stump of what was the Round Tower, took and gave shot and shell and musketry with the most savage ardor and repidity. The fire of its musketry was like one sheet of flame rolling backwards and forwards with a dancing movement, and dwarfed as it was by the distance, and seen by us in profile, could scarcely be compared to anything small or large, except the notes of a piano flashed into fire throughout some rapid turn. Our gunners, observing the duration and aim of the skirmish, redoubled their exertions, and flung their shells into the Round Tower with admirable precision, doing immense mischief to the defenders. It was dark now, and every of them came out against the heavens as it rose or swooped. From Gordon's battery and the second parallel they streamed and plunged into the enciente up to which the Zouaves had won their way unsupported, heralded every now and then by the prompt and decisive ring of a round shot. The Russian defence, rather than their defences, crumbled away before the tremendous fire, but on the other hand, the attack not being fed, as it was not designed, began to languish, and died gradually away. It was a drawn battle so far; but there may be another story to-morrow.

12 P. M.—The French are putting the new front of their position in a state of defence, and employing an immense number of hands. Our men are still in their warm berth in the Quarries repelling the attacks of the Russians. There was but one embrasure left in a comfortable state in the Redan at the end of the evening, and the quarries are too close under it for heavy guns to be brought to bear.

The *Daily News* correspondent gives, in some instances a mere detailed, if less graphic account of what took place, and supplies some important additional particulars. After describing the advance, he says:—

The Russians were evidently staggered: At first, the Malakoff batteries and the Redan offered no attempt to impede the progress of the assailants. Whether the tremendous fire which was poured against them from the English batteries of both the left and right attacks restrained them, or whether they were bewildered at the nature of the assault, they scarcely fired a shot while the first columns of French mounted the hill. Presently the French were swarming into the embrasures, mounting on the parapets, and descending into the work. Shortly afterwards the Russians were observed escaping by the way leading from the Redoubt toward the hill crowned by the ruins of the Malakoff Tower and the numerous batteries around it. Here, to all appearance, occurred the grand mistake, which subsequently entailed a great loss of life among our Allies. The arrangements had been made for taking and securing the large Redoubt on the Mamelon-hill, but it was not intended to go further at that moment. Such, however, was the impetuosity of the troops, such the excitement of the officers and men at their first success, that they could not resist the pursuit of the Russians on the one hand, or the attempt to storm the Malakoff itself. Between the Malakoff and Mamelon hills is a deep saddle-like hollow. Across this saddle, dipping down towards the right of the Malakoff-hill, is the ordinary way of communication between the Marine suburb and the Mamelon. In this direction, the Russian troops took their flight, and these and their pursuers were soon lost to sight behind the ridge. But the great body of the French troops moved straight across the saddle, and mounted the Malakoff-hill. The Russians, aware of their danger, poured down a heavy fire upon the assailants from the batteries, and apparently brought field pieces so as to take them in flank. In spite of these, the French still mounted, and at last were seen to reach the abatis work drawn around the hill. So short a distance was this from the lower tier of batteries that the Russians

could no longer depress guns sufficiently to bear upon them, and standing upon the parapets they were seen to throw large stones, besides keeping up a heavy musketry fire, against the French. The French had evidently met with a difficulty they could not conquer; they were observed to be looking on all sides for an opportunity of advancing, but yet were unable to move on. Presently a sudden sense of their dangerous position seemed to seize them, and they retired back towards the Mamelon. The Russians by this time had assembled their reinforcements behind the Malakoff works, and as the French were moving along the dip of the saddle towards the Mamelon, these troops were seen to come up in a dense mass, pouring a heavy flanking fire against our Allies. At the same time they came within range of the guns of the works around the Malakoff Tower (the Korniloff Bastion), which, notwithstanding the shower of shell and rockets from our batteries, kept up a galling fire against the French as they retired. Some confusion followed, the Russians followed the French into the Kampeskatka Redoubt, and the latter were next compelled to evacuate it. That was a time of deep anxiety for all who were watching the engagement. But confidence was again resumed, when the French, who had descended the Mamelon-hill, were seen to be steadily reforming in the Russian trenches which surrounded its base. Up they went again, sending a shower of balls among the Russians, who were now in crowds covering the parapets. The Redoubt was fringed with smoke and flames from the fire of the Russian rifles against the French as they mounted the hill, and the hillside was covered with the fire of the assailants. It was now a few minutes before eight o'clock, a dense bank of black clouds rested on the horizon, and the sun had just sunk behind it. The Russians made for some time a gallant resistance, but in vain; as the French mounted, they were seen to waver, and just as the French reached the parapets, they leaped down and retired. Our Allies were again masters of the Mamelon Vert. In vain the shipping in the harbour, the guns from the batteries on the west side of Careening Bay, and some on the north side of the roadstead, tried to drive them away. The guards were thrown out, and the working parties speedily set to work to turn the Redoubt against its late possessors.

While this had been going on, a sharp struggle had ensued between the French and Russian troops occupying the Redoubts on the east side of the Careening Bay ravine. The French had been seen to rush from their advanced approach, and from the right flank of their works, towards the foremost Redoubt. In front of this were two large ambuscades and a trench; one volley appeared to be fired by the riflemen in the pit, after which they hastily fell back on the Redoubt. The contest at the first Redoubt was speedily settled; at the second Redoubt the resistance was more obstinate. Here the Russians had a deep and secure covered approach, which descended the slope of the cliff, crossed the ravine, and was connected with a like approach from the Mamelon Redoubt. A complete parallel was thus formed. The enemy in the Careening Bay Redoubts were evidently dismayed when they saw the Mamelon Vert fall into the hands of the French, for this principal communication by which supports could arrive to them was thus cut off, and they were not in strength sufficient without reinforcements to resist with effect the overpowering force of their antagonists. They retired, therefore, partly by the covered way, and partly towards the slope of the hill, as it falls upon the roadstead, and the work remained in the hands of the French. A large number of prisoners was taken in these Redoubts. The number of guns, including some field pieces, taken by the French, is stated to be twenty-four; the heavier guns were spiked.

As soon as the Mamelon was taken by the French, the order was given by Colonel Campbell for the small force told off for attacking the quarry to advance. One end of the quarry, that looking eastward in a direction towards the Malakoff Tower, was connected with three parallels which the Russians had dug in front of the most advanced work on Frenchman's hill to prevent our further advance. The large rifle-pit which the Russians contrived to throw up after "Egerton's pit" had been taken from them was connected with the foremost of these parallels. When the order was given for our attack-party to advance, the 88th and 7th rushed out from the right of the zigzag approach on the left of our advanced work, the men of the 47th and 49th Regiments from the left of this approach. While some rushed up the hill towards the Quarry, others took possession of the enemy's rifle pit and advanced trench. It appeared that the Russians, on seeing the attack of the French against the Mamelon, had moved along their trenches towards the right, where they became connected with the trenches or other works on the Malakoff hill, so that the left, that side against which our men advanced, was almost wholly deserted. A trifling opposition met with in the Quarry itself was quickly reduced and our troops congratulated themselves on having gained an easy victory. Carried away by their enthusiasm, they even advanced towards the Redan, and perhaps, had they been in force, such was the confusion and alarm of the Russians, they might have carried this important work. As it was, the enemy returned with comparatively powerful reinforcements, and suddenly opened a flanking fire, which compelled our men to abandon the Quarry. It was not armed as had been anticipated. A second time our men moved against this work, and took it from the enemy, who had again entered it; nor was this the last time, for still later in the evening a third contest for its possession took place, which ended as before, in our being victors, but at a severe expense. No less than eighteen officers, and a large number of men, amounting to upwards of half the original attacking force, were placed *hors de combat*, including killed and wounded. Colonel Campbell behaved with the most determined gallantry. He was struck no less than four times, and once so severely by a musket-ball, which providentially was prevented from inflicting a more serious wound by striking the front of his sword belt, that he fainted. Nothing but the unflinching bravery of the troops could have enabled them to retain the Quarry after