

THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

Two deserters who came from Sebastopol and were sent up to head-quarters, have reported that the Russian army is very strong, but that the heat has rendered the town intolerable, and that sickness prevails to an alarming extent.

THE KERCH EXPEDITION.

On approaching Kara Burzu it was evident that our vessels were engaged with the forts and earthworks at Parlovskaya, which guards the entrance to Kertch and Yenikale. Frequent puffs of white smoke, followed by faint echoes and booming reports, which rolled heavily along the shore, told us that the contest was tolerably smart, but it certainly did not last very long, for at 1 40 a huge pillar of white smoke rushed up towards the skies, opened out like a gigantic balloon, and then a rear like the first burst of a thunder-storm told us that a magazine had blown up. The action grew slack, the firing less frequent. At 2 15 another loud explosion took place, and a prodigious quantity of earth was thrown up into the air along with the smoke. A third magazine was blown up at 2 25; a tremendous explosion which seemed to shake the sea and air, took place about three o'clock, and at 3 30 three separate columns of smoke blending in one, and as many explosions, the echoes of which roared and thundered away together, announced that the Russians were beaten from their guns, and that they were destroying their magazines. They could be seen retreating, some over hills behind Kertch, others towards Yenikale. The allied troops commenced disembarking at once, and the boats of the fleet were ordered out and landed them on the beach between the Salt Lake north of Cape Kamusch Burnu, and the cliff of Ambalaki, a hamlet on the hill-side in the little bay between Kamusch and Parlovskaya Battery. The heavy steamers lay outside. The transports were anchored off the Salt Lake to the south, and the gunboats and lighter steamers lay off the smoking ruins of the Russian earthworks. We passed slowly through the fleet.

Sir E. Lyons and Admiral Stewart were on board the Vesuvius, and Sir George Brown, after seeing the troops landed, went on board and held a conference with them. As we anchored a most exciting scene was taking place to the westward. One of the enemy's steamers had run out of the Bay of Kertch, which was concealed from our view by the headland on which Parlovskaya and the battery of Cape Burnu are situated, and was running as hard as she could for the Straits of Yenikale. She was a low schooner-rigged craft, like a man-of-war, and for a long time it was uncertain whether she was a Government vessel or not. The gun boat dashed after her across the shallows, and just as she passed the Cape, two Russian merchantmen slipped out and made towards Yenikale also. At the same moment a fine rosy schooner came bowling down with a fair breeze from Yenikale, evidently intending to aid her consort and despising very likely the little antagonist which pursued her. The gun-boat flew on and passed the first merchantman, which she fixed a shot by way of making her bring to. The first at Kertch instantly opened, and shot splashed up the water near the gun-boat, which still kept intrepidly on her way. As the man-of-war schooner bowled down towards the Russian steamer the latter seemed to gain courage, slackened her speed, and lay to, as if to engage her enemy. A sheet of flame rushed from the gun-boat's side, and her shot flying over the Russians tossed up a pillar of water far beyond her. Alarmed at this taste of her opponent's quality, and by the sudden intimation of the tremendous armament, the Russians at once took to flight, and the schooner bore away for Yenikale again, with the gun-boat after both of them. Off the narrow straits between Yenikale and the sand-bank, which runs across from the opposite land, a great number of gun-boats and small craft were visible, and as the English gun-boat ran up towards them a Russian battery opened on her from the spit on which the town is situated. One of her consorts, however, which had followed her early in the chase, was now close at hand and the gun-boats dashed at their enemies, which tacked, wore, and ran in all directions, while the gun-boats chased them as a couple of hawks would harry a flock of larks. The action with the forts became very sharp, and the Russian forts on the sandbank began to take part in the unequal contest. Sir Edmond Lyons, however, soon sent off the light steamers and disposable gun-boats to reinforce the two hardy little fellows, and the French steamers also rushed up to rescue. The batteries on the sandbank were not silenced without some trouble, but at last they blew up their magazines, and the fort at Yenikale followed their example. The gunboats kept up a running fight along the coast until it was dark. At about half-past six o'clock the batteries in the Bay of Kertch ceased firing, the Russians blew up their works, and abandoned the town.

LATEST OPERATIONS IN THE CRIMEA.

The assault made by the French upon the Russian lines of counter-approach in front of the left attack was, without doubt, one of the most gallant and sanguinary actions of the war. Many a battle has been fought with less daring and won at a less cost. The Russians disputed every inch of ground with the utmost courage and tenacity. The troops fought under the fire of an immense range of guns in position, and the obscurity of the night added to the gloom and horror of this tremendous contest. After the cessation of the fire on the second morning the works which had been thus firmly disputed, were found strewn with 1200 Russian dead, and the total loss of the enemy, killed and wounded must have exceeded 6000 men. The French on their side admit a loss of 650 men killed and nearly 2000 wounded, among whom the Voltigeurs of the Imperial Guard may claim at once the heaviest amount of casualties

and the most brilliant share in the victory. The Russian engineers had endeavored to form an extensive outer work on the left of the French attack by lines starting from the bottom of the bay in front of the Quarantine Battery, skirting the side of the Cemetery, and connected by a long covered way with the lunette of the Central Bastion. This extraordinary work, which would have enabled the enemy to entrench an army on the left of the French position, was marked out and rudely thrown up in the night of the 21st of May. General Pelissier instantly resolved to attack it before it approached completion, and to turn the work against the enemy—in other words, to storm it, to hold it, and to reverse it.—This difficult and formidable operation was effected after two nights of incessant fighting by the daring and the firmness of the French.

The works were taken and re-taken successively at the point of the bayonet, and it was not until they had sustained enormous losses that the Russians gave in. In front of the Cemetery, more especially, twelve or fifteen Russian battalions were collected under General Chruleff, with a view of making a sortie on the same night, and it was here that General Pate's division advanced to the attack. For six mortal hours of the night the battle continued; and when morning dawned, and compelled the combatants to withdraw from the fire of the batteries, the battle was but half won. On the following evening, however, General Levaillant's division renewed the attack in the same place, and in three quarters of an hour the French had carried everything before them. The engineers then established themselves in the work, which enables the French guns to enfilade the Flagstaff Battery, and several other important positions of the enemy. This affair does the highest honor to the French army. It shows of what those gallant troops are capable under an energetic commander, and, at the same time, it demonstrates the necessity of advancing with caution and with all the resources of scientific warfare against an enemy who defends even his lines of counter-approach as resolutely as he defended in 1812 the batteries at the Borodino.

The information we possess of General Canrobert's movement on the Tchernaya on the 25th of May is less complete, and it does not extend to the whole operation, which has since been made known to us by telegraph. On that day a corps consisting of 5,000 men, including the Sardinian Bersaglieri, a Turkish division and the British cavalry, to support the French infantry, crossed the river without opposition, drove back five or six Russian battalions on the other side, and reconnoitred the country to Tchorgoun, after which the French withdrew to the left bank of the stream. General Pelissier's telegraphic despatch of the 27th had led us to suppose that the French had then entrenched themselves at Tchorgoun, on the further side of the Tchernaya, but this is not yet confirmed by the despatches. It is, however, certain that the allied troops occupy the whole valley—a position which forms a most agreeable contrast to the aspect of the camp on the plateau before Sebastopol.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN ASIA.

The Russians in Asia, apprehending an invasion, have thrown up works near their stronghold of Gumri, and along the passes leading to Tiflis. Their army in the south of Georgia does not muster more than 25,000 bayonets. The allies have now a splendid chance of taking that important province; 20,000 French or English troops, in conjunction with the Turks, who are 40,000 strong, could march undisturbed from east to west, north to south.

THE AZOFF RIVERS.

The worst enemy those engaged in service at the mouths of any of the Azoff rivers will have to encounter will be the mosquitoes, whose numbers are such, and the virulence of whose stings is so great, as to constitute them a very important element in the mortality, both of men and horses, in the Russian army. The soldiers in the Kouban plains scoop holes for themselves in the barrows which are common there, and fill them with smoke even in the heats of summer, as a protection in some slight degree from this intolerable pest.

The following "Report" of the Massachusetts "Smelling Committee" is respectfully commended to the attention of the editor of the *Montreal Witness*, who is requested to reproduce it in his columns as a testimony against the Pope of Rome, the Scarlet Lady and Romanists in general:—

REPORT OF THE "SMELLING COMMITTEE."

(From the Boston Atlas.)

Through the considerate kindness, not to say Christian Benevolence, of the Chairman, we are able to present to the patrons of the *Atlas* a part of the report of the Committee on Nunneries. As this report will not be presented before the last day of the session, (Dec. 31st 1855,) our enterprise in procuring it will be appreciated. The reader will find it full of peppery patriotism, and unadulterated, fourth proof Protestant opinions. The American eagle soars triumphant, spreading himself to an extent perfectly alarming and dangerous. The spirit of '76 mingles with the spirit of '55, and Gen. Washington in full regimentals, with John Rogers on his right and Chas. Hiedsieck upon his left, glides gravely before the eye of the reader. The soft pop of the champagne cork tempers the roar of the revolutionary cannon, and blood and bitterns flow together in amiable fusion. Let us not, however, by untimely criticism, detain our readers from the fascinating production.

House of Representatives, }  
April 19, 1855. }

The Joint Special Committee, who were appointed on the petition of E. P. Carpenter and others, to visit the convents and inspect the nuns of this Commonwealth, have attended to the duty assigned, and accordingly submit the following report.

When in the course of human events it becomes ne-

cessary to inspect a nunnery, a decent respect for the opinions of the ladies requires that it should be done in the gentlest manner. Imputations have been cruelly and undeservingly cast upon the Committee, and we think it right to state that every member was wholly shaved (by a coloured artist in hair) before going to Roxbury, and half-shaved (by a fluid in bottles) after his return. The shirt-fronts of the members were in an average condition of cleanliness, and the assumption of virgin dlickeys was general, without regard to expense. The libellous statements of a certain mean, low-lived, contemptible, stupid, and anti-republican print are thus fully refuted. What we done, we done as gentlemen, behaving perpetually as such, which whoever says to the contrary is a Jesuit in disguise.

Fully to qualify ourselves for our onerous duties, we purchased, at the expense of the State, a complete set of the works of Captain Edwards Bunline, (a regular navy), who has been pronounced by the ablest of our papers "a brick," and "the prince of quill-drivers."—In one of these fascinating tales entitled "The Bloody Cart-Wheel, or, The Pirate turned Parson," we found important statements, which we think worthy of the attention of the House. These are, according to this writer, in the United States, 78,531 convents, and 12,385 nunneries, and they are rapidly increasing, at the rate of 478 per month. In each of these institutions, at least seventy-seven virgins are annually victimized by emissaries of the Pope, who are principally natives of Kilkenny Co., Ireland, and who have learned from the well known and most ferocious cats of that district, a savage and unrelenting barbarity. The following table states these and other facts, in a succinct form:—

Number of Convents in United States,	78,531
" Nunneries, " "	12,385
Total number of such - - -	90,916
Average of VICTIMS per annum in each	77

Total number of victims per annum, 6,999,432 of which the screams is frightful.

In every cellar and most of the garrets of the institutions, a new patent steam rack is kept perpetually working, and the crunching and cracking of the bones of the sufferers, which are mostly middle-aged females, is truly exciting; being kept on a low diet, for the most part on Graham bread and Cochituate water. One fact your Committee feels called upon particularly to notice. Some time about the 31st of September, 1854, a young girl of sixteen, having been placed by her unreflecting parents in the Popassett Convent of the Sacred Petticoat of St. Jemima, was detected in the act of reading a double letter from her cousin, Brevet Major Edward Arthur Fitzhenry Arlington (of the new regiments) when she was subjected to fearful menaces. The facts, as stated by the author, have never been controverted, and are as follow:—

"At this moment, while Matilda, with heaving bosom, beat over the perfumed missive of her beloved Edward—the diamond tears flowing from her cerulean eyes down her damask cheeks—the ogress of the institution rushed into the narrow cell, her countenance, convulsed with rage. Advancing with the tread of a full blooded Nubian lioness, she sprang at the letter exclaiming:—

"Harlot! still do you listen to the address of a heretic? Still do you scorn the overtures of the Rev. T. Murphy? But your hour has come." And she looked at her heavy double cased gold watch, which, with a rosary, two crucifixes, and the sacred thigh bone of St. Jemima, ornamented her repulsive person.

"Spare me! spare me!" cried the now fainting girl.

"Restore me to my cot beside the wild rushing waters of the Altamaha!

"Never!"

"Take me to my Edward! let his military arms once more support me."

The victim fell upon the stone senseless.

At this moment the jesuitical signal was heard at the door, and the demon Murphy entered!—See the bloody Cart-Wheel, pp. 265, 266, with the accompanying engraving.

In looking back to the past, the Committee find ample evidence of the fearful nature of the Romish faith. By a reference to the historical pages of Hogan, we find that in the year 936 Hyeronimus XXVIII., King of Paffagonia, having displeased Pope Joan, by refusing the apostolic subsidy of petticoats, was dragged from his palace by a large body of police, and thrown into one of the most inconvenient station-houses of Rome. Being held to bail in the outrageous sum of forty million of bajocchi, he was unable in consequence of the shortness of his banker, to raise the amount, and was only released on the interposition of Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes called Bloody Mary, who employed Lord Bacon, the Rufus Choate of his day, to intercede in behalf of the imprisoned monarch. The Committee must also refer to the outrageous treatment of the virgins of Cologne who were cut off in the flower of youth by somebody, and in commemoration of whose painful adventures *Eau de Cologne* has received its name. Passing to a still later period, we find the popish Queen Elizabeth of England putting to death Guy Faux and other eminent Protestants, who had innocently embarked in the business of powder merchants. The opinions of eminent men may also be quoted. The late lamented Joseph Hume, of England, proved in the House of Commons that about 1,000,000 lbs. of candles were annually wasted on Popish alters. Lord Brougham at one time with great difficulty, prevented the eminent Sibthorpe from bringing in a motion to exclude the works of Pope from the British Museum; and Gen. Conway threatened Lord George Gordon with instant death, because that nobleman wished to present a petition for Catholic emancipation, and the establishment of a free mass, to be weekly celebrated on the top of Temple Bar.

Turning to our beloved country (and long may she wave), we find that whenever a Catholic Church exists, its members contumaciously refuse to attend the Orthodox places of worship; and it is well known that Romish communicants have contributed little if anything to the funds of the American Bible Society. That convents are also dangerous institutions is fully proved by the fact that they invite the torch of the midnight incendiary, thus endangering, in a very reprehensible manner, the neighbouring Protestants' property. We live in a land of law and order, and especially of the Know-Nothing Order; and if Jesuits will come into this beautiful country, originally discovered by Christopher Columbus, and put up here buildings which provoke our free and enlightened citizens to kick up rows, your Committee feel that such institutions ought to be suppressed by statutes or laws, as to the Legislature may seem most expedient.

Having thus arrived at a satisfactory conclusion be-

fore making the visit to Roxbury, your Committee, on arriving there, had very little to distract their attention from the sound constitutional dinner which they had ordered. Objections have been made to the number of guests invited by the Committee; and we feel it just to state that if there had been no dinner there would have been no outsiders. Out of respect for the State, whose servants we are, we had ordered a sumptuous repast, and out of respect for the feast we felt it our duty to invite a sufficient number of gentlemen to eat it. Instead of being an expense to the Treasury, it must be evident to the House, that the course was most economical, as many of the delicious viands prepared for the Committee would otherwise have been wasted. Your Committee must do the invited guests the justice to say that they wielded most conscientious knives and forks; the table, at the conclusion of the banquet, affording unmistakable evidence of the fidelity of the whole party.

We passed safely to Roxbury in two Protestant omnibuses, driven by two natural born coachmen, and draw by four native mares. On arriving at the edifice, we discovered no "indubitable evidence of criminality" in its construction. It was very small of its size, from which we naturally inferred that the dungeons and penitential cells must be of painfully contracted dimensions, affording little if any space for the forms of the victims. A careful examination of the door, mat, bell, and hall-lamp was had; but, after the most minute inspection, we confess that we were, so to speak, galled; as they appeared very much like similar Protestant articles. Keeping a sharp look-out, as those folks are sly, we determined to see whatever met the eye. The Lady Superior who was not, in the opinion of the Committee, the most superior of the ladies when she saw your august Committee, had the foreign audacity to laugh at us. Incredible as it may appear, she actually giggled. "Be we men and suffer this dishonor?" Of course not; certainly; by no manner of means. We felt our position. We were a Committee of Massachusetts men. We were all clothed in our best. No-body could tell the difference between us and real gentlemen. We represented a State numbering among its past and present citizens, Bradford, King Philip, Anson Burlingame, Lady Arabella Johnson, John Hancock. William S. Damrell, Lord Timothy Dexter, Timothy Davis, and Henry J. Gardner. Yet we were laughed at to our faces by a brazen, petticoated minion of the Pope, who sits on his seven hills and is worshipped in toto, i. e. by kissing two great toes? We really thought it quite time to put something into the Constitution, and we did retire and put something into it very soon. The woman pretended to apologize. Said she laughed "to see so many gentlemen in such a small house?" Was it our fault that the house was small? Did we build it? Were we consulted respecting its construction? After consulting the carpenter who erected the house, Mr. Jeroboam Jackplane, we can assert boldly, and without fear of contradiction, that he would have made the building much larger if he had been requested to do so. Let them erect their syuagogues of Satan in a more commodious style, and big enough to receive the whole General Court, if it pleases that honorable body to make a call upon a body, in a body.

In the chapel we found the poor, benighted creatures actually burning daylight. Candles on the altar were certainly very wicked, but we will not dip further into a mouldy subject. In one of the upper dormitories although the hour of raising had long since past, we discovered a young woman still in bed:

"'Twas the voice of the sluggard I hear her complain,  
You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."

To our surprise she was alone, and no one was seen to make his escape through a trap-door. We examined everything with a lively curiosity, but such was the cunning of those creatures that we actually discovered nothing. The instruments of torture, had evidently been removed before our arrival. All the racks, whips, steel boots, thumb-screws, and utensils for broiling, roasting, fricaseeing, and parboiling the saints, had been studiously concealed before our arrival. We did not feel at liberty to dig in the garden, and therefore we discovered no infants' bones, while Dr. Slop, with his bag of ehirurgical curiosities, had absconded. Several spades and hoes were found in an outhouse, with other instruments of burial. In a low, dark room, attached to the building, we found an en-logged hollow cylinder, composed of staves, strongly bound together with iron hoops. Standing in this was a block of wood with a long handle attached. An unfortunate Protestant infant, placed in this utensil and punched about its tender head for a sufficient number of hours, would inevitably be subject to pain. The attempt was made to pass off this fearful arrangement for a pounding barrel. But you can't always tell.

One object of the committee was to test the moral character of the inmates. To effect this, a member was deputed to flirt to a limited and strictly Protestant extent with several of the prettiest. His blandishments we regret to say, were coldly received, although his long experience in that department had fully qualified him for this, the softer part of his duties. Gay, fascinating and handsome, he made not the slightest impression upon these pale unripened beauties: If he had been a miserable sallow priest, with one green eye, one red one, and a hump like Mt. Atlas between his shoulders, we are confident that he would have been received with melting tenderness. Such are the evils which conventual institutions engender.

Failing to notice anything further of the slightest interest, as all the important points were studiously covered up, we adjourned to the Norfolk House, where another affair was about to be uncovered. Here our host had prepared a truly American banquet, worthy of the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. We brought to this part of our duties a solemn consciousness of the importance of our position. We were eating and drinking not as mere men, but as members of the General Court. The State provided these eatables and drinkables—the accepted viands, the constitutional liquors of the country. Here, too, were liquors. Were they intoxicating liquors? They were. Ought they to be destroyed? They ought. Should we destroy them? Certainly. And we did. Mum's Cabinet Champagne was selected. Mum should ever be the word among true, born natives, and what true American, would refuse to go into the Cabinet?

The speeches made upon this occasion were nearly the same prescribed by the Rules of the Grand Lodge to be used at all native American banquets. Here and there, owing to Cabinet influence, there was a slight variation. One brother in a moment of wicked delusion, his bewildered brain not knowing what his tongue was doing, gave as a toast:—