

The Church.

"Her foundations are upon the holy hills."

"Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the Old Paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

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No. 19.

Poetry.

THE BETTER LAND.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.)

There is a land where beauty will not fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true hearts will not shrink nor be dismayed,
And love will never die.

Friend, thou must trust in Him who trod before
The doubtful path of life;
Must bear in meekness, as He meekly bore,
Sorrow and toil, and strife.

NIGHT SCENES IN RAMAZAN.

The great Mohammedan fast of Ramazan continues a lunar month, and during the whole time the Koran forbids Mussulmans to eat, or drink, or even indulge in smoking through the entire day. But the moment the hour of sunset is announced, the fast is broken, and they are allowed every kind of plenary indulgence through the night. And this long fast is rigidly observed by all classes, from the Pasha in his palace down to the beggar in the streets.

It is most amusing as you walk through the streets of Stamboul, the old city where Islamism bears entire sway, to see the old Turks sit from morning till night, perfect pictures of patient misery, longing for the hour of sunset to arrive. As they draw near, they have a coal of fire, and a hot standing by, with a coal of fire, that no time may be lost, and the moment the sunset gun is fired, they may enjoy their long denied luxury. Thus a thousand wreaths of smoke at once fill the air, and thousands of lighted chibouques shine like glow-worms through the night, to compensate for the fast of the day.

In company with a friend, I visited the old city, to witness those night ceremonies. We arrived at Topkane just before the hour of sunset.

The streets were all brilliantly illuminated with lamps hanging before the shops, and in the stalls, and lanterns moving around, suddenly the minarets gleamed with their circles of lights that glittered in the darkness of the sky, and seemed by enchantment to light up the city. We walked up to the Seraskier watch-tower, a short distance in front, and ascended it to gain the full benefit of the view. It was most grand and picturesque. Here is the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed, with its four minarets, and the imperial Araba, or state carriage wrought in the center, while the hundreds of other mosques and minarets and spires far and near blazed with their various illuminations and devices, and the streets and squares of the city all glowed with variegated lamps, which reflected from the sky, and multiplied in the water, formed a magic and fairy-like scene, over which the dreams of the Arabian Nights.

The sentinel meanwhile at this height, constantly keeping guard round the tower to give the alarm of fire that might at any time burst forth in the city.

Descending thence, and giving a back-sight to our faithful Turkish guide, we made our way across the *Champ de Mars*, and in passing saw a regiment of Mohammedan soldiers drawn up in line, and by torchlight performing their prayers. When the command was given, all prostrated themselves and kissed the ground. Then they rose and repeated a short prayer, a little band of singers chanted a few sentences, and other kneeling and prostrations were continued.

We passed out into the grand square, filled with the crowd coming and going in all directions, and through Adrianople Street past the burnt column, rising dark against the sky amid the brilliant points around, and came to the Hippodrome, which was also filled with a multitude of Turks, men and women, keeping the night of Ramazan.

Near at hand we entered the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed. The pious Mussulmans were at their prayers. The immense space within was splendidly illuminated with thousands of lamps, from the columns and tablets, and shone with dazzling brightness upon the kneeling and prostrate forms below. As we were told the Turks were usually fanatical on the nights of Ramazan toward Franks in their mosques, my friend dressed in the military costume of a Turkish *Rin-Bashi*, and was regarded as a foreign officer in the Turkish service. When asked where he learned Turkish he replied, at Sebastopol, would say, Allah Bismillah, and at once we passed without molestation, while they continued their devotions.

We then set out for St. Sophia. The streets upon the way were lined with smokers, up-stalls, mats and carpets, with crowds passing up and down in the centre, and at intervals were little bands of singers and players upon the instruments of the country for general entertainment, the whole giving themselves up to the utmost of sensual enjoyment. At the doors of St. Sophia

European Intelligence.

THE BRITISH CAMP AND ARMY.

(From the Times Correspondent.)

FOURTH DIVISION CAMP.

Before Sebastopol, Monday Oct. 15.

A pleasant spot for a camp, in such sunny and delightful weather as we at present enjoy, could hardly be found than the slope beyond the village of Kamara on which the Highlanders have pitched their tents, and whither materials for huts have already been sent in large quantities. Great, nevertheless, was the satisfaction of the gallant division—now so long inactive—on learning two days ago that it was under orders to embark for Eupatoria. It was said the embarkation would take place to day, but it will hardly be until Wednesday.

Transports are reported to be wanting, but that it is improbable, for Balaklava harbour is crowded with shipping to such an extent that vessels which arrived on Friday morning still awaited admission yesterday. It takes a little more time to get the necessary land transport supplies, baggage, &c., on board, especially when, as in this case, the troops are ordered to take with them as much of their heavy baggage as they can. From this we infer that they are to winter at Eupatoria, and not necessarily to be at present engaged in active operations. On the other hand, the departure of the light cavalry, under Lord George Paet, would lead us to believe that fighting is meant. There can hardly be an intention of keeping them there at Eupatoria all the winter, since stations are now erected near Scutari, and on an island in the Sea of Marmora, amply sufficient to receive the whole of our cavalry and horse artillery, which it has been positively stated are to be quartered there until spring.

A large number of French (12,000 or 15,000) are to embark at Kamiesch, where, according to our report, the Highlanders also are to embark, as the nearest port for Eupatoria. Expeditions are quite the fashion of the moment, and had we before us the prospect of two or three months fine weather, we should be bound to suppose that an important combined operation was about to be entered upon. But, judging from precedent and probability, two or three weeks must close the campaign. At present the weather is all that could be desired. The sun, which in that little kettle, Balaklava harbour, is still oppressively hot, is tempered on the heights by refreshing breezes; the ground is everywhere dry—the atmosphere pure and healthy. Never was an army, since its first landing so free from disease as at the present time.

Chim, more than the name of the desolate sailor, secured all hope of escape taken away, though at first overwhelmed with disappointment, was overruled to make the best of a bad matter, and to go home, and to the Chief's family, to which he had from the first been taken, he found many opportunities of being useful to the islanders, and he soon became a favorite. The Chief had an only daughter, a sprightly girl of some twelve or fourteen summers, with whom Mills became more than a favorite. After five years residence, he became her husband.

Not long after their marriage the Chief died, and Mills, who had not acquired great influence, became a sort of regent, his wife being, according to hereditary usage, Chief. In this capacity he did what he could to foster civilization, and his efforts were largely successful. Cannibalism was abandoned, polygamy abolished, and the softened intercourse of civilized society gradually took the place of the old barbarism. Quite a flourishing trade has sprung up with the ships which were encouraged to stop there. Mr Mills became exceedingly anxious that his wife should be imparted to the natives. For this purpose he wrote to the Sandwich Islands for teachers. Getting no answer, he resolved to go after them himself. So leaving his child, a boy about three years old, who had now become Chief, and taking with him his wife, and what property he had (some fifteen hundred dollars), he went first to Australia, then to Van Dieman's Land, then to New Zealand, seeking some one who would be willing to go back with him— but vain as none could be found.

By an accident he was persuaded to visit America, and he landed at Salem last Oct. with means almost exhausted. The story is a long one, of his subsequent disappointments and trials. During the last winter, with a sick wife, and an infant son (born in New York) he suffered much, and after many fruitless attempts, was about to give over in despair the desire of procuring a man to return with him. There did not seem to be any land who was ready to go, and none who were willing to send.

Just when bidding farewell to friends who had assisted him, one of the providences—they cannot be called accidents—threw in his way a recent graduate of the Union Seminary in New York. As soon almost as Mills's statement came to his ears he offered to go with him. They are now just on the eve of their departure from the country. These statements, which we have received from Mr. Mills himself, are confirmed by most reliable authority. The whole story, of which we have given but a rapid outline, is one of more than ordinary interest. We should suppose that the missionary societies have rarely found in favorable an opportunity of planting a mission among a host of people as this presents. *Network Advertiser.*

THE CAVAN ASSASSINATION.—As might have been anticipated from the tone of previous accounts, the hand of death has released Miss Hinds from her protracted sufferings. After a faint but delusive rally the unfortunate lady gradually sunk from Monday morning until Tuesday night, the 23rd ult., when she expired. No arrests for the barbarous murder of Miss Hinds have been yet effected. A Cavan paper says:—A number of policemen came by the coach from Dublin yesterday, to form a station at Tubberlin on the scene of the late terrible outrage on Miss Hinds.

The Orangenmen of the County of Down held a meeting and banquet, in the course of last week, at Downpatrick. The society mustered strongly on the occasion.

railways, roads, &c., will come on duty at 9 instead of 8 a. m., in order to give the men time to breakfast and refresh themselves after the turn out. There seems to be some expectation that the Russians intend evacuating the north side. They yesterday made a great fire on the left of Fort Catherine. It is supposed they were burning stores. They had a large depot of coal just about the place where the fire was. On Saturday night the reflection of a great fire was visible from the camp, and still more plainly seen from higher points in this neighborhood. We are still in ignorance of its cause.

The Highlanders have received counter orders. Some say, that the 2nd and 3rd Division will go in their stead; others that the expedition is entirely given up, except the 12 o'clock. The expedition to Eupatoria has been cancelled in consequence of a telegraphic message from Lord Panmure, to the effect that the Russians meditated an attack on the quarter in which it seems to be expected. It is hard to say what the Russians think to gain by attacking us now. The fire seen on Saturday night is believed to have been at a village about three miles this side of Bakhchisarai. Such, at least, is the result of the calculations made by our engineers, who took an observation at head quarters and another at Balaklava, thus ascertaining the spot with tolerable accuracy. Of the expedition to Eupatoria the following are contemned—viz, the Highlanders, two batteries of artillery, and the company of Sappers. The cavalry has been ordered to embark several days before there was any question here of our troops going.

THE BATTLE OF KARS.

(From the London Times, Nov. 5.)

We have been favored with the following extract of a private letter from Kars:

KARS, Oct. 2. We have had, as you are aware; for the last 17 weeks a most tedious and painful blockade, maintained by a formidable Russian army of at least 35,000 men, whose numbers cavalry—regular and irregular—did their duty so well that we could scarcely contrive to get a letter through their lines. The neglected state of our own army, which, after having been delivered over to the worst of commanders, had been beaten in five battles, and since then neither paid nor reinforced, forbade all idea of our acting in any way. The most has been made of the army; the men have been cared for, encouraged and instructed by Captains Thompson and Teeddale, the most formidable batteries have been planned and erected by Colonel Lake, and General Williams has worked incessantly to encourage, feed and take care of the soldiers, and to arm and inspire the citizens of Kars.

For some days past we have observed large convoys of heavily laden waggons proceeding from the Russian camp, which movements, occurring as they did after the receipt of the most glorious news of the fall of Sebastopol, and the landing of Omar Pasha, made us suppose that they were intended to raise the siege and prepare for the defence of Georgia. One gallant officer, however, General Kmetz (Lance Pasha) persisted in the opinion that they would try an assault before their departure, and this officer commanded the works on the height on that side of the town nearest the Russian camp. Before proceeding to arrange what happened on the 29th I must give you a rough description of Kars. The city, a truly Oriental one, lies at the base of a line of rocky hills, about four miles in length on the north. The forts of Talmal lie on the Western extremity of this range, which is cut in the centre by a deep gorge through which flows a river; the eastern extremity terminates in a large rocky hill called the Karadashi, well fortified, and on the eastern bank of the gorge is a strong earthwork, called Arab Tabia. Between the eastern and western extremities of this ridge, and north of the town, are placed a line of earthworks, connected by the breastworks, called the English Tabias, and the nearest to the Talmal forts is called the fort Lake, which contains a blockhouse, and this is the key of the whole position.

On the south of the city a certain portion of the plain is enclosed by a square line of forts and breastworks, like the rest of all earth and of recent construction. On the morning of the 29th, or rather at midnight, the distant rumble of guns was heard by the sentries on Talmal, and Gen. Kmetz at once called all the troops in that direction under arms, but after this a long interval of silence ensued. About an hour before the dawn sundry suspicious noises were again heard, and at last, by the feeble light of the crescent moon, a large dark moving mass was observed advancing towards a battery in which was Captain Teeddale, a most gallant young soldier; at once the guns were opened upon the column, when a loud hurrah arose from the enemies unseen who had almost surrounded the whole of the northward works. All suspense was now at an end, the crops of the Turks in this position found themselves assaulted in front and flank, while a column was moving round in their rear. It was still nearly dark so that in this, the commencement of the action, very little of our powerful artillery could come into play. The Russian columns advancing with wonderful steadiness, were met by volleys of musketry at the point blank range, directed from flanking breastworks, while from time to time Teeddale's guns poured out murderous grape. At the extreme point of Talmal the enemy actually penetrated into the batteries and were at once

bayoneted. While this murderous struggle was going on, a vigorous artillery fire from the enemy was kept up on Kauli Tabia, in the plain, far removed from the real point of danger. This, of course, was but a feint—Fort Lake, the key of the whole position on the north and the English batteries immediately behind the town, which I have mentioned were now attacked, and the latter being defended by a very weak force, chiefly irregulars, were carried by the assault, and the enemy then began shelling the town. But daylight showed clearly each position and movement of the enemy.

General Williams despatched two or three companies of Rifles to the English Tabia under one of our best officers, Kadri Bey, and these, with troops from Fort Lake, charged the Russians, and fairly drove them out of the batteries at the point of the bayonet; meantime, from Karadagh, Captain Thompson had, with the eye of a General, albeit a young one, despatched one or two companies over the gorge and the river, who took up a flanking position in the midst of rocks commanding these English Tabias, and by immense exertions he also got some heavy guns to bear on them, so that he soon changed the Russian retreat into a rabble rout. Some Russian cavalry made a gallant charge here, but soon came to grief among some *trous de long*.

Meanwhile the battle was raging at the original point of attack; the rolling fire of musketry was incessant, and the thunder of the artillery from the numerous batteries never ceased for a moment. At one time, and only once, some little symptom of giving way was observed, but was no sooner observed than the fresh fire from reinforcements, despatched by General Williams and Colonel Lake, and ably handled by General Kmetz, changed the backward into a forward movement; the loud hurrahs of the Russian hosts were soon mingled with the yells of the Turks, who fought with the ferocity of tigers, charging repeatedly with the bayonet. White-turbaned citizens were seen rushing into the fight, heaving with their scimitars, and Lazi mauls springing like wolves from behind rocks, and charging with the clubbed rifle or broad two-edged dagger. The gray-coated Russians, too, fought with wondrous courage; again and again they advanced to the deadly breastworks, and were blown from the very mouths of the guns or bayoneted in the batteries. As the action continued, and each new movement of the enemy was tried, the excellence of Colonel Lake's batteries was fully proved. Wherever the columns of the enemy were directed, they found themselves under a flanking fire of heavy guns; if they gained possession of a battery weaker than artillery from some battery which commanded the weaker point. Meantime any assault on the keys of our position was altogether hopeless; the Colonel himself, under a heavy fire, directed the artillery of the two principal batteries, and well did the Turkish officers, who are second to none in the world in their practical skill in this branch, second his efforts.

I am unable to do justice to this gallant affair of the Heights of Kars; the battle continued without intermission for seven hours, and about midday the Russian columns were seen running down the hills much faster than they had advanced their cavalry and horse artillery protecting their retreat. Two of our forts, named Kauli Tabia and Tek Tabia, or the one-gun battery, both of which were out of reach of the enemy's light guns, fired into their retreating columns with heavy ordnance, the former battery especially doing much execution. On for two regiments of cavalry to complete our day's work! But we had none and so were confined to see the Russian army, or what remained of it, quietly retreating to their original camp, but not without considerable symptoms of disorder. I rode round the batteries soon after the action, which ended about 11 a. m., and seldom had the least soldier seen a more terrible sight; there were literally piles of dead stripped of their clothes and lying in various postures, while the plaintive cries of men with shattered limbs arose from all sides from amid these acres of defaced humanity. I have no time to go into further details, nor will I endeavor to form a calculation of the Russian loss in killed and wounded, lest I be accused of exaggeration, but I will give you an unvarnished fact. We have already buried upwards of 4,000 dead Russian numbers of the enemy also crowd our hospitals, where the Turks treat them as *musafirs* or guests, a sacred word used by the Muslim Yassid Pasha, as he directed them to be taken care of even more than of our own men. Our own losses are scarcely above 1,000.

P. S. Oct. 3.—I re-open this letter to say that we have buried already 6,300 Russians; numbers were carried off by the enemy besides. A deserter came last night into our camp, and he tells us that the second in command was killed, and numbers of the highest Russian officers. Some thousand carts were sent to Gumri this morning, full of wounded. A heavy rain fell during the night, which prevents movements of cavalry the entire destruction of his army would be a certainty. I must mention that when the English batteries were carried several Lazi flags were taken; these are small mountain standards belonging to the villages, and are almost the only trophies the enemy has got in exchange for the ruin of his army. If Omar Pasha shows a little enterprise the conquest of Georgia will present no difficulty whatever. During the attack Mouravieff ordered up reserve after reserve, until his camp was left almost unprotected. A large body of Kurdish and Circassian irregulars, in Russian pay, were unable to resist so fine an opportunity for indulging their predatory habits, so they fell upon the camp and pillaged it.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON ON THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

A great festival has been held at Glasgow to celebrate the recent victories of the Allies, at which Sir Archibald Alison, the historian, was the principal speaker. He, in proposing "The Highland Division and the National Regiments of Scotland," said:—"Little more than eleven months have elapsed since we were assembled in this city to commence that noble subscription which was to testify the sympathy of Britain with its defenders, and in which Glasgow bore so distinguished a part; and the day on which we met has become immortal to British annals. By a singular coincidence, at the very time when we were endeavoring to celebrate in adequate strains the heroism of our troops, the best blood of England was shed in a glorious conflict and Iskerman took its place beside Marathon and Thermopylae in the annals of military glory. (Cheers.) Even then, I rejoice to say, the ancient progress of Scotland stood conspicuous—for on that very morning the telegraph, in announcing the bloody fight of Malakoff, had told that, in the wreck of the Ottoman troops, the Highland Regiments had stood firm; and in the glorious charge of the Heavy Brigade which broke through the Muscovite Horse, the Scots Greys had taken the lead. (Cheers.)"

"Since that time, what a momentous year has been passed—what alterations of hope and fear, of grief and exultation—what courage and perseverance, on the one hand, and what steadiness and devotion on the other! It has, indeed, been a mighty contest, and mightily beyond example have been the means employed on both sides. Two hundred and ten thousand French soldiers, eighty thousand English, and fifteen thousand Piedmontese, with 1,200 guns have been sent from the remotest parts of Western Europe to the theatre of conflict, the shores of the Crimea, and they have been confronted by at least an equal number of Russians. The annals of the world will be sought in vain for the waging of such a war, at such a distance, and with such means. In comparison to it, the army of Alexander, the Legion of Rome, the hosts of the Crusaders, sink into insignificance."

"Proportionately great have been the successes achieved in the terrible strife which ensued. Three victories in pitched battles on the field, an arduous and unequalled siege of ten months' duration, terminating in a decisive triumph—the total destruction of a fleet of eighteen sail of the line, and 100 vessels of war—the capture of a first rate fortress with 8,000 pieces of cannon—the bloody defeat of an army of 150,000 men and the signalized campaign before the allied (Applause.) Neither the snows of winter, nor the snows of winter, neither the floods of December nor the heats of July, neither the words of the enemy, nor the poison of the pestilence, have been able to arrest the invincible host. More than all, they faced, during ten long and dreary months, the fearful service of the trenches, the most arduous which ever fell to the lot of soldiers to discharge. (Applause.)"

"There was no more of the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. Neither the rush of the assault, nor the clang of the charge, nor the roar of the platoon—nothing but the heroic and solitary discharge of unobtrusive duty. (Cheers.)"

"There was the silent advance of midnight into the enemy's positions, when the deadly rifle lurked behind every rock, and death met them at every turn. There were the long and weary night watches in the trenches, when the wintry sky was illuminated only by the flying projectiles; and if they closed their weary eyelids for a few moments, a bomb burst by their side, and they were snatched from sleep to sterility. They suffered and perished in fearful multitudes, but they suffered and perished in silence. Others no less courageous, succeeded as the first fell in deadly strife in the trenches. They were true to the last of their blood and their breath, and like heroes descended to the harvest of death."

"The awful struggle was brought to a termination and the allied standards were planted on the ramparts of Sebastopol. With truth did our troops in the trenches, when they beheld battery after battery blown into the air; tower after tower wrapped in flames, ship after ship sinking in the deep, exclaim that the hour of victory, but of conquest, had come, and that in the flames around them they beheld the self-immolation of an empire. It is natural that after so many triumphs, the people of this country should regret that in the last assault their arms were not equally successful with the French. (Cheers.)"

"Our brave defenders have themselves to blame for this sore feeling; for they have so accustomed their countrymen to victory that they cannot tolerate even passing reverses. (Cheers.) But never was a feeling more unjust; never was one more sure to pass away. (Cheers.) Whatever we may think, for soon after this will our best deemed the least honorable passage it British story. It was an army, leaping like Curtius into the gulf to save its country. (Cheers.) And the event has proved that what a cost the glorious sacrifice was made, and how bold the English officers led on their men (Cheers); for while in the assault on the Redan, there were 153 officers killed, and wounded to 2,600 men, in the French attack on the Malakoff, there were only 250 officers killed and wounded to 7,500 men; and on the Russian side only 360 officers to 7,400 private soldiers."

"Rely upon it, this disinterested self-devotion will not be forgotten in history any more than the heroic valor of the 3,500 soldiers who fell in the vain attempt to force the breaches of Badajos, but thereby rendered the castle an easy conquest to Picton's men, who got in by escalade. (Applause.)"

Kimburn, Oct. 24.

Sir,—I have the honor to report, for the information of the Commander-in-Chief, that the troops under my command, as per margin, returned yesterday from the reconnaissance they made in company with the French army.

The force left Kimburn on the 20th inst., bivouacked that night and the following at the village of Patorita (9 miles) proceeded on from thence to the village of Shidoff, which the allies burnt. A good many farms all deserted, and a great quantity of hay was also destroyed.

On our return yesterday, about 250 of the enemy's cavalry menaced our rear. The troops are very healthy. At a conference held to-day, it has been determined that the fort of Kimburn is to be occupied for the winter by French troops, and it is expected that the English troops will embark for the Crimea on the 1st of November.

I have, &c.
A. SPENCER,
Brigadier-General.

The Military Secretary,
Head-Quarters, Crimea.

HEAD-QUARTERS,
Sebastopol, October 20.

The following order of the day, was published by Marshall Pelissier on the taking of Kimburn:

"The army will march with joy to the announcement of a fresh success. The flag of England and of France have since the 17th floated on the walls of Kimburn. The key to the mouth of the Dnieper, the咽喉 is in the power of the allied armies. Surrounded on the sea side by the squadrons of Admirals Bruat and Lyons, and on the land side by the Anglo-French division under General Barre, the fort of Kimburn capitulated by a bombardment of five hours and a half. Its garrison composed of one General officer, ten other officers, and 1,380 soldiers, left the place with the honors of war, and surrendered as prisoners of war, abandoning in the fort 174 pieces of cannon, 25,000 projectiles, 120,000 cartridges, with ammunition and supplies of different kinds. The day of the 17th October, in which the fleet and the army so happily united their efforts for the same object, adds to the glory and the renown of the allied armies. This success thus obtained testified the Russian who, in their despair, on the following day, blew up the fort of Otchakoff, and three batteries near it. Kimburn, in our hands, will become a formidable menace against Nicoloff and Kherson."

The Paris Convention, on the subject of the armistice, has been signed, in which he tells the Emperor has invested him with full powers to cease or continue the defence of the Russian position in the Crimea according to circumstances. The Emperor has decided to leave the sole judge of the moment when we might change our mind of disarming. It is for us to prove that we know how to justify our boundless confidence in the Emperor's honor arrived in our vicinity to provide for the defence of the country and the wants of his army."

The order is dated from Mackinac Heights, October 17. It is a direct blow to the Emperor's policy, and will be a great source of satisfaction to the British and French. The Emperor's policy is to leave the sole judge of the moment when we might change our mind of disarming. It is for us to prove that we know how to justify our boundless confidence in the Emperor's honor arrived in our vicinity to provide for the defence of the country and the wants of his army."

IRELAND.

Mr. Smith O'Brien, the Irish Nationalist, has been arrested on suspicion of being a member of the Fenian Brotherhood. He is charged with having been seen in the company of several other persons who are known to be active members of the organization.

A beautiful tablet to the memory of the hero of Spion Kop and his two brothers, the gallant sons of Gen. Buller, who fell in the present war with Russia, has just been placed up in the parish church of Thomastown, County Kilkenny. The tablet is a fine specimen of the art of the sculptor, and is a fitting memorial to the brave and noble soldiers who fell in the service of their country.

A commission of inquiry has been appointed for some days at Navan to try, before the late Judge John W. Russell, in the county of Meath, has left any legitimate business question, involving the execution of the crown in default of heirs, of a considerable portion of a property amounting to £100,000 in the funds and other securities, and about £6,000 a year in landed estates. The inquiry has not been yet completed, and it is expected that the result will be a final decision on the matter.

The Irish Land Commission, which is to be set up by the Government, is expected to be a body of inquiry into the state of the land in Ireland, and to be a body of inquiry into the state of the land in Ireland, and to be a body of inquiry into the state of the land in Ireland.