

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."

Vol. XIX.

HAMILTON, OCTOBER 19, 1855.

No. 12.

POETRY.

HEAVEN.

Where is Heaven I can see you
In that home of peace and love?
Are they waiting there to free us,
And to welcome us above?

What are angels? If above are
Winged they hover, light and free,
Do they watch and guard, and love us,
Bright and stainless though they be?

Were they tried and tempted over
By the lost ones of earth?
Have they won the boon forever,
Promised to the pure in heart?

And our loved ones—have their faces
In the sunlight from on high,
At the dawn, familiar traces,
As remember with a sigh?

Oh! were some best spirit given,
Gentle voices to impart,
I would question him of heaven,
Where the treasure, there the heart?

—(Home Journal)

MR. BROWN'S LAST ASCENT.

One fine summer morning, a few years since, there was a wonderful excitement in the Irish village of Ballydooley. All the old men, women, and children in the neighborhood (comprehending about nine-tenths of the population) were assembled on the large level common which served as a race-course and golfing-green; and all thronged towards one object in the center, which formed the nucleus of the crowd.

"Yes, then, what's the name of it at all, at all?" demanded one ragged gooson.

"Is it tied to the tail of it he's going to go up?" asked another.

"Ah don't be foolish!" exclaimed an old man, the "sense-carrier" of the district; "don't ye see the long ropes he's going to hold on by?"

"Well, well!" groaned an old woman, taking her sluden or short black pipe, out of her mouth, and sticking it, lighted as it was, without her folds of her cross-larred cotton neckerchief; "them English are mighty quare people. I'm sure, when we heard that Mr. Brown, with his sacks of gold, was coming to Rietlam, after buying out the rule and stock of the Deasys, we thought he'd have carriages and horses galloping, and maybe a fine yacht in the harbor; but it never entered the heads of any of us that nothing less would serve him than going cooosing through the air, like a wild-goose, at the tail of a ballone, or whatsom-ever they call it."

For some time past, the process of inflating the ballone had been going on; and now the great gaily-painted orb towered tremulously above the heads of the gaping spectators, and pressing against the cords by which it was held down, it seemed only to wait the arrival of the bold aeronaut to dart upwards on its way.

"Here he is!" exclaimed the outward stragglers of the crowd; and presently a carriage drew up, and out stepped Mr. Brown the English millionaire, who had lately become an Irish landed proprietor. Mr. Brown was a little dapper man, which would have sufficed to lay level with the rest of his adoption. He was one of those unshakable individuals who meet an accident at every turn.

Who, in entering a room, invariably slip, tumble, knock down some piece of furniture, or sit down beside their chair, instead of upon it. He seldom escaped upsetting his ink-stand; sending his meat and drink the "wrong way"; and then choking for half an hour; cutting his fingers, tearing his coat, or knocking his forehead against a door, so that he rarely appeared in society without scars, plasters or bandages. In practising gymnastics, he had knocked out three teeth in watching at Cowes, he had been four times nearly drowned; in shooting on the moors in Scotland, he had left the grouse unharmed, but had blown off two of his own fingers. A taste for pyrotechny had signed his eyebrows, hair, and whiskers; and as to railway traveling, his hair-breadth escapes and moving accidents, amid collisions, upsets, and explosions, would have served to fill two or three handsome orange-colored volumes of the English Railway Library of the French *Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer*.

At length, having tried the three elements of earth, water, and fire, it occurred to Mr. Brown that the remaining one of air, as a medium of locomotion, might be more agreeable, and could not be more perilous, than the others. He accordingly, the year before when residing on his estate in Devonshire, had purchased an excellent ballone, and, strange to say, had made several ascents, and had come down again in perfect safety. On this occasion, he meditated a flight over the green isle, and intended to come down at Belfast; but the best informed members of the crowd asserted that he was going "every step of the way to America."

A London friend, who had come to Ireland on a fishing excursion, had promised to join Mr. Brown in his flight; but, as it would seem, his courage failed, and he came not. In novice discouraged, Mr. Brown was just about to step into his aerial car, when a tall strongly built man suddenly stepped forward, and politely saluting the aeronaut, said: "May I ask you a question, sir?"

"Certainly."

"Is it true that you are going to America?"

"No; merely to Belfast, wind and weather permitting."

"Belfast," repeated the stranger in a muttering manner,—the north of Ireland.

"Well, that is just the direction towards which I want to go, and I have land-traveling. Will you, sir, accept me as a companion?"

Mr. Brown hesitated for a moment; but as he really wished for some one to accompany him, he saw no serious objection to the plan, and accordingly signified his acquiescence, merely remarking to the stranger, that his costume seemed too light for the regions of cold air which they would have to traverse.

"Bah!" was the reply. "I have passed through more changes of climate than that and I am happily exceedingly robust."

"Well," said Mr. Brown, looking at the massive frame of the unknown, "my car is large enough. Come in the name of Providence!" So they took their places, and the word was given—"Let go!"

The fifteen men whose hands were so severely pressed by the straining cords, desired nothing better, and in a moment the freed ballone began to ascend majestically. The crowd shouted and clapped their hands.

"Ah!" cried Mr. Brown, "this is delightful! Don't you think so? Not receiving any answer, he turned and looked at his travelling companion.

There he was, lying almost flat on his face and hands, with his head over the side of the car; his eyes were fixed, his hair bristling.

"Are you afraid?" asked Mr. Brown. No answer.

The ballone ascended rapidly, and ere long arrived at the regions of the clouds. Turning once more to his immovable companion, Mr. Brown shook him slightly by the arm, and said: "Are you ill? Still no reply, but a fixed and stolid stare. They were now at a great elevation; clouds lay beneath their feet, above their heads a burning sun, and infinite space around them.

Suddenly the stranger stood upright, his face pallid as that of a corpse.

"Faster! faster!" he exclaimed in a tone of authority; and seizing in succession three of the bags of sand which served as ballast, he flung them out of the car, at the same time laughing in a strange wild manner.

"Ha!" he cried, "that's the way to travel! We shall distance the swallow, we shall tower above the eagle. When I was in the Abruzzi with my rifle in my hand, watching for stray travellers, I never felt so excited as I do now. Then their lives were in danger, now it is my own."

Very pleasant! thought the owner of the ballone. I have picked up some miscellany Italian brigand.

"Better to fight with the elements than with custom-house officers!" continued his companion. The ballone ascended at a terrific rate. In his turn, Mr. Brown stood up, and laying his hand on the stranger's arm, said:

"For Heaven's sake, don't stir! Our lives are at stake. I must allow some of the gas to escape, in order to repair your imprudence."

"How do you do it?"

"I have only to draw this string, which is connected with the valve."

"And if you had not that resource, what would be the consequence?"

"We should continue to ascend, until everything would burst from excessive dilatation." The man continued for a few moments in deep thought; then suddenly drawing out a knife, he cut the cord as high up as he could reach.

"Faster! faster!" he reiterated. The stranger was a giant compared with Mr. Brown, who, perceiving that he could obtain nothing by force, began to try conciliation.

"Sir," said he in a soothing tone, "you are a Christian, I make no doubt. Well, our religion forbids homicide."

"Faster!" shouted the giant; and seizing the remaining sacks of sand, he scattered them to the clouds. Mr. Brown fell on his knees.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "if you have no regard for your own life, at least have some pity on mine. I am young, rich, happy; I have a mother and sister; in their name I conjure you to stretch your hand up to the valve, and save us from a dreadful death by allowing some gas to escape."

"Shaking his wild locks, the stranger drew off his coat and exclaiming: "We are not ascending!" flung it out.

"Your turn now?" he continued; and without the smallest ceremony, he despoiled the unfortunate Brown of his paleot, and threw it over.

The ballone pursued its wild career without stop or stay.

"Ha! ha!" said the stranger; "while we're thus darning so pleasantly towards the sky I'll tell you a story—ah! I?" His unhappy companion did not stir. Already from the extreme rarity of the air, the blood was rushing from his eyes and ears. "Listen!" Three years ago I lived in Madrid I was a widower, with one little daughter, a gentle, bright-eyed angel; her long curling hair is waving this moment before my eyes. One day, I went out early, and did not return until late; my child, my beautiful Emma, was gone; handiit had come and stolen her from me. But my friend, have you a canon here? Mr. Brown made mechanically a sign in the negative. "What a pity!" I would have been a priest, I would have been a canon here. Ever since, I have searched for my child in every country of Europe, but in vain. Now I think she may be in the north of Ireland. Have you a licentiate here? Mr. Brown made no reply, but shook his head. "You have not! Ah! if I could get one, I would set the ballone on fire; and then when reduced to ashes, it would be much lighter. When you first saw me this morning, I was examining the staid faces of your crowd, to see if I could find one of my Emma's nodders might be amongst them."

It was evident to poor Mr. Brown that his travelling companion was a confirmed lunatic. A sudden idea struck him.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Gerald Amuseley."

"The very same?"

"What mean you?"

"I know where the wretch lives who stole your child; we are now just above the spot. Draw the valve, Mr. Amuseley, and in a short time you will embrace your Emma."

"No, no, you are deceiving me. My Emma is not on earth; she is in heaven. Last night she appeared to me in a dream and told me so. That's the reason I want to ascend higher and higher. Come, my friend, help me; let us both blow as hard as we can on the balloon. As we are beneath, our breath must help us to ascend. Blow! blow!" Mr. Brown, moved by terror, tried to obey.

"It does not stir! Come, mount on my shoulders, and push the balloon!" and with out consulting him any further, the giant caught him up, as if he had been a feather, and held him above his head, saying: "Now push the balloon!" The unhappy victim tried to obey, but the blood blinded his eyes. There was a horrible buzzing in his ears, and lights flashed before him. For a moment, he thought of throwing himself overboard, in order to end his torments.

"Ha!" shouted the madman, "it does not stir! At that moment the trembling hand of Mr. Brown touched accidentally the cord of the safety valve. He made it play, and the collapsing orb began to descend rapidly. Through the clouds it darted downwards, and the earth re-appeared.

"Ah!" cried Amuseley, instead of pushing the balloon, as I told you, you drew it downwards. Push upwards!—push, I say!"

EUROPEAN NEWS.

THE TIMES ON LORD PALMERSTON.

The London Times, in an article on the conduct of the war, says:—"But, while awarding a just amount of censure to those who have striven in the Senate and in the Council to deprive us of the just reward of all our labors and all our sacrifices, we ought never to forget the debt of gratitude we owe, not merely to the heads that devised and the hands that executed this great and glorious enterprise, but to the stout hearts that have persevered in and carried out this undertaking, in spite of all the opposition that could be raised up against them in Parliament by renegade colleagues, in spite of every species of discouragement, and in spite of a resistance the protracted obstinacy of which forms an epoch in the art of war, and will probably revolutionize the whole system of the attack and defence of fortified places."

To Lord Palmerston are due the heartiest acknowledgments of every true lover of his country, for the unshaken firmness with which, under circumstances of the utmost difficulty, he has adhered to the one end and aim of his administration—the maintenance of the ancient honor and renown of this country, the humiliation of the pride of Russia, and the consolidation of the French alliance. Of those who entered with him into this war and who planned with him the expedition to the Crimea, how few remained at his side when that expedition terminated! Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Newcastle yielded to the weight of popular indignation caused by the Crimean disasters of last winter. Mr. Gladstone, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Herbert retired because they would not submit to a Committee of enquiry, and Lord John Russell because he had become a convert to Austrian principles and by indiscreet revelations in negotiation and unmeaning reticences in debate had justly forfeited the confidence of the House of Commons. In all these seceders, with the single and honorable exception of the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Palmerston has found covert or open enemies. He has had to construct and reconstruct, to re-establish and re-inforce his Ministry, and has watched over its existence from day to day in the House of Commons with an untiring vigilance and assiduity which few of our youngest statesmen would have found themselves capable of imitating. Under the trying circumstances he has never swerved from his end, or suffered himself to be led aside from his pursuit; and he is now deservedly rewarded, not only by a splendid success—not only by the triumphant termination of a *quarantenaire* spent in diplomatic conflicts with Russia—but by the gratitude of his countrymen, who view in him the champion of their interests and the preserver of their honor, when menager halls strove to stain and tarnish it. Nor ought we to forget, when acquitting this debt of gratitude, the services of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Clarendon, and Sir William Molesworth, who have adhered to the national cause with the same firmness and constancy, and are therefore worthy of all honor in this moment of triumph. We have just passed through an ordeal which has tried by a searching test the metal of which our statesmen are made, and we should be neglecting the lessons of experience if we did not carefully and minutely record the result for future use. But, while we find so much to blame and so little to praise among the professional statesmen, it is strange that out of that charmed circle every one is deserving of the like commendation with the Premier. In the nation at large there has been no wavering or flinching, no over-estimate of difficulties and disasters, no under-estimate of resources with which to meet them. The Minister has represented the people faithfully, and in that has been his strength. We are victorious because we have found a magnanimous leader, but also because as a nation we also have shown our full share of magnanimity.

Admiral Bunt has caused Tama and Saugara, in front of Venko, to be occupied by 1,200 of the allied soldiers.

The French government have ordered a large quantity of Hungarian wines for their army in the Crimea.

The refusal of the Austrian police in Lombardy to grant passports to France is creating much sensation there.

A correspondent of the *Buller* suggests that the London houses should be roofed with thick glass instead of slates, so that the top part of the houses might be formed into conservatories, smoking-rooms, and observatories, instead of lumber rooms.

The highest chimney in Preston has just been completed at the works of Messrs. John Hawks and Sons. Its height is 253 feet; its width at the foundation, 34 feet; the weight of the stone cap is 31 tons; and 410,000 bricks have been used in building it.

MUSCOVITE. Will.—The *Anglo-Burg* Gazette has the following from St. Petersburg, under date of Aug. 28:—

"The fine weather is coming to a close, and all the efforts of musicians and pyrotechnists are directed towards the frosty public of this city to visit Vauxhall and the Villa Borghese. Instead of those outdoor amusements, the autumn has produced a plant in the field of political journalism, from which we will pluck a few buds as specimens of Muscovite humour. It is a sowing, having for its title 'Extracts from Journals published in the year 1851, in the Mountain Islands, composed by Fatarinoff.' In it the English and French are made sport of. Thus we find, under the head of a 'Trade Notice,' the following: 'To be sold, 15,000 Sardinians, dressed up in French taste, with English eyes, after the 'English mode.' In the top-shop of Charley Napier are to be disposed 'real English floating batteries—good for use on dry land.' An experienced gravedigger, of whom no complaint had been made in the course of a thirty years' practice, offers his services to the allied armies, ready for action. At the foot of the Malakoff had been made stokers from the French First Division, consisting of 400 men of the 1st Zouaves, and 350 men of the 1st Chasseurs de Vincennes, under the command of General McLachlan. The Fifth Division furnished stokers for the Little Redan and the works on the proper left of the Malakoff. The Second Division kept the trenches, whilst the Fourth was in reserve. General Collicot and his staff rode through the British camp on his way to Inkermann at half-past eleven, passing the Guards and Highlanders as they passed, up the Woronzoff road to the trenches. General Simpson took up a position near the Packet-House on the Woronzoff road. There were few spectators on the hills, on account of precautions taken by General Simpson to stop all egress from Inkermann. But the few who were fortunate enough in gaining admittance to Catcart Hill were blinded by the dust and saw nothing, and the only eye-witness of the storm were those who took part in it, or those who ferried the supports of the stokers. A few few minutes before noon, the bombardment was urged to a terrific blaze of fire, which poured upon the Russians from embrasures purposely kept closed until that moment. At ten minutes past twelve, the signal for the storming of the Malakoff was given by the explosion of two mines close to the counterscarp, and the only cause of the delay was the explosion of the Zouaves and Chasseurs, rushed on. They made their way over ground ploughed up by the explosion of shells, and full of holes and elevations of jagged and irregular formation. Their speed was scarcely impeded by this obstacle, and they jumped down the ditch and up the sides of the works without using the scaling ladders. The Russians, who were completely taken by surprise, were driven out of the redoubt or killed, or left the French perfect masters of it. The short distance of twenty-five yards, which separated the ditch of the Malakoff from the parallel contributed not a little to the fortunate issue of the storm. In the meanwhile, two other attacks had been made almost

simultaneously made upon the Russians with far less fortunate results. General Collicot, hearing the signal of the assault on the Malakoff, after a short pause gave the order to storm the Redan. The ladder parties of the 3rd and 97th dashed out, and, favored by tolerably even ground, passed the ditch, which was no sensible obstacle to their progress, and planted their ladders on the salient angle of the work. The stokers, less active than they had been, were delayed by their inability to issue from the parallel except by one aperture, and when they succeeded in reaching the scarp of the Redan, the ladder party had already mounted to the assault. The stokers followed, mounting on each side of the salient angle, and fought their way into the Redan, killing the Russians within the first traverse; but in their eagerness to outstrip each other, the parties on the left pressed across the work to join those on the right, and in doing so fell into the concentrated fire of the enemy, whose supports, upwards of 2,000 in numbers, were rapidly coming up. A desperate hand-to-hand conflict followed, the Russians fighting for the hold with the tenacity of bears, and using every sort of missile, in addition to their arms. Stones, loose grape, shells, and broken muskets were hurled in volleys from the summit of the traverse, on which the men, whose ammunition began to fail, were in their turn grasped at stones and hurled them against the Russians, who were now encouraged by the arrival of their own forces, and the diminution of our numbers, to down upon our breast-works, and to fight with them hand to hand. Many were the desperate efforts that were made, but all were unavailing. The Russian soldiers were unyielding in their assault, and were not driven back until they were almost annihilated by the musketry of our batteries. The Russian soldiers were unyielding in their assault, and were not driven back until they were almost annihilated by the musketry of our batteries. The Russian soldiers were unyielding in their assault, and were not driven back until they were almost annihilated by the musketry of our batteries.

CAPTURE OF THE MALAKOFF AND EVACUATION OF SEBASTOPOL.

From the Correspondent of London News, CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, Sept. 10, 1855.

The bombardment had been kept up with less vigor than usual during the night of the 7th, broke out at daybreak into a complete fire from end to end of our lines. It burst every part of the Russian works with the fury of a tornado, sending up clouds of dust and smoke, which were driven into our camp by a cold north wind, blinding the men whose duty called them to the trenches, and filling the air so thickly as to render objects indistinct at a certain distance. As the bombardment commenced, preparations for the assault were made in the camp of the Allies, and numerous regiments were drawn up under arms at dawn. It had been considered proper to forward the men in detachments, and not in columns, so as to keep the enemy as much as possible ignorant of our intentions. The storming was entrusted to the Second and Light Divisions, portions of which were to form immediate supports, while the rear was to be kept up by the Fourth Division, the Guards and Highlanders, and the Third Division. Sir William Collicot had the general command of the storming, and was supported by General Markham. There was no visible movement on the part of the Russians, and the northern camps, as well as the bridge, were unusually quiet. They seemed positively to await the cessation of our fire, answering but at intervals only from their guns, and either unable or unwilling to reply. At half-past nine all the regiments of the Second and Light Divisions, as well as the Grenadiers and Staff, had made their way into the trenches, General Collicot taking up his position in the fifth parallel, whilst General Markham had his in a pit called Egerton's Pit, in the third parallel. The stokers consisted of portions of the 9th, 41st, 55th, and 92nd Regiments, the 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

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