

The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

REV. I. E. BILL,

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

GEO. W. DAY, Printer.

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1855.

VOL. 8.—NO. 44

Poetry.

"NO GOD!"

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.
"No God! No God! The simplest flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks, as it drags its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound;
"No God!"—astounded echo cries
From out her cavern home,
And ever wandering bird that flies,
Reproves the atheist's lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head,
The Avenger proclaims;
The brooklet on its chrysalis urn
Doth leap, to give his name,
High swells the deep and vengeful sea,
Along his billowy track,
And red Vesuvius opens his mouth
To hurl the fa schod back.

The palm-tree, with its princely crest,
The cocoa is to fade,
The bread-fruit, boning to its lord
In yon fair island glade;
The winged sea, that borne by winds,
The raving squaw's food,
The mules on the desert sands,
Confutes the seer's creed.

"No God!" With indignation high
The pale moon grows paler still,
As such an impious word,
And from their burning thrones, the stars
Look down with angry eye,
That thus a worm of dust should mock
Eternal Majesty.

Correspondence.

Reminiscences of the Past.

No. I.

DEAR BROTHER,—

In compliance with your request, and the earnest desire of many Christian friends, Ministers and others, I now sit down to write a few facts, as I can call them to mind, connected with my early life and ministry. I write these things, not to obtain notoriety, but to gratify the wishes of my old friends and other beloved brethren in the Lord, who are now members of several churches with whom I laboured many years ago, and some of which I organized during my travels in these provinces and elsewhere, for the last forty years. Perhaps it may not be foreign to the subject if I refer briefly to the earlier period of my life. I was brought up in the town of Kildermister, in England, the place where lived and laboured the great and ever-to-be-remembered Richard Baxter. This great and good nonconformist divine was one of the most spiritual and successful ministers of the gospel of the times in which he lived. I esteem it a peculiar privilege to have been born and brought up in the same town where so excellent a man as Mr. Baxter laboured so long and so successfully. There is a saying, but perhaps not literally correct, that when Mr. Baxter went to preach in the town of K. there was not a praying family in the place, but that his ministry was so blessed of God that before he closed his labours, there was not a family but that did pray. Be this as it may, I am sure that he left such a savour of heaven and heavenly things, that the effects continued to be felt in the place for generations after, even to my day, although he died more than one hundred years before I was born, in 1619. Dr. Calamy says, Mr. Baxter wrote 120 books; but a writer in the Biographical Britannica tells us that he had seen 145 of his treatises. The place, in our day, is still noted as being highly favoured in respect to morality and religion. My father professed to belong to the church establishment; and when I was a boy he generally took me there on the Sabbath. I was early taught the catechism of this church. I have long considered this form of instruction most erroneous, and of pernicious tendency to the souls of men. It most assuredly teaches the soul-deceiving dogma of baptismal regeneration, the rock on which thousands of precious souls perished, and that on which I had nearly made shipwreck. The following sentence is required to repeat to my teacher when a child: "In my baptism I was made a member of Christ, and a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." This was my hope, and the only rock of my salvation, while I was living in pleasure, and when ignorant of God and his grace. Had I continued with religion, should I not have gone down to destruction with a lie in my right hand? I have no reason to hope that my father knew any thing more about religion than I did, in those days. He seemed to be satisfied that he had been christened, and belonged to the church, and inculcated the same ideas to his family. When a boy, after returning one Sabbath from church, where a child had been sprinkled, I asked my father why the minister did not baptize us, as we read they did in the Bible? He asked me how was that? I replied, that they went down into the water, and baptized them in it; but the minister only sprinkled a little on the child's face. My father replied that he did not know, but said he supposed the minister knew why. I supposed the minister knew why; but I thought I wished I knew.

of what religion was, beyond living a decent and moral life, and attending the outward forms of worship. I did not discern either the necessity of having the heart renewed, or of an interest in the atonement of Jesus Christ. I had no idea that God must be glorified in the salvation of the soul, or of the purity of his law, or how he could be just and the justifier of the guilty. Though I never lost these impressions entirely, yet I was led away by youthful follies, and by my young associates. I loved gay company and vain pleasures, and living in a large city where every facility was offered to gratify the sinful passions, I gave myself up to their full gratification. I resorted to the theatre, the ball-room, and even to the end-table. I attended these wicked places of resort frequently; and became greatly fascinated by them.—This continued up to the very period when the grace of God stopped me in my mad career. When about nineteen years of age, one Saturday night I met my young associates to play a game of cards. We kept it up till a late hour. It was Christmas. I was fully prepared to have a high time during the holidays. I had money; I had vivacity; I had friends and associates; and everything seemed to favor my wishes, and help me to carry out the plans I had formed. But he who sees not as man seeth, and has the hearts of all men in his hands, and can turn them as the rivers of water, was pleased to say, Thus far shalt thou go, but no further. An acquaintance, a religious man, invited me the next morning, after the evening above alluded to, to go with him to the Baptist meeting, a place I had never been in in my life. But after some persuasion, I consented to go. The thought struck me, that it would afford me some diversion, and be a sort of episode in my life, with which I might amuse my associates in some of our gay frolics. But an episode indeed it was, of a very different character from what I had anticipated. I saw there nothing ludicrous; nothing odd, or to excite mirth, excepting the curious temple in which we had assembled for worship. It was a very humble dwelling, occupied by a very poor and humble family. It was a room, about 12 by 14 feet square, with a bedroom off it, on the back side. This was the sanctuary in which the Baptists met to worship their God in the large, flourishing, manufacturing town of Kildermister, where Baxter long preached, but where this good man had left an odious savour of his prejudice and opposition against this class of Christians. This good man had said, that burning was good enough for a Baptist! but the Baptists have long forgiven him, and loved him, for this they can well afford to do. I have often thought of this humble habitation, and of that humble but godly congregation of pious and praying souls. It was like that meeting of the disciples after the resurrection of Christ, when he blessed them, and made them glad.

D. NUTTER.

RESTIGOUCHE, Oct. 16, 1855.

Dear Brother,—I left home on the 8th inst., and arrived here on the 12th; having preached at Beldown and travelled one hundred and thirty miles. The scenery is tame along the coast from Bathurst to Dalhousie. The soil for the most part is fertile, and the waters which wash the shore abound with fish of various kinds. The inhabitants consist mostly of native French, and Scotch and Irish emigrants from the old country.

From Dalhousie which is a small town well laid off at the entrance of the Restigouche river, and at the head of the Bay of Chaleur, the scenery is magnificently romantic. There is a deep chasm formed for the bed of the river, while the mountains on each side rise into lofty peaks. The whole was, doubtless, one of those wild convulsions of the earth, directed by the unerring and skillful hand of the great Architect of the universe; thus forming them into their present beauty and grandeur.

Campbelltown is situated sixteen miles up the river, and as a small town presents a very pleasant aspect. Thence ten miles further up the river, is what is called the "flat lands," of which I had heard so much. I anticipated beholding large fertile plains; but they were so difficult to discover, and of so limited an extent, I thought the whole country from the entrance of the river would have been better named the "sharp lands." It is more of a lumbering and fishing, than an agricultural country. It is a good place for a steam mill and lumbering enterprise upon a large scale.

It was with great difficulty last spring that the inhabitants could procure sufficient provisions to subsist upon. Flour was 25 per barrel, and other articles in the same ratio. But they are now in a measure relieved in being favored this autumn with good crops. Salmon abound in the river during the season for them. They are of a large size weighing from twelve to fifty pounds a piece. The snow lies very deep upon the ground, so there is never more than a few inches of frost in the soil during the severe winter.

As regards the religious state of the country, I fear that it is very low. A few years ago a Baptist church was organized here which soon numbered upwards of thirty members, but as they had been left some five years without a visit from a Baptist minister, they got scattered and reviled in the dark and cloudy day; so they number only seventeen at present, and hold no religious meeting, unless visited by a missionary. I have found them, however, kind and attentive to instruction;

and the preaching of the gospel.—These few sheep in the wilderness must be cared for and looked after, and many more wanderers scattered over these mountains shall yet hear the Shepherd's voice and be gathered into the fold.

The papers, &c., sent from the Sabbath School of Brussels street have greatly aided me in my work. They have been sought for by children and youth with great eagerness, who have never seen such before. Brother Knight the French missionary, and brother Blakeney the Colporteur had been here and left just before I arrived. I trust that their visit will be attended with good results.

Yours faithfully,
B. SCOTT.

HOPEWELL, Oct. 24, 1855.

DEAR BROTHER BILL,—Believing that it always affords the friends of Zion much pleasure to hear of revivals of religion and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, and knowing that the pleasing intelligence communicated through the columns of the Visitor, for some time past, in reference to this pleasing subject, has produced feelings of deep and unfeigned gratitude to God, the giver of all spiritual blessings, in the hearts of all who have been labouring and praying for its prosperity, I humbly hope that the news in this communication will not be less interesting.

I am extremely glad to be able to communicate to you the pleasing news that God is graciously reviving his work in Hopewell, and the adjacent settlements. The church in this locality had been, for some time past, passing through a season of great spiritual declension, so much so that the hearts of many, as well as that of the beloved Pastor, Bro. Foshay, felt almost discouraged. But God has graciously interposed in their behalf. Their prayers have been heard, their tears have been seen, and the sighings of their hearts have gone up before him, with whom is the residue of the Spirit, and he has graciously turned their captivity and mourning, and made their hearts to sing for joy.

This gracious work, as far as I could learn, broke out at Caledonia, under the labours of Bro. Keith, the particulars of which are already before your readers, from thence it spread to Hopewell, and it is still spreading, and God grant that it may still spread until every hill and valley may become vocal with his praise.

On Lord's day, Oct. 14th, Bro. Foshay had the pleasure of baptizing six; and Bro. Keith one at Caledonia—I spent the week with Bro. Foshay, and a pleasing one it was. Deeply interesting meetings were held every day, and the Lord was present to bless. On Sabbath last such a day it is said by many of the old inhabitants, was never seen before in Hopewell. Notwithstanding the rain fell in torrents yet the banks of our Jordan were lined with solemn and deeply interesting spectators, whilst Bro. Foshay led forward in the ordinance of christian baptism, twenty candidates, principally all of whom professed conversion during this revival. I would also mention that on the same day Bro. Keith baptized four at Caledonia, and Bro. Marshall one at Harvey. The work is still going on. Last evening three more candidates were received for baptism in Hopewell and from appearances I am led to believe that several more will come forward by Sabbath. It was pleasing to observe among the number baptized, the aged man of sixty years down to the youth of 17, all moving forward in perfect union with themselves and the members of the church.—Brother pray that the work may spread.

Yours, &c.,
JAMES F. GOLDRUP.

MAUGERVILLE, Oct. 23, 1855.

DEAR BROTHER BILL,—I have just returned from Canaan, and Butterut Ridge, where I spent several weeks in holding religious meetings among the people. At those places I received valuable assistance from different ministering brethren. Bro'n. Crandall, Herrett and Coleman were with me, more or less of the time. Our efforts were crowned with the Divine blessing. The church at the Ridge is being extensively revived, I baptized eight persons before I left, and many others have believed through grace, and will immediately obey the Divine command. There are also indications of revival in Coverdale. Brother Herrett was baptizing recently in Coverdale, and I understand the good work of the Lord is progressing in Caledonia.

Yours in the Gospel,
W. D. FITCH.

Local Improvements.

MR. EDITOR—Perhaps it would not be out of place to give you a sketch of the great improvements at this place during the last eighteen months. At the time when you, Mr. Editor, were more particularly acquainted with the movements in this locality, the old western Pier stood with all its marks of antiquity. During the spring of 1854, the old western Pier was removed, owing to the action of the elements against it. Navigation became suspended in consequence of the large quantity of stone material obstructing the channel. The question arose, what was to be done in this time of calamity. After various consultations, some twenty of the inhabitants of this place and elsewhere came forward manfully, and contributed £20 each, making in all £400. A contract was entered into between Mr. D. C. of the one part, and the Odd Fellows, as they are styled, of the other part, for the purpose of remodelling and extending the Western Pier. The contractor commenced opera-

tions about the first of July, 1854, and succeeded in building the Western Pier, together with a Roadway sufficient for a span of horses to go to the extremity, and return. The advantages for loading and unloading Shipping are very great, when compared with what they previously were. Much credit is due to Mr. D. C. for the noble manner in which he fulfilled his contract, as likewise to the gentlemen contributing so largely. There are about six schooners now belonging to this Port, the seventh having been stranded about three weeks since near Gulliver's Hole, belonging to G. R. R. These schooners carry a large quantity of cordwood and other produce to various other ports, bringing back the returns to our enterprising inhabitants.

There have been two trading establishments at a superior order built at this port during the season of 1855, and a number of dwellings and various other buildings, giving the place a town-like appearance.

I regret to state that Intemperance has been on the increase here during the past year.—An effort must be made to stop its ravages, and save the rising generation from its unhallowed influences. I hope the time is not far distant when every grog-shop at this place and elsewhere may be forever shut, and peace and happiness reign.

AN OBSERVER.

Port George, Oct. 19, 1855.

NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, Oct. 24, 1855.

DEAR BROTHER—When I last wrote I was at Restigouche, Canada side, where I remained a week preaching and visiting from house to house. At the last meeting I held £57s. were subscribed to the Mission, to be paid quarterly. There are no Baptists at Campbelltown. And though a small church was organized at Dalhousie a few years since, there are none there at present, as the last one, a brother Perrington, left last week to take up his residence in Portland, Me., for the purpose of establishing the cause. Thus showing, to assume a position in one of those towns without a house of worship and stated preaching, will prove a failure in the issue. In all that region, however, the Gospel preached by Baptist missionaries is listened to with marked attention.

There is a settlement of Indians on a large block of land, sixteen miles up from the entrance of the Restigouche River, on Canada side, called the "Mission." They are of industrious habits, and live mostly by farming and hunting. I am informed there are some ninety houses within the compass of two or three miles, fronting on the river. It is supposed there are about three hundred Indians at the settlement, besides many more along the coast to Gaspe. They have a large chapel and a priest is among them a part of the time. They are of the Mic-Mac tribe. The neighboring inhabitants are mostly protestant. Would not that be a good place for brother Rand to visit? On my way home-ward, I passed a Sabbath at Beldown and Jacques Rivers, on the Bay of Chaleur. There are two Baptist families there—brothers Vaughan and Pride, who with others received the missionary and his message with great kindness and attention. I have to acknowledge as subscribers to the chapel, by Bro. Vaughan £2; do. Bro. Price, £1; do. Mission, 5s; do. Bro. Perrington, Chapel, 12s. 6d.

Yours truly,
B. SCOTT.

European Intelligence.

THE WAR.

The following notices extracted from the Patriote of the thrilling occurrences which took place during the storming of Sebastopol, as given by those who were actively engaged in that fearful conflict, will be found intensely interesting.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

SEPT. 7.—We have to mow down the Russians, but the job is, we cannot get at them just yet. I hope the day will come, and we be able to make a good harvest. I hope to God we shall. We cannot do anything without His assistance. He has favoured us so far, and I think He will guard and keep us from all harm. We are fighting in a just cause, and for the liberty of Europe, and the Lord will be on our side.—Corporal in the Rifle.

SEPT. 8.—At parade General Codrington gave a short address, informing us that we were to act as support to the storming party—an important duty, which, would, he doubted not, be well performed,—that we were to occupy the fourth parallel, moving gradually into the fifth, then to enter the Redan, and insure the possession of it to the stormers. So off we marched down the middle ravine. It was sharp work, for at twenty minutes past twelve our signal was up—a white flag—on the Mamelon. Colonel Cuddy saw it first, and rushed off to the head of his men; so we all shook hands, and moved down the trench as fast as we could, for our attacking party had passed out of the gap, and we saw them rushing on the Redan. I kept up with my regiment as well as I could, for the wounded falling around me kept me back. I bound them up; and then made a run after the regiment till arrested by others, and so on till I got to the end of the sap which led to the opening. To go further was useless; already there was such a crowd of wounded around, so I took up my position there. Grape and shot came bounding among us; two rifle-men fell dead almost on the top of me; I

had plenty to do, and time passed without my knowing how it flew—I was so busy. I was struck twice—once on the back, by, I think, a grape shot, but I had no time to look, and once on the foot by a rifle ball, both 'smarters,' but that was all. I was too busy to observe anything that was going on, so, except the first rush, I saw nothing, I may say, of the attack. While I was hard at work, the soldiers around cried out, 'Doctor, you must get out of the way, they are retreating!' so I looked up and saw our men rushing helter-skelter into and over the opening to the trenches in the rear of us. I did not exactly know what to do, so I drew my sword, and went on with my dressing till I had finished all about me, and then thought of moving off.—I could not leave poor Richards, as we all expected the Russians to be in among us every minute, so there was nothing for it but to put him on my back and carry him; which I did till I got a stretcher, and raised some men of the reserve to carry him home. Then I went down to the trenches again, dressing any wounded I found on the way.—Acting Assistant-Surgeon, 55th Regiment.

SEPT. 9.—If I were to live for a thousand years, I shall never forget that run with fixed bayonets. We were decimated with grape and canister before we were half way across. Here's where the grand mistake was made. The first regiment that got up, instead of jumping over the embrasures, and running in through the embrasures, stopped outside, so that when we got up the ladders we were all mixed together, no one to lead us. Though they wouldn't advance, they wouldn't retire, so that the carnage was dreadful. We had been nearly two or three hours exposed in this dreadful manner, when the Russians came in thousands, and rolled immense stones upon us through the embrasures. No matter what the papers say, the men did their duty. They cannot do impossibilities, sending hundreds instead of thousands to attack a place like the Redan.—From a Private of the 88th Foot, son of an old Peninsular Officer.

SEPT. 10.—By the blessing of God, I have escaped without a scratch, when comrades were killed both sides of me. The French made a grand charge up to the Malakoff, and got in without the least obstruction, having taken the Russian Artillery were sitting down beside their guns, "snobbing," for they are all shoe makers. Our General was in an awful way about it, knowing that the French had gone right into the town. We gave it up for a while, and were to attack it again the same night, for General Simpson said he would not leave the trenches until we had taken the place. I had some very narrow escapes. But, thank God! they did not hit me. I think it's best to be thin chap out here. The sappers are now all over the town, sounding it.—A private soldier.

SEPT. 10.—This is the first day, for exactly 361 days, that I have not heard a cannon shot. When the order to retire from the Redan was given, every one was in such a hurry to get down the ladders, and we were so closely packed together, that the whole mass of men on the steep parapet overbalanced, and they fell together in the ditch, head foremost. I shall never forget that horrible moment; several hundred men fell headlong together, all with fixed bayonets and drawn swords; numbers must have been run through by falling on the bayonets, and had their limbs broken by the weight falling on them. It is miraculous to me how I escaped so well; I was at the top of the ladder when I fell with the rest, so that I was not so much underneath the others; I turned aside several bayonets with my hands, which nearly ran into me. My sword was wrenched out of my hand, and I lost it. It was every one for himself at that moment.—Lieut. Harknes, of 55th Regiment.

SEPT. 10.—I have been all over Sebastopol this morning. The pillage is enormous, but not of very much value. The Russians are still unburied. The French are turning every house "out of window." Drawing room furniture is all smashed in the streets; you walk over fragments of pier glasses.—The French this morning, when the fear of mine explosions had ceased, made a dive at the Custom-house vaults, to tap the brandy and arrack, and there a horrible discovery was the result. The Russians, during the attack on the Redan, had made some of these vaults, their hospital. Hundreds of wounded Russians, French, and English, had been carried there. I went through the vaults, and the sight was appalling. About one in twenty still lived. There were five or six English of the 97th, 33rd, and 23rd, two Frenchmen, and about 50 Russians alive. Hundreds lay dead in every attitude of human torture, a few sitting bolt upright against the walls, with staring eyes, and the foam of putrescence trailing from their faces to the ground. The trench was scarcely bearable. No human being had been near these vaults for more than two days. Several of those who lived had both legs blown off, and still they were even cheerful. I sent to the front for stretchers and assistance, and then looked about for water to relieve the piercing cries which surrounded me on every side. I sought in vain for a pump or well; and to ask the assistance of the French was useless, as in the adjoining vaults they were tapping hogsheads of wine, cognac, and brandy. I had been there nearly an hour examining the wounds of the poor fellows when two sailors came in—"men-of-war's men." Jack likes his grog, but Jack's a man for a that." They fetched me water in tin pannikins during the next two hours; and to see the poor wretches drink, and to

witness their gratitude, would have brought tears from stone. They clutched my hand, kissed it, and jabbered incessantly. I could not tell what they said, but the word "Sebastopol" was constantly repeated. I almost fancied that they intended to express their satisfaction that they knew the worst, and that the siege of Sebastopol was at an end. Some went past on the stretcher smoking, and every one who was able to speak called, "Push down, lads, push down, the day is our own, if the front is well supported," and I assure you, of all that went past me, I did not hear one give a single groan, though dozens of them were in their death agony.—An Army Surgeon.

SEPT. 11.—Our officers could soon see that we would find it more difficult than what the French did to take the Malakoff; for a canteen man, belonging to the 42nd, left his canteen in the night, and went in and told the enemy that we were going to attack the battery at 12 o'clock, and on that account they had all their troops inside their battery to contest against a few hundred men. Had they known that the French were going to attack, they would have had all their troops against them.—Private Soldier.

SEPT. 11.—The Russians, knowing an assault was at any time imminent, had powerful supports placed near the water's edge on the south side, ready to rush up through the town on any point of the defence where the danger was greatest. At the first alarm, too, they turned out an additional force on the north side, and threw it across the floating bridge, and this force, too, in about an hour, was available at any point on the south side.—Naval Officer.

SEPT. 11.—The French have been through several parts of the town, where they can get to plundering; but for myself, I have not been near it yet, and I want one of their property. The Almighty has brought me safe through danger, and I return Him sincere thanks.—A Private Soldier.

SEPT. 11.—Thanks be to God for all His kind mercies to us. The French carried the Malakoff; but I am sorry to say that our own attack failed, after two hours' hard fighting. How this object failed it was hard for one to imagine; and all I can say is, that every British soldier did his duty faithfully. If you had heard the shout that was given by our army when the French tri-colour was flying on the Malakoff!—A Private Soldier.

SEPT. 11.—The French advanced upon the Malakoff, supported by us, and took it without much loss. The enemy retired, when they saw themselves overpowered, into the Redan, and a reinforcement came to their assistance while our storming party was advancing upon it. We entered it three times, and had to retire with great loss. The French endeavoured to outflank it, but were repulsed. The French and we advanced 100 yards in rear of it, but could do nothing. The men fell until the front trench was full, besides the ground covered in front. And through all they entered it three times, but could not keep their ground; they even spiked seven guns. And now the Union Jack is gaily floating on the conspicuous part of it. The French have their national flag on the Malakoff. The two flags are on Fort Paul in the town or harbour. I was in the town of Sebastopol at 5 o'clock the next morning, and ate my satisfaction of grapes from the front of a nobleman's house, and no one to molest me. Anything else I did not meddle with, for I considered it was not becoming a British soldier. All I can say is, it was Providence; for if we had Sebastopol and its dependencies, as they were, the world would not take it from us. There is as much powder, shot, and shell, and cartridges for musketry as would keep them firing for six months, without a lie. The Redan is such a piece of majestic engineering that I could not describe it, or know where to begin. They had it so made that no matter how many cannon were shot at it, the interior could not be injured. The only thing that has done the job is the shell and the point of the bayonet. Thank God! Sebastopol is ours; and I am safe, and have done my duty for my Queen and country. I think it very odd not to hear a shot fired day or night this week, when before that they were like the stars in the sky, and the noise like thunder.—A Corporal.

SEPT. 12.—We went over all the Russian lines, and such a scene of destruction I never saw. I do not believe that in a circuit of five miles there is a square yard of ground without a splinter of shot or shell upon it. All that we had heard of the glories of the place faded away before the magnificent reality. First of all, we inspected a dock, where ships of the largest size are hauled up out of the water, or launched again, by means of a cradle placed on a ram-road. This is the work of the Englishman Upton. Then we came to the intended government foundry, whose walls were rising to the height of ten feet, over a space of nearly twelve acres. Part of this was obtained by cutting away the spur of a mountain. The remainder of the hill was upheld by a freestone wall, every stone beautifully squared and fitted, to the height of 350 feet. This wall cost 60,000,000 roubles, (about £100,000 sterling.) We had the advantage here of joining two English engineers, who had been employed for many years in Sebastopol; these became our guides, and gave us a great deal of information. We then went to see the famous docks. These consist of a series of locks like canal locks, the upper end being 20 feet higher than the entrance lock, which is even with the level of the sea. The upper end has three locks abreast. Then comes a compartment equal in area to three, then again three more, the middle one of which is entered by three other