

that before himself or orderlies could cross the bridge he had to give the signal for blowing it up, which order was instantly obeyed. The danger of capture or death was now imminent to the brave officer and his companions, which was only prevented by the coolness and audacity of his orderly, Patrick Scallion by name, a butcher, of Thomas street, Dublin, whose horse had been shot in a skirmish the day before, and who had armed himself and five or six other dismounted troopers with rifles picked up on the field, and were now loitering at the north end of the bridge, having foraged a little on their own hook in Benevento, an operation in which Master Pat was particularly famous and skilful. Seeing the peril of his officer and comrades, he and his party opened such a well directed and rapid fusillade as effectually prevented the too near approach of the French Horse. Captain C. and orderlies, seeing no other way of escape open, plunged into the river, and, after a violent struggle with the current, succeeded in reaching the northern bank in safety.—For the greater part of the passage across, they were undisturbed by the enemy; but, on the appearance of a French officer of rank, a rapid though ill directed fire was opened upon them. Master Pat and party, who had ceased firing on the first retreat of the French, not thinking this proceeding fair, used their rifles again so effectively that in a few minutes the southern end of the bridge was clear of the enemy, whose short carbines were no match in accuracy of fire for even the rude rifles of those days. On Captain C. mustering his troop to draw off, he ordered Scallion and his party from the bridge; but Pat requested permission to have one more shot at the monkey in gold lace, as he contemptuously termed a French officer who, attended by a numerous and brilliant suite, now rode along the southern bank searching for a ford. Permission being granted to his request, resting his rifle on the broken parapet of the bridge, he took a long and deliberate aim—he pulled the trigger, and, tossing his firelock to his shoulder, called out “Glory for Donnybrook.” At the same moment, the French officer was seen to spring from his saddle and fall heavily to the ground. The confusion consequent on his fall prevented any further attempt of the French to find a ford that night, and gave the wearied and exhausted British a twelve hours’ start, which, at this juncture, was the more important, as Napoleon commanded the advance of the French in person as far as Benevento.

Brigham Young has issued an edict ordering all the young men in his dominion to marry and not to stand upon the order of their marrying, but to marry at once. If this measure of policy does not soften the hearts of the few in Christendom towards the Mormon s. l. of, we don’t know what would. Only of the effect which such an order from ant authority in the Province of would produce.

### THE PAPAL ZOUAVES.

The hundred and fifty Lower Canadian recruits who recently left Canada for Rome are exciting much attention. This wholesale emigration of young men is not calculated to do the country much good. Many of the detachment already on its way to Rome have their military training in schools supported at the expense of the State, and have drawn bounties, we suppose, like other graduates. Our Government are bound to take this into serious consideration. Of course we cannot prevent individuals from going to other parts of the world, but we should be able to put a stop to the enlistment in this country of soldiers for service under a foreign government. Our young men are being recruited in hundreds, and are sent off in large bodies. It is true that the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act do not apply, as there is no war, but there must be some way of meeting a case such as this. Austria, the most pliant of Roman Catholic countries, has forbidden the enlistment within its borders of soldiers for the Papal service. Spain offered to send a legion to Rome, but Napoleon, the saviour of the Papal Government, the most devoted son of the church, would not allow the Spaniards to be sent. With these precedents before us, it cannot be considered improper to check an exodus from Canada. The quarrel between the people of Italy and the Roman Government is a political one, and it is not expedient for us, while paying so much money to induce immigration, to permit the counteraction of our efforts by individuals in our midst, whose position gives them unusual means of influencing the young men of this country. Very strange stories have been told by returned crusaders of the treatment they received while upholding the cause of the Roman Government. One of these disgusted individuals has written to the *Montreal Witness* to this effect:—

“Happy the recruit who has money with him, and bears a noble name! for the Zouaves are expected to be rich and noble, the plebian in that corps is an outcast, and must live on his three cents a day. “How much do you receive from home a month?” is a question very often asked. If you say nothing, you are considered as nobody; the officers look upon you with contempt, and say, “Another who had no soup at home.” On the contrary, the noble and rich man, when found out, is invited to dine with the Colonel and keeps company with the elite of the battalion. How disappointed we were the next day when at 9 o’clock, our first meal we marched to the kitchen to receive a scanty dish of soup, and daily loaf of bread two pounds for the day! Disillusion begins; no officer visits us; no friendly word welcomes us. Volunteers for a cause represented as so holy, we had expected to meet friends and brothers; we are received with contempt and indifference. “Are you rich? Are you noble?” These are the only words addressed to us.”

A letter lately appeared in the *London Times* from a Worcester boy who ran away from home, and had some experience in Rome. It confirms the words of the *Montreal reformed one*.

“I did not like the living nor the people with whom I had to associate. Our first meal was at 10 a. m., and this consisted of soup and about two ounces of cooked meat. We had nothing else till 4 p. m. and then about a pound and a half of cooked potatoes, or rice, or macaroni, varied most days, but no more meat, and nothing more till next day

at 10 a. m. Nothing to drink allowed but water. We had three pounds of bread served out to us every other day. Our bed was of straw, sowed up in some bagging, and we had a rug to cover us. I did not dare to take off my clothes for fear they would be stolen. I did not take off my boots even, all the time I was there, and my feet were swollen and sore in consequence. The money pay given to us was equal to 7d a week.”—*Kingston Whig*.

### THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

#### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The *Times* and its correspondents take a very discouraging view of the prospects in Abyssinia. The commissariat and transport do not get ahead of the fighting force, and have a hard struggle to keep it living on from day to day and from hand to mouth. One correspondent says. We have absorbed six months in digging and eating our path to Senafe, sixty miles from Annosley Bay, or Magdala is distant about 300 miles from Annosley, we shall swallow up exactly two years and a half before we shall open the real business of the campaign before the walls of Magdala.

The *Times* remarks that though in some respects the enterprise is easier than was expected, there is not much in the Abyssinian campaign which can be viewed with satisfaction. The preparations err on the side of embarrassment. It is to be hoped that there is still time to remedy this defect, and that the Commander-in-Chief, aided as he is by some of the best officers in the service, will take those measures for prompt and decisive movements without which the end of the expedition seems to recede indefinitely into the future.

The *Post* says that the letters from Abyssinia published yesterday tell the old story of “How not to do it.” On a small scale, and with much less excuse, we are apparently repeating in Abyssinia the terrible blunders which cost us so dearly thirteen years ago in the Crimea.

The *Daily News* thinks that in some respects the scene in Abyssinia has been Balaklava over again. There has not been the disorder, but there has been the same inefficiency of labor, through neglect in availing ourselves of the resources of science. None could have worked better or harder with the means at their disposal than the officers and men actually on the spot. But the authorities in India and at home, whose business it was to have foreseen what would first of all be needed, and to have supplied it, cannot be freed from blame.

The *Star* remarks that Sir Robert Napier is evidently a man with a will of his own, and that, perhaps, is the first virtue in any general. Theodore has not a very high opinion of our ability to do him harm, but he was probably not prepared for the tactics of a general like Sir Robert Napier advancing from stage to stage with perfect deliberation, taking his stores along with him, and approaching the heart of the kingdom slowly, but as surely as the lapse of the months or the growing of the corn. Theodore contemned the telescope which Col. Merewether sent him as a present; he will now have an opportunity of studying the telescope mode of warfare; for the advance of the British army will compare to nothing so aptly as the gradual drawing out of an immense telescope, whose thickest part will be at Annosley Bay and the thin end at Magdala.