CAPTURE OF THE MAMELON AND THE QUARRIES.

Camp before Sebastopol, June 6. A term has been put once more to the long days of expectation among the

[illegible] 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 300 on the French, awoke from silence to tumult. The superiority of our fire over the enemy became apparent at various points ere nightfall, especially in the Redan, which was under the special attention of the Naval Brigade. The Russians replayed however, plenty of determined and bravado. They fired irregular salvos at intervals of four or six guns, and also, by way of reprisals, threw heavy shot up to our Right 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. 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 a shell from the Russians exploded a magazine in our right-gun battery. Very little harm resulted therefrom.

The fire on our side, which had continued since daybreak quietly and soberly, took a sudden access of fury about three o'clock, 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. After a slight check they drove out the Russians, and turning round the gabions commenced making themselves snug; but the interest was so entirely concentrated upon an exciting scene, full in view upon the right, that they had to wait a good while before attention was directed to their conduct.

The French went up the steep to the Mamelon in most beautiful style and in loose order. Still their figures, like light shadows flitting across the dim barrier of earthworks, were seen to mount up unfalteringly, 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 Bosquet 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 held 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. Twice the Russians were driven back. By the discovering flood of the Flamboyant it could be seen as they fled over upon them and fell. Then the fourth event in detail. For ten minutes and as the quick flash and roll of small arms and declared that the mountain fight waxed and waned inside the Mamelon. Then the black cloud, if one may use a humble metaphor, was burst open. The noses of the conflict went away down the descent on the side towards the town, and the ground 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 came the second rush of the French back upon their supports, for the former one was a mere retreat or eddy of the stream. When rocket after rocket went up ominously from the French general's position, and seemed to emphasize by their expostion 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 beaten. "They are well into it 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 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 are 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 recklessness of life. As it grew dark our advanced battery under the Green Hill made very pretty practice and pretty spectacle by flipping shells over out 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 prowess 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 flashed and leaped over the broad hill side. 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 ardour and rapidity. 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 one 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 enceinte 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.

8th—During the night, repeated attacks, six in all, were made upon our men in the quarries, who defended their new acquisition with the utmost courage and [illegible] against superior numbers, continually replenished. The strength of the party told off for the attack was in all only 1,000 of whom 600 were in support. At the commencement 200 only went in, and another 200 followed. More than once there was a fierce hand to hand fight in the position itself, and our fellows had frequently to dash out in front and take their assailants in flank. The most murderous scene of the enemy took place about three in the morning; then the whole ravine was lighted up with a blaze of fire, a storm of shot thrown in from the Strand Battery and every other spot within range; with a large body in reserve, it is not doubtful that they could have been into the Redan in a twinkling. This is asserted freely both by officers and privates, and the latter express their opinion in no complimentary manner. They were near enough up to it to see that it was scarcely defended, and one officer lost his life almost within it.—Generally speaking, the Russian gunners were not very active through the night; indeed, there was little for them to do, and they are evidently shy of throwing away ammunition. The French on the other hand, were losing no time in the Mamelon, in which by the by, they found only seven guns, five of them spiked. When morning dawned with the wind blowing even stronger than yesterday, the position held by both parties was one of expectation. The French were in great force within and on the outer slopes of the Mamelon, and also in possession of two out of the three offsets attached to the Mamelon on the Saponne hill. Their dead were seen lying mixed with Russians upon the broken ground outside the Malakoff Tower, and were being carried up to the camp in no slack succession. On the rear of the Mamelon their efforts to entrench themselves were being occasionally interrupted by shells from the ships in harbour, and from a battery not hitherto known to exist further down the hill. On our side 355 rank and file and 36 officers had been killed and wounded. On the French side nearly double that number of officers, and a total of not less than 1,500 men, probably more. It has been stated as high as 3,000, but there must be error in the statement. Troops of wounded men came slowly up, some English, the great portion French, begrimmed with the dust of battle. On the left a party of Zouaves had stopped for a short time to rest their burden, bearing the dead bodies of three of their officers. A little lower an English soldier was down on the grass exhausted and well nigh unconscious from some sudden seizure. A party of French were gathered around him on the bank, and offering water from their canteens, which he wildly mentioned aside. Actively and even pretty looking vivandiere came striding up the ascent, without a symptom of acknowledgement to the racing masses of iron, and smiling as if the honour of her corps had been properly maintained. Outside the abatis of the Round Tower several corpses of Zouaves were to be distinguished; about the Mamelon the French troops were hard at work, some of them stripped for coolness to their drawers, and were seen creeping down the declivity on the side towards the Malakoff, and making themselves a deep shelter from its fire.

June 9, 12 o'clock.—At this last moment I hear it stated that the Russians are carrying shot and shell off to the other side of the harbour—that may mean that they are getting ready for a bolt, *a la bonne heure*—may it prove true. Among other illustrations of character which came out during the recent struggle, it may be told that one of our sailor artillerymen being desired to keep under cover, and not put his head out to tempt a rifle bullet, grumbled at the prohibition, saying to his comrades, loud enough to be overheard, "I say Jack they wont let a fellow go and look where his own shot is; we aint afraid, we aint; that's what I call hard lines." Our loss in officers killed has been great. The 88th have been the severest sufferers, having three officers killed, one missing and conjectured to be killed, and four wounded—all, indeed who were engaged. The four senior officers of the 62nd were put *hors de combat*.

WHO STARVED THE WAR?

Anticipated Examination of the Right Honorable William E. Gladstone, late Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the re-assembling of the Sebastopol Committee.

William E. Gladstone, Esquire, called in and examined:

I was Chancellor of the Exchequer under that honorable and venerated man the Earl of Aberdeen. Do not know that I am called the Pony Peel. Do not know whether "pony" is a monetary phrase, and directed at my financial arrangements. Did not know that it was a racing word. Never go to races, though I have shown that I do not think a man worse for betting on them.

By the Chairman, I perfectly well remember the last speech I delivered in the House of Commons. It was on the subject of the war, and explanatory of the policy adopted in regard to the war by that portion of the late Cabinet to which a soubriquet is appended, arising from their abhorence to the doctrines of the late Sir Robert Peel, Baronet.

Are you not ashamed of that speech? On the contrary, if it were right to be proud, I should indulge a sentiment of pride that I had been fortunate enough to be able to deliver that speech.

I assume, then, it contained a truthful narrative of the proceedings of the Aberdeen Cabinet during their conduct of the campaign? Yes, of the Cabinet. Such proceedings, however, were imitated by the Peelite portion, the others being convinced by the superior ability of ourselves.

You distinctly avow that your policy was favorable to Russia? I should regret to have distinctly avowed anything, because that form of address is unphilosophical and not unattended with danger. But the tendency of what the Cabinet did, and of its acts of abstinence from doing anything, was intended to enable Russia to extricate herself with honour from the difficulty.

Mr. Layard—By the difficulty you mean the consequences of her barbarious and murderous entry into Turkey? Some persons qualify the passage of a contemptible river by those harsh epithets, but I think this is an exaggerated view of the case. What is the crossing of a river? Which of us does not cross one almost every day of his life? Is an act like this multiplied by the number of an army, to justify bloodshedding?

By the Chairman, Yes, the Peelites, if we accept the term, were resolved that the war, which was unjust in itself, should be conducted with as little injustice as possible.

By injustice you mean vigor: if you please. A vigorous prosecution of the war would have placed the allies in a position of unjust advantage over the Emperor of Russia.

And therefore you took care that the war should not be prosecuted? Without committing myself to phrases which might hereafter require explanation, I will merely remind you that the Peelites were the powerful part of the Cabinet, and I will ask you whether the war was conducted with vigour? But this system of vigour established an army. I can recognise no distinction where duty is involved: one and I assert it to the establishment of distinctive honorable fame and name—

[illegible] of Russians would have been slain, and we could sanction no such wickedness.

But you forced our men to fight at disadvantages? This was the result of the original blunder. I may say, however, that we are not dissatisfied with this. If the commanders were too dull, and the soldiers too ardent, to comprehend the course of action which the government, by not furnishing them with arms and stores, evidently indicated to them, and consequently disasters ensued, the fault was not at home.

I understand that this policy was common to all the Peelites? To Lord Aberdeen, to myself, to Graham, to Herbert, and to Newcastle. And a glance at the appointments intrusted to each will show you that we had the opportunity as well as the determination to save the nation from committing aggression and wrong.

What was Lord Aberdeen's special reason for keeping Newcastle in the War Department against Lord John's representations? Is it not evident from what I have stated? Palmerston lent himself to the war-cry. Let me add, that no person in the Cabinet had the slightest doubt of the entire incidentity of my Lord John Russell's demonstration. To entertain a conviction on such a subject, and to judge it as he did, of course stamps the proceeding as being utterly hollow.

Are you prepared to defend the wisdom as well as the justice of your course. I mean as regards the interests of Russia, from whom even the present government will now insist on extorting the severest terms, and from whom, if the Conservatives take the control of the war, they will demand actual sacrifices? I admit that this, as in other matters the good intentions of the Aberdeen Cabinet were not rewarded by the measure of success which they deserved. But we did our best for Russia: and even now she is unconquered. This last news is not satisfactory, certainly; but the honour of Russia has been maintained. The mean trick by which the soundness at Kertch were obtained deserves reprehension from all refined persons.

Your own financial policy is explained by your views on the war? I trust that justice will now be done me. What was supposed to be my incompetence and short-sightedness, in regard to providing funds, will now, I humbly hope, be recognised as faithful adherence to a non-aggressive system.

In a word, you starved the war? If the war has been starved, however where honour is dear, War fever, like any other fever, should be treated with starvation.

And you are prepared to advocate peace upon the terms of Russia? Upon any terms which she may propose.

Suppose she asks compensation—the expenses of the war—the surrender of some of our territory—say the Ionian Isles, or Malta?—I do not believe that she will ask anything unreasonable, nor do I see anything unreasonable, nor do I see anything so formidable in the suggestion you have made as to induce me to say that I should be precluded from discussing it. Russia is a great country; we are rich, and can afford to give a moral lesson of generosity. For the Ionian Isles I care little; their population, like that of all Greek regions is a most rascally one, and the strong military rule of Russia is better suited to it than ours.

In the Pacifico debate you took another view of the Greeks, when you thought Palmerston had oppressed? It is possible; but I have no doubt that the two views are capable of reconciliation. I find little difficulty in reconciling anything.

But you spoke of Malta. For Russia to possess Malta, and thus to be kept constantly under the eye and influence of the civilization of Europe, would be to guarantee her gradual improvement, and thus lead to the general benefit of the European family.

But all this implies great humiliation on the part of England? Humiliation is by no means unwholesome for the proud, whether in the counsels of Europe, or in the cell of the penitents. (Clock strikes.) Excuse me. [Exit muttering "S. M.! *Ora pro nobis*.

THE SARDINIAN RIFLES.

An incident occurred to-day which threw a strange, and to us a pleasant light upon their manner of making war. While the cavalry pursued the Cossacks to the river, the Sardinian Rifles advanced from Kamara, and took up a position commanding the approaches from the valley at Tchernaya. They had hardly done so when our own Hussars and Lancers returning from the pursuit, were descried in the distance. The Sardinians, strangers as yet to the uniforms of the various nations that are united in these Camps mistook them for enemies, and prepared to receive them as such. Colonel Cadogan, who is attached to their contingent, remonstrated, and when the Sardinians still showed suspicion, offered to advance and reconnoitre the strange cavalry. He did so; and finding he at least had not been deceived in the uniform, he pointed out to his country men the exact position in which there allies were posted, and turned them aside so as not to interfere with the arrangements of the Sardinians. This done, he hastened back; but to his amazement when he reached the spot he found that the Rifles were gone. While yet undecided what to do or in which direction to proceed in search of the fugitives, he heard a step by his side, and on looking up he found himself face to face with the commander of the missing corps. Colonel Cadogan at once told the Sardinian officer that there was nothing to fear, that the cavalry in front were English. "So much the better," was the careless reply; "then we can make ourselves comfortable"—saying which the Sardinian put a whistle to his mouth and produced from it a horrible squeak. Astound with this eccentric behaviour, the Colonel stared at his comrade in arms; but who can describe his still further astonishment when on a sudden, the very ground near his feet seemed alive with human beings? Up started the Rifles in all directions, and from all places, like Roderic Dhu's famous gillies; up they started from briar and brake, from ditches and water-holes, where the whole corps had been lying perdu waiting for the approach of what they believed to be the enemy. What if Russian cavalry had advanced instead of ours? Their surprise would have exceeded that of Colonel Cadogan. These Sardinian Rifles are active as they are smart. They were hardly a couple of hours on the Karana hills when they had made themselves a home and settled down in arbours which in an incredibly short space of time they had made out of brushwood. They are exceedingly small, but also exceedingly active and energetic men. They march in a trot, and climb up steep places with a wonderful rapidity.—*Letter from the Camp, May 21.*

THE CROSS ESCORTED BY THE CRESCENT.—A letter from Bayreut mentions the death of one of the French Sisters of Charity, who had fallen a victim to her zeal and devotion to the sick. A number of persons attended the funeral, and for the first time in Syria, the Cross which was carried before the coffin, was escorted by the Turkish soldiers, with arms reversed.

NAPOLEON AND CONSTANTINOPLE.—In the seventh volume of the *Consulate and Empire*, M. Thiers narrates the negotiations and confidential interviews of the two Emperors in July 1807, at Tilsit. There he tells us, they discussed in that immense system by which they were both joint rulers over Europe. The possible the probable partition of the Turkish Empire, was the continued topic of conversation. Napoleon was so to have the sacrifice provinces, Russia the banks of the Danube as far as the Balkans. One day, says the historian, while the two Emperors, on returning from a long ride, sat themselves up in the writing cabinet, where numerous maps were spread out. Napoleon, abruptly continuing a conversation briskly begun with Alexander, desired M. de Menoval to bring him the map of Turkey, unfolded it, then resumed the conversation, and suddenly clapping his finger on Constantinople, exclaimed several times—

[illegible] fess of being heard by this accomplished statesman, we should be half absolute confidence.—"Constantinople! Constantinople! Never," (turning the Empire of the world) "Never, never should it be allowed to fall into the hands of any one power." Nicholas added as a note that he had always given this declaration all the weight due to the words of a gentleman, and that Napoleon, on his part, had always acted in accordance with it. Such was the account given by the emperor himself to the confidential friend of his youth.

The Chronicle.

Saint John, N. B., July 12, 1855.

ARRIVAL OF THE "PACIFIC."

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

New York, July 11, 1855.

The Steamship *Pacific* arrived on Wednesday morning.

The Official list of the Battle, of the 18th, states that the number of the English killed wounded and missing, was 1,637, including 98 officers; number of French, 3,337, including 133 officers; among whom were two Generals, both severely wounded. Full particulars not yet received.

Siege of Sebastopol still progressing with unabated vigour.

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 the England.

Austria continues strengthening her army.

BREADSTUFFS dull at a slight decline.—Provisions, produce, and groceries quiet; Money unchanged and are abundant. Consols 91 1-8 ex Dividend.

GLORIOUS NEWS FOR THE ALLIES.—At a late hour the following intelligence has been received, which we hasten to lay before our readers, and is as follows.

Further News by the Pacific.

CAPTURE OF A RUSSIAN TOWER—DECISIVE OPERATIONS IN ASIA.—DESTRUCTION OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF ANAPA!

(QUEBEC, JULY 12.

The Russian report of the destruction of the Sardinian Troops, has proved false.

Gen. Pelissier's despatches are to the 25th June. The Allies were pushing their approaches against the Malakoff, and fastening the construction of an advanced butterry, which would complete the investment of the fort.

The Allies retain the possession of the Round Russian Fort in the Cemetery, captured on the 18th, and also of the Mamelon.

Accounts from Stockholm state that the English have bombarded Hango, and destroyed the Telegraph battery.

The Russians admit that the Comodor boat had a flag of truce, but say they feared treachery.

Advices from Abo to the 21st say that the English fleet was cruising along the coast of Finland.

ASIA.—The Allies have given orders to continue the destruction of the fortifications at Anapa. 200 pieces of cannon and 2 years provisions, were found in the fort. The Circassians have plundered the town.

The Russian forces are concentrating on Tiflis for the opening campaign.

The fortifications of Redgerokoff are completed.

Operation in the Sea of Azoff continue. The fleet had been sent to finish the destruction of Arabat.

There had been a naval reconnoissance of Kaffa, and an expedition against Perekop was again spoken of.

ENGLAND.—Mr. Roebuck's motion of want of confidence is postponed.

Major Reed has given notice of a bill to extend the Parliamentary franchoise to all persons paying Income Tax.

The *Courier*, like Goldsmith's schoolmaster, has the faculty, in an eminent degree, of contriving to argue, although so frequently beaten. In twenty instances, recently, although professing to be a free-trader, he has (unwittingly we presume) put forth some of the strongest possible arguments in favor of employing our own people, in preference to that of Foreigners. But our SOLON of the *Courier* is superlatively obtuse in matters of political economy, and reminds one of a swimming pig, which cuts its own throat in striking out, a specimen of which is given in the leader of the last issue. To follow our *cotemporary* contemporary through all the meanderings of his rambling thesis on free-trade, would be both tedious and profitless to ourselves, as well as a great infliction on the patience of our readers. Suffice it, then, that we point out a few of his incongruities, which, altho' perfectly comprehensible to our readers, may prove to him an enigma. It argues that the farmer pays thirty per cent, while the fact is that the farmer pays less taxes and less duties than any other class of men in the community, for instead of paying thirty per cent. on *everything*, as insinuated by the *Courier*, he only pays thirty per cent. on his hay rakes, which sell at a shilling each, and perhaps a pitchfork or a shovel. Probably his whole yearly outlay for agricultural tools would not exceed 20 or 30 shillings, the duty on which, even at that rate, would be from six to eight shillings, as an offset to which he sells his potatoes to the mechanic at 10s. per bushel, his butter at 20d. per lb. with every other production of his farm in a corresponding ratio, while the farmer's taxes are less than a quarter of that paid by the operative in much worse circumstances. Then again, the farmer has his children schooled at one quarter the price that is paid by the journeyman mechanic, and thousands of pounds annually given him by the Legislature to make roads, and yet the very liberal and sympathizing Editor of the *Courier*, would by imposition, starve the artizan, to enrich the already wealthy farmer. This for instance, is a farmer of twenty to thirty years standing, and a journeyman implement maker of the same class, and compare their circumstances. While the farmer in that time, has secured for himself a good and permanent home, and is always sure of a weekly point of view, the poor artizan after toiling oath lik of toil at the anvil or the bench has no asylum, in which to close his labors but the almshouse. And while *Courier* is really the friend of the farmer to the extent he would have us believe, his best possible way of showing it is, by encouraging domestic manufacture, and retaining in the Provinces, the artizan, who is the farmer's best customer. But those long and continued dreary, prosey, theorams of the dictator in the *Courier*, have another and a deeper fountain of cause, a debt of nefarious gratitude he pays to his political

[illegible] office of Comptroller are both pretty things in their way, and should be paid for either in kake or [illegible]

And how better can it be done than by establishing to prop up their favorite system, thereby, which will not stand on its own legs, as at this article of the day, we think we can perceive another and a more potent cause for the unction which is bestowed on imposition, and the sneer of disapprobation at all attempts at domestic usefulness. In the same page in the last column, and parallel with the dear trade leader we find conspicuously displayed for sale, Agricultural implements from Great Britain and the United States. Will this not solve the problem? Is it not possible that little minds can be influenced by little things? The fact is that after the way in which we have been jewed by Brother Jonathan, and the illiberal return he has made us for the unmeasured bounties we have bestowed on him, we cannot but look upon both the patrons of Yankee Labor, and its advocates as the decided enemies of the working man, and nothing short of a selfish, sordid, and a disaffected character, whose communion should be avoided as you would shun a plague.

To the politeness of J. Simpson, Esq., we are indebted for a copy of the Report on the Millpond and the Sanitary state of this City. The suggestions relative to the Millpond we view as both impracticable and vague, in as much as if the pond is not filled until a sufficient quantity of ships ballast is obtained for that purpose, many years must elapse before that Mammoth Nuisance can be abated.

A much better plan in our estimation, would be to Log up closely with square Timber the sides of the Pond, and make the inside a deposit for the Scrapings of the Streets, the excavations of cellars &c. &c. and open up a Sluice way that will allow the water to rush OUT, with the same velocity it rushes IN, then while it would shovel more filthy ooze the existing evil, it would also prove an effectual means in all time to come for carrying off the impurities of that district. The great difficulty at present is that although the water goes in with a rush, it makes its exit, by percolating slowly through the Mill wheel, and although thick may work in, it has no chance whatever of working out. Let the authorities embrace this old mill, and the obstructions and the remedy is effected. According to the calculation of the Commissioners, 51,600 cartloads of earth would be required to fill up the pond, which at the very low estimate of a quarter dollar a load, would amount to the enormous sum of three thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds. While the street scraping would not only cost nothing, but save an immense amount of cartage to the corporation, in having so handy a place of deposit. For *Sheriff Street* the Commissioners recommend calling upon the owners of the land to lay down proper drains, here again we are at issue with our Commissioners as *proper* drains, will avail little, unless there is a large PUBLIC drain for them to empty into. For Flaglor's alley and Smith's alley they recommend the *sanitary inspector and immediate attention*, but what the sanitary inspector, and immediate attention is to effect, we are left to conjecture. The Commissioners wind up with recommending "the most arbitrary means." We should have been much better pleased, as well as better informed if these gentlemen had pointed out a specific remedy for the evil they were called upon to remove, as it is we rise from the perusal of their report, in precisely the state in which we sat down to it. We would submit in a few words, then, that our City is dangerously and dangerously filthy, and that the employment of an approved and competent Engineer, to give a scientific method for the remedy, would, while it saved our Commissioners *further labors* at the same time afford His Excellency and the community the necessary information.

BOAT RACING.—A good deal of bantering has transpired between our Republican neighbors and the Germen of this port. Challenges have been handed backward and forward, but from some misunderstanding, a trial of skill with the Germen of the United States has never until the race which recently came off in Boston harbour been brought about. Much to the credit of the Boatmen of Sand Cove, they shipped themselves and boat off to test brother Jonathan *in his own Waters*, And although not the Boats' crew that wore the Belt in New Brunswick, came off with the laurels. Our Yankee neighbours boast much of their go-a-head properties, but if they wish to excel either in ship-building or boat-rowing, they will find their time not unspent in taking lessons from the "Sons of the Mist."

CRICKET MATCH.

On Thursday the 12th inst., a match was played between the St. John Club, and the Military, the St. John Club winning by TWENTY-SIX runs.

ST. JOHN CLUB.	1st Inn.	2nd Inn.
B. Anderson b. by Aggar 7.	c. by Honshaw, 4.	
J. Ward, c by McKinnen, 1	c. by Robinson, 15.	
M. Ward, c. by Sheridan, 4.	b. by Eggleton, 27.	
T. Semmahll, c. by do. 3.	b. do. 6.	
R. Bunting, c. by R. Smart, 6.	b. do. 3.	
J. Vanburen, c by Norton, 2.	b. by Piper, 5.	
H. Heatherly, b. by Piper, 0.	not out 5.	
J. Lupton, b. by Piper, 0.	b. by Aggar, 6.	
Grant, out with bat, 6.	b. by Eggleton, 3.	
Gadsoe, c. by Piper, 1.	b. by Piper, 14.	
Lowry, c. by Piper, 12.	b. by Aggar, 14.	
Byes, 8	Byes, 6	
Total, 53	93	

MILITARY.

	1st Inn.	2nd Inn.
Lt. Smart, b. by J. Ward, 0	b. by R. Ward, 23	
Corp. Robinson, not out	run out 1	
Eustace, c. by Anderson, 2	stumped by do. 1	
Aggar, c. by R. Ward, 7	b. by J. Ward, 15	
Eggleton, c. by Anderson, 1	c. by Anderson, 1	
McKinnen, b. by J. Ward, 6	run out 3	
Sheridan,	not out 12	
Norton, c. by Vanburen, 0	b. by R. Ward, 2	
Piper, c. by R. Bunting, 1	b. by J. Ward, 1	
Spencer, b. by R. Ward, 2	c. by do. 1	
Webb, b. by Ward, 0	c. by R. Bunting, 0	
Byes, none	Byes, 7	
Total, 31	77	

An English paper says, on Sunday week some excitement was occasioned at Watchford, by an attempt of the Vicar to introduce changes of a Puseyite character in the service, after the morning prayer and the Litany, a bell was rung, contrary to custom, for five minutes, for the communion service. As soon as the bell began to ring, the Hon. Mrs. Villiers rose from her seat in a pew near the pulpit and left the church,—as example which was immediately followed by the whole congregation. The Vicar had only recently come to the living.

Orders having been received from Wales by the last mail for fifty men of the Royal Artillery serving on this Garrison and that of New Brunswick, to proceed to England by the next Steamer, the route via the Canada, the name was mentioned by the Commanding Officer, to the Corps on Thursday, when suddenly double the number required immediately volunteered their services.—May success attend them.

Major James Cogswell of the 1st Halifax Militia [illegible] has been appointed Lieutenant

To cont.

LATE CALIFORNIA NEWS!

The Steamer Northern Light arrived at New York on the 8th inst., with California dates to the 16th June.

Further Kutch intrusion on their affairs in Central America are in a more disturbed state than heretofore.

Col. Walker having received a reinforcement at Realejo, landed at Prito, about fourteen miles north of San Juan del Sur, on the 17th ult., with 270 men, and is reported to have taken Rivas. He then entered San Juan del Sur, and captured all the arms and ammunition collected there without opposition.

Should he be successful in a few engagements the war will soon terminate.

The Town of San Juan del Norte has again been organized under the head of the late mayor, T. J. Martyn.

The Northern Light connected with the steamer Sierra Nevada.

The mail steamer Golden Gate left San Francisco for Panama on the 16th June, with $1,663,000 on freight.

The most important item of news is the confirmation of Bolton and Barrow's claim by the Land Commissioners. It embraces some 13,500 acres, lying mostly within the corporate limits of San Francisco, and covering the whole southern part of the municipality, and is estimated worth $10,000,000. Messrs. Palmer, Cook & Co., are the principal owners of the claim.

The town of Auburn has been destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at $1,000,000.

Lola Montez left San Francisco on the 5th of June, in the bergue Fanny Major, bound to Australia, where she will then take the stage again, and thence proceed to Europe by China, Calcutta and Schastopol.

Some trouble with the Indians in the neighborhood of Tretowen River is anticipated, owing to the hanging of an Indian who shot a Mexican.

Two companies of Infantry and Dragoons, amounting to about 200 men, left Benicia Barracks on the 5th inst., for the Colorado, supposed to be destined to the Yuma country.

Three men were killed by Indians, amongst a party of miners proceeding to Kern River, on the 4th inst.

A fine gold quartz vein, mixed and a silver mine had been discovered in Calaveras county.

There are rumors of the Indians having killed the Overland emigrants to the East to turn out their battery of three guns.

The southern mail had been delayed, amongst of connect measures for redressing their late grievances.

A guerilla party was to be dispersed throughout the State.

The weather was very variable, amounting of connect measures for redressing their late grievances.

A guerilla party was to be dispersed throughout the State.

The weather was very variable, amounting to rain every day.

The crops were looking abundantly, and the prospect for the year 1855 was that to exceed if not exceed that of any previous year.

The Mercury stood was coming at the rate of $100,000 per day.

THE BOSTON REGATTA.—CREW BOAT J. D. B. PUTNAM.—The shaved cedar keel, built on the establishment of Messrs. Newman & Randell, city, expressly for the purpose of contending in the regatta at Boston, on the fourth of July, was forwarded on Monday afternoon by the steamer Connecticut, to the scene of her approaching struggle. The J. D. B. Putnam is a fine specimen of boat building, and as she passed our office on Monday floated very warm praises from competent judges. She is thirty-five feet long, and will be commanded by four oarsmen and a coxswain. The crew consists of men well able to uphold the reputation of New York in any water.—*N. Y. Herld, 4th*

COMMUNICATION.

MR. EDITOR: Will you permit me through the columns of your paper to return thanks for a kindness received. Having taken out the ship Jane Lovett, I left her at the entrance of the Bay of Fundy, and it being thick for 2 days, in charge of a pilot boat, for 24 hours. When I then, 25 miles from Cape Sable, fell in with the ship Louisa Adams, Nathaniel Adams, master, who kindly invited me on board and towed me to St. John. This hospitable treatment from a total stranger, call for my grateful acknowledgment, and to which I most heartily re pond.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

JAMES MCFARLANE.

Saint John, July 13, 1855.

BETTER THAN THE MAIN LINE.—The Eastern Prince of the Chinese Inhabitants had issued a proclamation respecting compensation, in which, after denouncing the abhorrence of drunkenness, he proceeds to forbid all princes and nobles, ministers of state and people, men and women, to indulge in the use of wine, under penalty of being beheaded.

The Rev. H. G. Liddell, head master of Westminster School, has been appointed by Lord Palmerston Dean of Christchurch, Oxford, in succession to the late Dr. Gaisford.

The amount raised for the various objects of the Free Church of Scotland for the year ending March 31st, 1855, was £308,6207 9s. 8d.

Her Majesty had been graciously pleased to grant to the Rev. Dr. Giles Brompton, her Royal pardon at the expiration of three months' imprisonment.

A CALCULATING YANKEE.—"My son," said Mr Nunks, "how could you marry an Irish girl?" "Why father," says the son, "I am not able to keep two women and if I'd married a Yankee girl, I'd had to have hired an Irish girl to take care of her."—*American paper.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communication from Springfield will be attended to in our next.

THE 12TH.—The pressure of important news from the Seat of War, precludes our giving at length the proceedings of this "GLORIOUS DAY," due notice of which shall appear in our next.

MR. George W. White, is an authorized Agent for the *Chronicle* at Youngs Cove, Grand Lake.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS particularly to persons afflicted with diseases of the Liver and Stomach.—The virtue of these Pills has been tested in all parts of the civilized world, particularly by the Canadians, renders it needless to say more upon their merits, as the fame which they have derived benefit from in Canada, were sufficient to convince the most sceptical. All those who are afflicted with liver and bowel complaints, indigestion, sick head aches, and dizziness, cannot make use of a remedy so certain in its results as Holloway's Pills; for determination of blood to the head their effect is equally positive. They are also an unfailing remedy for asthma, if used in conjunction with Holloway's Ointment which must be well rubbed in to the chest night and morning.

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION

From its having almost always baffled the most skilful medical treatment, it has very justly been termed the "*Opprobrium of Physicians*," and until within a few years, been generally considered incurable, although many medical men of the highest standing, among whom we may mention *Laennec* and *Boyle*—both distinguished authors, admit that the most dreaded diseases may be cured, even in its advanced stages, when the lungs are not completely disorganized. The remedy which we now offer.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY

for the cure of this disease not only emanates from a regular Physician, but has also been well tested in all the complaints for which it is recommended.

Take but the genuine and counterfeits. Remember the original and only genuine article always bears the written signature of I. BUTTS, upon the outside wrapper.

For sale wholesale and retail by the General Agent, SETH W. FOWLE, 138 Washington street, Boston, Mass., and by his sub-agents throughout the country.

S. L. TILLEY, Agent for St. John, N. B.

MARRIED,

At St. Anne's Church, on the 10th inst., by Rev. W. O. Raymond, D. D., Mr. Edward Reed, of this city, to Miss Olivia N. Baker, of Fredericton.

At the Wesleyan Parsonage, Mount Allison, Sackville, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Evans, the Rev. J. Hickman Starr, Wesleyan Minister, to Miss Mary, daughter of Mr. David Evans, Northumberland County.

At Carleton, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. A. Burns, Mr. James E. Mastery, of St. John, to Harriet, second daughter of Mayhew Peckwith, Esq., Cornwallis.