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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Poetry.

THOUGHTS BY THE SEA.

At last thy sands are at my feet,
Thy breeze upon my brow,
And heart and voices rise to greet
The match of waves, for thee
Art as a dream, fulfilled to me,
After long promise, mighty Sea!

The voice is new and strange among
The sounds my ears have known—
The windswept corn, the wild bird's song,
The Church-bell's Sabbath tone—
And later, the long rush, and loud,
Of a great city's striving crowd.

But here the wavy armies come
To wide and unlit sands,
With wide-waved wreaths, with flashing foam,
With spoils from far off lands—
And music from my own deep heart,
In which no sound of earth hath part.

Thou comest as the strong and free
That ages make not old—
A thousand bards have sung of thee—
A thousand pages told
Wild tales of wonder, woe, and pain—
But none like thy triumphant strain.

They say thou hast a weary mean
Of sorrow, old and deep,
Beneath the still victorious tone
Thy sounding waters keep.
And there are those to whom it sends
Sad thoughts of perished ships and friends.

But nought of all the heart's belief,
Which changeful years hath left,
No voice that wakes the wanderer's grief,
For aught be lost of love
Sounds in that everlasting chime.

Thou speak'st not to the desolate
Of homes on all thy shores—
Of friends that meet in twilight yet—
Of sounds from cottage doors—
The dreamer, by the wave, forgets
His restless hopes, his vain regrets.

Great Sea, there are that love thee well
And give to sail and breeze
The fond home thoughts that wont to dwell
By hearth and garden trees—
How dip their memory lose the page
That tells of life's green heritage?

For lovely fall the earth's bright eyes,
And breaks how many a morn,
On hills of heath, or woods of leaves,
On vales of home and corn?
But fortunes meet us there—to flee
Whose presence, some would seek the sea.

—[The Home Companion

THRILLING NARRATIVE.

Never shall I forget the fierce agony with which I rushed at the coach-door, and called on the driver, in tones that rivalled the force of the blast, whilst the dreadful conviction was burning on my brain "that the coach was being moved backward!"

What followed was of such swift occurrence that it seems to me like a frightful dream

I rushed against the door with all my force, but it withstood my utmost efforts.—One side of our vehicle, was sensibly going down, down, down. The moaning of the agonized animal became deep, and I knew from his desperate plunges against the traces, that it was one of our horses.—Crash upon crash of hoarse thunder rolled over the mountain, and vivid sheets of lightning played around our devoted carriage, as it in glee of our misery. By its light I could see for a moment—only for a moment—the old planter standing erect, with his hands on his son and daughter, his eyes raised to Heaven, and his lips moving like those of one in prayer. I could see Louise turning her flush cheeks towards me as if imploring protection; and could see, the bold glance of the young boy flashing indignant defiance at the descending carriage, the war of elements and the awful danger that awaited him. There was a roll, a desperate plunge, as of an animal in the last throes of dissolution, a harash, grating jar—a sharp, piercing scream of mortal terror, and I had but time to grasp Louise timely with one hand around the waist, and seize the leather fastenings attached to the coach roof with the other, when we were precipitated over a precipice

I can distinctly recollect preserving consciousness for a few seconds of time, now rapidly my breath was being exhausted, but of that tremendous descent I soon lost all further knowledge by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of sense and motion.

The traveller paused. His features worked for a minute or two as they did when we were on the mountain, he pressed his hands across his forehead as if in pain, and then resumed his interesting narrative.

On a low couch in an humble room of a small country house, I next opened my eyes on this world of light and shade, joy and sorrow, mirth and madness. Gentle hands smoothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across my chamber, and a gentle voice hushed for a time, all my questioning. I was kindly attended by a fair young girl about fifteen who refused for a length of time to hold any discourse with me. At length one morning, finding myself sufficiently recovered to sit up, I insisted on learning the result of the accident

'You were discovered,' she said, sitting on a ledge of rocks, amidst the branches of scattered trees, clinging to the root of your broken coach with one hand, to the insensible form of a lady with the other.'

'And the lady?' I gasped, scanning the girl's face with an earnestness that caused her to draw back and blush.

'She was saved, sir, by the means that saved you—the friendly tree.'

'And her father and brother?' I impatiently demanded.

'We found them both crushed to pieces at the bottom of the precipice, a great way below where my father and Uncle Joe found you and the lady. We buried their bodies in one grave, close by the clover patch down in our meadow ground.'

'Poor Louise! poor orphan! God pity you!' I muttered in broken tones, utterly unconscious that I had a listener.

'God pity her, indeed, sir,' said the young girl, with a gush of heartfelt sympathy—

'Would you like to see her?' she added.

I found the orphan bathed in tears by the grave of her buried kindred. She received me with sorrowful sweetness of manner I need not detain your attention by dutailing the efforts I made to win her from her grief, but simply acquaint you how at last I succeeded in inducing her to leave her forlorn home in the Sunny South, and that twelve months after the dreadful occurrence which I have related, we stood at the altar as man and wife. She still lives to bless my love with her smiles, and my children with her good precepts; but on the anniversary of that terrible night she secludes herself in her room, and devotes the hours of darkness to solitary prayer. 'As for me,' added the traveller, while the faint flush tinged his noble brow at the avowal 'as for me, that accident has reduced me to the condition of a physical coward at the sight of a mountain precipice.'

'But the driver,' asked our lady passenger, who had attended to the recital of the story with much attention, 'what became of the driver? or did you ever learn the reason of his deserting his post?'

'His body was found on the road, within a few steps of the place where the coach went over. He had been struck dead by the same flesh of lightning that blinded the restive horses.

THE LATE VEN. ARCHDEACON BRIDGE, OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

The life and labors of the late Venerable Archdeacon Bridge, whose death it is our melancholy office this day to publish in our Obituary, are too generally known and too highly esteemed in this whole community, and indeed, we might say, the whole Island, to require any lengthened panegyric or description; a brief recital may suffice.

The Rev. T. F. H. Bridge, after having passed his examinations and taken the degree of B.A. with honors, in the University of Oxford, was ordained Deacon and Priest in England, and served for a short time a Curacy in one of the midland counties;—we believe, in Norfolk. He came to this country in the year 1832 as Tutor to the sons of Sir Thomas Cochrane, then Governor of the colony. His talents as a preacher, and popular manners, soon attracted general respect and admiration, and at the request of the Parishioners he was appointed Curate of St. John's by the Rev. Mr Carrington, then Incumbent and Rector. In the year 1834 he married Miss Sarah Dunscombe, daughter of John Dunscombe, Esq., a highly respected merchant of this town. On the death of Mr. Carrington, in 1839, he was collated by Bishop Spencer to the vacant Rectory, with the undiminished love and approval of all the leading members of the congregation. Soon after, he was made by Bishop Spencer his Vicar General and Ecclesiastical Commissary. From that day to the last of his mortal life he devoted all his time and talents, his thoughts, labors and prayers, to the service of God and the Church, in his Parish and the whole Island. In the year 1840, by the Bishop's desire, he visited England, and by his energy and ability was instrumental in obtaining, through the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, a considerable addition to the staff of the Clergy in this Diocese; and in exciting much sympathy, among the good and great, in behalf of his adopted Church and country. Not less zealous and successful were his labors for the promotion of Education, in connection with the Newfoundland School Society, of which he became Superintendent in this Colony. On the arrival of Bishop Feild, in 1844, he was re-appointed to the offices of Vicar General and Ecclesiastical Commissary, and in 1850, he was at the Consecration of the Cathedral, made Archdeacon of Newfoundland and Labrador, in testimony of his Lordship's sincere appreciation of, and gratitude for, his zealous and unceasing labors. By these labors he had been then brought into a state of extreme debility, which resulted in an attack of fever, similar to that under which he has now sunk. It being considered necessary that he should have rest and change of scene for the recovery of his strength, his congregation testified their love and concern by subscribing a sum of money sufficient to defray the expense of his journey to England and back again to this country. He was absent six months, and returned in the summer of 1851 with renewed health and strength. Previous to his visit to England he had resigned his office and situation as Superintendent of the Newfoundland School Society; chiefly, it is believed, in consequence of his conviction that anonymous and private charges against him were received and entertained by the Home Committee. From that time he turned his attention more particularly to the improvement of the Colonial Schools; and as Chairman at one time of the Protestant Board of St. John's, and at another time of the General Central Board, he labored zealously and effectually for the promotion of a more efficient management; and though openly and [illegible] contending for the advantage of a separate system, in which the different denominations might make their own religious faith and profession the foundation of the religious training and teaching of the young, he did not relax his exertions in connection with the combined system. With similar zeal he labored for the advancement and extension of the Newfoundland Church Society. As a member also of the St. George's Society and Agricultural Society he was foremost in promoting the interests both of his native and adopted country and countrymen. In all the Charities for the relief of the Poor he found means of providing for them "of his own household," and was constant and unremitting in attending to all their spiritual and temporal requirements. On occasion of the dreadful attack of Cholera, he was constantly, day and night, at the beds of the sick and dying; and, though several times himself prostrated, he continued his devoted labors till it pleased God to remove the afflicting scourge. Even then his care and concern for the many poor of his flock made widows and fatherless by that visitation did not cease, for to his exertions is entirely due the successful initiation of the Church of England Asylum for Widows and Orphans, intended specially, in the first instance, for the relief of the sufferers by the Cholera. It is a fact of singularly melancholy interest, that, in consequence of the Bishop's unexpected absence from St John's, the Archdeacon himself presided, within three weeks of his death, at the first general annual meeting of the subscribers to the Church of England Asylum for Widows and Orphans, and read the Report of the Committee prepared by himself, which elicited such expressions of approval and satisfaction. Yes! in less than three weeks, his wife was a widow and his nine children fatherless. But it is unnecessary to proceed with these, and the manifold other, instances of his labors of love and duty, which are so well know to, and, we are sure, so sincerely appreciated by, not only the members of his own Church and congregation, but those of all classes and denominations in the community. His death, it is echoed on all sides, is "a public loss." As soon as his departure was known, the flags of nearly all the vessels and mercantile houses of the harbor were half-masted, and the shops in town, with scarcely an exception, closed their shutters. The House of Assembly adjourned until after the funeral, and the Speaker communicated to the family that "from the respect entertained for the memory of the late Archdeacon Bridge, Mr. Speaker and the Members of the House, will accompany his remains to the grave." His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to signify his intention of shewing the same mark of respect. His parishioners and friends have undertaken all the expenses of the funeral, and are understood to be raising a fund for his widow and nine fatherless children:—the youngest only eighteen months of age.

We have not left ourselves space to speak of the late Archdeacon's powers as a preacher, and of the beautiful and edifying manner in which he conducted the services in the Cathedral Church. These have been felt and acknowledged by Thousands. It may not be so generally known that, in addition to the three full services in the Cathedral, (at two of which, in the absence of the Bishop, he regularly preached,) he always attended and officiated at either the first Communion in the Cathedral, or an early service in the little Church at Quidi Vidi;—so that he attended and officiated at four Services, and commonly preached three sermons, every Sunday. It has been also his invariable practice to preach every Friday evening.

His fatal sickness appears to have been caused by standing exposed in the cold in the Cathedral on Tuesday the 12th of February, (on the evening of which day he also presided at the General Meeting of the Subscribers to the Asylum for Widows and Orphans,) and by getting very wet the next day when visiting the Hospital. On the following Sunday he was seriously unwell, but he nevertheless officiated at the early Communion in the Cathedral, preached at the morning and evening Services, churched four women, and baptised, after the Second Lesson, three infants. He went from the afternoon service, however, to his bed, from which he never again arose. He fell asleep in his Bishop's arms, surrounded by all his brother Clergy in St. John's, the elder members of his own family, and a few other dear friends. Surely they all heard the "voice from Heaven saying unto them, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." (Rev. xiv. 13.)—*St. John's Times.*

THE JEWS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—On Thursday and Friday last (February 21 and 22) the streets of Stamboul were disturbed by the revival of one of those old superstitions which come and go according to the unaccountable whim of the moment. One of these superstitions is that about the practice of the Jews to immolate every year, at Easter time, some child of a Gentile. Every year, about this time, somehow or other, a child, either Christian or Mahometan, is reported as lost, and a row ensues invariably in consequence of it. On Thursday last a Turkish woman, with two children, went to the house of a midwife. She took the child which she carried in her arms up stairs with her, leaving the boy at the door; when she returned the boy had disappeared. The woman searched in vain; the crowd got excited, and fixed on the house of a Jew living near the inner bridge as the guilty party. From the house of this man the wrath of the populace was changed, and turned against a shop were some Jewish workmen were employed. These were hooted and threatened until the proprietor succeeded in quieting the multitude. The next day, when the Jewish workmen returned, they were assailed by the Turkish populace again, and driven away. Thus the streets remained in this disturbed state until evening. Several of the prominent men among the Jewish community made representations about the subject to the French and English ambassadors, who in their turn sent over their dragoman to the Porte in order to have measures taken to investigate the affair and put an end to the disturbances. To-day (Feb. 25) the report is that the child has been found—*Constantinople correspondent of the Times.*

DISCOVERY OF MORE GIGANTIC FORGERIES.—We are enabled to state that within the last few days discoveries of forgeries have been made in the City, of which the slightest suspicion did not exist before. We allude to the fact which has just been ascertained, that the late Mr. Sadleir—incomparably the most skilful as well as the most daring and gigantic swindler which the world ever witnessed—had forged the names of 3 directors of a well-known company to the extent of £100,000. We are also in a position to state that up to the present time the number of names forged, for one purpose or other, is not much short of one hundred, and these, as a matter of course, embracing every variety of hand-writing. In one day, some six or seven months since, he lost no less than £120,000 in a sugar speculation. On another occasion, his loss on a hemp transaction was £35,000; while, by an iron purchase, he suffered to the extent of close on £50,000. When we first brought the frauds and forgeries of the late member for Sligo before the public, we estimated their amount at nearly £1,000,000. We have now an announcement to make which will create almost as great surprise as our first—which is that, including his liabilities, the man who a few weeks ago closed his earthly career by his own hand, on Hampstead Heath, left the world with obligations to the enormous extent of £1,500,000. And these were all incurred, as all his frauds and forgeries were committed, in the short space of from four to five years.—*London Morning Advertiser.*

THE DESTROYED RUSSIAN FLEET.—The *Wojenny Listok* (Military Journal) gives official details as to the strength of the late Black Sea fleet. According to these the Russian Pontic fleet consisted of four ships of the line, of 110 to 120 guns; twelve ships of the line, of 80 to 100; and finally two reserve liners, of 80 guns; altogether 18 ships of the line, carrying 1,628 guns. Of frigates there were 12 of 52 to 56 guns, together with about 40 sailing vessels of 10 guns each, and 15 war steamers. The total force of the Russian war fleet in the Black Sea consisted thus of 85 vessels of all rates, mounting 2,800 guns. The entire commercial fleet that Russia possessed in the Black Sea has been destroyed, with the exception of 11 vessels still lying at Odessa, some 20 odd at Nicolaieff and Kherson, and 20 odd that have taken refuge up the Don. The craft destroyed in the Sea of Azoff are stated to have amounted to several hundreds.

THE ASSAY OFFICE.

All the melting and refining operations of the United States Assay Office in Wall St., New York, are under the superintendence of E. N. Kent.

The Assay Office is adjacent to the Custom House in Wall street, and in it the operations of refining the golden products of California is conducted on an extensive scale. The gold, in parcels, is brought by the depositors into the receiving office, where it is weighed, carefully examined, each lot marked, and certificates given. From this office, all the gold is taken to the deposit melting furnace, in another apartment, and is there melted in separate parcels, in crucibles, then run into cast iron moulds and stamped. It is a curiosity to see the stalwart melters handling red hot ingots of gold, with thick felt gloves, as calmly as masons handle bricks. These moulded ingots of five thousand dollars each, are then weighed again and registered. This gold is now fit to be granulated with silver, to prepare it for the refining operation. It is now taken and mixed with twice its weight of silver, melted in proper crucibles, and poured out in a molten state into vessels containing water, which, when it comes in contact, spreads it out like feathers. This operation is called "granulating," and sometimes "feathering." It gives the metal an immense amount of surface, and eminently fits it to be acted upon by the parting agent, nitric acid. The granulated metal is now taken to another room, and placed in large stone-ware vessels containing the acid. These are kept in a large close chamber, and are heated by steam. A dense, noxious, yellow vapor arises from the action of the acid on the metal, and is carried off into the atmosphere through a very high chimney. Nitric acid will not dissolve gold, but it dissolves the silver from the granulated metal, taking it up in a clear solution, while the pure gold sinks to the bottom of the vessel in the state of a brown powder. The washings containing the most minute traces of nitre of silver are saved, and run into vats below. The washed gold powder is now dripped and carried to a Bramah press, when it is submitted to a severe pressure, like a cheese in a metal ring box. After this, all the moisture is expelled from it in ovens—the invention of Mr. Kent. From these it is taken to furnaces, melted in crucibles, run into ingots of bars, then placed—all hot—for a few seconds in a "brightning" bath of diluted sulphuric acid, taken out, washed, and is now finished refined gold. After this, a small bit of every parcel is taken to the *experimentum crucis* of a very refined analysis, to determine its fineness. It is then weighed, stamped with its weight, fineness, and value, and is then ready to be sent to the mint, to be made into coin for circulation, or shipped abroad to pay our foreign debts.

It requires twice as much silver in the Assay office as the gold to be operated upon. The silver is reduced to a nitrate—as has been described—then it is precipitated in large vats in the state of white powder—the chloride of silver—by a solution of common salt,—and the chlorine of the salt unites with the silver. The nitrate of soda is then washed away, and the chloride of silver is precipitated in other vessels into a pure silver powder, by granulated zinc. The zinc unites with the chlorine, forming a chloride of zinc, leaving the silver in the state of a pure powder. The chloride of zinc is then washed away, and the silver powder is then submitted to a hydraulic in the Bramah press, after which it is again brought into the metallic state, and used over and over again, *ad infinitum* for the same purposes, thus exhibiting the triumphs of chemistry in a simple and remarkable manner. All these operations are conducted with the most scrupulous care and managed with profound skill.

Considerable machinery is employed in the Assay office. This is driven by a compact double cylinder direct acting engine, made by Starbuck & Sons, of Troy, N. Y. Three steam boilers are employed to raise steam for the engine, and to heat the acid baths, and water required for the various washings. All the sweepings of the floors, &c., are preserved, and the old crucibles, ashes, and other refuse matters are ground up, and the gold separated by Mr. Kent's apparatus. All the gold which arrives in New York from California is retained in the Assay Office; this amounts to about three millions per annum. The depositors of gold receive warrants for it, payable as soon as its value is determined, which is done in the course of one or two days after it is deposited.—*Scientific American.*

THE COLLINGWOOD ROUTE.—We are informed on the authority of a gentleman recently from Toronto, that the negotiations between the Northern Railroad and one of our largest steamboat proprietors on Lake Erie, are likely to be brought to a successful close, in which event a line of first class steamers will be organized at once to run between this City and Collingwood, in connection with the Northern Railroad. We hope to have all the particulars in a few days, and should regret very much, considering the increasing shipments with Canada and the delightful route for summer travel which the line furnishes, if any trifling difficulties were allowed to stand in the way of the complete establishment of this desirable addition to our lines of transit eastward.—*Chicago Press.*

The Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* contradicts this and says, that the negotiations are broken off, the boats having lost too much last season for the owners to try it any longer.

☞ A paper in Ohio tells a good joke of several prisoners who were confined in one of the country jails of the Buckeye State. The jail was old and dilapidated, and one night they escaped from their durance vile, in other words "broke jail," but instead of escaping, the jailor found them the next morning, seated on top of their prison house pounding the roof with great violence. Surprised beyond measure, he asked them what they were doing, whereupon one of them replied, that the house leaked so bad when it rained, they concluded they would just *step out and repair the roof.*

The Galt and Guelph Railway, from Preston onwards, is being pushed rapidly forward, and promises to be completed by the 1st of next December.—*Galt Reporter.*

On the Grand Trunk Railway the locomotive has managed to get up as far as the Grand River [illegible] miles from Berlin, and will be able to get over that structure in a week or so. There are £100,000 of interest owing on Grand Trunk stock, which should have been paid in January last. The Province will have to come down with the needful.—*Ibid.*

The following were the prices of Grand Trunk Securities in London, on the day of the meeting mentioned by the *Times*:—

SHARES.	PAID.	PRICE.
Grand Trunk of of Canada,		
A. issue,	22½	12½---11½ dis.
Do. do.	All	12½---13½
Do. Certificate of Debentures		
(con till '63)	90	67 ---69
Do. Comp. 6 P ct.	All	97 ---79

And on the 12th ultimo---the last quotations:

Grand Trunk of Canada,		
A. issue,	22½	11½---10½ dis.
Do. do.	All	13½---14½

European Intelligence

THE ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.

From the Times Correspondent.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, March 10.—It seems as if the armistice were likely to expire before its terms are settled. The first difficulty arose upon the demand of the allies to embark things in boats from the south side of the harbour, the object being to ship the common, anchors, &c., captured in Sebastopol.—But to this the Russians demurred, saying that the seaboard was of ours, and that we could not use it. This is perfectly true, and is a striking commentary upon the oft repeated vaunt that Sebastopol is captured. We have certainly got the town, but the north forts command it, and not a cock-boat can put off from shore without imminent danger of being sunk. However, the allies agreed to waive the situation, and the delay now arises from certain questions relating to the blockade of the Sea of Azoff. This I know to be the case, although I cannot state what those questions are, but I am assured that they are not of grave importance. Nevertheless, they retard the formal conclusion of the armistice, but meanwhile the suspension of fire (after all, the chief point) goes on. We are not quite so intimate with our Muscovite friends; our enthusiasm or curiosity has a little subsided, and, moreover, general orders and sentries are there to check it; but we may be said to be on terms of distinct civility. It is probable that there will be another meeting of generals this week at Traktir Bridge. There is no truth in a report that was lately spread here, that the 3rd and 4th Divisions were to go down to Inkermann and the Tchernaya to relieve the French. No changes are contemplated in the present positions of our troops until the result of the Conferences at Paris be known or the armistice be over. I can now tell you positively that the French admit the present mortality in their army to be 25 a day, and on some days considerably more. The right of the army, in the Baidar Valley suffers the most. I am assured that the deaths there have reached 100 per diem. When the mild weather sets in a great increase of disease is to be anticipated. Mean time is harmless now will be anxious time, and we must expect our own sick return to swell, but those of the French will, I fear, be terrible. Whatever slight jealousies may have existed between the two armies, our brave allies should not for an instant doubt that their sufferings are deplored and warmly sympathised with by this army.—Last winter we heard nothing of their sufferings—the English army was decimated, but the French were supposed to be healthy and well supplied. But last winter was far more or well more trying than this, so that the natural deduction is either that the French suffered far more than was known during the five months from the beginning of November, 1854, to the end of March, 1855, or that the preparations for this winter and the sanitary precautions taken have been very inadequate. I do not hesitate to say that the French army is being expended at least as rapidly as it was by shell and shot during the severest part of the siege. A sanitary commission's investigation of the French camp would reveal a startling amount of suffering. Insufficient shelter and covering, and a deficiency of vegetable food, readily accounts for the sickness that prevails. Of course, everything we can spare is freely placed at their disposal. They have availed themselves to a considerable extent of our offers of service, but I was surprised to learn that they declined a quantity of warm clothing offered to them the other day, saying they did not want it. This is incomprehensible. Under cover in such weather as we have lately had, how can a soldier have too much warm clothing? Even with such comparative comforts as we enjoy, it must not be supposed that we do not at times sharply feel the inclemency of the weather. During the late snow storms—the heaviest known in the Crimea since the allies entered it—there were few huts into which the snow did not make its way in quantities, into drifting crevices unperceived in moderate weather. The warmest (but not the most healthy) huts here are those built after the Bulgarian fashion, sunk some three or four feet below the ground, the walls above of stone, the roofs generally of planks, covered outside with tarred tents and tarpaulings, and lined within with blankets. Even in these, notwithstanding fires kept up late and lighted early, the water froze last week. In above ground huts the freezing was much more extensive and prolonged. On Saturday evening, in a hut where there was a large fire of coal, and where four or five persons were assembled until midnight, there was no getting the thermometer—hanging in the hut—[illegible] the fire—above freezing point. At times it would go up a degree or two, but obstinately sunk again to 32. Saturday night was one of the coldest we have had this year. Tubs of water in the huts were frozen to a depth of three inches. Seawater, to which we have recourse, when obtainable, as a substitute for the filthy water to which we are frequently condemned, became one mass of granulated ice, and forced its way out between the cork and the glass. When thawed, the quantity was reduced a third, and the offensive quality gone. If such be the state of things in huts, where every possible precaution is taken to exclude the cold, what must it be in tents? I do not mean in doubled tents, such as the French live in. It is really painful to meet the French convoys of sick. They are not, often enough, probably precautions are taken that they should not be—but sometimes one falls in with them. I met one on Saturday, between our head quarters and those of the French. It consisted of 50 patients, *en civolet* on mules, escorted by a few redcapped soldiers and non-commissioned officers, who seemed but ill-pleased with their painful duty. The mules were slipping along the hard frozen road; the serjeant in charge was grumbling audibly; most of the sick men (poor, yellow, emaciated wretches) bore the stamp of death upon their contracted and suffering faces. Our army, abundantly fed and cared for at an immense expense, may be well content with its quarters, but assuredly it will be a joyful day for our allies when they turn their backs on this inhospitable peninsula and sail for *la belle France.* We have had several arrivals this last week, and numerous drafts of troops for various regiments have come in. The Guards have received several hundred men, and are now 3100 strong. Yesterday some strong detachments of the line marched up from Balaclava, and a band went out to meet them and play them into the camp. The fresh complexions of the men and their scanty allowance of beard contrasted with the weather-beaten aspect of the veteran part of the army. One met officers in fresh smart uniforms, and horses with regular English clothing, which they will need, and more besides, in our imperfect Crimean stables. To-day is very fine. The "First Spring meeting" is to come off, weather permitting, on the 24th inst. The Albatross is the name of the cattle ship which suffered so severely on its passage hither. One hundred and forty of the cattle died. The injuries sustained by the captain were exaggerated. He has a simple fracture of the thigh, which, however, is likely to lay him up for six months. He is in hospital at Balaklava.

THE CRIMEA

The *Times* has received its correspondence to March 15th. The conditions of the armistice has been settled on the previous day. Drafts of men were continually arriving from England. The Fourth Division numbered nearly 8000 men. The English and Sardinians generally desired the continuance of the war, while the French are glad it is over. In another campaign the French feel that it would be in vain for them to effect an imaginary superiority over their allies. Our army augments daily, while theirs continues to dwindle.

The Polish General Zamoyski had arrived at Constantinople. The English fleet was expected at Malta.

The weather in the Crimea continued stormy. Omar Pasha had a long interview with the Turkish ministry. He seems determined to resign unless he receives the satisfaction he demands.

GREAT BRITAIN.

There is no excitement whatever with regard to the difficulties with America. Interest in the subject is almost extinct, although the papers continue to discuss the subject. A writer, dating from Paris, over the signature of "Statesmen," sends an admirable letter on the subject to the London *Times.*

The London marine underwriters have held a meeting to discuss the present state of that business. F. Baring presided.—The discussion was adjourned to some future day.

Louis Kossuth writes to the press, expressing himself greatly mortified by the recent appeal in his behalf in the journals by Walter Savage Landor.

PROCLAMATION OF PEACE.

On Monday, the 31st, the Lord Mayor of London, accompanied by the civic officers, appeared in citizens' uniform on the portico of the Mansion House, and read the following letter:—

"HOME OFFICE, March 31.

"Mr Lord Mayor,—I have the honor to acquaint you that a despatch has this morning been received from the Earl of Clarendon, dated Paris March 30th, announcing that a definite treaty for the restoration of peace, and for the maintenance of the independence of the Ottoman Power, was yesterday signed at Paris, by the plenipotentiaries of her Majesty, of the Emperor of the French, of the King of Sardinia, and of the Sultan, and also of the Emperor of Austria, the king of Prussia on the one part and the Emperor of all the Russias on the other.

(Signed.) G. GREY.

After cheers for the Queen, army and navy, and allies, the spectators dispersed.

At noon a large crowd assembled at the Exchange, in expectation that the heralds would appear in full pagentry, as in days of old, to proclaim peace. No one appeared, however, except the Mayor, who again read the above letter.

At one o'clock the Tower and park artillery fired a salute of 101 guns. Flags were generally displayed in the city, and from the shipping. In the other cities the same displays were made—quietly and without enthusiasm.

Accounts have been received from Sir Charles Hotham, Governor of Victoria.

The British German Legion, which has been raised by Baron Stutterheim to meet the exigencies of the war, will be sent to the Cape of Good Hope. Now that peace is concluded in the Cape, they will garrison the Colony, and the officers and men will receive grants of land for their military services. The strength of the force will muster about April 10th, when all the troops *en route* will be relieved.

FRANCE.

The crew of the Russian frigate Diana's have arrived in France and are kept as prisoners of war.

The newspapers continue to publish numberless congratulatory addresses concerning peace.

A review is to be held at Paris of 100,000 men on the signing of the declaration of peace. The review, nominally, is a compliment to Count Orloff, the only soldier among the Plenipotentiaries. Among the rumors prevalent is one that the Emperors of Russia and Austria have respectively promised to visit Paris soon after the conclusion of peace.

Six thousand French have embarked at Marseilles for the Crimea, probably to supply the sick vacancies.

Napoleon has determined to send an expedition to colonize Madagascar, which England does not approve of.

CONGRESS OF PARIS,
March 30, 1856.

Peace has been signed this day, at one o'clock, at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

The Plenipotentiaries of France, Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia and Turkey, have affixed their signatures to the treaty, which puts an end to the present war, and which, by settling the question of the East, establishes the repose of Europe on solid and durable bases.

Signed,
PIETRE,
Prefect of Police.

The Bank of France has reduced its rates of discount from 6 to 5 per cent.

The *Moniteur* contains the following despatch from Pellissier, dated, Sebastopol, 23rd.

This morning, the French, English, and Sardinian armies and fleets fired salutes of 100 guns each in honor of the birth of the Prince Imperial. During the day the Commanders-in-Chief of the English and Sardinian Armies, came to offer me their congratulations. There had been illuminations in the camps, and the Russians illuminated their line on the Inkermann.

SPAIN.

The Queen of Spain has performed the annual ceremony of washing the feet of the poor.

So also has the Emperor of Austria.

There is nothing reported concerning the Carlist troubles.

AUSTRIA.

The difference between Austria and Rome relative to the proposed conference to interpret the Concordat have been mutually arranged. Very bad feeling is exhibited by Russia and Prussia toward Austria in numerous small matters.

PERSIA.

Mr. Murray, the British Minister to Persia, is still at Tabriz, but it is said that Persia having apologized, he will return to Teheran.

GERMANY.

The assembly of Hamburg has rejected the project for a new constitution to be drawn up by the Germanic Diet.